

# **The Little Fandom That Could**

*Memoirs of a Phoenix Fan*  
**1968-1978**

**By**

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# INTRODUCTION

*"The people of Crete  
unfortunately produce more history  
than they can consume locally."  
-H.H. Munro*

"I must be mad," he said, shaking his head. The evidence is clear, direct and, herewith, before your eyes. Who but a madman would undertake to write an eighty-thousand word history of a local fandom (and, moreover, one in which he is *persona non grata*)? And, having undertaken it, actually finish it? And then send it out for comments, corrections and criticisms? (bloody but unbowed...) And then - *then*, f'Ghusake - actually *publish* it?

Well, you've got my number, and *that's* out of the way. Now we can talk about the good stuff - like provenance and who those peculiar people are who contributed (egoboo, sweet egoboo) and, most importantly, *why*.

Why, indeed?

Well, you see, I have a considerable affection for this local fandom in Phoenix ("I gave you the best years of my life," etc., etc.); I grew up there and have fond memories of it mixed in with all the sweating and grunting from 1986 to 1989. So this is my fumbling way of paying tribute to the people and social forces that Made Me What I Am Today. So, remember, however S\*E\*R\*I\*O\*U\*S things get toward the end, my *overall* feelings about local fandom are affectionate. Appropriate to this mood, the first edition is planned for issue at Westercon XXXV in Phoenix - the convention we really wanted six years ago.

Not to be completely disingenuous, I should also note that this struck me as a good way of satisfying a lot of curiosity and answering a lot of the questions people have about the teapot-tempest IguanaCon brewed up in 1978. None of the events or issues or personalities involved are, apparently, at all clear to most of fandom. So. You get the works, as I recall or can reconstruct them (the events, personalities and issues, I mean). In the form of a memoir.

This project started, lo these many years ago, in 1975. At that time I had a complete collection of local fanpublications, and we had just started our regional apa - Azapa. So I sorted through the material and did a history of sorts, published five or six pages at a time in the monthly issues of Azapa under the titles of *Historiographer's Daily* and *The Immortal Burp*.

As histories go, the seven or eight numbers of this early version were moderately inept. One of them consisted entirely of errata in earlier numbers and descriptions of fanzines for instance.

Well, time and distance have blurred the memories. I moved to San Francisco in 1977. Every once in awhile someone would say to me "You know, you really ought to complete *The Immortal Burp* and bring it up to date." And I would shrug and grunt. I had drafted in 1980 a short (thirty page), preliminary explanation of How We Won the Bid and the Siege of IguanaCon, but I had also lost interest in the project. A lot of work, I says to myself. Feh.

# PREFACE TO THE 1990 EDITION

The document you now have is a little odd; chances are you will never have seen anything like it - unless you belong to the engaging and frustrating subculture of science fiction fandom. Such a memoir is not common, even there, but it has, at least, some models.

This started out as a fond recollection of the people and events of one particular local science fiction club in Phoenix that I grew up with. Along the way it turned into a detailed history of the process by which we put together the World Science Fiction Convention (or "worldcon") in 1978, IguanaCon. For this, there were no models. I was off on a comet, blazing trails no sane person would follow.

Originally published in an extremely limited (10 copy) edition in 1984, The Little Fandom That Could did not fade into silence and obscurity as I rather expected, but has taken on a slow and subterranean life of its own. Comments and reactions keep popping up at odd and irregular intervals and from unexpected directions. The uniqueness of its history of a worldcon has kept it alive.

Why should you be reading such a thing? You may simply be people-watching, in which case prosit and let's get on with it. Or you may be interested in the process by which volunteer consensual groups work for well or ill. The worldcon is, after all, one of the largest completely volunteer organizations and annual efforts in the world and a valuable textbook, because we will make every mistake that can be made - sometimes repeatedly - and still manage to come up with a worldcon.

And if you're on a worldcon committee yourself, brace up. It won't be that bad.

One comment which has risen again and again is that the bits about Phoenix phandom may not be especially interesting; Phoenix's growth in many respects paralleled that of many another local fandom, and it's all been done before. To excess, some feel. But the much larger section on IguanaCon II is a unique historical document.

Well, okay. That's completely contrary to the original impulse - but who can argue with the Judgment of History, eh? The acrimony surrounding IguanaCon II has never destroyed my fondness for my roots and even for some of the people who later turned their backs on me. You are in all likelihood not a fan, and this will all be new to you, so I feel justified for this edition in leaving it as is, with enough revisions to brush up the language from place to place and make the comments pointed enough that people who don't have the fannish context can still understand what's going on.

What remains is a portrait of a time and place in fandom as foreign to contemporary fans as it is to you - and especially to contemporary confans. It is the portrait of the beginning of a transition which is continuing to this date. And I suppose readers and others can draw as much insight from this as from Moskowitz' The Immortal Storm (one of those memoir-models I mentioned earlier).

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There are several stories of Iguanacon II, one (at least) per person. For me, it was a sometimes painful but

always intensely profitable learning process. It was also a pivot on which my personal growth turned. After IguanaCon, for instance, I gradually ceased to be at all argumentative (a proposition that will strike people who knew me only in the 1970's as exceedingly improbable). I also learned from IguanaCon that "win" and "lose" are emotional terms, and it doesn't matter who feels he has won a point, so long as what has to be done gets done.

And I learned people-management skills by making a whole lot of mistakes all at once and living with the consequences. So the people I worked with (mostly) didn't have the benefit of the intense learning I was doing. Too bad. Today I am a better manager because of IguanaCon.

I also learned that sometimes it's better not to manage: sometimes you're better off clearing house and starting from scratch.

This is getting a bit off the point, which is that other IguanaCon stories are quite different from mine, and in many cases bitterness overrides the positive aspects. Some of the participants still decline to admit there were any positive aspects.

I had an unusual opportunity to watch personal histories being edited while The Little Fandom That Could was being put together in 1982. It's very instructive, though a little hard on the nerves. Remind me to tell you about that sometime...But not now, oh God, not now.

The most recent happening of this sort was at Westercon last year in Sacramento when The Sentence fell from the lips of Randy Rau, chairman of this year's Phoenix Westercon - with an added incentive: "If you ever finish it, I'll publish it."

Well, that's another matter. It would still take a lot of work - but maybe if I could reassemble my old collection of Phoenix fanzines and get copies of all the TIBs I published in Azapa, I could conceivably have it done in time for Westercon XXXV. So I dusted off the mss and went back to work. I did finally manage to get three of the old Azapa TIBs (courtesy of Patrick Nielsen Hayden), but as for the rest of the sources, forget it. I would have to work mostly from memory - a prospect with which I was not happy. As John Stills remarked, "The memories of a man are too frail a thread to hang history from." Too true. But there were tons of documentary sources for the Siege of IguanaCon - the whole collection of meeting tapes, to begin with. Well, I could fill in the gaps from memory and bill it as a memoir instead of an objective history.

I worked feverishly on the project, sorting through hundreds of pages of documents, listening to hundreds of tapes of the IguanaCon committee meetings and trying to intercollate three different drafts done at different times. I finally finished a preliminary draft. Glorioski! Seventy-three thousand words. A bookchen - bigger, in fact, than my first novel. Oy! I sent the ms to some of the people in Phoenix for comments and corrections.

Oh, well. Blood pressures began to skyrocket. Apparently the conflicts I thought of as dead-and-over years ago are still fresh in the minds of Phoenix fandom. Rumble, rumble, rumble. Mutiny, mutiny, mutiny. Randy was forced to renege on his agreement to publish it.

Oh, well. I've put this much effort into it. I might as well publish it myself.

While all this rumbling was going on, there were a number of people who took a long and serious look at the manuscript. "The ideal thing," Belloc said, "is for the historian to write his history and then have a gang of trained slaves go over the manuscript from various points of view." Lacking trained slaves, I had to depend on the goodwill and willingness to be put upon of several people of very diverse points of view. Tim Kyger and Robert and Richard Prokop offered valuable corrections and amplifications. Bruce Arthurs suggested numerous revisions to the first thirty pages. Jim Corrick has kindly offered twelve pages' worth of valuable insights, which were written into the text. And I received a copy of the ms covered with comments - 370 of them - from the Seattle colony (Gary Farber, Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Alan Bostick, Kate Schaefer, and Jerry Kaufman). Goshwow! I wish to express my appreciation and gratitude to these people. This history is thousands of percent better than it could have been without their hard work and cooperation. I should also emphasize, however, that these people did offer some points of interpretation which I did not agree with. Blame me, not them, if you disagree with the text. It's my party, and I'll cry if I want to.

That just about covers provenance. As to the actual publication herewith, it's a *first* edition done specifically for Westercon XXXV. Unfortunately, trying to incorporate all the good stuff I received in June ran me too short of time to do as thorough a job as I would have liked. What I *plan* to do is to spend another year working on *The Little Fandom That Could*, polishing the prose, reorganizing some sections and searching out fanart from the

various periods and photographs of the people involved for a definitive, final version to be published separately. So, be warned: there will be a second, more complete edition. Possibly in 1983, although I make no guarantees.

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This was originally named after Sam Moskowitz' *The Immortal Storm*, and there are some passages of *The Little Fandom That Could* which might, conceivably, be interpreted as Full of Bathos, like its namesake. Forget it. That's \*humor\*, arr-arr! Unfortunately, I wasn't able to maintain the good-natured tone of voice through the entire manuscript. Perhaps I haven't gotten enough distance on the IguanaCon fooforaw to be able to treat it that way. So I did what I could to treat the material in as straightforward a manner as possible.

The difficulty is that time does make memory fade - and disperses source materials. If it was to be done at all, it had to be done now, before the meeting tapes were filed with the Oral History Archives and while people retain enough direct memory of the events to be able to comment intelligently. And it had to be someone intimately involved with the events to write such a thing. Nobody else could even make a stab at interpreting such an array of conflicting testimony and making a coherent picture out of the total. There's no point in allowing the IguanaCon controversy to become the same kind of conceptual mush most of fandom has made out of, say, the Breen Boondoggle. If it's going to go into fanhistory as even a footnote, there should be at least one generally-available contemporary source that Puts It All Together. There are two personal characteristics that indicated it should be me to do it, as well. I'm a facile, though somewhat eccentric, writer, and I have an overriding commitment to truth that really does override. This latter has been amply demonstrated, not the least in the revisions this book had undergone throughout its composition, and I feel no further need to defend or document.

