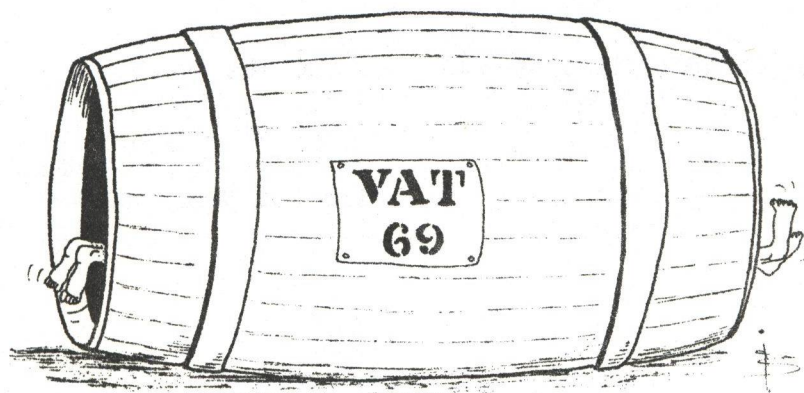


QUIESCENTLY FROZEN

NUMBER ONE-SAPS 85



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Well, of all the times to get into an apa, I've certainly picked a good one with SAPS. Coming just after the BayCon, when half my room is packed away in boxes waiting shipment to Brooklyn, and the other half is scattered here and there, waiting to be boxed, this is definitely not a good time to publish a fanzine. Thank ghod I'm not publishing SFWeekly any more; publishing through a worldcon is something I can cope with, but publishing while moving is something else.

For the benefit of members not active outside the strictures of SAPS, I suppose I'll do the usual Introduction.

Andy Porter, formerly Andy Silverberg, member of International Phone Fandom, and regarded as somewhat of an ass at the beginning of the '60's, entered fandom in late 1961; became more informed about fandom while serving two years in boarding school, and entered the ranks of New York fandom through FISTFA and the Fano-clasts in mid-1964. Attendee of most regionals and conventions since 1964, plus the Discon, TriCon, NYCon and BayCon. Have traveled some 30,000 miles travelling to various conventions (it certainly is a wonderful thing...).

Fannish activities have included membership in N'APA, APA F, APA L, TAPS, APA

D, APA S (my, how those apae do get around), Snapa, and a few others I can't quite recall at the moment. Membership in clubs ranges from ESFA through OSFA, WSFA, B(ritish)SFA, IASFS, Lunarians, FISTFA, Fanoclasts, and formerly *blush* N3F...

Fan political-type activities have included Apa Managership of TAPS, Secretary of the Lunarians, Secretaryship of the NYCon III, and Program Book Advertising-getter for the 67 and 68 LunaCons (now, them was Program Books, gang...). I was also USAgent for the ThirdManCon, and still am for Australian SF Review (\$2.40 for six, complaints to the publisher).

Oh yes; I'm chairman of the 1974 WorldCon Bid (AtlantiCon I) and former publisher of Degler! / SFWeekly, plus current publisher of ALGOL.

When I'm not up all night working on fanac (wow! Almost forgot: I was one of the Secret Masters of the St. Louiscon bid) I'm generally at some sort of work, mundanely speaking, which has included free lance proofreading, assistant editorship at Quick Frozen Foods (edited by one Sam Moskowitz -- who uses the pseudonym of Sam Martin, so no one will realize he's Jewish...), Associate Editorship at Lancer Books, and, for the last 2½ years, Assistant Editorship at Fantasy & Science Fiction, which some of you fake fans may have heard of as the Magazine Of Fantasy. We&l, we changed the name, adding this scientifiction jazz, and made it a first rate pulp, even winning a Pong a ~~copy~~ couple of times. Oh, and T*d W*i*e is Secret Master of that.

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Genuine One-Time Feature: SAPS I have met, by anon.

Atkins, Bailes, Berman, Berman, Busby, Busby, Cox, Eney, Hulan, Fitch, Johnstone, Miller, Patten, Pelz, Chalker, Devore, Solon, Staton, Stevens, Thompson, Webber.

Original Special Supplement: Waitlisters I have Met, by someone else.

Hannifen, Ward, Young, Pettit, Lewis, Rudolph, Snider, Berry, Luttrell, Lesleigh Couch (Ah, yes...), Chris Couch, C&S Crayne, Evers, Katz (I think), Heminger, Bod&...

