

SPIANE

NO. 5

AUGUST, 1967

FAPA 120

TAFF

THAT BEATS THE OTHERS COLD

TRIP REPORTS

CAPA

SHAGGY

QUIP



SEPA

BHEER

REVIEWS

STOBCLER

SAPS

DYNATRON

AUSLANDER

FAPA

POURS IT ON!

(Hi, Roy!)

Published by Len & June Moffatt and Rick Sneary for the August 1967 FAPA Mailing. Cover by June Moffatt. ED COX FOR TAFF!

A BRIEF REPORT ON JDMB -- AND MYSTERY STORY FANDOM

Only eight FAPA members responded to our Potage in the May Mailing: Karen Anderson, Ed Cox, Lee Jacobs, Nora Ketecki, Bill Roteler, Bob Silverberg, Rick Sneary, and Harry Warner. So we sent copies of JDMB BIBLIOPHILE No. 6 to them.

Actually, we mailed 19 copies of JDMB to FAPA members who had commented favorably on past issues. This was a slight departure from our hardnose policy, but we wanted to give those who seemed to be interested every chance to respond and remain on our JDMB mailing list. Our conclusion that less than 50% of the FAPA membership is interested in JDMB would seem to be quite valid, as we have only eight responses to date. (July 30, 1967)

Karen sent a postcard request, and this was followed by a letter from Poul in which he translated the Danish titles listed in June's article. (Her article was reprinted in JDMB from SPIANE #4.) Ed Cox (for TAFF!) is a member of our "JDMB staff", who at the moment is writing an article for us about JDMB's s-f magazine stories. Nevertheless, he took time to write a regular loc, despite the fact that he knows he can be our permanent mailing list. Lee Jacobs sent a postcard, and presented us with two JDMB paperbanks that we didn't have. Nora wrote a note, and gave us the name and address of another JDMB fan to add to our list. Bill sent a typical Rotelercard, and again offered to do a quotebook type of JDMB article for us. And again we say yes, Bill, yes--so prepare it and send it to us! Bob sent a Silverbergcard, which read, in part:

"(JDMB)...a fine job and an ornament to FAPA, and I wish you'd just turn the crank a few more times and go on distributing it through the mailings."

Thanks, Bob, but we don't think that FAPA needs "ornaments" in which only about 8 of the 65+ members are interested. We would have to crank the crank about 60 or more times for each page of an issue, and that adds up to a lot of crank turning for the doubtful benefit of the disinterested majority. Our JDMB mailing list is now close to 300, and we plan to print it each issue. And it doesn't look like we'll have to do much printing, as our readers do respond. The lettercol in No. 7 (on which we are currently working) will probably be longer than the one in No. 6.

Rick Sneary gets a copy of everything we publish, whether he wants it or not. And Harry Warner wrote an excellent loc.

So--it's back to our hardnose policy. If you don't respond with locs, cards or stamps--you don't get it. Naturally, we would be pleased if most of the FAPA membership were interested. Then we would feel justified in continuing to run JDMB thru FAPA for more page credits. Now, it is possible that many (perhaps even most) of the membership would be interested in a fanzine devoted to the mystery/detective field in general rather than to just one mystery writer...

Which takes us into the second part of this report...

A Brief Report - 2

First of all, it has become obvious to June and me that there is a mystery story fandom--or, rather, a potential mystery story actifandom. The locs and cards we have received--not just the initial response to Boucher's plugs, but the actual letters and cards in response to the mag itself--indicate that many mystery story fans are interested in journals, fanzines, or wotever dealing with their favorite kind of reading. They like JDMB--but they want more.

June and I considered and then discarded the idea of turning JDMB into a mystery story fan-dom genzine. Such a project would take more time and money than we could afford, much as we would like to see such a mag. Then, just before we left for the West-ern, we received a letter from a Mr. Allen J. Hubin. It seems that he was thinking of publishing an amateur journal devoted to the various facets of the mystery story field, covering any and all writers, etc., etc. He had heard of JDMB, and wondered if we had the same thing in mind. If we planned such a mag-azine, then he wouldn't want to offer competition. After seeing JDMB he wrote again, asking for our advice, and inviting us to join him in his project.

We replied that (1) we would be happy to see such a magazine, and wouldn't consider it as competition at all, (2) editing and publishing JDMB on top of our other fan/hobby activities was all we cared to handle at the moment, and (3) we would be happy to advise him on how to go about publishing an amateur journal, etc., which we did in the same letter.

Mr. Hubin plans to have his magazine printed offset (or multilith), on a quarterly schedule, and has even done some estimating to come up with a sub-scription price of \$2.00 for 4 issues. We gave him every encouragement, and--at his request--are circulating his name and address to anyone we think might be interested. So, if you are interested in seeing the kind of magazine he has in mind, send a note or card to:

Allen J. Hubin
3656 Midland
White Bear Lake, Minn. 55110

Based on the letters we have received, I would guess the only reason that mystery story fandom hasn't had a fanzine or fanzines before is simply because no one made that first effort. Of course, there is the Baker Street Journal, and there may be a journal or so that we haven't heard of yet, but it would seem that many mystery story buffs want and need their very own fanzines. (Incidentally, Mr. Hubin is not partial to the term "fanzine"; apparently he has seen some poor examples of sfandom fanzines, but that is a minor point. He can call his fanzine anything he wants to, as long as it does the job that he and I and others would like to see done.)

What would such a magazine publish? Checklists, articles, reviews, crit-iques, news and so on--on into the night. Would the readers always write? (hello, Harry) I think so--if nearly 300 respond to a mag devoted to just one writer, many more would respond to a mag devoted to the entire field. (Mr. Hubin believes this, too, which is why he wanted to multilith the mag in runs that would exceed an average run of JDMB, for instance.) Who would write for the mag? The readers themselves, as well as the pros--who would have a place to express themselves out-side of the paper or hardbound covers of their books.

So let's hope that Mr. Hubin's plans work out, and may all of your plans work out too. But no matter what--keep smiling!

--Len Moffatt

Reported by Rick Sneary

July 1, 1967:

I arrived at the Sheraton West a little before Noon, and as I drove into the parking lot the first fan I saw was not Forrest J Ackerman, but Roy Squires. Roy had been among the early arrivers, who had moved in Friday night, and allready had one night of mild partying.. -- Next along was Fritz Lieber in his new Toyota, who gave me a lift with my bags to the main enterence, from which I went on to register and check into my 11th floor room. The hotel in conferring my reservation for an \$8 single, did so on a slip of paper that was a garentee that if there wasn't a room available for me at that price, they would give me \$20 worth of meals or services,....which is something new. The average room was better than we have had from hotel I can remember from past Westercons, though my room at the Alexandria was larger -- but then I was a ex-Committeeman that the Management remembered. My single this year was about 12x16, with a double bed, two overstuffed chairs, desk/dresser and chair, TV & radio, four lamps, three stands, and air conditioned. It also had a cedar lined cloths closet, and another hall clost for bedding...and it all looked like it had recently been re-decorated. I believe the hotel was recently converted from a fancy apatment-hotel to a more conventional hotel, and that may explain how the Committee was able to get such a good deal. The regular rates were I believe, \$12 for singles. And some faired better than I, as Ellie Turner also paided for a single, but was given a suite which included a living room with fireplace, small kitchen and dinnet. Only a few grumps were able to find anything to complain about the rooms this year.

All the Con activities took place on the 2nd floor, with no interference with or from regular hotel activities. The only problem was finding anything. The Art Show rooms, Comic Book room, and three Huckster rooms, were all along one hall. Around the corner at the end of the hall was another hall, forming a "L", off of which was the Game & Party Room. Through a fire door at the end of this hall, and across a bridge was the main Ball Room, were the programs were. And then beyond them, at the head of a side entrence stairway was the registration desk--which made it might hard to find without a map--and for the first time in several years there was no floor-plan of the hotel in the program booklet. Nor were there enough signs telling you were things were. But this is about the only complaint I have for an otherwise large an well appointed layout of rooms.

