

Exceptional events call for exceptional response, and Dave Van Arnam (of 1730 Harrison Ave, Apt 353, Bronx NY 10453) here departs from his hitherto inviolate custom of using 2-word titles for FIRST DRAFT, in honor of the indisputable fact that New York has won the right to put on the 25TH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION, hey! It took three spine-chilling ballots, but we made it, 250 to 201 over Syracuse.

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WE MADE IT! #130

Vol. 22, No. 4

9 Sep 66

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JOIN THE NYCON III NOW!!!!!!

IT WAS A WILD CONVENTION DEPT.: Alan Shaw and I got there (via Greyhound) about 9 pm Thursday; a huge party was already in progress and most of the rest of the attending Fanoclasts had already arrived via Ted's Greenbriar. The party set the tone for the whole Tricon for me -- one vast blur of friendly and happy faces mostly intent on digging the whole scene as intensely as possible.

There are far too many individual gem-like moments to sort out before I could write anything like a proper con report. There was discovering (sitting in the hall in front of the Nycon party) that Juanita Coulson has a hauntingly lovely folksinging voice. There was the thoroly gassy bit of showing up at the costume party in costume with Cindy -- and having a number of people tell me afterwards that they were saying to themselves as we walked across the stage, "Who is that with Cindy?" (She had bought a swatch of fabulous material that had caught my eye, and when I remarked that it wd make a hell of a cloak for me in my guise as Zantain, ruler of the 3d through 8th Galaxies, she decided to get more material and byghod make me one; with the addition of black tights, black hair dye, and liberal touching-up of my moustache with a black eyebrow pencil, I guess it made a pretty impressive display. It sure was an unaccustomed pleasure to stand there and have literally dozens of photographers snapping our pictures...of course, it might have been Cindy's rather brief costume that was gathering the attention, but...)

There was being dragooned by George <sup>YOUNG</sup>~~Price~~ into helping him mix drinks at the final Monday night farewell party (after I'd metamorphosized into a Worldcon Co-Chairman) -- and finding out after a couple of hours that it was sort of fun, in a confused sort of way; it was also nice being one of the two people (George being the other) who didn't have any difficulty in getting the drinks they wanted -- and after that afternoon, I wanted drinks, hey...

The Tricon programming was darn good, in my estimation; there wasn't too much of it, and it was almost all interesting and stimulating. It gives us a fairly high mark to aim for (and hopefully to surpass) with the Nycon. Harlan Ellison more or less stole the show, I thot; he recapped his Westercon speech and got into a thundering argument with Lester Del Rey, Randy Garrett, and Bob Silverberg; later he told the real Frank Sinatra incident, in front of some 500 fans who hung on every word and gave him a standing ovation afterwards; his reaction to winning the Hugo for "Repent Harlequin" was one of humble gratefulness; and his seconding speech for the Nycon was probably almost as effective as his L.A. Westercon second, tho of course he couldn't promise a house party and a double six pack of girls...

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Null-Q Press  
Undecided Publication #217  
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AND THEN THERE WAS MONDAY AFTERNOON DEPT.: John Brunner was scheduled for a speech at 7pm that night, but he insisted it be set forward, and so when I showed up in the convention hall shortly before 1 pm, at which time the nominations were scheduled, he was entertaining questions from the audience.

I had two tranquilizers and still felt like little men inside my stomach were excavating for a matched set of bleeding ulcers. I sat in one of the back rows with Cindy, near John Boardman and Lis (formerly Brodsky, but I have no notes as to her present name with me here at the office), who were standing at the entrance waving Perdita's jazzy NEW YORK IN '67! banner. Some clod supporting one of the other cities was standing just in front of it, back to the door, with a sheet of paper pinned to his back, a crude "why?" scrawled on it.

Brunner's question and answer session ran overtime, and promptly at 1 pm I got a sharp pain throughout my entire stomach. I have been nervous and anxious before, but this was something concerning a project I had been connected with for almost three years, and I had made quite a heavy emotional involvement in it.