And there you have my Motive, pure and simple (at least, my motive for writing this memoir. My motives for rushing publication to this Westercon [1982] are a great deal less innocent. I have a stubborn streak a mile wide). As I said before, the events and issues are dead-and-gone; all of the principals have survived the crisis and gone on to the rest of their life. That's it. The Siege of IguanaCon is a possibly interesting footnote in the history of fandom which has now been documented, to some extent, for our fannish progeny.

Gary Farber at one point suggested that I do a "where are they now" section detailing what became of the people on the IguanaCon committee afterwards. I have very little interest in that kind of thing. Most of the people are back at the old stand, doing business - Gary Farber is a fanzine fan of note, and he's also working on ChiCon this year; Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden publish *Telos* intermittently and are intensely involved with their circles of Seattle fandom. Jim Corrick attained his doctorate and is making his living as a freelance writer. Tim Kyger gafiated to follow his first love, the Space program, and he is busy importing fannish ways into the Space Movement. Carol Hoag is involved with Tucson fandom. Bruce Arthurs is still a fanzine fan (surprise!). Curt Stubbs remains active in local fandom in Phoenix. Rusty Hevelin was Fan Guest of Honor at Denvention in 1981. Greg Brown went into Phoenix's Trek fandom and appears to have no further interest in sf fandom. And - I keep on keeping on. I publish a perzine, *Quodlibet*, though time between

issues is stretching uncomfortably, attend and work on conventions, have a substantial fannish correspondence, and so on. The world turns. Nothing is the same, and everything is the same.

I hope that satisfies Gary's unnatural lust for followups.

The followup I would be most interested in is what happened to Phoenix fandom after *The Little Fandom That Could* closes in September 1978, when I left Phoenix fandom permanently. There were occasional rumblings from Phoenix - a cancelled Leprecon in 1980; feuding over a convention corporation; the establishment of a new local fandom; the re-emergence of semi-gafiates from the Ancient Days, and so on. Perhaps someone will do another of these histories in ten years or so. I hope so. It's worth following.

Or perhaps it's just that you can take the boy out of the country but you can't take the country out of the boy.

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Perhaps before leaving the Introduction and getting into the text, I should give a brief overview of the history. It goes from 1968 to 1978 - from the first gathering of this cycle of local fandom together to the point at which my involvement lapsed. The term is egocentric because this text is in the form of a memoir. I did not feel qualified to write about events after 1978. I *do* feel qualified to write about everything before that for the simple reason that I am the only Phoenix fan who went through the entire development of local fandom up to that point. There were other old-timers who popped in and out of local fandom and are still around today - Jim Sieber, Ken St. Andre, and Rick Cook rise most immediately to mind - but they were absent, sometimes for years, during crucial periods of development. At the age of twenty, in 1971, I became the Grand Old Man of Phoenix fandom, a status I kept until I renounced it in 1979.

"Periods." I did say "periods" a couple of sentences ago. Historians love periods and cycles. Presumably history *readers* love periods and cycles. So I give you a few. The First Period (see - capitals!) dates from September 1968 to December 1969 - the Library Phoenix Science/Fantasy Society. This lasted too short a time to have much real influence on what happened later. Essentially it just got a bunch of people together - a fandom by the letter, if not the spirit, of the term. The Second Period runs from the beginning of 1970 to October 1972, the date at which OSFFA was formed. During this period the notion that we constituted a local fandom established itself, and we had our first exposure to convention fandom. Third Period runs from October 1972 to June 25, 1976. During this period, Phoenix fandom began to act like a fandom - publishing, attending conventions, and so forth. Fannish activism emerged, and the activist ideas spread out to the rest of local fandom - i.e., we began to have a sense of "cultural identification" with fandom and some clear idea of what we were supposed to be doing as fans. The terminal date is purely a convention of convenience - the ceremony that marked the formal "Death of OSFFA" at Prologuecon III. The Fourth Period was well under weigh.

The Fourth Period runs from January 1975, the date on which the Leprecon committee actually started to function, to some time in 1980, when, I understand, the post-IguanaCon squabbles were cleared away, and local fandom took a new name. The first part of this period of our treu (a localism disseminated by Jim Kennedy - you will find it at

various places throughout the text. \*Humor\*, arr-arr!) Golden Age. That this period is so (comparatively) long is due to IguanaCon. We bid for IguanaCon at the very peak of our fannish culture to date. By the end of 1977, the peak had clearly been passed, but the energies absorbed by IguanaCon prevented local fandom from working through the tag ends of the cycle and into something new.

That's the overview. Phoenix fandom is into something completely different now, and I don't know a thing about it. I hope to find out something about it at Westercon. I'll see you there, too, no doubt.



# PALEOMULTILITHOGRAPHY

*The effect of boredom on a large scale  
in history is underestimated. It is  
a main cause of revolutions, and would soon  
bring to an end all the static utopias  
and the farmyard civilization of the Fabians.*  
—W.R. Inge

## **Eofandom**

Phoenix fandom began in 1968. And here I am talking about the particular local fandom that hosted the 36th World Science Fiction Convention, *IguanaCon 2*, in 1978 and the Westercon XXXV in 1982. This is not a "conventional" date marking a watershed in a long, slow, evolutionary process; rather, it is a clear and definite beginning point, before which there was nothing like a local fandom.

There had been earlier. There are dozens of locs from and references to fans in Phoenix and the Phoenix area in the prozines and fanzines of the last forty years. Bruce Arthurs found, in a 1950 *Amazing*, a review of a fanzine titled *Phoenix* published by a local named Jeff Taylor. Greg Brown remembers that he had attended a few meetings of a local sf club in the mid-fifties and that the club was heavily involved in astronomy and amateur rocketry. The Gernsback Fallacy. That such a thing could exist in Phoenix, fifteen to twenty years after the rest of fandom had dealt with Gernsback's attempt to turn us into a recruitment league for The\*Junior\*Scientists\*of\*the\*Future may indicate that Phoenix has probably always been as isolated from the rest of fandom as it was through the early part of our development. In any case, Greg never got involved enough with the club to remember the names of the people involved, and there seems to be no documentary survival from it. Even its name has been lost to us, and I know of no way of tracing it at this remove of time. The only other evidence is in the memory of a local bookseller, Lawrence Jerome, himself not a fan, who claims to have preserved a run of a fanzine published out of Phoenix between, roughly, 1958 and 1961. But Lawrence's private collection wants excavation on an archaeologist's scale. He has not been able in several years to unearth the zines or remember the editor's name. So that lead dries up, as well.

No doubt there are other documentary survivals waiting to be discovered, hidden in boxes or buried in somebody's library. If we are very lucky or very persistent, the whole, shadowed mystery of Phoenix's eofandom may unlock itself "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye" ... if only one of the principals from that Gernsbackian club that flourished in the mid-fifties can be found.

But, lacking the pivotal sources, earlier incarnations of fandom in Phoenix are lost to the fanhistorian. Before fall 1968, there was a fair number of fans, sf readers, or proto-fans in Phoenix who might have known one or two others. There were a few, tiny sf clubs,

ephemeral as such organizations naturally are, in local high schools. And there was a very active chapter of the Society for Creative Anachronism. But, in the main, what was to become fandom in Phoenix consisted of isolated individuals. Into this primeval void, Terry Ballard introduced the first clear forerunner of local fandom.

### ***"In the beginning..."***

Terry Ballard and his friend Ken St. Andre were already in 1968 fans in the wider sense: they had been attending conventions for a few years, and, though neither of them had yet published a fanzine, their jointly-written sword-and-sorcery parodies had begun to appear in Frank Denton's *Ash-Wing*, so they were also known in fandom at large.

Terry was the exception to the rule that Phoenix proto-fans knew of only a very few others: he worked for the Phoenix Public Library at the main branch on Central Avenue at McDowell Road, and he had developed an informal network of library patrons who used the library's small sf section. During the summer of 1968 he persuaded the library to sponsor an sf club to meet once a month in their "penthouse" meeting room. He named it the "Phoenix Science-Fantasy Club" and had the first meeting calendared for the third Saturday in September, 1968.

The Club, which much later came to be called the PSFC, was successful in a qualified sort of way. The meetings were nominally organized around a report-and-discussion format. At this remove of time, I can remember only two topics: a report on the Advent publication of Alexei Panshin's *Heinlein in Dimension* and a convention report of Terry and Ken gave of St. Louiscon, complete with tape recording of the Hugo Awards Banquet.

We often had quite lively discussions, though they rarely touched on the programmed topic. This seems to happen when you get gregarious and intelligent people together. As F.M. Busby sagely remarked, "if it weren't for digressions, nothing would ever get said." Terry viewed the lack of attention to the topic as a problem.

That the PSFC worked at all was something unexpected; the group as a whole wasn't a group, it was a plain cross-section of the library's sf-reading patronage, a fluid assortment of folk who came and went, flowing like a Canute's tide under the legs of Terry's chair.

It would not quite be fair to say that Terry Ballard attempted to "import" fandom into Phoenix. It is quite likely that he had no prior experience of local club fandom, which is a very different animal indeed from fanzine-fandom or convention fandom. It is one of the salient characteristics of Phoenix fandom that it had to reinvent fandom from scratch, spending much longer at this stage of isolation than nascent fandoms usually do. We were still inventing fandom in 1976.

By the time I had begun to attend PSFC meetings in November, the regular attendance had grown to, perhaps, thirteen or fourteen. Of these, I can recall the names of only Jim Sieber, Terry and Ken and Rick Cook - people who stayed around long enough to make some impression on me. Rick Cook left Phoenix shortly thereafter. I understand that he has since returned to Phoenix and is active again in local fandom. Jim Sieber was, for many years, local fandom's only point of contact with the SCA. When he enlisted in the Army, that contact disappeared entirely. Arizona SCA has traditionally displayed a massive

lack of interest in local fandom, which was, by and large, reciprocated. Jim's hitch was up in, I think, 1973, and he gradually rejoined local fandom.

During 1969, attendance at PSFC meetings reached a peak of about thirty-five and declined thereafter to a low of three showing up for the December 1969 meeting. The PSFC was thereafter allowed to die the entropy-death.