The Art Show rooms proved to be the chief gathering spot of the Con. It was just down the hall from the elevators, and left at the sign saying "Ladies." The first was a long, thin room which held a one-woman show by Cynthia Goldstone, and fan bar. The bar, run by the hotel, sold coffee (@25¢), packaged sandwiches (40¢), beer (40-50¢), and some mixed drinks--and was open as far as I can remember, nearly all the time the room was. The prices were high, but not so high as on the 1st floor, so many fans and pros found it handy to do much of their drinking and talking right there. There were a few tables and chairs around the room, and it would have been possable to have set there and watched most of the con go by.

At one end of this room was a group of tables with fan craftsmen making and selling jewelry and pins. Also another small room set up for black light, as one group of paintings -- which I didn't dig at all--required it. -- But up accouple steps was the main Art show, which was quite large and well lighted by high windows on two sides. While the art did not come up to some of the pictures I have seen of Tricon art, it seemed to me to be the best Westercon show. With a wider variety of items, and more I would be willing to hang. There were a number of new artist entered, like Dean Grennell--pluss a few regulars that seemed missing. With all the people working, talking or looking, it was the busiest Art Show yet. Yet by the third day Bjo was getting tired of it all, and problems like people who

moved things without permission, caused her to swear she wasn't going to get tied down with it again next year. But, next year maybe their Worldcon, so... It would be a pity if she did stop, as the art shows have been improving and been an attention getter the past few years.

I ran into Ted and Lin Johnstone in the hall about an hour later, and was glad to see they were carrying on so well. Up to four days before they had been Co-Chairmen of the Conference. But in mid-week the rest of the Committee, feeling apparently that the Johnstones and Dwain Kaiser hadn't/weren't doing enough, issued a manifesto to the effect that only Brandon Lemont, Earl & Gail Thompson, and Bill Ellern were the Committee and empowered to act in its name. A real bolt out of the blue as far as I knew. For while I know the strains any committee is subject to, and this one seemed particularly mismatched as far as working together, there hadn't been any apparent brake before. It was a situation that was potentially harmful to the enjoyment of the Con. So I was relieved to find Ted was taking the long view. The success of the Con was more important than his personal feelings, and nothing he could do now to fight the committee would harm them nearly as much as it would reflect badly on him. In a sense, I said, he could claim some of the credit for the things that went right, and none of the blame for those that went wrong. There was also, as I pointed out, the added fact that they were now free to enjoy the Con, which as Chairmen they wouldn't have had a chance to. I was glad to see Ted was taking it so well, as he has had some thumps in the past that seem to hit him rather hard. While he was weathering this major one better than most. Part of growing up I guess.

I have no idea as to what the Committee thought or what emotions were stirred up, but my feeling is that if the main complaint was failure to do enough, that they were foolish to expell him the last week. Once the Con had started Ted's training as a speaker and director would have allowed him to carry the duties of Chairman with ease. And even if only a figurehead, he could have been a help. I have no idea how hard Lamont may have worked in getting things organized, ~~was~~ but he is a new fan and still to unsure of himself to be an effective spokesman. Earl Thompson appears to have done the majority of the work on the Con, and the fans were happily giving him most of the credit. Yet despite the load of planning and being on the go all through the Con, he looked happy and in good shape throughout the Con. Or, at least as late as Monday morning.. Other ex-Committeemen agreed with me that Earl was setting some kind of record....a Committeeman who was enjoying his own Con.

About 1:00 I decided it was time to think about lunch. I saw Len and June Moffatt in the hotel coffee shop passing out Ed Cox for TART ballets and wondered in. They weren't eating, but the Roger's were, and invited me to join them. Which I did gladly, untell I looked at the prices on the menu. With their sandwich's starting at \$1.70, I bid the Roger's a warm but hasty fairwell, and headed up the street to Tiny Naffler's, a 24 hour coffee shop in the next block. Not fancy, but fast and not expensive--compairatively, so I ended up eating all my meals there, as did a large percentage of the Con. -- I forget who I sat with, but we were soon joined by Joe & Felice Rolfe, who, in their own words, took over the conversation. One of the best parts of an con for me is the chance to set down to a meal with people--especially out of towners who rarely get a chance to talk with. Some times it is the only time you get to talk with them and have a real exchange of ideas. This was the longest I'd ever talked to the Rolfe's, tho I've known them for years. -- All an all I was very lucky in finding people to set with this year. I had to eat only one meal alone. Usually it was possible to just walk in and join someone. The front table at peak times never emptied, but as one or two left, others would replace them.

We got back to the Con just in time to hear the last of Ted's speech of resignation, which the Committee had agreed he could make. It was ryely humorous, and drew a lot of laughs. There were probably a lot at the con who never knew about the split -- even though there was a good deal of talking about it. There may also have been introductions, but I

missed them. With the exception of the artist Charles Schneeman, there wasn't anyone there really outstanding. Just lots and lots of the old regulars, some of whom, like Art Widner, hadn't been around for a few years. I never did get to meet Art, but I did see his full grown son.

I spent the rest of the afternoon in the Art Show room, talking to people. I joined a little group at a table by the door. There were only four chairs but in an hour I'd talked to a dozen people. But as friend replaced friend it finally reached the point where I was the stranger, and so wandered off in my turn. There were confused sounds between mixed groups of Moffatt's and Cox's about gathering up a party and going out to dinner. This went on for half an hour, with some one always missing, and the problem growing more helpless by the minute, so I excepted Don Franson and Stan Woolston's invitation to join them. We were later joined by another older fan whose name I don't recall, for a batch's dinner. The talk was of the old days; the NFFF; and some of Stan's wild inventions.

We returned to the Hall a little before the movies were supposed to start, and found the place already crowded. The Hall, which was longer than it was wide, had the stage and screen in its wide wall. Not the ideal arrangement, as those setting at the far sides must have gotten a distorted view. Another problem was that with a couple hundred people in the room on a warm California evening, the air conditioning system became somewhat over extended, and it got pretty hot by evening's end. Still, the chairs were more comfortable than the rule, and there was quite a bit of flexibility in the set up over the four days. To bad it isn't big enough for a World Con.

There were four films, done by the students at Chouinard's. Mostly involving Sylvia Dees Tolliver, who appeared in two and did another. And a nicely mixed batch they were. The first was a satire on the old movie serials, corned up until it was 170 proof. There was the big fight seen; the chase seen; the mysterious invention; and lastly the fight in the warehouse, while the heroine is endangered. In this case by a giant drill machine--with a huge cardboard screw turning slowly closer and closer to Sylvia. While in the background the hero and villain fight it out among obviously empty cardboard boxes--even if they have signs like "filled with heavy bricks" on them. It was a barrel of laughs. == The next was a funny impressionistic one of moving color patterns matched to music--two songs from the Goon Show. It was on the order of Tacato and Fugue in Fantasia, and look as though the color might have been painted right onto the film. == The third was done by Sylvia, on Superman and a Stripper.. with flash-back comparisons of Clark Kent and the striper, and other mad bits, all done to a Big Beat background. Some of it was films of still photos, filped positive and negative. It had humor of the sudden surprise type, but was too loud for my liking. == The last film was "The Fall of the House of Usher." Sylvia and Steve Tolliver played the incestuous brother and sister, and very well too. She is naturally pale and he is always a little sinister looking. It was done silent except for musical background, and old fashion sub-titles. There was also some good camera work. They used the basement catacombs at the Riverside Inn for some of the shots, and most effectively. They were all good, and well suited to the crowd,.