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My Trip, or, An Introduction To Acid, by Yours Truly...

My trip began Saturday night, August 24th, when I left New York with Ted & Robin White, headed for that great worldcon in the sky. Save for an overturned truck on the Pennsylvania Turnpike and a consistent thunderstorm that overshadowed us across the lengths of Iowa, Nebraska, and parts of Wyoming, the trip out was fairly easy. First stop was Bloomington, Illinois, from where I call Bob Tucker, whose house we had missed (turn left, not right, after a certain traffic light... ah well, we caught up with Bob on the retrun trip) and headed toward Bloomington. The next day (Monday saw in that scenic mecca, North Platte, Nebraska, where Ted and Robin spent the evening playing minature golf and getting eaten alive by mosquitoes. After that it was over the scenic highways of Wyoming (where they use women as sign holders on construction work; very entertaining) to a motel in Salt

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→ argh! - coverilla by John Bangsund ←

Lake City, from which I called Scotty Tapscott. He'd heard of me, but that was about it. Different fandoms -- his centers around bitchy fandom, alias the Cult, while mine centers, or at least has, this past year, around bitchy fandom, alias Convention politicking.

After expressing some interest in the hotel -- seems he'd been to the Claremont for a mundane convention and been depressed by it -- he told me to give his regards to the attendees of the BayCon. "Give my regards to the attendees of the BayCon," was about how he put it.

The last segment of the trip, nonstop from SLC to the Claremont, meant going through scenic Sacramento, which was engulfed by smog composed equally of forest fire and auto exhaust. I must admit that Sacramento turned me off, although the country winding down from Nevada was really something.

Onward and over the Sacramento mountains we travelled, sticking to trusty Interstate 80, which we'd picked up just west of Chicago. Some year now it'll be possible to drive from the Bay Bridge eastward to the George Washington Bridge connecting New Jersey and New York without stopping or going off 80. The interstate system certainly is a wonderful thing.

Anyway, onward we pushed, until we finally hit a vast collection of oil refineries, industrial slum, and smog-laden air that beats out northern New Jersey any day of the week. We'd hit San Francisco Bay. That song, "San Francisco Bay," certainly is an apt description of SF Bay. In fact, on most maps of the BArea, especially around Palo Alto, there's some road or another called "Bay Road" or "Shore Road" or some such name connotative of a road beside the Bay. And, on most maps, that road is anywhere from 5 to 15 blocks inland from the water -- clear evidence how the municipalities around the Bay are systematically filling it in with garbage and fill, creating new land -- new tax producing land -- from what was only unproductive tidal marsh and open water.

It's as if -- to use a New York simile -- the cities of Providence, Bridgeport, New York, New Haven, and the multitude of towns around Long Island Sound were systematically filling it in, using land-fill to narrow the Sound and extend their ~~municipalities~~ municipalities out into the water.

I think one good reason that we haven't done that to Long Island Sound is that the early industries of New England included whaling and fishing -- with many of the whalers setting out from Providence and other ports on the Sound -- and great amounts of fish caught in Long Island Sound, plus a lack of tall mountains to create the desire for man-made flat lowlands.

From the scant history of the Bay Area that I know, most of the shipping industry centered around San Francisco itself, rather than other ports about the Bay. As San Francisco grew, it filled in around the hulls of deserted and rotting ships to create more business space and a deeper harbor bottom. Manhattan (the original New York at the turn of the century, 1790-1820) also did this, with the result being that Manhattan Island is about 3-5 blocks wider down in the older, the financial center that was the City of New York at that time.

It's very possible that Manhattan could have filled in the East River eventually to unite Manhattan with Long Island, but for one major blocking point. That is, simply, that until 1898, when the five boroughs united as the final New York, Brooklyn was an independent city, with great shipping piers of its own. Any fill in that Manhattan did would naturally be blocked because it would narrow the channel and access of ships to Brooklyn.

To make a long digression a bit shorter, the greatest point against land fill in the Long Island Sound was probably a political one. SF Bay is surrounded by communities united under one government. The Sound is surrounded by cities representing 4 states: New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts. I am sure that mutual distrust, plus a combined distrust of the metropolis of New York City, prevented any political deals or understanding of long durations coming about between those most likely to profit, i.e., the various political organizations and their bosses. By the twentieth century, conservationism and the power of the small boat owner (the number of small boats in the Long Island Sound Area is second only to the San Diego, California registration) had come into prominence, and then, of course, it was too late.