At one time I was inclined to credit the rapid decline to Terry's tight, proprietary hold on the meetings, but I no longer think this is the case. One of the more intriguing characteristics of Phoenix fandom is that it periodically went through long stretches of general apathy. Perhaps, as Gary Farber remarked, this is related to typical individual cycles of interest waxing and waning, particularly in groups that don't have a constant influx of "new blood." At any rate, I have seen periods in which local fandom was kept going only by inertia and the energy of one or two persons. Perhaps the PSFC simply ran into one of these apathetic episodes. Later, local fandom would be strong enough to ride through them; at this point it barely existed.

Indeed, it is arguable whether the PSFC constituted a "fandom" at all at this point. It was a club - and fanac of a sort. But it was more a collection of fellow-travelers, a more-or-less random cross-section of library-users, groping in a very undefined way toward fandom without being much aware of it, except as individuals who were already fans might be aware of anything like an "ideal" state to be achieved. For the rest of us - or for *me* at any rate - the PSFC was a pleasant monthly interlude, a temporary escape from mundania - interesting, but provocative of no particular commitment, emotional or intellectual. I certainly did not have any apprehension that I was, thereby, made a F\*A\*N, corruptible flesh putting on incorruptibility. The apprehension of fandom would come later.

### ***"And the earth was without form..."***

I seem to have a knack for missing beginnings. By the time I returned from summer vacation and was made aware that something was, again, happening, it was already well under way. That was in 1970.

Although the PSFC had died due to lack of interest in 1969, it had generated its own core. Terry Ballard kept his informal network functioning and even added a few people to the collection. He began holding open houses or "salons" in a form perhaps more fannish to outsiders. They were held, originally, on Wednesday evenings at his apartment in Phoenix (called "Ramshead"). These were completely unstructured gatherings at which people wandered around, played board games, looked at Terry's collection, or just sat and talked about nothing in particular or anything. You could now point to it and recognize fandom.

By the fall of 1971, Ramshead moved to Tempe, a suburb of Phoenix and the home of Arizona State University, and word had gotten out. People started dropping in on a more-or-less regular basis. The apartment couldn't accommodate the crush.

Part of the reason for the sudden population explosion is that the Ramshead meetings, still occasionally referred to as the PSFC, merged with Robert Prokop's creation, the Edgestow branch of the Mythopoeic Society.

Robert Prokop and his friend Joe Sheffer had come from out of left field as far as the Ramshead people were concerned. Robert and Joe had seen an announcement for Westercon XXIII in either *Galaxy* or *Analog* and sent away for memberships. In their information packages were flyers for Mythcon I, which was being held over the Labor Day weekend (the worldcon, Heicon, was in Germany that year). Both Robert and Joe had interests in fantastic literature, so they went to Westercon in San Diego, then Robert headed up the coast to Mythcon.

After the convention, he came back to Scottsdale (another suburb of Phoenix) and founded the Edgestow branch of the Mythopoeic Society, which held its first meeting in September 1970. The Edgestow branch had a strangely mixed core, being made up largely of Robert's Scottsdale High karass combined with a good percentage of the membership of Arizona State's minuscule SDS. Edgestow brought bringing in some of local fandom's more colorful personalities (Robert himself, the mythopoeic Yippie, not the least colorful of the lot) tootling on its uneven way for several years. Eventually Edgestow was allowed to lapse, since none of its members was interested in meeting the Society's affiliate-reporting requirements.

Somehow, Robert says, he got wind of the Ramshead group meeting on Wednesday nights, and they had a couple of joint meetings with the Edgestow people, who thereafter began showing up, also on a more-or-less regular basis, bringing in, notably, local fandom's first fannes - Ruby Joe Davis (later McAllister and, from 1978, Sheffer) and Paula Schrantz - and Bruce Hazel, nicknamed "Treebeard," for the obvious reason, who can only be called a "character." Tall, lean, always threadbare and dusty-dirty and possessed of wildly unkempt hair and beard, Treebeard's principal distinctions are that he caused Bruce Arthurs' first gafiation by wilfully smoking marijuana in his presence (yes, Bruce gafiated to national fandom. That's just how things were in Phoenix in 1970), and he ran for Tempe City Council and polled something over 11% of the vote on a campaign budget of just under \$65 or something absurd like that. Treebeard had meetings at his apartment a couple of times and then gradually faded away. Where is Bruce Hazel in 1990? Echo answereth not.

Perhaps it was the cross-fertilization that caused it to happen; perhaps it was the fact that there were, for the first time, weekly meetings; or perhaps there is some kind of Turing threshold to fandom. (d) all of the above or (e) none of the above. In any case, by the time 1971 rolled around, fandom - recognizably fandom and self-conscious about it - had appeared. Whether this genesis is more like Zeus' headache or the nine-month tumor in his thigh is left as an exercise for the reader. But the symptoms were unmistakable. Parturiunt montes.

### ***Fiat Fanac!***

The PSFC had held no functions outside the library penthouse; the only documentary survivals which testify to its existence are the Phoenix Public Library's monthly bulletins, which carried its meetings in the calendar. The Ramshead group by itself had felt no need for outside activities. But by the end of 1970, the infant fandom manifested itself, terrible and potent, in a restless urge to pub-an-ish. Terry Ballard put together a dittoed, eight-page club-genzine which he titled *Twibbet* and published in February 1971. The second issue

was published in June of that year, a half-page sized, multilithed issue with cover art by a co-founder of the Edgestow branch, Joe McClure. When I returned to Phoenix after a hot, muggy, and intensely boring summer in Missouri, I dropped into the library to see Terry. He showed me a copy of *Twibbet* 2 as he invited me to drop in on the Ramshead meetings. Oh, perfidious fan!

Those first two issues of *Twibbet* generated in me an excitement all out of proportion to their quality, which was strictly from crudzine. The notion that one could publish *one's* own magazine had, somehow, never occurred to me before - and it was an illumination beyond measure. Consider Keats' lines from "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer" repeated with awe-struck accents. I wanted to pub my ish immediately.

The third issue was scheduled for publication in October, and it had tentatively been agreed that editorship would rotate thereafter, to give everyone a shot at editing. Joe Sheffer had been approached to do the next one, but Terry confided that he hadn't seemed terribly enthusiastic, so he supposed I might be able to do the next one.

Oh, you, oh rapture unrestrained! I went to the very next meeting and asked for the copy collected so far. And so I wound up publishing the third number of *Twibbet* and alienating a good percentage of local fandom in the process.

Joe, you see, was not unenthusiastic - it's just that he was even more reserved than I. He was hurt by my incorrect assumption that *Twibbet* was Terry's creature to give as he wished. But he said nothing at the time (to me, at least) and he bowed gracefully out of the picture. I did not discover his hurt until years later. Fortunately, Joe was possessed of a great soul; not only did he forgive me the insult, but we became the very best of friends until he died suddenly in 1989. That was a singular and irreplaceable relationship.

The people who were offended on Joe's behalf, however, were not so magnanimous. My unintentional slight is the remotest seed from which developed my personal schattenganger. By 1978 the edifice erected thereon had grown to truly monstrous proportions, and it plays a significant role in the siege of IguanaCon - which is the only reason I mention such a personal and otherwise insignificant detail.

I brought out *Twibbet* 3 in October 1971, my first fanzine. Huzzah.

I had asked to keep *Twibbet* permanently (I don't know why it didn't occur to me to do my own zine. Just green, I suppose), and this brought up for review the question of whether *Twibbet* would be proprietary or would continue to rotate editorships. This debate on the question is almost the only formal, participatory event I remember from the Ramshead days. There were perhaps twenty of us sitting on couches and the floor or standing. The room was crowded, a little stuffy though the front door was wide open, and I remember it being dim. Possibly there were no ceiling lights, and the accent lights were inadequate for illumination. Commenting on the debate, Richard Prokop wrote:

*Although a conflict of personalities was certainly involved, I feel there was a stronger factor at work in the making of th[e] decision. You wanted to have a firm hand in the publishing of the fanzine. The resulting Twibbets would probably have been far better than they wound up being; I think I remember this to have been generally acknowledged at the time of the debate and vote.*

*However, most of us, including myself, wanted anyone to be able to eventually edit the fanzine and contribute to it regardless of talent. I feel this event to be significant in the establishing and continuing of Phoenix fandom as a loosely-knit, somewhat aimless group. That's what we voted for - a loosely-knit, somewhat aimless fanzine to match the nature of the group as it was at that time.*

*Twibbet 4* was given to Robert and Richard Prokop. I helped with the production end of the publication.

Since 1971, *Twibbet* has appeared infrequently, and it has generally fulfilled its destiny by being the then-editor's first zine. *Twibbet 5* was produced by Mark and Paula Ann Anthony (1973); *Twibbet 6* by Tim Kyger (1974); and *Twibbet 7* by Patrick Hayden (1975). Dan Carver and Bear Peters issued a "hoax" *Twibbet 13* in 1976, and the IguanaCon II program book, pocket program, and post-convention PR 5 were officially designated *Twibbets* 8, 9, and 10, respectively.

There is regretfully little to say about *Twibbet's* history. There grew up around it a number of now dormant traditions - such as the typo in *Twibbet 1* of styling it "Twibbet" on the cover and "Twibbit" in the interior text. The word is originally from a line of verse by Edward Gorey ("The twibbit, on occasion, knows some difficulty with its toes." Thank you, Teresa Nielsen Hayden for looking that one up) and so presumably has a "correct" spelling - "twibbit." *Twibbet-the-fmz* has varied in quality from crudzinissimus to a fairly respectable publication - but it always remained a genzine, and its quality of personal experimentation is refreshing, though often a source of acute (and, I think, often unmerited) embarrassment to faneds in their riper years.

By the end of 1971, the Ramshead meetings (now often called the Phoenix Science Fantasy Society, or PSFS, to distinguish it from the library PSFC) were outgrowing Ramshead. They were shifted to Friday nights to accommodate the tendency to go on until the wee hours, and they began to rotate to various peoples' houses. The arrangements were often haphazard and made at the last moment.

At that time, almost everyone in local fandom lived with his parents, and I'm sure we tried the parents' patience mightily. The addition of the Edgestow group had shifted the demographics of the group drastically: the average age of Phoenix fandom was well under twenty, and the geographic center shifted from central Phoenix eastward toward Scottsdale.

Out of an almost completely amorphous grouping, a pattern of the meeting began to emerge: people would begin arriving at about 8:00 p.m. (conveniently after dinner for most of the hosts); the meeting would pick up steam, reaching a peak at about 11:00 p.m., and die off thereafter until the last die-hards left at 2:00 or 3:00 a.m. on Saturday. The core-group of the PSFS consisted of Terry Ballard, Ken St. Andre, Robert Prokop, Joe Sheffer, Mark and Paula Ann Anthony, Ruby Sheffer, Steve McAllister, Randy Rau, Terry King, Robert Lackey, Paula Schrantz, and me, with as many as twenty-five others showing up on a more-or-less regular basis.