There was a brief brake while they set the stage for "Captain Future Meets Gilbert And Sullivan." This was originally written by Steve Schultheis over 5 years ago. The local group has been trying to produce it ever since, but always lacked something, such as a piano player. They finally found that Katya Hulan could play (the piano that is). Ted Johnstone played Captain Future, with a good voice and acting ability, but not quite the figure for the role. The same goes for Len Bailes, who even with his 5'4" frame in silver cardboard doesn't look much like Grag the robot. Lois Lavender made an idea appearing Joan Randall, with her tall, pure blond beauty. The only trouble was that her voice while also pure and clear, wasn't strong enough to carry, and the P:A. system wasn't working. Fred Patten as Ezra Gurney and Chuck Crayne as

Otho were good. The outstanding members of the cast were Sally Crayne as Little Asteroid (physically) and Bruce Pelz as the Master of the Universe (artistically) --though some thought his role mere type casting. Sally played a rejuvenated parlor maid, who long ago had mixed to babies up. Thus the cool and fearless Captain Future was really an andaroid, while kind and emotional Otho was human. The whole production was filled with smashingly funny line, even if a few were a little dated by passing time. It is hoped that now it has been produced Bruce or some one will publish it. Schultheis wisely refused to let it be printed before, for fear it never would be afterward.

After going to my room to change into dry cloths and check to see my hip flask was working, I sallied forth in surch of a party. Ellik had mentioned two room numbers, but after a ten minute wate outside of the first with nothing happening, I moved on to the next. I go the impression that Ron was giving this party, though it wasn't his room, but as I didn't go into the ketchen, I never knew. I found most of the Petard Society all ready there. The conversation was light and enjoyable--such as trying to find out the real name of the new girl who wondered in--but after about an hour the well seemed to go dry and the main body of troops moved out to weter fields. I followed, just to see what was happening.

The Games Room on the second floor was now the Party Room, and being supplied with refreshments, tables, chairs and floor space, about 70 or more fans were having a party. And in view of the why things have been the last few years, there was a supprising number of BNF there. The private room parties didn't seem to be happening...not yet, anyway. -- Rotsler, Karan Anderson and I got into the usual discussion that takes place when a large number of FAPA members get together. Namely, have we enough signatures to do something wicked? --Ellik, in memory of Westercon's past, threw a beer can out the window. How many years past was made clear by his explaining that they were only on the 2nd floor and he had checked to see there was nothing but junk at the bottom of the air shaft.... Latter I got in on an Art Happening. I was setting on the floor talking with the Tollivers, Don Simpson, Sally Crayne and acouple others, when some started to tidy up the floor, by picking up bits of lint and paper and putting it in a pile. Sooj we were all doing it, with two empty beer cans as a base, and all the other bits and pieces piled Jack-Straw fashion on top. Then, as with all true "Happenings" it was artistically destroyed in the end with Steve and Sylvia delivering synchronized judo chops to opposit sides.

Some were along here I teamed up with Moffatt again, and we drifted off in surch of further excitement--and felt we had a hot lead when we found Earl Thompson happily heading upstairs with a tub of ice. We followed it to a very dull card game, but happily found another quiet little party going across the hall. It seems to me it was Ed Wood's rooms, but I remember it as being on the 6th floor. Yet on Monday night I remember being in Ed's plase on the 11th floor. I don't understand why they moved, or maybe it was some one elses. It was Ed's wife, Jo Ann, anyway, who suggested it was time to go, --some time after 3:00 AM. She is a attractive and friendly woman--who may or may not be interested in science fiction, but certainly seems to enjoy fans. I don't know how he managed, but old serious and constructive Ed Wood certainly seems to have done very well when he finally did decide to get married.

The party was relatively quiet and very friendly, with only a dozen or so there. The Rogers, Browns, Woods, Tollivers and parts of the Cox, Pelz, and Moffatt family groups, pluss maybe a couple others. I got into a very interesting talk with Sylvia about old movies. The old clasics like "Protempkin"(?), and the Castieu((??)) film "Orpheus". I have seen few of the old films, but I have been lucky enough to see some of the greatest. We talked about the great seans that had impressed us, and wondered that so much could be done with the limited and primitive equipment they had in those days. We all so talked of the film she had done, which I found interesting. Sylvia is such an intense person about everything she does or says, talking ~~has~~ to her produces in me a fealing of having taken

in a very important conversation. It is quite exhilarating to have a lovely blond actress, talking just to me for an hour. But alas, all good things must end, and the hour grew early, and the hostess sent us home.

JULY 2: I woke up before 9:00, but it was about 10:00 before I was dressed and down stairs. One thing that the Edgewater Inn had two years ago that I'd like to see more of. That was an electric pot and instant coffee fixing in every room. That, with a few snack-crackers was enough to start the juices flowing again, before I had to face the rest of the world. As it was my nerve stomach barely held together until I reached the restaurant, where I had breakfast with John & Katwin Trimble. I managed to have breakfast with Katwin two times during the Con, and she makes a very pleasant early morning companion, for a little girl. She sets quietly. She eats quietly. She even protests in a quiet, non-violent manner. (She looks exceedingly sad, and lowers her head into her plate..but is too good natured to say that way long.)

One of the growing changes in Cons is the number of small children that are around, and this year there were more than ever. It used to be that all we had to put up with was wild teenage fans. Now you can't tell the teenage fans from the fan's teenagers. It seemed to me the whole lot was better behaved than in past years, and having a good deal of fun as well. As more kids are brought, I suppose it will be easier for other parents to bring theirs...the biggest problem being their getting bored with nothing to do. -- Probably the most commented on youngster at the Con was Astrid Anderson, who almost everyone found hard to believe wasn't 13 yet. But for me the real charmer of the small set is still Marie Louise Ellington. She is pretty, quiet, well behaved, and a real heart stealer, who got hold of mine when I first met her after their move West. It is possible she is a little flirt, but I've had so little experience with being flirt with that she seems only cute and friendly. If all little girls were as nice as Marie and Katwin, I might change my mind about the best way to raise children. I certainly wouldn't want to raise them in a barrel.

John and I talked mostly about world conditions. As a Right-Wing Social Democrat he is more conservative than my own Radical-Center stand, but he is a good man to talk politics with. Mainly we talked of the Israel-Arab problem, and the one-week-war. We both agree that Israel's Foreign Minister's speech at the U.N. was one of the finest we had heard since the old Churchill days. At least in sound and use of words...it did sound reasonable.

Back in the hotel the next three hours got lost standing around the Art Show room talking to people. Harry Harrison showed up in his Order of St. Fantasy blazer and badge (when everyone else thought it was too hot for coats), and as Armour's Mate to the Order, I rushed up and introduced myself. A little while later Lois Lavender passed me the word that Ellik was bringing Dotty Faulkner in for the day, and that all the members of the Order were going to get together for a drink before the banquet. So around one o'clock I fell up stairs to my room to rest and change. On these hot days it was a relief to be able to pop up to my room for a brake and a dry shirt.. This time for a white shirt with black St.Fantasy tie and my blazer. Dotty arrived shortly after I got back down, and Lois and I talked to her until the rest showed up. Finally gathered them all up and moved over to the Hall, where a buffet style Banquet was set up. I don't like this style of meals, or paying \$4.75 for \$2.10 worth of food. But what can you do at Cons, and besides, I wanted to be with the bunch. The Order had its own table and it quite a gathering when we all arrived. There was Dotty, who was the oldest member having been Knighted in 1956 when she was in London. There was Fritz Leiber, Lois, Ron, Bjo and John (spouses of members are curtesy members), Sir Harry, Roy and DeeDee Lavender (as parents to a Messenger to the Grand Master, they count also), and myself. Five Knights, two Official Members, and three curtesy members. The first time the whole West Coast membership has been together, and probably the largest U.S. gathering other than at World Cons.