Jack Chalker came over to me then and told me Scithers (who was running the session) wanted representatives of each committee to aid in the handing out, collecting, and counting of ballots. With a sigh of relief I stood up at one side of the auditorium and felt Official, as Brunner finished and Scithers announced that the 4 cities had drawn straws for order of presentation -- but didn't say what the order was. (With Ted and Harlan as our speakers, I knew our best chance wd be if they were the last, as the enthusiasm that Harlan was certain to whip up wd have a chance to carry over into the voting.)

Ron Bounds spoke for Baltimore first; he was nervous, but spoke clearly. Unfortunately, his presentation lacked vividness; he simply repeated the phrases everyone'd been reading, and did nothing to make them seem fresh and new and exciting. Roger Zelazny then seconded with a humorous bit on Baltimore crabs ("Wasn't much else to say about Baltimore," he shrugged later) which wd have been much more effective had he been allowed more time (each group had a total of 7 minutes).

Dave Kyle then spoke for Syracuse; he was rather lacklustre, tho others have told me they thot he was extremely effective. He spoke too long, and Ron Ellie, seconding, just didn't have time to whip up the enthusiasm he certainly could have, had he gotten a chance -- when he grabbed the podium and started talking, he really grabbed the audience, and I began feeling scared; rumor had already established that Syracuse, not Baltimore, was going to be our strongest opponent.

Then Dave Vanderwerf got up, and spoke of the fannish enthusiasm in his town in a voice which sounded as if he was preparing to fall asleep until next Labor Day. If that wasn't enough to kill his bid, he then took off on a particularly stupid tirade against the Nycon bid, based on the news item in FOCAL POINT #21, as written by rich brown -- not a Nycon committeeman -- and concerning Boston's hotel arrangements. It turned out later that our hotel had gotten a garbled report, and in the FCCAL POINT handed out at the Tricon, Mike printed an apology. This hadn't satisfied Vanderwerf, who had demanded of me and of Ted that Ted include a Boston-dictated apology in his nominating speech. Ted refused, so Vanderwerf cut loose.

Well, it was a fairly stupid thing to do; the FOCAL POINT item was not that bad, nor that widely distributed, and an apology was printed. (He also alluded to the fact that the fake FOCAL POINT #23 repeated the allegation in stronger terms, which was particularly Stupid since it's already been established that no one in the Fanoclasts had anything to do with that issue.)

Well, Vanderwerf rambled on, then stopped. He had no seconder, and Ted White then stood up.

The night before, we (Harlan, Ted, myself, Andy, Robin, and Cindy) had spent three or four hours up in Harlan's room, mainly listening to Harlan talk fascinatingly, but spending about an hour going over the two speeches. I'd made a lot of notes, and Ted had some fresh ideas, and Harlan suddenly got very enthusiastic about the bid, saying that now he had his gimmick, but he wasn't going to tell us -- which both pleased and dismayed me.

So Ted got up and gave a beautiful presentation. He got just about everything in that could be, in the limited time. And he presented it in a lively fashion that contrasted sharply with the previous speakers (except for Ron, who fortunately was cut very short). For the first time, I began to allow myself to feel that we really did have a chance to take away the big candy apple.

Then Harlan spoke...

"I don't really care who gets the con," he began, dismaying me again; "I'll go to any city; they're all the same to me. But last night we got to talking about it, and I'll tell you what these guys have that's different, that's exciting -- they've got new ideas, they've got plans that really got to me. For instance..." And then he went into a spiel about a number of things you'll presently be reading in our Progress Reports. Now I began to feel that we had a good chance of winning.

Then he was finished; Chalker made for the podium for ballots, and I followed. Then I was dashing about the back of the room handing out little slips of paper to the standees -- the place was packed -- and forgetting all my worries in the excitement of the moment.

Then we collected the ballots, and went onstage to count them.

