

HABAKKUK

Chapter 3

Verse 1

HABAKKUK is available all the usual ways. If all else fails, send me \$1 (No Checks) and I'll send you the current one--if any are left and 1 or 2 more--if they happen.

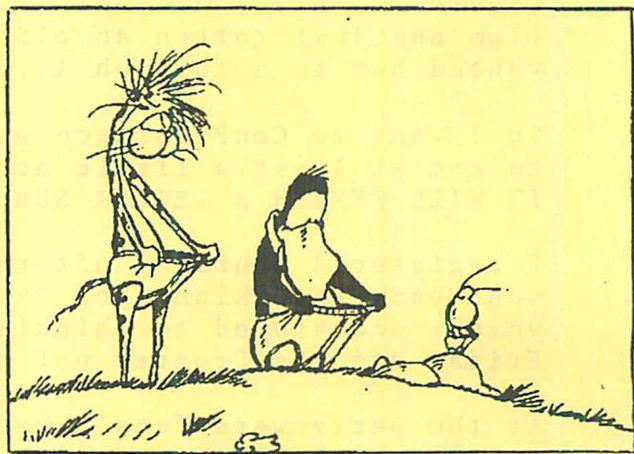
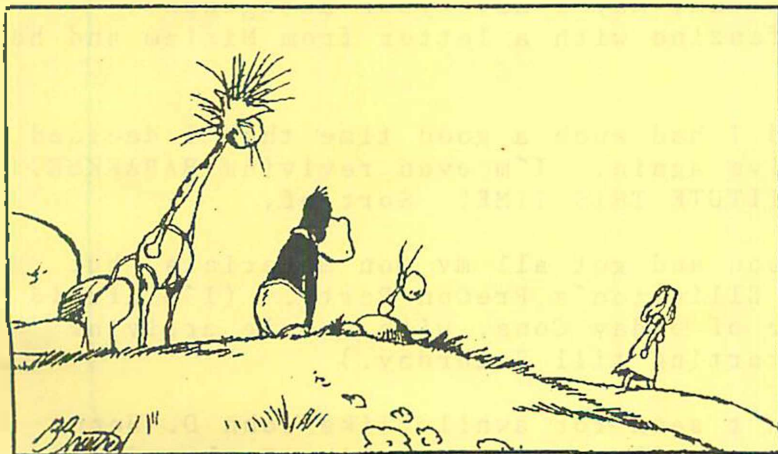
If you are getting HABAKKUK and have no idea why, blame Ted White. I called him and said that I was planning on become active again, and that I was thinking about putting out a letter substitute, but that I had had been gaffiated so long I didn't know where to find the best fannish prospects. After Ted stopped laughing (my last letter substitute was over 100 pages by the 4th issue) he said he'd send me his mailing list. Blame Ted White!

I've been gafia for more than 25 years now. I started easing out right after the '68 BayCon. Fandom was getting so big I didn't find it as much fun anymore. So I thought I'd cut back, but still keep up with my fan friends, still get a few fanzines, etc.

But it didn't happen that way. I kept up with friends in the Bay Area and that was about it.

But I find that gafia does **not** agree with me. I miss my friends. And I miss fandom too. So I am going to do something about it. Here I am again.

What have I been doing while I was out of touch? Being fannish in a mundane world. It's far too late for me to change.



I've lived in the Berkeley area most of the time I've been in California, but in 1981 I moved to San Francisco. I liked it there as it is even rowdier than Berkeley. but rent has gone up and up and up.

So when Miriam Lloyd (formerly Dyches/Carr/Knight) remodeled her house, besides other changes, she created living quarters for me in her basement, and I moved back to the East Bay.

These days I have only one cat, Miss Thing. Economics forced my house mate, non-fan Steve Rosenquist, to move to San Jose. We kept in touch and after awhile he told me this sad tale:

His friend, Ian--who've I've never met--picked Miss Thing up as a stray in Santa Cruz. (Knowing Miss Thing, I'm sure she picked Ian up.) But now unfortunately Ian had a landlady who was after him, and she wouldn't take "No" for an answer. So Ian was moving out before his month was up. And would I please take Miss Thing for ten days. Just until. . . Eight years later. . . .

Steve later moved to the midwest where he teaches Latin in a posh boys' school near Detroit. Steve is not a fan, but low and behold a friend and fellow teacher of his ran into me amongst the 8,000 people at ConFrancisco and said that Steve had said to say hello.