Harrison was a real kick. He apparently talks to everyone as though they were not only old friends, but ones he had been talking to the day before. Boisterous and jolly, in the best of ways. It came as a surprise to me to learn that he was not English. He writes in a very British manner, and has been over there 10 or 15 years that I know of... But, he doesn't sound British.

The other main attraction at our table was Ron Elik's knees. He had put on tie and bawzer for the occasion, but he also put on his lederherzen(?) and exposed his hairy knees to all the company. There was some debate as to whether Fandom was ready for this. While there mini-skirts and shorts at the Con., most of the fans at the banquet were well dressed, as it was the most formal part of the Con. —The food was pretty good, when you finally made it through the line to where it was. A large number of salads, cold meats and chesses, and hot Roast of Top Round. Or, atleast it was hot when served—fairly cold by the time I got to eat it. And I dislike eating a whole meal out of one plate.

The after eating speeches agreeable. Brandon Lamont tried again to act as Chairman. I forget the order of events, but this was the part of the Con were poor planning showed the most. Daugherty got up to introduce the important people...that is the people WJD thought were important...and thought were there. For example he introduced as "those two living legends, Rick Sneary and Charles Burbee" when I don't think Burb was in the room. (Burb looked better than the last time I'd seen him, though still rather haggard and drawn-through-hell. He was around a couple days) Next, as the bid for Mos Vegas had been withdrawn, and only the Rogers-Stark bid for Berkeley remained, it was suggest that the meeting vote next years site to them by acclamation, and skip the Business Meeting...which was done.

The Toastmaster was Bob Bloch, who started out by roasting the Committee for not telling him who was on the program or who he would be introducing untell that day. He pointed out that the program book listed what we were to have to eat, not who was going to speak. So he then "introduced" the menu. He said he doubted that even George Jessel had ever had to introduce a Macaroni Salad. -- Bloch also roasted Harlan Ellison, by telling how he remembered Harlan's speech at the 1946 Convention. Harlan was only six, and made a speech about how science fiction was changing, and all writers over 10 years old were all washed up... Then, he carried this on to the following Con., with Harlan a few years older, and the "Washed up Writers" also getting a few years older...as he reached those ages himself.

Marion Zimmer Bradley he placed in the same company as Brackett, Moore and another great fem writer out of the past (I can't remember who, but it was E Mayne Hull, who was present). Her talk was (as Guest of Honour) about the loss or lack of the spirit of Goshwowboyoboy in current Fandom. She recalled what it was like back in 5th Fandom, with letter hacks, and \$1.50 heckto pans, and 5¢ fanzines. She was sorry so little of the old spirit was around today, and thought it might be caused by the same thing that turns an opera goer turned reviewer, into a critic. After you have seen Don Giovanni 40 times, you are no longer interested by the story. All you note is whether "A" makes the high note in the first act, or if "B" blows a line in the Third. She was encouraged though that some of the neo-fans still showed signs of enthusiasm.

Rogers was called up to presents the Little Men's award (the Invisable Little Man) to artist Charles Schneeman. Schneeman had a few of his original covers in the Art Show, and was around the Hall off and on, though this was apparently his first fan gathering since Denvention. Ackerman told me later that he had not remembered ever meeting Schneeman before, but he had remembered Forry, and felt guilty about not sending him a drawing he's promised--in 1941. He looked more like a dried up Kansas farmer than a famous s-f artist. Jean Cox said he seems to be keenly interested in flying saucers and the Christian Science Church.

The next up was our Fan Guest, Lon Atkins. He told a fairly humorous account of how he had been forced to move out here because each time he made a

fan friendship back in Ga., they moved to the West Coast. So he finally had to follow them out.

Harlan Ellison was supposed to speak next, which was the reason Bloch had joked about his past speeches. But once again there was a great Ellison mix up. It seems last year Harlan had been one of the supporters for Los Angeles's bid, and had promised to make a speech. Also, some were along the line there seems to have been planned a party at Harlan's, partly sponsored by the Committee, but limited in number. But come banquet time and Harlan shows up with his date, rather naturally I think, expecting free tickets and a seat at the head table. But the new Chairman, or the Treasurer, or several somebodies didn't know anything about the plans. There were as many stories going around as there are little fishes, and one of those tales was that the talk was also partly censored. Harlan has had this feud with Roddenberry of Star Trek, and was going to tell all. Roddenberry had been very generous in donating things to the Con auction, so the Committee, so this story goes, didn't want Harlan saying unkind things about their patron. Any way he got up and rattled off a few words, that at the time didn't seem to make much sense, to the effect that he wasn't giving the speech he had planned, and there wasn't going to be a party at his place. (Bjo later said he had been mad to ever think of it in the first place as his pad is full of things that brake or rare woods that stain, and a mob of fans would likely mangled it). We didn't know what was happen, but it put a seeming abrupt end to the dinner.

I

was about to expire from the damps, so I cut out for my room to change and lay down for about an hour. I don't take naps at Con's...I'm lucky to unwind enough to go to sleep at night..but a few minutes now and then of inforced total relaxing makes a difference...and was enough to see me though the four days. My mornings grew a little slower starting, but I got along with only 4 to 6 hours sleep each night, with no seeming ill effects. My hay-fever even seemed better, even though overly cool air conditioning and windy blast when outside.

The next

attraction was this years fashion show, called the Zodiac of Fashion, and directed by Jane Jacobs Ellern Lemont. I have not been greatly impressed by fashion shows, from the first in 1958. They seem a lot of work for small benefit. There were 12 fashions this year, based roughly on the signs of the Zodiac. I find that three weeks later I can't really remember any of them, except maybe the green and gold jump-suit for Capricorn worn by Sally Crayne. And that isn't merely because Sally was so outstanding, but that I saw it three times.

The next thing on the program, after an hour brake to set the stage, was H.M.S. Trek-A-Star, the Bhay Area's G&S parody. And a really well done production too. As some else remarked later, the L.A. company had better material, and the story stuck closer to the original. But the Northern'ers were stronger in voice and acting. Partly due to people we haven't heard much of before, from the Creative Anachronisms. Dave Thewlis as "Captain" Kirk, had a good voice but not a great actor. But Dorothy Jones as Yeoman Rand had an exalant professional quality lyric soprano voice and the ability to project it. She also was a better actress than even some of the cast expected, according to remarks I heard later. The mastermind behind the production was ofcourse Karan Anderson, who also played Mr. Spock (though the program list her as George Spellvin, for some esoteric reason). Astrid, in burnt cork, played Lt. Uhura, with not a very stong singing voice, but a good preformance. Jerry Jacks played Bugeye (read "Dick Deadeye") up to the hilt and into the sheathe. While walking normally the rest of the time, when hecomes out to inform to the Captain, he does it all hunched over and dragging one foot, a la The Mad Scientist's Igor.. Also as part of the crew were John & Bjo Trimble and Falice Rolfe, who were good in limited rolls. But the other comic newcomer was Jon DeCles (who is I believe, in good old fannish tradition, really some one else) who played a supposed E.T. called Stackstraw---all covered with neting and yards of crape paper hair. He had a fair voice but the acting ability to show a fairly wide range of emotions, just by movement or quivering his straw. - - The plot was, briefly..