Even today, Nature holds the lead over politics: a proposal to build a much-needed 4th jetport in the Metropolitan Area was defeated when it was learned that the site chosen was that of the Great Swamp, an undisturbed area in New Jersey wherein reside many wild things displaced by civilization.

Anyway, following 80 down through the Sacramento Mountains and into the Berkeley (or Oakland, or whatever) Hills, we finally, at last, reached the hotel. After trying to find our way into it, we at last reached that climactic sight, a great golden tower jutting into the humid night. Our reactions, most of which are unprintable, can be summarized in mine, which I vaguely remember as "My God! Claremont-On-The-Rhine!"

The hotel certainly was imposing. I kept expecting to see Busby Berkeley rehearsing on the South Porch, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers practicing a new step in the hallways.

I think I can say rather bluntly that almost everything the committee had a hand in didn't come off very well. The hotel was too small, both in guest rooms (the hotel has 350 rooms, of which 175 are rented out as business offices; there are a total of 5 suites) and in convention facilities. At the opening of the convention, all seats were occupied, and a goodly number had to stand at the sides of the room. Conversely, the huckster room was immense, with J. Ben Stark taking up half of the tables. I've heard a rumor, since the con, that Stark was combining con money and his take from the huckster room. As all checks for the con were made out to Stark -- another irregularity, I'd say -- it seems to me impossible to check this out.

Of course, there was the banquet room...columns, anyone? And the costume ball, where two bad rock groups and one good one played, and where entrants with costumes were angered because, after putting work into costumes and dramatics, they weren't allowed to announce the name of the costume, nor do their schticks.

Another thing I didn't go for was the fact that a goodly number of people -- Joann Wood estimated 200 -300 never bothered to register at all. An awful lot of these were acid heads who turned on at the hotel while the cops were busy putting down the marchers in downtown Berkeley. More showed up for the costume ball -- anonymity, a light show and 3 bands for just \$3, folks -- turned on there, and wandered around the hotel Saturday night. The thing that bothered me was that an awful lot of freaked-out types were committing havoc Saturday night (bulbs in stairwells smashed, bannisters pulled out of the walls, windows broken, a heavy flower pot thrown down that spiral fire escape) and that the committee was nowhere in sight. Al WC Lewis and I grabbed one type, with no ID on him, who had just torn down a sign for an architect's office on the 4th floor (another with him ran off

down one of the innumerable corridors as we were escorting them, with the hotel rent-a-cop, down to the front desk) and who subsequently posted a \$20 bill to pay for the damages. We were down at the front desk, an Oakland city cop was there, called by the hotel, Roger Zelazny was there in a lawyer capacity, advising the hotel and the police on the legality of the situation, and eventually Bill Donaho showed up, I think.

The next day, I strongly urged the members of the committee to at least ask the convention members to wear their badges, lest the vandalism become too much and the hotel might call in the city police. I was proven wrong, in that those who caused the damage had just come to the con for the Saturday night rock, and not come back. But Saturday night, as far as I was concerned, was an up-tight situation, which the con committee absolutely disregarded.

The best parts of the con for me were relaxing by the pool, where I met Mickey, of frabjuous Seattle/CRY fame. "How does it feel to be a legend at 16?" was the leading question I asked her. I don't remember the reply (it's hard to even carry on a conversation, when you're treading water), but I think she thought I pleased her.

Other very good scenes were relaxing at parties, watching Ray Fisher and the rest of the St. Louis crowd wooing the neofans. I must humbly say that I helped Ray as much as I could, giving him advice on hotels, and worldcon secretary-type matters, and even making up and supplying what I thought to be a very effective propaganda piece -- the one that read "The NYCon III Convention Committee Supports The Saint Louis Convention Bid For 1969," which had a lot of innuendoes in there, but not much you could get really mad at. They were, for the most part, qualified by "we feel" or "we estimate" or sneaky, like the following: "The committee must be in complete mastery of the situation every second of the convention." This is pretty innocuous stuff. But combining it with the next sentence: "...we feel that the St.LouisCon committee...will conduct the best convention." makes it come out like the Columbus crew were considered by the NYCon Committee as a bunch of hopeless incompetents. Now, although we actually did feel they were a bunch of hopeless incompetents (look at the rate they got from their hotel -- no convention discount at all on rooms, the idiots), the flyer never said that. I personally feel that the thing is one of the highlights of my writing career.