There were Giants in those days--at least they thought of themselves as Giants. But whatever they were, they are beginning to stir again. --Anonymous

Early this year Dave Clark wrote me offering me a free membership in ConFrancisco. I had never heard of Dave Clark and I didn't even know that the con was being held in San Francisco this year! The only fan I knew on the entire Con Committee was Tom Whitmore. But naturally I took Dave up on it.

Dave puts out a list of Bay Area Fandom on a twice-yearly basis. The current list is somewhat shy of 250 names. I recognized 24.

And speaking of Tom Whitmore, Miriam says that he gave her one of her best moments of egoboo. She walked into The Other Change of Hobit with Chester Anderson and Michael Kurland and Tom said, "Hello, Chester. Hello, Michael. Miriam, may I have your autograph?" (Tom has just gotten an old fanzine with a letter from Miriam and he wanted her to autograph it.)

So I went to ConFrancisco and I had such a good time that I decided to get at least a little active again. I'm even reviving HABAKKUK. IT WILL REMAIN A LETTER SUBSTITUTE THIS TIME! Sort of.

I registered Thursday afternoon and got all my Con materials, but went back to Oakland for Pat Ellington's PreCon Party. (I'm afraid we are accustomed to thinking of 3-day Cons, with people arriving Friday and the Program not starting till Saturday.)

At the party were fans I hadn't seen for awhile like John D. Berry and Steve and Elaine Stiles, as well as regulars like Poul and Karen Anderson, Jim Benford, Alan Bostick, Debbie Notkin, Steve and Grania

Davis, Paul Williams, Jerry Knight, and even an old-time fan I hadn't met before, Jay Kenney. And Jerry Knight hadn't met Steve Stiles.

In talking to Karen I mentioned that I hadn't known of the deaths of Avram Davidson and Lester del Rey until I got the Program Book. And she said, "And now there's another one: Chad Oliver."

That zonked me even though I had never met Chad nor had any personal contact with him. Chad was a year younger than me. We both grew up in small towns in Texas. We were the same height, 6'4". We both went to the University of Texas, he entering just as I was drafted. (After the army I didn't go back there.) I liked his letters in the prozines, and from the address, he lived in Austin only a couple of blocks from where I had. And I liked his pro writing and was hoping he would resume again once he retired.... I will miss him.

Nearly everyone at the party was down on big cons. Karen said that they wouldn't be going except living just across the Bay they could not get out of it. But if Poul hadn't been in the middle of a book they would have taken a long trip.

She said it was too frustrating. The whole idea of going to a Con was to see your friends, but with so many people it was too hard to find them. And seeing them across the room and realizing that you probably wouldn't see them again was The Pits.

Many fans there said they expected this to be the best fan party of the Con and that they would see more of their friends here than there. And some said they wouldn't be going to the Con at all. I probably wouldn't have had Dave not given me the membership. And that would have been a mistake. I much prefer small cons--at least small cons where I meet friends. But those are a thing of the past, and you gotta flow with what you got. And the fanzine room as a meeting place made the whole thing acceptable and enjoyable.

My favorite Con is the 1958 Solacon. Rick Sneary told me that they had deliberately had NO local publicity to try to hold down the membership as much as possible to fanzine fans and that he knew or had at least heard of over 90% of the attendees. It was a Great Con.

And fifteen minutes into the credits she yells,
"To Hell with the Grips!" --Tom Wilson

At ConFrancisco I spent a good deal of time in the Fanzine Lounge and saw a lot of fans I hadn't seen in years: Fred Prophet, Roger Sims, Bill Rotsler, Don Fitch, Bruce Pelz, Andy Porter, Len Bailes, etc. And while I am first and foremost a fanzine fan there are many non-fanzine fans that I like and whom I saw at panels for old pharts: Dave and Ruth Kyle, Ed and Joann Wood, Sam Moskowitz, Lynn Hickman, Roy Tackett, Art Widner, Jack Speer, etc.

While I enjoyed seeing all these fans again I was also shocked at how everyone had aged. When I look in the mirror I know I have too, but I'm USED to that. It's the friends I haven't seen for awhile

that really brings it home.

I thought Rotsler showed the effects less than anyone, so I told him that he was Looking Good. He laughed and said that whenever anyone told him that, he always thought that he must have been looking bad before.

I mentioned the deaths to Rotsler and he said that this is something we will have to get used to, since as long as we are around ourselves, people our age and younger will be dying on us, with more of it happening the older we get. Not to mention all those far younger dying of AIDS.

While sad-making, it's only natural that people older than ourselves grow old and die.... But when people our age and younger die....!