Rand is in love with Kirk who is in love with the ship. They discover Stackstraw, who is a friendly monster in rather sad shape. Rand complains of her love for Kirk, and ask Mr. Spock for help. Spock agrees, but fails to get Kirk interested. Spock and Uhura decide that Stackstraw might do for Rand, if they trim him down. (If there is anything under all that staw.) This results in a mad chase in which Spock and Uhura follow Stackstarw, who is following Rand, who is persueing Kirk. Finally Stackstarw is draged off and sheared to reveil an old acadamy class mate of Kirk's, who had suffered a stþange transformation while marooned on a strange world, and was ashamed to admit what had happen to him. Rand does fall in love with him, and everyone seems happy, untell Uhura anounces that she now has fallen in love with the Captain. -- As with real G&S, the plot outlines sound rather silly, and it is the songs and word play that make them so intertaining. And this I can't hope to convay. - One would normally think running two such simular plays at the same Con would have been bad planning. But both were so good, and so fully enjoyed that there were no complaints-- nor were they hurt by the compairason. It has been a number of years since we had any live productions at a Westercon, but hopefully these will inspire more.

The second part of the evening started with an invatation to a small party in Paul Turner's room. When I got there there was standing room only. I rather imagine that most just followed others in, as it is hard to keep a party really private. ...Anyway I helped Alex Bratmon hold up the wall for about a half an hour, chatting nicely. Alex is easy to talk with, and I some times suspect Alex of being "desper" than his light hearted outward appearance would suggest. He always calls me Sage of South Gate, but dispite this put on, I think he maybe rather sage his own self.

As more openings in the room appeared I moved over onto the bed beside Ackerman, who told me the latest in the Stephen Pickering affair. By now you have all read that Pickering finally had himself commeted to a State Hospital for psychiatric care. Forry, as usual, has been trying to help, but the doctors don't seem to hold out much hope. It seems his trouble has been going on for years now, and a cure might not be possable.--- Forry, now ever, was looking very much his old self, and said he was fealing good. Though he has built in warning system now.. When ever he starts to over do, two sharp pains develope, one on side of each temple.

After Forry left I turned to a conversation between Paul and Poul Anderson about forigen affairs...mainly in Viet Nam. Poul was talking about first hand reports on events over there that he had been reading by Dick Eney. I don't know if this was from personal letters or and APA-zine I didn't read, but I'd missed hearing most of it. It seems one of the jobs Dick has had was checking on the black market, and according to him it is not as bad as pictured. Much of the goods being sold on the black market, for rather complex (to say the least) finacial reasons, were actually ordered and payed for by the Sigon goverment, and then resold to retailers.. But because all goods going into the area is marked "Forigen Aid", it looks stolden.. It sound strange to me, and I may have miss-understood something.

While this serious talk was going on at the end of the room, at the end of the bed Fritz Leiber had been talking to a girl who's name I never did learn. My wondering ear suddenly picked on what Fritz was saying. It was lines from the first stanza of G. K. Chesterton's epic poem, Lepanto. This has been my favorite poem for 15 years, since I first heard it, and the only one I have ever even tried to learn by heart. (Never did) I have heard of Fritz's grand renditions of this most stirring of poems, and I have long lemented that I've always missed them. Now here he was doing it in a small and noisey room. I moved around onto the floor in front so I could hear better. Also for a better view, as Fritz is an actor and puts emotion not only into his voice but his whole expression and body. The changes in his face were as marked as those in his tone. By the end of the second stanza the room had fallen into rapt silence. In all, it was every bit as grand as I'd imagined.. And it lead into what became the most enjoyable evening I've spent at a Con since the Idebscher-Bixby piano duet at the Soaacon.

For this started Fritz and Poul exchanging songs and ballads and lyric poems in a manner to stir the blood of the thinnest soul. I have heard Poul sing at past Cons as far back as 1954, and usually a little loudly from making to freely with the local mead. But in a small and quiet room, plied with only Paul's good Scotch, he was in very fine voice. He explained repeatedly that he had no singing voice, which maybe true, but ballads and chants need not the best of voice to move the listener, if there is plenty of heart. Fritz has no great singing voice either, but he delved into his bag as well, and the result was much like two olden minstrels, swapping songs and stories. It was easy to understand their popularity of old, and how they might inspire young men to go out and do brave deeds. It was a very brave evening. There was a little singing along on the chorus by the rest of us, but mostly it was a two man show for better than an hour, which I which I could remember in more detail---or better yet, had on tape. -- People wondered in and out, but excepting for some slightly drunken words of praise, all preferred to subside onto floor or bed and just listen. Even Bruce Pelz, who enjoyed rendering a song now and then, preferred to listen. -- There is a mystery about parties, and one never knows when or how they will turn out. Paul had a real winner.

It broke up something after 3:00, and I wandered down to the Games Room to see what was doing, and found three or so groups just setting around talking. I joined one made up of the Rogers, Busbys and a couple other, who were quietly swapping stories and views on passing friends and some-time foes, and what was happening in New York. I expressed the view that Fandom would be lucky if the "pongs" were the worst thing to come out of another New York City Worldcon. -- A lass for history, and our curious O.E., but I here will skip about a half-page of notes...some of it complimentary, but not my own views, so not public.. -- It was on a friendly note anyway that I took elevator to the 11th, and found my bed not only nicely turned down as it had been the night before, but the table lamp on instead of the hall lamp. The hall light had been on the night before, and I'd switched on the desk lamp, and it had been on when the maid had come to turn the bed down...so tonight that lamp was on again. I pondered what it would be like to live in a world were servants catered to a master's little whims.

Monday - July 3rd: It was harder to get up this morning, especially as there was nothing on the program until evening. It looked at first like a cloudy day, which I thought would dim plans of other to spend the morning around the pool. But when I did get up I found I'd pulled the Venetian blinds to tight, and the Sun was really shining. I'd pulled one of the big chairs around on my first day in the room, so as to enjoy the fine view out my window. While I couldn't see the street below, I had an exalted view of the South part of the City.. I lamented the fact that I would be giving up the room before 4th of July night, as it would be a swell place to watch the fireworks from the Coliseum.

When I reached the 2nd floor, about 10:00, I found it peopled with hotel personnel, trying to make it orderly again for the afternoon, so head off for the restaurant with hopes of a friendly face. I found two of them, and pretty ones as well. Luise Petti and Katwin were apparently the only one up and around. They made very attractive breakfast companions, but due to the earliness of the hour, I wasn't up to very spirited or meaningful conversation. Sigh!

Back at the hotel there still wasn't much doing, and I spent the next couple hours in the Art Show room...part of the time minding the desk while John minded something else. People wondered in and out rather listlessly. I think if there had been some non-important bit of programming planned, there would have been more purpose to the tide of movement. If only to avoid the program.. Maybe something like a slide show of Westercon's past.. -- Also about this time I overheard a problem arise regarding Kaiser, which I hope will have been settled by the time this appears, and can be forgotten. Dwain as yet, hadn't learned to be a good loser.

Needing a little air and

the need to know, I worked my way through the maze of hotel passages and found my way out back, to their monstrous pool.. I found Ellik and Maire Ellington splashing around in the water, with Cathy Konigsberg sunning herself on the side. As the dryer and more talkative of the three I wondered over an sat down--trying not to get sunburn myself. Before long though Jerry Jacks, Fred Hollender and another pool nut came along and started throwing each other in. Astrid showed up, looking pensive, or sullen or shy, or what ever, as usual....and Ellik, that dirty young man, who is old enough to be her Father, went off to ogle her. Soon to be joined by the pool pest, and the Moffatt's. The five acres of pool were getting to crowded, so I deserted Cathy, and went up stairs thinking it was about time for a little snack. But this was my unlucky afternoon, as far as eating, as I couldn't find a friendly face to set with and had to eat alone at the counter.