In the summer of 1971, Terry Ballard moved to an upscale apartment complex in east Phoenix which made its recreation hall available for meetings occasionally, and for the first

time we had a meeting hall more-or-less big enough to accommodate the crowd. The hall had one major drawback: it closed down at 11:00 p.m.

The basic activity at those meetings, then as always, was conversation. Leavening the talk, the sudden outpouring of fanzine publishing provided us with what seem, in dim recollection, to have been an unending series of collations. But there was also a strong tendency to gaming - particularly board games. The perennial favorite was Risk, and two local variants were invented at about the same time: Ken St. Andre's Hyborean Risk and Robert and Richard Prokop's monumental World Conquest. There was not, at first, a games-playing "faction." Randy Rau was almost always among the first to arrive, and he could be counted on to have his pocket chess board. He played frequently with whomever was available until the meetings were well under way. Otherwise, people might drop into and out of any given game on almost a random basis. Robert Prokop and I introduced Liar's Poker, and it enjoyed a brief vogue. Other games made their appearance and became part of the background.

So gradually that no one really saw it happening until it was too late, gaming became an Issue. Factions began to crystallize out. Phoenix fandom had its first political crisis. The PSFS had less than a year of existence left. But it wasn't *all* bad, was it?

### ***That was no apple - that was my life.***

During the period when the conflicts were maturing, from 1971 through summer 1972, local fandom saw its first "Golden Age," its discovery of fanzine fandom. Among the twenty-five or so local fans, almost everyone eventually had some hand in publishing a fanzine of some sorts; Bruce Arthurs produced his first and second issues of *Godless* before he went into the Army. Concurrently with the farrago, separate but equal, the left-wing element of local fandom put out two issues of *Socialist Realism Science Fiction*, a most peculiar documentary survival. Bob Prokop, one of the editors of SRSF remembers it thusly:

*The first issue had a cover with Karl Marx sitting on a toilet (after a Zappa album cover, I believe), and was a collaboration of myself, Bruce Hazel (a major participant in Edgestow...), and Paul Adams, a sometimes fan. The second issue was put out by Paul Adams exclusively. The only thing I remember from the contents of the two issues is the "Sam X Speaks" column. Sam Ballard was Terry Ballard's cat at Ramshead. When Terry moved, the new apartment would not allow pets, so Sam was put to sleep. Paul Adams wrote the columns, pretending that Sam Ballard had actually escaped the vet, renounced his "slave name" of Ballard, and was the real force behind the political struggles within PSFS. I remember "Sam X Speaks" as fairly good satire, but my memory might well be faulty after ten years...SRSF was the culmination of the left-wing element of Phoenix fandom. I recall renouncing the radical left shortly afterwards, and there was no one else left to keep it going.*

Although Robert made a point, after SRSF, of avoiding publishing, even he and his brother Richard did get involved with *Twibbet* and *The Edgestow Telegraph*, the local Mythopoeic Society bulletin. Ruby Davis and Paula Schrantz published a poetry-zine,

*Slithey Toves*, and Terry Ballard issued two numbers of *Garuda*. Most of these "fugitive amateur publications" have vanished without a ripple, but *Garuda 2* will live in infamy as it is noted in several IguanaCon publications as being the inspiration for the IguanaCon name. Specifically, it included a convention report of the first IguanaCon, a hoax convention held, I think, in Casa Grande, Arizona, about a quarter of the way from Phoenix to Tucson. The report was attributed to yet another hoax, Brant Bates. Although many people claim to have met Brant Bates at Westercons and so forth, he actually exists only in the fertile and abrasive imagination of a fan who passed briefly through Phoenix history, Blieu Madjik. Yup, yup.

If I recall correctly, the convention was held at the Casa Loma Hotel and featured a marquee saying "Welcome Scientists." A few of us naked-crazy-persons on the Iggy committee wanted to hang such a sign in the Hyatt atrium, but the project got washed away in the rush of other last-minute details.

As the meeting attendance began to grow, social cliques began to emerge. After an initial period of flux, there emerged two dominant cliques which one might call "Friends of Robert Prokop" and "Friends of Terry Ballard." These names are somewhat misleading as they mask the complexities involved, but they will do for convenience. The actual process was that a social clique had crystallized out of the greater population, initially around the Risk-board. A small group of people - Robert and Richard Prokop, Terry King, Randy Rau, Bob Lackey, Joe Sheffer, and me - had come especially to enjoy each other's company, to the exclusion of the rest of the club. Among the remainder of the club, there was another group, less firmly associated: Steve McAllister, Ruby Davis, Terry Ballard, Ken St. Andre, and one or two others, who consorted mostly with each other. And there were others who belonged to neither clique.

Until the spring of 1972, such leadership and central direction as the club had possessed, minimal in any case, had been provided by Terry Ballard. But at about this time, he began a process of gafiation from, at least, local fandom. Although no distinct leadership developed in the club, Mark and Paula Ann Anthony came to be recognized as unofficial *primi inter pares*, by the simple expedient of being the only movement in a vacuum.

Terry's gafiation left the club without a focus, just at the moment that polarization was to reach a peak between the two cliques. As Terry eased himself out of participation in the PSFS, several of us had become disturbed at the haphazard, quantum-like way in which it seemed to exist only on Friday nights and never in between. Concurrently a number of other tensions were growing up between the individuals. The first major flareup was over who was providing refreshments - colas mostly - and Who Was Consuming And Not Helping To Pay For Them. There was a loud and public argument.

Now, no one was trying to rip anyone off, though admittedly equity was allowed to slip into arrears. After the meeting I met with several members to discuss ways of preventing such a flareup from happening again. I thought the best solution might be a charter laying out ground rules and agreements about such things.

But I was the wrong person to attempt any such conciliation: the rancor over the "dirty trick" I had pulled on Joe Sheffer had already embedded itself into the political matrix



of the groups. And it would have been a bandaid in any case, only putting off the crisis for a time. The problems were interpersonal, not formal. But it took awhile to see that.

The meetings continued to be held, for awhile, at the recreation room in Terry Ballard's apartment complex, even while he was gafiating. The necessity of closing up so early (for us) began to be felt as more and more inconvenient. Individuals' homes might be more crowded and uncomfortable, but at least there was no curfew placed on us (which is odd, if you think about it).

An assortment of issues was tied up in the eventual estrangement between the two factions of the group. But the PSFS might have gone on indefinitely if it had not been for the event Terry King labeled the "Night of the Long Drives."

### ***Night of the Long Drives***

The PSFS began meeting at peoples' homes again in early 1972. And, again, the arrangements were often made only at the last minute and disseminated by a kind of rudimentary phone tree. At one point, Ruby Davis arranged for a meeting at her house in Scottsdale.

Terry King and Randy Rau and I assembled at Terry's house in central Phoenix - Randy coming from the west side and I coming from the far south, fifteen miles away, and then we trekked over to Scottsdale, a drive of about twenty miles, in Terry's Chrysler, only to find that the meeting had been moved at the last minute. A note was left for latecomers - written in Elvish script, which none of us stfnal types could read. Yes, we had all read and enjoyed *Lord of the Rings*; we just hadn't memorized the appendices.

Ruby's parents did not know there had been a meeting scheduled there at all; nobody could be located on the phone tree (by that time, everybody would have been en route to the meeting). We drove over to several of the likeliest spots it might have moved to and during the course of the night racked up over seventy miles (the Valley of the Sun is a *big* place to search at random). We were hurt and infuriated.

The next morning I called around and found a certain amount of smug snickering, even more infuriating. I spent some time talking with Ruby Davis. She said that the other clique had resigned *en masse* from the PSFS.

That was the last straw, the final movement in the complete polarization of the club. By the time it had surfaced it was too late to do anything about it. I had been trying to conciliate, keep things together, and the efforts were, to put it mildly, not appreciated.

A split between the groups might conceivably have been a Good Thing - but Terry and Randy and I tended to see it as an eventuality to be avoided if at all possible. A lot of the next several years of Phoenix fanhistory could be viewed as a search for reunion, with digressions.

Back to frustration. The seven people in the Prokop faction met together, first at Terry King's house, then at the library at Arizona State University. We turned the discussion notes we had accumulated for a PSFS charter into a working document. To the best of our knowledge, we were the sole remnant of the club, so we took the opportunity to remedy some of the lacks we had been feeling in the club. When a thing is agreed on - or assented

to - my inclination is to start doing it immediately. I drafted and the group of us enacted the PSFS Charter.

The Charter called for a club library, functions outside the weekly meetings and, provided for the club genzine.

The PSFS had a small treasury - ten or fifteen dollars at most - dedicated to support of a club genzine, renamed with the acronym *OAFS<sub>1,2</sub>*, for Organized Arizona Fans of Science Fiction and Fantasy. I don't remember exactly how we got from *OAFSF/F* to *OAFS<sub>1,2</sub>*. The *F/F* became 1 - that, I remember. Somebody figured it out mathematically; and that's what we came up with. We had armbands made up for Westercon - by which time the situation had flipflopped again. A few people at Westercon saw the armbands and asked if we were reviving the old Oklahoma Alliance of Fans. None of us had heard of them guys before.

As the supposed inheritors of the PSFS, we called on Mark Anthony, the last "official" of the old PSFS, and Terry Ballard, who was actually holding the money. They refused to turn over the treasury and told us that the others had not resigned as we had been told.

That was perfidy, but I think that all of us had gotten beyond anger by that point. We met at Terry King's house one evening in July 1972 to discuss the matter.

By this time, we were just sick to death of trying to deal with what we saw as constantly-shifting and underhanded tactics. Let them have it. We resigned *en masse* and set up an alternate club, the Organized Science Fiction Fans of Arizona ("OSFFA"). At the time, there was not, as far as we knew then and know now, any other group in Arizona, so the name is not as presumptuous as it sounds. It *is*, however, fully as bombastic as it sounds. Ayup.

I tore up the PSFS Charter and met in a series of conferences after Westercon with the other six people in the splinter group. We drew up a charter that, in excessive reaction to the issues which broke up the PSFS, was highly detailed - not, perhaps, as complex as the NESFA's constitution, but still quite an effort in its small way.