No one likes growing old, but I become reconciled to it when I think of the alternative. --Maurice Chevalier

Dick Eney was at the Con, but I couldn't find him. And no one saw him at the Fanzine Lounge. Bob Lichtman said that he had seen him across a room once and Andy Porter said that he had walked past him, but they hadn't spoken for 19 years--something about Andy's add in the Discon Program Book.

Redd Boggs didn't show, but Dave Rike reported to him daily about what was going on. Dave said that when he told Redd that Roy Tackett and Jack Speer were at the Con and threatening to come visit Redd that he got the distinct impression that Redd felt like crawling under the bed to hide. And I understand that he doesn't come to the FAPA collations any more, so I guess fandom has produced another hermit.

Fans kept coming up to me and telling me that the 1968 BayCon was their favorite Con. I gained a sense of proportion though when I realized that they were also saying that it was their First Con. However, while the Chicon II was my First Con and an OK one, it is by no means my favorite. (One Thousand Fans Is Not Too Many. Eight Thousand Fans Is Too Many.)

One of the panels I was on was about memories of the BayCon, "When we came to Oakland with flowers in our hair." Memories like the riots. No one seems to remember just what riots they were--the big ones complete with martial law and the National Guard were in 1969--but there were a lot of riots in Berkeley in the sixties.

The Claremont, the main hotel, was quite a distance from the scene, so we barely smelled the tear gas, but one of the alternate hotels where fans were staying, the Durant, was right in the middle of things. But we survived.

I had managed to forget the Banquet which boasted the longest Guest of Honor speech ever. Bob Silverberg, the Toastmaster there, maintains that Phil Farmer spoke only an hour and a half, but others in the audience said that they clocked it at over two hours. And Bob admits that it would have been over three hours if he had not

persuaded Phil to shorten it.

One trouble was the accoustics in the room were terrible and fans found it almost impossible to follow the speech. And the heat was oppressive. Since we usually have mild weather the Bay Area has very little air conditioning. Alas.

Alva Rogers had the bright idea that he and Ben Stark and I should wear tuxedos. Evelyn del Rey said that we all looked boiled in our boiled shirts and shame on you, Donaho, wearing white socks with a tuxedo. "It seemed to me The Fannish Thing To Do," I said.

And then there was the free drugs. One LA fan was passing out quantities of what he said was THC. I was too busy overseeing things--I was a CoChairman--to take any. I was glad later as several people had bad trips and it developed that it was PCP, an animal tranquilizer, not THC.

The next time I saw this Benefactor he was in Las Vegas playing \$100 chips at the blackjack tables, so I guess he had a successful career.

We did have the whole hotel and I believe that we had a unique feature in that fans were sleeping in their sleeping bags right in front of the front desk. And there was open and public sex in several of the corridors. Harlan was quite shocked. Or at least he said so as he dragged people out to see it.

We had three Rock Bands at the masquerade. They seemed to enjoy their work. At least it was difficult to get them to stop so that we could have the costume parade.

About 1:00 AM I got a telephone call. It was a femmefan, a member of the Convention. She said that she couldn't sleep and would I please have the band stop playing. I told her that this would be inappropriate as hundreds of people were enjoying it. "I appeal to your Sense of Chivalry!" I hung up on her.

I guess I don't have much Sense of Chivalry.

At Con Francisco I attended a panel which recommended books that impressed the panelists. Some good books were mentioned, but the approach of the panelists was a little too academic for my taste.

I majored in English and American Literature at the University of Chicago. I even did all of the work on my masters except for the thesis. (But I decided that No Way was I going to teach either in high school or college, so I didn't bother completing my MA.) I know what academics think like. I just don't agree with it.

Les and Es Cole were on a panel talking about the 1954 San Francisco Con. One interesting item was they way they got the Rotation Plan passed. There was a lot of opposition to it, even in California. (The way San Francisco got euchred out of the 1953 Con was the reason this came up in the first place.) So Parliamentarian Tony Boucher solved the problem at the business meeting by calling on fans who were for it and not recognizing fans who were against it.

I would have been against it myself. The Rotation Plan cut down a lot on the manouvering and politicking. And they were a lot of fun.

I decided not to go to the Masquerade and to the Hugo presentation. The space they were being held in holds two thousand people. There were eight thousand attendees at the Con. Even allowing for lots of day-only people, it seemed highly probable that there would be a bad crush and lots of fans wouldn't be able to get in. I didn't feel like undergoing the hassle.

Pat Ellington tried. She said that she was there in plenty of time, but the space was already completely filled and there were at least 100 people in line ahead of her who couldn't get in.