When I got back the grape vine was busy passing the word that the Ellison speech was "on" again, for three o'clock. I still don't know all the background goings on...but during the previous evening there had been a petition passed around, which said in effect, "come back Harlan, we love you." If there had been disagreement about the subject matter with the Committee, that was cleared up too. ** I got there after he had started, and he talked for a very long time -- there was an intermission called, half way though. I went out then, and didn't get back untill the very last, so I missed maybe a third of it. It was interesting enough to to outline in some detail.

It was all about his troubles with Jean Roddenberry(?), the Producer of TV's Star Trek. Harlan was one of the first s-f writers to sell a script to the show, which all concerned fell over telling him how G R E A T it was, and how they loved it. They were going to do it just the way he wrote it.. Harlan wont let people e edit stuff he writes, but as the show had big plans and a big budget, everything looked fine... --- Oh, well, there were a few changes needed to adapt it to TV problems, and so Harlan agreed to do a re-write...which was approved and excepted. But in the meantime Star Trek was starting to be in trouble in the rating. So Harlan got or was given the idea of forming the Committee, and appealing to fans to write letters. And Fans did write letters. He said they recieved 70,000 in the next few weeks. I protested later that there weren't 70,000 fans, but Bjo explained that people like Juanita Coulson went out and got her local friends and clubs to write as well/. But anyway, the Fans saved the show. But the show had by now spent so much money on the first programs that the budget couldn't cover the expensive sets needed for Harlan's, so he had to do another re-write. Then the studio called another re-write man in to do a little more work on it. The talk then went into a tale of growing horror as one after another, other hacks were called on to do ever more changes--all the time Harlan getting a snow job about how great it was. Finally it was so bad that Roddenberry agreed to a complete re-write himself.. and from our boys view this turned out to be the unkindest cut of all. He had believed the Producer was honest and sincere, and he now saw him hacking his brain child into standard TV hash. He felt he had fed a line all the time, merely to insure his getting fan support. -- He finally read to us the programs opening the way he had written it, and then the way it finally appeared....and there wasn't much similarity. (I would agree that his version did sound better.) The result has been that he has had a hard time not hitting people when they praise the show, as he feels it isn't his. He didn't want to use his name on it, but he had to.

The closing points, as I remember them, were that Fandom had been used by big business, but that we had also shown our power. That we shouldn't be tricked again, as he had been tricked, but should use our power to fight for what we wanted. In all, the talk was overly long --for which Harlan apologized-- and he took the matter more seriously than it seemed to warrant. (As another author said latter, after all "it was just another story.") But as we know, Harlan takes these things seriously. But this was not the cock-sure Ellison of past years, telling Fandom what they ought to be doing and ought to be reading. Here he was outlining troubles he had had, which if seemingly exaggerated from our view were none the less ones we could understand and symphathize with. The result seemed to make him more "one of us" again, and the whole talk came off as far as I was

concerned, it came off better than any I have heard or read by Harlan, in the past few years.

It is my own opinion that it seems very unlikely that we will ever have what we would call a good S-F program on TV. It is technically possible, even with a limited budget. But science fiction, even now, does not command a large percentage of the reading public. I question that s-f we would think was good-- and I don't think Star Trek is good-- would draw the 20-30% of the viewers needed to stay on. The quality of show we would want would be on an acting and production level with something like old Studio One, and were is it today? So I don't believe really high-quality science fiction drama is possible, and the best we can hope for is some cleverly done Buck Rogers stuff. But we don't get even that. The shows either take themselves too seriously, like Star Trek or Twilight Zone, or played for laughs like Lost in the Spacetime.

It was now nearly 7:00, so out to dinner and joined the Johnstone's and Jock Root. Mostly the conversation was Ted telling Jock about the possibility of his working on three movies for teen-agers, and the plot out lines and such. They sounded nasty for my taste, but just what might go over with the teenagemonsters. But a guess a million movies are planned in Tinselland for every one that ever appears.

A little later the waitress was asking us about how long the conference was going to last. It seems we had thrown them off. They had been swamped the night before, so tonight they had put on an extra girl, and the place was almost deserted of fans. Ian and I explained that there was a Costume Ball about to start, and most of the fans were either getting dressed, or getting seats--and that they would be that way for at least a couple hours. -- It was a blessing for others that Finny Nailers was a 24 hour place. Almost made up for the high-priced food in the hotel.

When I got to the Hall it was a little after 8:00, and was already nearly full. I'm going to have trouble reporting the costumes, as there were so many, and in many cases I didn't know who the people were. -- I got an early look at what proved to be the winner of the Most Unourest and Popular Choice Award, as they got onto the elevator with me at 7th level. They were titled Captain Stee Star-Lisacc and Krag. The "Captain" was a booted and caped s-f hero type, holding on a chain a green "thing". It was sort of human looking, but it ran on all fours, carried a short wooden club that it frequently beat on the ground with; made strange sounds; and when excited leaped four or five feet into the air... This was J. Sheperd Hertz, who was a prize winner last year as "Spiderman". Probably the most outstanding thing about it all was that he never went out of character once, in over two hours. He entered the elevator at a crouch and huddled in the corner like an animal... and carried on that way, until way after the final judging. -- They looked rather like a Freas type cover from the '40's, but I think the whole idea was original with Hertz... of whom I'm sure we will hear more.

The Hall was too full to find seating with friends, so I moved over and got the wall to my back, so I could stand if I want and not be in front of others. Happily, soon after I sat down I was joined by Marjii and Frank Eilers. They have been to Westcon's and some other local affairs for the past ten years. Marjii is an extremely attractive woman, who has had a good deal of experience with costume balls before, and has been very friendly toward me. Something that leaves me a little flattered and flustered, but setting next to her and exchanging comment on the costumes was fun. It was rather like doing the art gallery with your own art critic..in that I saw more of the fine details than I would on my own. It was unfortunately not so pleasant an evening for her. About half way through Marjii stepped onto a chair for a better look--the people in front refusing to set down-- and leaned back a little against the wall. This caused the chair to slide forward, and her to "slide" down the wall, to the floor. The "slide" fortunately slowed the fall, so she wasn't hurt, and I hope had no after effects. It is terrible to see

it happening and not be able to move fast enough to help.

The costumes this year were the best group of costumes I have seen. Usually there are two or three outstanding costumes, but this year there were both more people in costume, and better costumes than even the Worldcons I remember. Part of this was due to the large number of Creative Anachronisms, who may or may not be fans, but due love to get all dressed up. This too, accounted for a number of charatersations that were not fantasy themes.

Oh, I must mention that before the judging, the committee had a programme.. "International film star, Florence Marly" to sing an original song, "Spaceboy"--with an electronic musical background. I couldn't see her from where I was, and couldn't hear her for the poorness of the P.A. system and her thick Moravian accent. She looked, from what I could see, a little like the Bride of Frankenstein, but I'm sure this is wrong. The words to the song appear in the Program Book, and mostly as mushy as they were hard to hear. - I suspect she does not understand the idiom well enough--or science fiction--or how to write acceptable lyrics. I only wonder how the Committee got stuck with her? Oh well, it wasn't as bad as the Indians at Berkeley. --- There were also a number of special guest up, such as Bradbury and Roddenberry, but due to the mob, I didn't see them.