By the end of August 1972, the split between the two factions of the PSFS was an accomplished fact. The PSFS continued to meet on Friday nights at various people's homes, and OSFFA moved its meetings to Sunday afternoons, so as not to interfere with the PSFS's. Several OSFFAns continued to attend PSFS meetings. Shortly thereafter, Paula Anthony pushed the PSFS into renaming itself the Phoenix Cosmic Circle. But the change in name made no apparent impact on the uneven tenor of the club's ways.

OSFFA, on the other hand, promptly set out on a drastic evolution which was to change completely the overall character of Phoenix fandom. At the time, I knew that what we were doing was different in some fundamental way from what had gone before, but I did not have the proper name for it. I still do not have *the* proper name for it, but I found something a few years later that comes close. The seven OSFFAns were quasi-*insurgents*, fannish activists - extremely ignorant of the ways and practices of fandom-at-large, but fannish activists no less.

The term is generally used, I understand, to describe a reaction against excessive seriousness and stuffiness, and that's not quite what we were doing. We were attempting, for the first time in Phoenix, to create a specifically fannish subculture, to place the amiable

socializing we were doing in a specifically fannish context, distinct from that spectrum of "things two or more fans do together" which was once, among the Toronto Derelicts, called, generically "bowling."

We had had enough bowling: it was time for a little fanac. Local fandom was about to have its consciousness raised.

## SALAD DAYS

*In this decade we witness  
the second Children's Crusade,  
armed with strength and booty.  
—Colin MacInnes*

### *The Road to Damascus*

The summer of 1972 was a thoroughly S\*I\*G\*N\*I\*F\*I\*C\*A\*N\*T period for Phoenix fandom. Not only did the breakup of local fandom occur over that summer, but Westercon XXV happened smack in the middle of The Troubles - and Westercon XXV was also my first convention. Huzzah.

A number of Phoenicians (yes, that's what they call us, ayup) had been attending major conventions for a number of years. But 1972 was the year that Phoenix sent a contingent-with-a-capital-c to its first major convention. There were, I think, probably twelve of us there, and we threw the first of what would come to be a series of successful Phoenix room parties. Interestingly, although the Troubles Back Home were in full swing, everyone there pulled together; a truce was declared for the space of the convention. No matter what interpersonal difficulties Phoenix fans had back at home, at conventions they presented a united front. This went on for many years, up until Westercon XXX in 1978.

Westercon made an enormous impression on those of us who had never had any exposure to convention fandom. There were pros; there was a huxter's room; there was an art show; there were pros; there was a masquerade; there was filksinging; and there were PROs.

Goshwow.

I suppose the deification of the professional writers happens to all young fandoms. Most of them get over it. And then there is LASFS. The experience made a big impression on the incipient OSFFAns.

But there were other, subtler things going on in the back of our minds, as well - the beginnings of a ferment. I rode back to Phoenix with Paula Ann Anthony and her family, and we talked all the way back about things I had seen for the first time: apas, fanzine readers (Phoenicians didn't count - most of them were fanzine *contributors*, at least on a purely local scale), filksongs, and, most of all, conventions. We talked for a long time about holding an Arizona-wide convention at the Sky-Y camp near Flagstaff - and, someday, a Phoenix Westercon.

Goshwow.

The experience of Westercon XXV had a galvanizing effect on us OSSFFAns and, for a brief while, it looked as if the split between the OSFFA and the Phoenix Cosmic Circle might be healed over in the name of fannish solidarity: I arranged with the Anthonys to have a joint meeting at my house (I was renting a cottage from Paul Anthony's grandmother)

on October 14, 1972. During the meeting, Terry Ballard, who had by this time almost entirely gafiated, called me and blasted me with gratuitous and thoroughly bewildering accusations of being, among other things, a NAZI. I withered on the spot.

I still have no idea what prompted this. Since his gafiation the previous summer I had had almost no contact with him. This hurt and puzzled me for years. Unexplained hostility is the one thing to which I am especially vulnerable.

Afterwards I was in a state of shock. That was the end of the attempted reconciliation.

The ill-will and bad feeling between the clubs had seemed on the verge of being overcome. The physical arrangements would have made this very easy: OSFFA meetings were held at my cottage on 14th Street, while the Cosmic Circle was meeting more and more frequently at Mark and Paula Ann Anthony's grandmother's house on 15th Street, which shared a yard with my cottage. But this minor incident made that politically impossible. The two clubs went their decidedly separate ways, with only a minimum of contact between them.

Although the re-separation was painful and probably unnecessary, it was not entirely without good effect: OSFFA began very rapidly to evolve a definite and intense style of fandom. As new people crossed between the groups in 1974 and 1975, they spread the style and traditions outward, where the rough edges got smoothed away. Insofar as Phoenix had, by 1976, developed an individual style of fandom, it was due to this split, intensified by the experience of Westercon in 1972.

The major impact of Westercon XXV was that it presented a significant percentage of local fandom with, for the first time, a vision of what fandom was. I later discovered that our first impressions were, naturally, too highly colored to be real. But that Parrish-tinted vision was a powerful stimulant to those few among us who were in the process of becoming fannish activists. It would be awhile before the effects would spread out to the rest of local fandom - but the process had started. Local fandom would never be the same. Gruss Gott.

### ***Shield-Crib and Stranglin' Snakes***

Like the infant Herakles, OSFFA immediately demonstrated divine strength -

No, of course that's not the way it went. There was nothing particularly impressive about OSFFA - except to the people who were involved in it.

The crucial fact to keep in mind about the early years of OSFFA is that it/we were reacting to the extremely bitter estrangement of the two clubs and very conscious of the issues behind the split, from both points of view. It happens that fandom at large was undergoing a faanish insurgency as we were independently developing an insurgent style of fannish activism. The two lines were to come together in a few years, but we could not know that at the time. Indeed, we knew virtually nothing about fandom at large.

One of the important issues driving the development of OSFFA was that there was something missing - some quality of excitement and passion - from the PSFS. Nobody expected a local club to be a full-time convention, but even so . . .

We tried to put some pizzazz into club fandom. We had no successful models to work from, so it was a matter of trial-and-error. Mostly error.

One of the hottest but also most artificial non-issues of the clash between the factions in the PSFS had been over board gaming. Specifically, people in the Ballard-Anthony clique complained that the Prokop clique played Risk too much at the meetings. Actually, this was a misperception: what was happening was that a group of friends was crystallizing out of the main group. The Risk-board was incidental.

Games-playing was no less important to the "texture" of Phoenix fandom than to other fandoms. But, possibly in reaction to this misperception, other games disappeared, for awhile, from the PSFS meetings. This turned out to be a mistake: most people there, as everywhere, had little real grasp of the art of conversational given-and-take, and they didn't know how to fill in the eight-hour blanks. The meetings became boring.

Conversation was not one of the OSFFAns' problems. So one of the first acts of OSFFA was to ban games-playing from the meetings entirely. We went back to the programmed-discussion format and relegated Risk (by this time we were playing only the Prokops' Risk-variant World Conquest) to sessions after the meetings. This was not entirely successful, at first: after a couple of meetings that were shortened to get to the board, we set up World Conquest-playing sessions on Wednesday nights, instead, and so disconnected the gaming entirely from the meetings. This worked very well. All of the OSFFAns were articulate and opinionated; even when the programmed discussions didn't come off, Digression Fandom gave us lively discussions and conversations whenever we met.

The fact that we were meeting two or three times a week is a non-inconsiderable part of OSFFA's success (and the general success of Phoenix fandom. It's difficult to keep up commitment to fanac on a once-a-month basis, but weekly or more frequent meetings makes friendships).

A number of OSFFAns, myself among them, remember this period as suffused by a kind of golden glow, Lothlorien-like. For the first time there was an sf club in Phoenix which was intensively devoted to *intellectual intercourse*. It was delightful. And this still seems to me to be the essence of club-fandom, as it is the essence of a rich and ever-renewing friendship. People who came into OSFFA after its salad days never experienced this and cannot understand the affection the original seven have for it.

Another factor we had perceived as a lack in the PSFS' makeup was fanac outside of club-meetings. In particular, several of us were now subbing to fanzines (this was the period just before the perzine began to dominate fanzine fandom), and the disparity between *Twibbet* and *Granfalloon* made a lot of us uncomfortable. But there seemed to be no interest in the PSFS in doing a quality genzine. [Digression: as a general rule, most Phoenicians were and are perfectly happy to get by with the minimum, the mediocre, the status quo. This is true of everyone, everywhere. What may be surprising is the relatively high percentage of people - not always the same people - who were to become committed to making something exceptional. Most of the time the majority simply ignored the minority, but sometimes conflicts arose along these lines. The PSFS-OSFFA split was one of these occasions; the IguanaCon brouhaha was another).

So we set out to make *OAFS* (I'll omit the sub-one-squared from here on out) into a quality genzine. The fact that we were all but babes-in-fandom and had never heard of Francis Towner Laney, was reflected in the first number of *OAFS*, justified columns, cover price and all. But, still, it was a remarkable achievement, considering the times and the publications which preceded it. We sent off a copy to *Locus*, which was still reviewing fanzines in those distant days, and nearly bust with pride when it was listed with the coveted asterisk, marking it as being particularly worthy of notice. Goshwow, goshwow. Visions of Hugos danced in our heads. I say "our," despite the fact that I edited and typed it, because everyone was very much involved in it.

We had also been disturbed by the haphazard way in which meetings were set up and moved at the last minute. So we instituted a newsletter, *OSFFA News*, to publish meeting notices in advance - not so important to OSFFA, which met at the same place all the time - but it also tried to collect all news items of general interest to local fans. At one point, the *OSFFA News* rose to twelve pages, including a reproduction from the Robert McCall exhibition at the Phoenix Art Museum. I edited the newsletter from its inception in 1972 until 1974. Thereafter, Doug Woods, one of OSFFA's first recruits, issued it on an irregular basis, and it passed through several hands, becoming more and more infrequent, until early in 1976.