But I do have opinions about the Hugos of course. I was rooting for "China Mountain Zhang" and was sorry that it didn't win. And I was pleased that Janet Kagan's "The Nutracker Coup" won for Novelette and that "The Inner Light" won for drama.

I had no favorites in most of the other categories, but I was tremendously pleased that Harry Warner won for Best Non-Fiction Book.

Reading Harry's "A Wealth of Fable" really blew me away. I even liked the parts that weren't about me. And I was delighted with the parts that were. I got far more coverage than I was expecting. And extremely good coverage too.

I met Bob Chazen in the huckster room and showed him his egoboo in AWOOF. He grinned and said, "I always was a Trouble Maker." He was indeed. After I moved to California Bob and I became close friends, but in New York in 1956 Bob at 18 was the most obnoxious teenager I ever met. (I never found Harlan obnoxious; frequently quite annoying, but never obnoxious.)

Part of Bob's Trouble Making was heavy involvement in the Free Speech Riots at University of California--Berkeley. Bob got his PhD in mathematics there. And he developed the system of blackjack that I use, a more efficient one than Thorpe or Revere.

After graduation Bob taught at U of C--Irvine for about three years, flying home to Berkeley most weekends. But he didn't get tenure--no one did that year--and had to move on. He had several offers from midwest universities, but he said, "I would move to LA if I had to, but I won't leave California." But Bob is not a native Californian. A doctor's son, he was born and raised in Cincinnati.

Q. Why does New Jersey have more toxic sites and dumps than any other state and California have more lawyers per capita than any other state?

A. New Jersey had first choice.

So Bob went to law school and became a trial attorney. And quite a successful one. He was Walter Breen's lawyer and was working on an appeal of Walter's LA conviction--with some hope of success--so that

Walter could die at home. But that didn't happen.

Roger Sims and I were talking when Roger mentioned that First Fandom had changed its rules and anyone who had been in Fandom for thirty years was now eligible. And would I like to join?

"Sure," I said. "~~LET'S/THE/FANFAN~~ Yeah, I'll join. I'd like that."

Since I commuted rather than staying at the hotel I didn't get to many parties. I didn't consider the Parc Fifty Five to be a comfortable walking distance from Moscone Center and changing parking places was almost impossible. I did manage it Friday night, but didn't stay at the parties very long. I didn't know anybody at the LA party or the San Antonio party or the Gay and Lesbian party or the blankedy blank party and so on.

I was really surprised I didn't know anyone at the LA party. But Don Fitch said that if had gone he maybe would have known three people. And if I understood Bruce Pelz correctly he said he would know about five. This seems incredible to me since Bruce is on the LA Con Committee and must have worked with them on the Bid so I MUST have misunderstood him.

At first I was able to get on the elevators with only a ten minute wait. There were no stairs--except for the two top floors--and the next time I tried to change floors the wait was longer. So I went down to the night fanzine room and stayed there. I understand that the wait was up to half an hour before the elevators broke down completely.

Even if I had stayed at the Parc Fifty Five I would have been disgruntled. All the Filk Singing took place at another hotel. I like to look in on it for an hour or two, but having to go to another hotel to do this is just too inconvenient.

But on the whole I had a very good time at ConFrancisco. The Committee did a Very Good Job. The things that were not good were inevitable at a large con. And I did enjoy myself and I want to thank Dave Clark and the Committee again for giving me the membership.

Will I go to another World Con? Probably. Almost certainly LA in '96. Westercons? Again, probably. Other regional Cons? We'll see.

To Hell with the Grips!

The comic strip on the first page is by Berkeley Breathed and was lifted from the San Francisco Chronicle. The Bacover arrived on the office fax machine with no clue as to who did it or who sent it.

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FOTO FUNNIES



YOU KNOW WHAT I
REALLY DIG IN A GUY?

I DIG TENDERNESS...



...AND A LOT OF STRENGTH.

AND I DIG
A GUY WHO'S REALLY
SUPPORTIVE BUT WHO'S
STILL REALLY OUT-FRONT AND
COMPLETELY HONEST WITH
ME, TOO. AND REALLY
INTELLIGENT BUT NOT
STUCK UP ABOUT IT...



A GUY WHO'S,
LIKE, COOL AND
EVERYTHING, BUT IS STILL
IN TOUCH WITH HIS EMOTIONS,
AND REALLY ASSERTIVE,
BUT ALSO GIVES ME LOTS
OF MY OWN SPACE
TO BE IN...

LOOK, YOU FIND
A GUY LIKE
THAT AND I'LL FUCK HIM!