I can't list all the costumes, but I got a list of the award winners, and will mention a few others. There was a double prize for Most Beautiful.. Half to Dian Pelz as Glom, Witch of the Black Forrest (of Oz?). She had her black hair piled real high, carried a 10 foot black wand, and ten yards of black net, and very little else.. It made me think of Oz, in a new light. - The other beauty award went to Dorothy Jones, who wore and all white dress and face make up, and a royal blue cape and head peice of feathers. Most striking, though except for the white face make-up, it could have been worn anywhere--but she carried it with a serenity that was effective. Bruce Pelz won Best Presentation as Barquentine from Titus Grown. I didn't know the character, but he was all in rags and crutches, with his left leg drawn up, and a weithered plaster one dragging below... Karan Anderson won Most Original as "A C. L. Moore character in surch of a Story." It was a silver and blue simi-military cosyume, with silver-blue make up, and high and flaring blue paws. (not like Mr. Spock) - Walter and Marion Breen and her brother Paul won Best Group, as the three from "Broken Sword".. With their full beards and flowing robes they might have been out of Norse ledgand... - Chuck Crayne won most Authentic as the Mericle Worker, in mask and robes, just as he appeared on Astounding cover, way back.. The best mask I've seen in years. --- The costume that won no award by must of earned the most interest was that of Luise Petti, who was a most enthuseastic harem Belly Dancer. Green pantaloons, and green sequined jacket, cut low in front. Cut V E R Y low in front.. In fact, mathamaticly speaking, 49% of the front was Luise, and only very stong wires and a city ordenance held things in place. And all night it was a contest between the science of engineering and the laws of physics and Nature, to see which was stronger. As she is a good dancer, and brought her music, she could have held the groups interest with that alone.. As it was, they were spell-bound.. --Another couple came as a slave dealer and belly-dancer, and she did a passable dance as well, but she lacked Luise's form or confadence and had bits of nylon in strategic spots.. But between them they created a great deal of interest in the art of belly dancing, and prove almost impossable acts to follow. There are sounds in the wind that there maybe more next year... If nothing else, the practicing could take off a few pounds....though who would want a thin belly dancer?

The Tolliver's came in brief costumes, and painted green and orange with Rotsler drawings on Steve, who was the Tatooed Dragon, while Sylvia was the Illustrated Woman.. -- Rotsler and Turner came with their girlfriends as Average Citizens of the Year 2000--with wild colths, boots, gun-belts, and two 12 foot cloth banners with peace and war symbles on them, and one reading "LOVE."

Astrid Anderson came as Dejah Tharis, Princess of Mars, in red body make-up, (I heard later it was red ink, and took days to wear off) and a very St. John Like costume that I thought very good. -- Bill Donaho were in working cloths as Big Brother of the Open Way; flaming pink robes and cowl. -- The Creative Anachronisms came in an assortment of medieval costumes, the most outstanding as King Harold in chain mail and 11th Century peaked helmet and kite shield. -- One of the simple yet clever costumes was the girl that came wearing a forrest green mini-suit, and holding a small potted tree in her hand--she was a 50 Foot Wood Nymph..

After the judging it was assumed there would be a short brake while people changed and then eather went on to parties or returned to hear the on-again debate between Harlen and some fellow, who was to argue eather about the remarks about Roddenberry, or what Harlen thought of s-f...I never was sure what. But while this was late for a debate, it was the sort of plans any Committee might have made, as after the costumes are judged the Balls always do brake up. Only this time it didn't work out like that. Who ever it was who had been handeling the into, music for the costumes, put on some wild modern dance(?) music, and a few people started to dance. Then more... Then Luise started dancing, and people stoped leaving the room. Soon there was a large number of people dancing.. Even Ellison was dancing.. It was mostly the new shake, rattle and roll type, which only the younger ones could last at more than a few minutes, but there were a few slower, old fashion ones were partners even touched. There were also a few "folk" dances...anyway, folks were doing them, what ever they were. One was vaguely Greek, with a group standing in a ring with locked arms, and trying to jump into the air and kick forward at the same time.. This went allright, untell they tried to rotate the circle at the same time as jumping and kicking, which ended in trouble. There was also a snake dance or conga-line, that grew to 50 people before its tail got so long it started snapping them off.

After an hour of this the Committee announced that the debate was canceled, and the dancing would go on.. And it did. As some one said, there were more people dancing there than have danced at all past Westercons put together. And it shows that no amount of planning can really decide what will happen. There was no reason why this Ball should take off and turn into a real party. Westercon 18 had just as much room, just as bad music, and a bar at the end of the room, and yet it folded up like all the rest have. And while there were a lot of strangers at the Ball it was largely people I knew by sight who were dancing. Just another sign of how Fandom is changing. It was interesting enough that I hung around and watched untell after Midnight.

The Breen's had envited me up to their suite for after the Ball, as I'd hardly gotten a chance to see them up untell then. After a quick change into dry cloths I arived at there suite, to find only about a half dozen people setting around talking quietly, drinking eather cider or wine. I op'ed for cider, and on a hot night it proved very refreshing, and might not be a bad idea for more use as a party drink in the non-alcaholic range. There is more body to it than a soft drink, so it can be sipped slowly, like wine. --One of the people there was Kerry Walker and her husband, who was Marion's artist friend from Texas. They have recently moved out here to Garden Grove, and looked a little bewildered by so many fans..but very nice folks. -- Walter was fast asleep, but revived shortly, when Marion starting teaseing him by saying she was going to start calling him Stackstraw.. To which he replied with other lines from the play. -- As time passed, more and more people drifted in--largely the Bhay area Anachronisms, who form a strange paralel world of sorts.. And some how I got into a very animated discussion on music with Jon DeCles.. Starting with G&S parodies, new and old, and on to modern opera (which he liked and I didn't much), then to the news that the hottest selling thing in clasical music was things for quartets.. Because there are so many groups of amateurs that want to get together and play. This far I was with him, but then he started extoling the vertues of different new musics, and

including the Jefferson Airplanes. At which point I came on down hard and square, saying they were nowhere. But just when I was about to explain to him that I was a classical Romantic in my music taste, and while there was modern music I liked to listen to, I didn't feel anyone had matched Beethoven, and that not much in the way of good music had been written since Stravinsky wrote the Fire Bird the first time. But Marion pointed out that as they all had to get up early to make a start for home, and they had promised to visit the Wood's, soooooo..so, she gathered up the 30 or so of us there, loaded us into a couple of buses, and drove us up to the 11th floor, and Ed Wood's party..Which allready had a two level party going. Thos standing up talking, and the dozen or so inter-twined bodies in the middle of the living room playing one of the versions of the Berkeley Game..Marion and I retreated to one of the bedrooms (and only in Con reports can you say that about some one elses wife, and have everyone assume there are allready ten people there) and found only eight people, quietly talking. Those I remember were Poul Anderson, Elinor Busby and our Hostess..

I stayed on after Marion had to leave, carrying on or listening to the interesting conversations that resulted from the slow ebb and flow of people. Being cold sober this was as much fun as anything.. Poul was the focal point, exchanging opinions on a number of things. One being to admit that he was not one of those writers who loved to write so much that they would go on doing it even if they weren't being paid. There were a number of things he would rather do, and said he was continually amazed at fans like Elinor and I (he was being very polite) who wrote so much just for the fun of it. Elinor asked what he would rather do than write, if he had the money. One thing, he said, was sail a yacht around the world,, though not necessarily alone. -- Elinor and I were also suprised to learn that Poul was born in East Texas, and lived in the South untell he was nearly ten.. So that both he and Karen had a Southern background, and he thought this had some influence on how they had rased Astrid.. His feeling being that children from the South are taught to show more respect for their elders.. anyone older infact.. -- This drifted the conversation off in to the relationship of whites and negros, young and old, in the South.. Most of which Poul though was a negative part of Southern tradition... -- I forget what else we covered, but about 4:00 I wondered off, looking for my room. I made it as far as the Wood's livingroom, and found the Hoffatt's, and Len looking or acting like he had been loering for me. All he seemed to want was to know if I wanted to go out for brackfast. He follows Jessie Clinton's theory that at 4 AM it is time eather to go to bed or have brackfast. My feeling is that eating at that hour would spoil my day, past and future. So I went to bed.