The last major project OSFFA undertook was a club library. It sprang up overnight, as I loaned my entire collection and everybody else chucked in piles of books and pulps. Within a few months, it had grown to over six thousand volumes and included an astonishing selection of crumbling pulps, runs of current magazines culled from the local used bookshops, historical and critical works, and a mishmash of contemporary material. Terry King was the other big donor, and the OSFFA library was a source of great pride to him. Since the designated meeting place was my cottage, the library stayed there, and we bought brick-and-board bookshelves. At first the library was housed in my auxiliary bedroom, but it soon outgrew the tiny space available there, so I moved it into the long living room, where the shelves reached, teetering, all the way to the ceiling. Phoenix, thank ghudness, is not prone to earthquakes; the first tremor would have knocked it over. As it was, heavy footsteps on the floor made it sway - and there were a lot of them, since three of the seven OSFFAns weighed over 250 pounds. But the shelves never fell: they were anchored by the weight of the books they held.

We collected also a series of constructions John Matthews made of various items of trash lying around the house (I was not a careful housekeeper in 1972) - a Starship Enterprise made from a quart milk carton, paper plates and the end of a roll of aluminum foil, for example. John also built us a Hugo out of paper cups and aluminum foil roll tubes. The "group portrait" of OSFFA on the facing page is another of John's accomplishments. It dates from early 1973.

The OSFFA library also maintained a small collection of fanzines. Several of us - but particularly Terry King - were/was sending sticky quarters away on the basis of the *Locus* asterisk recommendations, to get a sampling of fanzine fandom. Most of these acquisitions wound up in the Library. My particular pet project for the Library was to collect a full set - an archive - of all of Phoenix's fanzine publications as far back as I could find them. By





1976, the archives included copies of all fanzines of the current incarnation of Phoenix fandom, as well as strays like the Brophy Prep Tolkein Society's fanzines from 1967 and newsletters from the Scottsdale High School sf club from even earlier. This archive formed the base of source materials from which the first, tentative draft of this history was drawn. In 1976 I gave this collection to Patrick Nielsen Hayden on the sole condition that it not be broken up. As far as I know, he still has it.

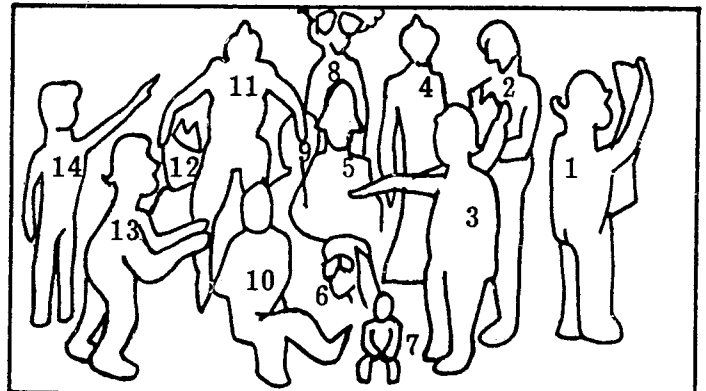
As time went on, the donations slowed and then ceased. Interest in the library waned completely, and it became a white elephant. I got awfully tired of carting it around whenever I moved to a new apartment. When the death of OSFFA was proclaimed in 1976, I tried to give the materials back to their original owners, but no one was having any. I eventually put out a notice that I was going to sell the stuff if it weren't collected. And after two or three months, I donated a lot to the Tucson auction and sold the rest. And *then* there were complaints about my selling other peoples' books. \*Sigh\*

OSFFA News, OAFS and the club library were the only major projects taken up that first year, aside from a minor recruitment drive. By summer of 1973, OSFFA had grown to twelve members, and we then undertook to publish a local fan directory. The questionnaires were never all returned, and the directory was unfinished. Putting these project together with the Sunday meetings and the Wednesday night World Conquest sessions, we had an order of magnitude more fanac than we had before - and that was the object of OSFFA in a nutshell.

The pace seems feverish in retrospect. Added to our own projects, a few of us still attended Cosmic Circle meetings, and when the Cosmic Circle undertook a series of Saturday meetings at local libraries for their own recruitment purposes, we attended them as well, mostly just to observe.

The first such meeting was held on September 7, 1972, and was relatively well attended. At the second meeting, on October 7, Terry Ballard moderated the brief business meeting, which consisted of equal proportions of hectoring and huxtering - propaganda for the PCC and urgings to buy local fanzines. He proposed a "reform" program which amounted to just what OSFFA had been doing. Several of us chorused, "we've already done that." It didn't quite end there. Terry and I had a sharp, public exchange.

From right to left: (1) Robert Lackey (2) Randy Rau (3) Bill Patterson (4) Jim Sieber (5) Doug Woods (6) Dan Wynne (7) Terry King (8) Jim Jackson (9) Unknown (10) Joe Sheffer (11) Jim Kennedy (12) Unknown (13) Robert Prokop (14) John Matthews, the artist. The occasion is a debate (read "shouting match") between Robert Prokop and myself on the merits of Heinlein. John Matthews is pointing to his construction of the Starship Enterprise. This construction made it into the Arizona Republic article. Copy courtesy Richard Prokop.



It's interesting to note that the same forms of "fannish activism" were proposed from both sides of the split, so the *ideas* must have been generally circulating at that time (if, indeed, Terry had not simply picked up his program from OSFFA, which is possible). The PCC never did move to any of the goals Terry proposed at that meeting.

The bitterness was still very much alive, and we had a kind of political crisis within OSFFA when we found out Terry was using Phoenix Public Library funding to propagandize for the Cosmic Circle, while we had to do everything on our own. We contemplated bringing the issue up before the City Council, but ultimately decided against it: nobody wanted to bring fannish affairs before the City Council . . . and, besides, the results of their best efforts - a one-sheet newsletter titled *News from the Western Quadrant* and the meetings themselves, even with Library stock films - seemed pitiful compared to the "achievements" we had brought about in such a short time. overweening pride, yes. And we wallowed in it. The Cosmic Circle just didn't have it. Nyah, nyah.

The disparity was real, however unreasonable our pride in it. The Cosmic Circle hadn't yet made the transition to "fannish consciousness," whatever that is.

From 1972 until May, 1975, the history of the PCC is the history of individuals who published a zine or who crossed the dmz into the somewhat better-recorded history of OSFFA. The PCC was not a publishing or fanac-oriented group, as had been OSFFA: its meetings were a succession of games and individual conversations, a stabilized membership and a nonsensical tradition of belittling OSFFA as excessively sercon. It was, as far as we were concerned, a bowling league.

The complementary notion of belittling the PCC as excessively "faanish" never established itself in OSFFA for two reasons: first, we were perfectly aware that, in this case, the language was being corrupted. The term "sercon" had been brought in by Paula Ann Anthony, a New Yorker who had lived for a time in Los Angeles and received her "fannish indoctrination" with LASFS (or so she represented). She used the term indiscriminately.

Unfortunately, she had not picked up the full context of the term. The usage she gave to the PCC was that "faanish" meant simply irreverence and partying, on the low level we were used to, while "sercon" meant only weighty and dedicated pseudo-academic stuff. Paula Ann and Mark attempted to give the group a surface gloss of faanishness by calling it the "Phoenix Cosmic Circle," although there was really little going on there except bowling. OSFFA-as-antagonist therefore became "sercon." The discussion format of the OSFFA meetings lent a superficial credence to the usage, but OSFFA wasn't really doing much of that kind of thing - except as an offshoot of a discussion or someone's pet project. There was one fan in Phoenix who, in his early years, had real sercon tendencies - Jim ("Bear") Peters, a mainstay of the PCC. Seen from the inside - something no member of the PCC could do because they never attended our meetings - it was perfectly clear that what was going on in OSFFA bore no relationship to the usage in Phoenix. We were, for example, intensely interested in what fanhistory we could find - Harry Warner's *All Our Yesterdays* was the only book checked out of the OSFFA library more than three times, and the Phoenix Public Library's copy of *The Immortal Storm* (that it had one is due to Terry Ballard's influence) was read by at least six (50% by 1974) of the OSFFAns. We published regularly, either the club genzine or *OSFFA News*; we received fanzines regularly and were

in relative contact with, at least, individual fans in Los Angeles and elsewhere. None of these things were shared by the body of the PCC (individuals, such as Mark and Paul Ann Anthony and Ken St. Andre, however, did share some of them). You tell me where the appropriate usage of "sercon" and "fannish" lies. I can't see it.

I suppose we were at too primitive a level of development for that particular dispute to arise. Fandom *qua* fandom was just starting up there. But here are some relevant statistics. From 1972 to 1974, 80% of OSFFA attended conventions regularly (at least one per year). The percentage in the PCC was 15% to 20%. Collecting was spread fairly evenly through the two groups, although Terry King and Randy Rau were the most systematic collectors and I the most eclectic. Both groups had fairly well stabilized participation in local club fandom. As to publications, the fractional individual participation for OSFFA was 100% in 1972 and 70% in 1973 (that is, everybody in the group contributed in some way to the first OAFS; 70% to the second); and participation in *OSFFA News* declined from 80% in 1972 to 15% in 1974. There were no individual publications out of OSFFA. There were a total of nineteen separate publications from OSFFA during that two-year period. In the PCC, there were three publications from 1972 to 1974, all of them Mark and Paula Ann Anthony's first issues of *Whatever*.

I think the closest I could come to describing the differences in psychology or attitude between the groups at that time was that we in OSFFA were definitely and consciously concerned with putting everything we did in a specifically fannish context. The idea never seemed to occur to most of the PCC - Mark and Paula Ann Anthony excepted.

Second (remember "first"?), we were so disdainful of the PCC and found them so irrelevant to what we were doing that they rarely were even referred to. There is an apt quotation from Cynthia Lindsay's amusing book about southern California during the late Fifties, *The Natives are Restless* that describes our attitude toward the PCC: "... the [southern Californian] refers to San Francisco as 'Frisco.' The San Franciscans do not refer to Los Angeles at all."

In any case, the usage of "sercon" and "faanish" never really established itself except as a formal gesture in the PCC. This well-poisoning simply added another level of difficulty to rapprochement.

The actual, active membership of the PCC in late 1972 is not know, as meeting varied in attendance from four to twenty-five, with many people dropping in and out. The question of standing membership is further complicated by the fact that several OSFFAns maintained dual memberships and by the existence of an odd rule declaring that anyone who attended any meeting of the PCC was automatically a member-for-life. Death would not release you, even if you died. It is likely, based on personal recollections, that PCC had between eleven and eighteen regulars, with attendance topping twenty-five on rare occasions.