Aside from the pool and parties, one of the highlights was the consite meeting. The beautiful reaction when Harry Harrison announced that Columbus would have no rock music, and when Harry tore up the St.LouisCon sign Harlan held up, convinced me that St. Louis would win. The innovation also, in asking for questions from the floor about the St. Louis bid, plus Terry Carr expressing disgruntlement over the fact that he had been listed in the tentative Columbus Program (personally, the highlight of the Baycon for me was that panel with Pike, Heinlein, Blish and Baez...) helped turn whatever feeble tide there was. And the vote came out to 121 for Columbus, 393 for St. Louis.

The business meeting was also a victory for the forces of Good. The 5 year consite, \$4 attending and \$3 supporting & overseas memberships (although not a part of the business meeting, the latter were worked out the night before by myself, Ray Fisher, Bob Hillis and Larry Smith), \$2 investment in the next world con in order to vote, plus the 2 year in advance con selection, and other items, were things that I had been fighting for.

For the benefit of those who don't know exactly what went on at the business meeting, the following are exactly what was passed on. The wording I checked with Dave Kyle, who in spite of not being one of my favorite people, I must again compli-

ment for his handling of the business meeting.

1. Call for vote to return to 3 year rotation plan - Defeated.
2. Add novella, retroactive to 1968, and commend BayCon for instituting the category. - 3rd part stricken by vote, rest passed.
3. To go on record as commending the BayCon for instituting the novella - Passed.
4. (Move to reconsider tabled to 1969.)
4. Voting at Consite selection limited to those who pay at least \$2 to the next Convention -- ammended to convention to be selected - Passed. 1*
5. Voting for Consite 2 years in advance to begin in 1969 (for 1970 and 1971) - Passed. Motion to reconsider tabled to 1969.
6. To publish the rules, constitution and bylaws of the previous convection in the next year's convention Program Book - Passed.
7. 5 year rotation plan - Passed. Motion to rescind tabled to 1969. 2*
8. Motion to table calling the convention the "United States World Science Fiction Convention" to the 1969 Business Meeting - Passed.
9. Motion to raise fees to \$5 attending, \$3 supporting and overseas - tabled to 1969. 3*
10. Motion to make fan writer and artist hugoes permanent categories - Passed by acclamation.
11. Motion to refer to a committee headed by Jon Stopa idea of a national convention - Passed. 4*

Notes:

1* - This was submitted before the agreement was worked out raising the minimum membership to \$3...presumably fans would simply sign up for a convention membership in advance, without knowing which con would win. The winner would receive the monies and a list of those who had joined.

2* - The good guys won -- but all motions passed in 1968 with a motion to rescind in 1969 will be up for vote again at the St. LouisCon business meeting.

3* - This was also submitted before the \$4, \$3 & \$3 agreement was worked out. Traditionally, no amount has been set in the WSFS, Uninc. bylaws as to exactly how much a Con may charge for membership. For further details, see Scithers/Eney's Con Chairmen's Guide.

4* - In my notes this is also written as "Move to ~~make~~ refer to committee (headed by Jon Stopa) making worldcon referred to as "National Convention." However, the committee was set up, according to Locus, "to study the possibility of a national con." The committee members are: Jon Stopa, Chairman; Tony Lewis, Elliot Shorter, George Raybin, Banks Mebane-East; Jon Stopa, Bob Tucker, Leigh Couch - Central; & Al Lewis, Bruce Pelz and Earl Kemp - West. Seeing as how Bruce is also a member of this apa, perhaps he can explain exactly what's going on in the next mailing.

Er, anyway, the con was a real trip (in more ways than one; however, I'm no Earl Evers, and Admit Nothing on paper) and included seeing the Benfords, and Bus-bii, and Milt Stevens, and all like that. Milt, the conversation we had was one of the reasons I'm willing to go 3,000 miles to a con; it was a pleasure.

Of course, there was the trip back -- up through Redwood country, Craters of The Moon monument in Idaho, the Grand Tetons and Yellowstone, the Badlands, Bob Tucker's den...

This issue has been compressed in between moving, finding a job, and sundry other pursuits. It has been first drafted directly onto master. I hope to have a more carefully thought out and done up thingumabob next mailing, with, of course, a few mailing comments. Oh yes -- electrostencilling by Julius Postal.

Sex Fandom Is Triumphant -- Saint Louis In '69!!!