Tuesday: July 4th..

I was awake before 9 o'clock, but it was getting harder to get out of bed. But I made it within the hour, and even reached the restrant I started eating with some one and Lon Atkins, and was joined later by Ed Clinton. After Lon left, Ed and I enjoyed a leasurly brackfast, and talked over old times, past and future.

Back in the Hotel I wondered into the Art Show and got to help Bjo run the raffel she had been selling chances on for two days--money going to TOFT. Earl Thompson had aquired a roll of raffel tickets from the hotel, and given them to Bjo, telling her to go sell raffel tickets. So she did, at 10¢ each. She sold severaf dollens worth before anyone desided what was going to be offered. They desided on a number of drawing, and a real pair of Mr. Spock's ears.. -One of the Star Treck crew that was around had bought a ticket, and asking what the prize was, was told a pair of Spock's ears, nearly choked. "But, what do I want with a pair of ears? I can buy them new for three for a doller!" (Or was it a quarter?) I drew stubs and Bjo wrote the numbers down, and it was very honist as I believe only one of my friends won anything.

About Noon I went to start packing. Gathered my stuff to gether, and carried some of it out to the

car in the parking lot, and then wandered across the street to the Park, and the Medieval Tournament, of which Owen Hannifen was local Master-At-Arms. It was for the most part a Bay Area and Society for Creative Anachronisms show, and I don't know the names of most of the participants. Also, most of them used nom de guerres. The event was a medieval style tournament, with pairs of men dueling with swords, shields and armour. While they had an impressive array of real swords and pikes, in the matches they wisely used padded wood, face mask, and rules designed to prevent serious injury. Mainly, no thrusting with swords, as a poke with even a stick is serious. So it was all slash and parry. A hit on a arm or leg put it out of operation and you could eat or go down on the knee, or fight with the other arm. All body blows were fatal...with usually two judges to decide each contest.

There were maybe two dozen actually taking part in fights, while another thirty or so were in costume..either from the SCA or the Ball...while maybe another 50 to 75 fans gathered on the green sward to watch the matches.

First were a series of "challenges"..or matches between individuals who wanted to try out against each other. The second part was the real Tournament, with 16 knights fighting a series of elimination duels. The winner being named "King" and awarded a great drinking tankard as a prize. Unfortunately for this report, after two hours I became so hot and Sunburned that I left, without finding out who the final winner was. I don't understand how some of them in their padding and armour could stand it. The armour was worn for real protection, though in theory for the match they were without it. But even a wooden sword traveling at full power over a six foot arc, builds up a lot of mass, and protection was needed. I've seen some pictures taken of the event, and even shooting at 1/250 of a Sec., the swords are only stopped in the middle...the points are still blurred.

The contest were rather revealing in that they were probably more like the real thing that the "staged" fighting we are use to seeing. Movie fights, as Al Lewis pointed out, have to last long enough to built up suspense. Here they would go out...move around each other a few times, then suddenly there would be a blurr of motion.... A "twink", "Thumb" and it would be all over...with someone theoreticly dead on the feild. -- While some of the more evenly match fighters would last a couple minutes, it was still terrorably fast. The fighting was done mainly with sword and shield, but there were a few matches between two-handed Long Swords--near six feet....which was most impressive. Especially when one knight was able to over come another armed with short sword and shield. In all, it clearly showed that training and skill were more important than weapons or indavidal combativeness.

This was made clear in two ways. Fritz Leiber joined the match, as some Grand Highland clansmen, and though his skill as a fencer, was able to more than hold his own against much younger and faster opponents. While one of the high lights of the afternoon was the battles fought by Marlen Allison...who had been "challenged" the night before. He went right in, and was so quickly clobbered it was called no contest, and Owen took him aside for a cram course in the art swash and buckle. He came back, and wearing white slacks, a red sweater, crash helmet, and carrying what looked like a garbage can lid for a shield and a sword, he waded into the first fellow. Some one remarked that he looked like a medieval juvenile delinquent with a three foot switch blade.. -- He did well though, and though his man dissabled one leg almost at the first, he kept on fighting from his knees for several minutes. Which was as good as some of the "experts" could do. -- Later he enrolled in the Tournament, and in a whirl-wind attack overcame his man this time...to great cheering and applause. (I doubt that Marlen has ever had more heart-felt applause, because it was a clear case of the little guy with guts, winning out against pretty big odds.) Afterward though he did a great deal of mock bemoaning of the fact that winning, he now had to face still another fighter. This time it was not only one of the best fighters, but one who used a

whirl-wind fighting style--and clobered Harlen. Still, he had done better than anyone could have reasonably expected--especially after seeing the deadly serious way some of the others went about it.

What I felt was the really remarkable part of the whole affair was the little interest it drew from non-fans. Here we were in a public park on Wilshire Blvd, and yet I doubt more than a couple dozen "people" were watching at any one time. The hand-callers, sun-bathers and strolers went right on as if they were use to seeing a bunch of men in ~~the~~ medieval armour going at each other with swords. The same goes for the police, which I half expected to arrive in numbers at any moment--in view of recent trouble with demonstrators. But other than the report that one had been around early, checked out what was happening, said "Cool." and left, there wasn't any. -- Not that we would want attention. Maybe it is true, that if you are sufficiently strange with out causing trouble or appearing to be like any of the currently "undesireable" groups, no one will pay any attention to you.

While we had had an extention on hotel check out time, I moved out at 4:30, and then wondered from the Art Show room to the main Hall were they were going to have a final auction and a business meeting. At a session on Sunday night that I missed there had been debate as to whether Westercons were getting to be big business...and shouldn't they be run differently. It was perposed that the sites for future Westercons be voted on two years in advance. The Committee would make thier bid, and if they won then go out and sign up a hotel, G of H., and appear next year with a first Progress Report. If there was any fealing that the Committee wasn't doing a good job a certain number of fans could sign a petition to bring it to a vote again at the next Westercon. -- Part of their arguement was it was hard to interest a hotel in giving you ferm camitments when you aren't sure you will get the Con... Ofcourse, that is the way it has worked for 20 years...

The word had been going around the grape-vine all day, and there had been some talk about it. I didn't find anyone but the Felz's who liked the idea, and as the auction drew to an end the troops started to drift in. The hard core reulars, who make up the majority of the State's active fans, and most responcable for getting things done. And a grim looking lot they were, as it looked light there was a real fight coming...and everyone was to tired to think other than emotionally. ---The motion was introduced by Bruce, and rebutted by Brandon Lamont, but before the fire fight could start, Al Lewis rose and moved the motion be tabled.

A motion to table is non-debaitable (though they debaited if it was or not) and so it cut things off. A 2-thirds vote was needed, as it would be tabled untell next year--which I think it a good thing. It will give more time to talk about it. My own fealing is that it is expecting to much of a Committee to expect them to stay a working team for two years. From personal experence and this years example, fans just and not dependable enough. A fan club might not last two years, let alone a committee, were each fan thinks his ideas are the best. (I know my ideas were all ways the best.)

After that came the formal close of the Westercon--and Rogers selling memberships in next years. I personally enjoyed the whole affair more than any in the past few years. While some felt there could have been more program, and more use of the Pros present, what they had I enjoyed more than usual. Relations with the hotel seemed to be good, and Thompson says the Managers were still happy about our being there after it was all over. The Committee had some unextepted expenses, but still took in enough to pay the bills and pass on money to the next Con. And even with the brake in the Committee, there seemed a greater general fealing of good will than has been around for a few years.. I almost agreed with Forry, as sat at the foot of the speakers stand durring the last few minutes before going out to dinner and home, that it really would be great it it was going to run just one more day.