1973 was a period of stabilization, experimentation and growth for both clubs. OSFFA experimented with its operating procedures and gradually developed a comfortable method as it doubled its size and continued to grow. The Mythopoeic Society, moribund for about a year, reformed as an OSFFA-related organization, and we jointly held Writers' Workshops on an irregular basis through 1976.

There is nothing one can point to as a "typical" OSFFA meeting of the period. The only unifying factor is that we were all *conversation* fans first, fanzine and convention fans second, and everything else third. Science fiction and the professionals played a relatively minor role in the life of the early OSFFA. Let's see - fairly early on we did a local recreation of the *Double: Bill Symposium*, the moderator posing questions for responses *viva voce*. The replies were then tabulated and transcribed. We had a good one on biological engineering once, Robert Prokop denouncing the subject as intrinsically evil. A couple of programs on novel series. One to make lists of the basic SF library, a perennial daydreaming subject among sf readers. A rather animated discussion on the question of whether SF could be great art (does this sound like early 40's club fandom to you?). A couple on Robert Heinlein at various times. Terry King and I did a lecture-summary of the development of the prozines to date. We had several "field trips" (e.g., group viewings of movies, the McCall exhibit at the Phoenix Art Museum, etc.) and picnics, and so forth. Special occasions such as the Frodo/Bilbo Baggins Birthday or the birthday on the same day of Joe Sheffer and Jim Jackson called for special efforts. In particular, the Joe/Jim birthdays became occasions for feasts of tantalizing memory. Ah, *virtiniai*! Ah, *paella*!

Of course, to say that we discussed such and such a topic does not mean we actually discussed it any rigorous or coherent sense - digression fandom was kind, after all. We very early realized that topics were not necessary, eh? But we had them to provide the springboard for the rest of the conversation.

Programmed discussions on specific writers or books never seemed to work out because our literary tastes diverged so greatly, with little inclination to crossover - especially if it required an effort. I was passionate about Heinlein, Ellison, Silverberg, Delaney, Piper, Pangborn, and several others (I was discovering LeGuin at about that time). Robert Prokop, the second largest set of lungs in local fandom, vigorously denounced all of 'em. Simak and Smith were Ghods. He was discovering space opera then, as Asimov published his anthologies of thirties SF. Terry King wasn't really interested in much published after 1943; Randy Rau specialized in weird fantasy. And so on.

The formats for the meetings were very straightforward group discussions until OSFFA grew too large (and too diverse) to accommodate the form. Come to think of it, the Black Partition of 1976-1978 (q.v.) was an attempt to recreate the old OSFFA.

Fanzines began to abound. In January, 1973 *Twibbet 5* was published under the joint editorship of Mark and Paula Ann Anthony. In February, Terry Ballard and Ken St. Andre published their *Blundering Blades*, a collection of their sword-and-sorcery parodies.

In March, the three-month-overdue second issue of OAFS appeared, a Gordon Dickson special complete with biography, appreciations, and an article by Gordy explaining the theory underlying the Childe Cycle. I had met and talked with Gordy at LACon the previous September, and as we talked about the relationships among *None But Man* and *Soldier Ask Not* and the other books in what came to be called the "Dorsai" series I realized that none of the explanatory theory was generally known, so I asked for an article (hey, that's what genzine editors *do*, man. If you don't want to be asked for an article, don't talk to genzine editors. You have been warned), which he graciously provided. The article was

so strong that I built the issue around it - all sorts of useful stuff which apparently didn't exist at the time.

The issue was well received. Not only did *Locus* star it in its next fanzine-review column, but the two hundred copy first print run was sold out immediately and when, in October, MileHighCon contacted me for copies (Gordy was the GoH that year), we had a special run of three hundred made up, almost all of which were sold there - one for the astonishing price of \$18.79. Eighteen were returned, and they were eventually sold by mail requests and at conventions.

Although OAFS' success was appreciated, it was becoming financially burdensome. The club gave it to me to continue as a personal project. I retitled it *Parameters* and had masters made up. But it was never published, due to my own continuing financial problems and the loss of the lead article. The masters were borrowed by Jim Kennedy in 1975 and not returned until 1980. They languish, still, in my files, hopelessly out of date.

Also in March, 1973, B.D. Arthurs published *Godless* 3. Although B.D. was in the Army at this time, stationed in Virginia, I think, we regarded him still as a Phoenix fan. I had never met him, but his name was already legendary in local fandom, as an anecdote about his reaction to marijuana at an old Ramshead PSFS meeting years before was still being circulated. B.D.'s output for 1973 was amazing by local standards, totaling with the September and October *Powermads* 3.5 and 4 and the November *Godless* 5 a respectable 104 pages spread through three genzines and five perzines. Although not the first local to break through into fandom-at-large, B.D. was certainly the best-known Phoenix fan at the time.

Although the Phoenix Fan Directory was never finished, OSFFA did publish its own membership directory in June, 1973. It shows eleven members. In November, I turned editorship of the *OSFFA News* over to Doug Woods, but he continued to publish it only erratically. From that point on, the documentary sources for the history of Phoenix fandom are spottier than for this period.

The Cosmic Circle fell back into its natural routine of games-playing and milder forms of social intercourse. Insofar as it admitted of direction, this was provided by Mark and Paula Ann Anthony. Paul Ann at that time characterized OSFFA as "sercon" and the Phoenix Cosmic Circle as "faanish," but the characterization is not accurate, even as the terms were understood then: such fanac as was coming out of Phoenix at the time was coming from OSFFA and the Anthonys (they were issuing the first number of their joint fanzine, *Whatever*, then). Although OSFFAns kept in touch with the Cosmic Circle, the process was not reciprocated. What the Anthonys and the rest of the Cosmic Circle never grasped was that the formalism of OSFFA was purely nominal and pretty much ignored, except as it suited us. OSFFA was inching in an ignorant, isolated and uncertain way toward some of the faanish attitudes that would surface in fandom-at-large later. By the time the division between the groups ended in 1976, these attitudes and ideas had spread out to the entirety of local fandom.

And now, let us leave the embarrassing recollection of this season of heightened pettiness and unrestrained ambition.

### ***Bulgin' at the Seams***

The settling-in process continued in both clubs until mid-1974, when we entered the first phase of a population explosion that would last for two years.

The first newcomers came early: Greg and Hilde Brown had seen a notice in one of the local papers and came to a meeting in the spring of 1974. And were recognized instantly. It turned out that several of us had, indeed, met them before - at LACon in 1972. Terry King, Randy Rau, and I were trying to decide where to go for late lunch one afternoon at the con, which was at the old International Hotel, and suddenly, Randy's head swiveled. He had spied the word "Phoenix" on a passing nametag. We did a quick volte face and broke into a run to catch up to the couple and introduce ourselves. They were probably more surprised than we, as they had a hefty trio bearing down on them out of the blue (this was before the Runners became established at cons), but I think it's fair to say we were all astonished at the thought of worldcon-attending fans from Phoenix we knew nothing about. We greeted them as long-lost cousins. They invited us up to their room, where we had a couple of beers and talked for awhile. We seemed to get along well, but we had forgotten to take addresses there - an astonishing oversight - and so never made contact until this fortuitous meeting.

Within a few months of each other, later in the year, three newcomers had arrived: Curt Stubbs showed up at Prologuecon I; Tim Kyger arrived in January of 1974 at a PCC meeting. He was a regular attendee from February on. Later he met Terry King and Randy Rau on an expedition into Tempe to see *Things to Come* and was introduced to OSFFA. Jim K(h)ennedy had appeared during the previous summer after tracing a chain of references from *Title* to Bruce Arthurs to Terry Ballard to me. Phandom - as Phoenix fandom had by this time come to be known - would never be the same. By mid-1975, OSFFA grew to an average attendance of twenty-five.

I should hasten to say that this was not a barbarian invasion, as many rapid population explosions tend to be: we had had one of those in 1971 (although someone remarked at the time that it was more like a civilized invasion of a barbarian club, referring to the series of events that led up to the founding of OSFFA). Rather, this was simply an influx of innately fannish people who were not involved with the old feuds and resentments, who took from both groups what they liked best. Although some of the more arthritic old-timers continued to harbor resentments, the merging of the two clubs was virtually assured from this point.

If one were to look for a division point, a watershed, separating old Phandom from new Phandom, it would be two events in 1974: Prologuecon I (late June) and the article in *Arizona Magazine* which appeared in October.

By 1974, Westercon had become a standard item on Phoenix fandom's calendar. We were all distressingly impoverished - a characteristic of local fandom which was to remain true until well after IguanaCon. So we shared rides to the convention and rooms at the convention. Every summer a caravan of cars from Phoenix and, by this time, Tucson, would set out a few days before the convention, and we might meet en route and picnic or whatever. But we had to arrange rides. In 1974, someone conceived the notion of tying PCC's meeting on the Friday before Westercon to OSFFA's Sunday meeting with an all-day

joint party Saturday and calling it a convention. Since its purpose was to arrange rides to Westercon, it became the local prologue to Westercon, so: Prologuecon. The first two were small, informal affairs held at Joe Sheffer's family house, the largest private home in local fandom.

In September I was contacted about OSFFA by a mundane named Tom Ropp. He had seen a meeting notice in the Arizona State University student newspaper and had wangled an assignment to cover us for *Arizona Magazine*, the Sunday entertainment magazine of *The Arizona Republic and Phoenix Gazette*, the leading newspapers in the greater Phoenix metropolitan area, who had been carrying our meeting notices for a couple of years. I briefed him on fannish mores and customs, and he attended a meeting/party to gather material. I introduced him around and explained things generally. His article appeared in the October 5th paper. Boy, was that a mistake.

Although Ropp was generally sympathetic, he had the viewpoint of a visitor in a zoo staring at the giraffes. He was also appallingly ignorant. He took copious notes, but he managed to get almost everything wrong - he even had me attributing a Liszt piano concerto to Moussorgsky, and you know I would never do that. Another unfortunate and somewhat embarrassing aspect of the piece was that Ropp concentrated almost exclusively on me, since I had done the briefing. And the lead photo showed me holding John Matthews' Enterprise construction in front of the library shelves. Embarrassing and not well received by OSFFA, me included. But it was too late to do anything about it: instead, we coined a neologism, "to ropp." A verb in the Phannish lexicon. You may guess at its meaning, he said darkly.