Well, New York took the lead and never lost it, tho it had to go to three ballots. 1 NY 158, Syr 115, Balt 97, Bos 28; 2 NY 214, Syr 149, Balt 91; 3 NY 250, Syr 201. Ballots totalled 1 398, 2 454, 3 451 -- the difference largely accountable by the fact (as I can attest, since all 3 times I handed out ballots in the standee area) that a lot of people came in between the first two ballots.

Each time as we tallied ballots, Scithers cautioned us not to signal to the audience how the vote was going; for the last ballot announcement, Dave Kyle went to the mike and read the figures in a tired voice. I felt no particular emotion, surprisingly, but the audience went totally berserk. John Boardman and Cindy made a mad dash for the podium from the back of the room, waving the banner, Ben Jason shook our hands (in lieu of handing us the gavel, which somehow had gotten lost), and a general air of delirious confusion made the air tremble with shapeless sound.

An hour or so later, after we'd sold a pile of memberships, it finally hit me; I got a little hysterical, dashed over to Ted and shook hands with him, kissed Robin, sat down, and shouted "Bring me beer!" It was a grand and aglorious con, and just you wait till next year!

☐☐ Anticlimactically hoping you are the same...

DIPOD. comes of age this week with its 21st issue, the last in the current series; I may see you here next week, but I doubt it. CoproPub 26, I think, for apa L 100. Written 6 Sept 1966.

Today I flew back from the TriCon (and almost vomited on Mrs. Del Rey), after five days of wonder. I met many people, among them some Ellers. Fred Patten was a better person than Arnie had led me to believe. Jerry Jacks did not kill me. Ruth and Jean Berman were \*nice\*. Jim Schumacher was not by any means the SuperNebbish acolyte I'd expected. Bruce and Dian were indescribable. And so on. More details in the next Sangreal Rubloon, if I can remember any.

Comments on 97: JACKS: I think I've put across my feelings about apa L, feuds (note spelling), etc., in the past few weeks and at the con. :: Sorry, sir, about Cordwainer Smith. Please get word to his widow quickly before she does something rash. DIGBY: I also see the "love to see you go" comments... HARNESS: Les Gerber is also in Mensa. (I spoke to him last week; Gary Deindorfer, now working at the Strand bookstore with him, put him on the phone. He asked me who Ted White was.) Both TEW and Andy Main have the qualifications but did not join. BAILES: I don't think I was self-righteous. I don't expect LASFS to be good and pure; ghod knows NY fandom isn't. But there is something extra in LA, I believe, something I can't put my finger ~~in~~ on. SCHUMACHER: this poem seems to have something behind it, but is poorly expressed; "caressed by time" turns me on, tho. SALLY CRAYNE: You left out the Herald.

Comments on 98: Second Draft (me): I pointed this out to Len and asked what he thot of it. "Nice thing Digby put thru, yes," he replied. Arrgh. PATTEN: My disappointment at Luise Petti's absence at the Tricon was slightly mitigated by seeing Robin in the costume that was intended for Luise.

I am exhausted; I'm afraid recuperation will take a while -- and I must go away to college the day after tomorrow. \*Sigh\*. And to think that Ted & Co. are just arriving about now. Oog.

Ah, me, it certainly was a helluva convention -- over 850 in attendance. And the Nycon promises to top even this, the biggest since the Nycon II. 200 signed up already, dgv says. Gosh. I see great things for fandom in the next few years, like the founding of 11th Fandom and a new interest in stf, as a result of the impending changes in stf itself. The whole field will be fresher, hipper, leaving such old stodges as Arnie Katz to moon over the good old days of 1966. Fannishness unlted. will engulf us all and bathe us in the glow of the enchanted duplicator. Ted will become hyperactive. LeeH will lose all oldandtiredness and, phoenix-like, arise to write a regular fan column. Sam Moskowitz will gafiate in disgust. And that's Predictions for this week.

Yes, and if I don't appear here in the next few weeks, I'll see you in D105, the Second Annish. Thanks, Fred.



We won!