### ***Winding Down***

I was out of town, on the east coast, in August of 1974; by the time I returned to Phoenix in September, things had begun popping again. OSFFA meetings had shifted to the Kibbutz, a student apartment shared by Joe Sheffer, Jim Jackson and Richard Prokop near Arizona State University. I found a convention committee started up for Leprecon in 1975. Wonder of Wonders. Under Greg Brown's leadership, Phoenix was about to get the regional convention we had been talking about in a desultory fashion since 1972. OSFFA periodically went through binges of fannish evangelism and started projects on a kind of "fannish outreach" basis. Leprecon started off as one of those projects. It was originally supposed to have been sponsored by OSFFA, with individuals from PCC cooperating. Things didn't really heat up until December, but the committee moved sluggishly all the while.

There was at first some reluctance about a convention: Randy Rau and Terry King thought that the individuals in the two clubs might be personally liable for any financial disaster. But Greg and I convinced them that we could set it up so the liability would not fall individually on the members. Leprecon was endorsed as an OSFFA project. The endorsement meant precisely nothing. But it was a nice thing to have, I guess.

The last quarter of the year saw another spurt in fanzine publishing. Jim Kennedy chivvied OSFFA into publishing another clubzine, *Arrakis*, which went, eventually, to two issues under his editorship before it was abandoned for want of interest. Bruce Arthurs

published *Godless* 8 and 9, while still in the Army, and Bruce himself was back in Phoenix on leave in August for a week. I had a chance finally to meet him. My only recollection of the occasion is his puzzled expression - which may have only been his natural expression, or it may have been due to the changes that had taken place since he had dropped out of local fandom in 1971. I think I have forgotten to mention that Bruce had published a perzine with the elegant title *Raving Paranoid Fascist* before *Powermad*. Tim Kyger did *Twibbet* 6, which contained Paula Ann Anthony's very revisionist history of local fandom, called "A Penny Dreadful from Fleet Street." Shortly thereafter, Mark and Paula Ann published the third number of their *Whatever*.

Amidst the flurry of publications - Phoenix' last, it should be noted - the Lepreconcom gathered itself up like the Blob and threatened actually to *do* something.

By the end of 1974, the split between OSFFA and the Cosmic Circle was still in evidence, although the newcomers passing between the groups were beginning to blur the distinctions. OSFFA had begun to lose its distinctive intellectual edge and move away from "conversation fandom" and toward the less coherent, cocktail-party format most local club fandoms use. And the Cosmic Circle's tone, which had varied wildly, also began to stabilize. The two groups were moving toward rapprochement. At about this time, I began to notice some "problems" with the style that had begun to develop: we were taking the worst aspects of Los Angeles fandom, which had an enormous impact on us through its west coast conventions. Our strengths were in our *own* traditions, rather than those we were starting to pick up from outside fandoms. I don't think anyone yet realized the tremendous diversity that existed in "outside" fandoms. Los Angeles fandom was the only other fandom with which we had any contact, and it seemed to consider itself pretty mainstream. Our isolation from the rest of fandom, soon to come to an end, had reached a critical point in our development: early exposure to conventions and fanzines from Los Angeles served to open us up to outside influences; but the development of stronger ties to LA would have involved killing off what had begun to look like a promising indigenous fannish subculture.

The worship of the pros was certainly being picked up at this time, but the influence of LA fandom was more pervasive than that. Mark and Paula Ann Anthony had attempted, quite consciously, to recreate LASFS on a small scale with the Phoenix Cosmic Circle, and they actually did manage to recreate one small section of LASFS for awhile - the gamers' cliques. But Phoenix just didn't have the internal diversity or richness of resources of personnel to do quite that kind of makeover.

The intense interrelationships permitted by meeting eight to ten times a month and engaging in hours-long discourses generated a number of localisms, some of which "made it" into local parlance, others of which died aborning - such as the "tradition" I started of having a "Postloguecons" after each major convention. Each room of my apartment on Berridge (Norlamin House) was named. Sometimes even the objects in the rooms. The toilet, for example, was the "Malzberg Device," courtesy of Robert Prokop. Considering *The Dark Light Years* it might have been more appropriate to call it the "Aldiss Device." It's difficult to describe or even enumerate these localisms, but the Phanspeak Dictionary I compiled for *MisHap* in 1975 has over seventy entries, all of them pure localisms. It even included the bizarre Phoenix "tradition" mentioned in *All Our Yesterdays* (which none of



us had ever encountered but adopted enthusiastically anyway) of referring to North Dakota as "North What?" When Kandi Barber, later founder of local *Star Trek* fandom and Gopher Coordinator on the IguanaCon committee in 1977) was first introduced to local fandom in 1975, a group of us met with her at the local IHOP and gave her a brief rundown on local fannish tradition. The barrage of detail bewildered her (she had come to the gathering under the impression that Trek fandom had invented the filksong and the fanzine). She disappeared, not to be seen again, for two years. We had literally driven her to found Trek fandom in Phoenix.

Phil Paine has remarked on one of the curious characteristics of this indigenous fannish subculture: people who disliked each other intensely nevertheless showed up at each others' parties and extended vastly more social acknowledgment than was common elsewhere. Perhaps this is due to the fact that, for all the influences we were picking up from other fandoms, Phoenix was still isolated and isolation-minded. Fundamentally, we were all we had. We had to get along, just exactly as families of not-very-similar people have to get along because they are family, like it or not. This gave the meetings an odd cast which was to become more prominent over the next few years: people would come to a meeting and avoid other people or engage them in conversation only reluctantly. As OSFFA and the Cosmic Circle moved together again, the ends of the bell curve grew further apart, in a literal sense. Although the principals and the issues of the old feuds were fading into obscurity, the divisions remained.

## NOUS ARRIVONS

*Your innocence is on at  
such a rakish angle  
it gives you quite an air  
of iniquity.  
—Christopher Fry*

### *Turn, turn, turn*

As I have remarked elsewhere, I have a certain talent for missing beginnings. I was on the east coast when Leprecon was conceived. By the time I returned in September, an amorphous committee was in existence, chaired by Tim Kyger.

The committee was to remain amorphous right up to the convention. A group of people met weekly - usually at Greg and Hilde's house ("Hilde" is M.R. Hildebrand. In 1975 she and Greg separated, and they finalized their divorce in 1977. Later she married Bruce Arthurs, retaining her maiden name) in Maryvale, a western suburb of Phoenix. The group accomplished little progress through 1974, except at a few work sessions where some visible progress would be made. In December Tim, chronically overworked and under financial stress because he had been laid off from Motorola, withdrew from the convention chair in favor of Greg Brown. This decision was to shape the course of local history for the next few years.

The real accomplishment of the pre-Greg Brown Leprecon committee was not so much a matter of convention planning as it was to feel out the reality of working together as convention committee and to establish what would be policy for the next several years.

As fall became winter, some of the hangers-on dropped off the committee, and a kind of stratification developed. There was a core-group of people who were actually, albeit slowly, working on the preparations: Greg, Hilde, Curt Stubbs, Tim Kyger and myself - and another group of people who were actively involved on a smaller scale: Jim Kennedy, Mark and Paula Ann Anthony, Steve McAllister and his then wife Ruby (later Ruby Sheffer). Then there was another group of people who came to meetings more for social reasons than because of any activity in the convention work.

Hilde Brown (later Hildebrand) and Tim Kyger both remarked at the time that the concom meetings were the most interesting fanac around. I suspect, from later experience, that this viewpoint is somewhat egocentric: fandom did not dry up completely, though it acquired a different flavor as the concom began to drop out of other social activities. What this sentiment may represent is that both Tim and Hilde (and Greg and I and others) preferred a style of fandom that was more active, more participatory, more *doing* than the ground-level socializing of local club fandom. As OSFFA had done years before, the Lepreconcom, much more exactly and discriminatingly, was the knife-edge that cleaved local fandom into the sheep and the goats (it's just a metaphor, okay?), active and passive,

do-ers and experiencers. IguanaCon was to make a further refinement among the do-ers a couple of years later, separating the more from the less radical.

The months immediately preceding Leprecon 1 are something of an accelerating blur. The concom weathered the thousand minor crises, and things appeared to be going extremely - nay, suspiciously - smoothly.

The first fanpublication of 1975 was Leprecon's first progress report, dated January 1 and put together at the last concom meeting of 1974.

Toward the end of January, our first memberships began coming in and sighs of relief were heard throughout the land. Things began to stabilize with the convention and we could take notice of other fanac. Late in the month, Bruce Arthurs brought out *Godless 9* from Virginia. It was mailed out less than a week before his tumultuous discharge. And we were joined by a young neofan who was to have an enormous impact on our lives: Patrick Hayden (Nielsen Hayden after 1979).

Patrick had dropped into a Mythopoeic Society meeting - probably one of the joint meetings held with the old PSFS - in 1971 but had not been warmly welcomed. He must have been twelve or thirteen at the time, and nobody apparently took him seriously, so he didn't come back. Now he came into a more solid, more diverse and therefore somewhat more tolerant fandom fairly vibrating with rabid fannishness of its own, and he took to it immediately. Patrick went with the Phoenix contingent to Desertcon 2 in Tucson that February and was permanently hooked. While there, he interviewed the GoH, Edmond Hamilton, and the interview showed up in *Twibbet 7*, which he had ready for distribution at Leprecon. Fast work.

About this time, Bruce Arthurs returned to Phoenix on a full-time basis.

By February, the Leprecon committee had an official list: Greg and Hilde Brown, Steve and Ruby McAllister, Tim Kyger, Curt Stubbs, Paula Ann Anthony, and me. A second PR appeared, with announcement of the availability of Supermembership dinners.

The concom had undertaken the project without preconceptions - which is a polite way of saying we were all distressingly inexperienced. We had anticipated a cash crunch, but it turned out to be more severe than we had anticipated. Expenses were running high before January, at which time the concom had to make its initial deposit on the facilities at the Quality Inn. Hilde, thinking back on the Genre Luncheons at LACon 2, suggested the supermembership idea: Ten people (or so) would pay double membership fees for an intimate, gourmet dinner with the Guest of Honor - Larry Niven - on each of the three days of the con. The idea appealed to us a lot and was adopted enthusiastically - not only by the concom, but by Leprecon's members as well. We sold out the Supermemberships well in advance of the convention, and the extra cash was very helpful. Kathi Anthony (Mark and Paula Ann's mother) donated the use of gold flatware, lace tablecloth, and the services of a maid for the first dinner. Hilde brought out her German bone china and crystal. I was "in charge" of the supermembership program, which means I cooked the first and last dinners: Coq au Vin and Paella Valenciana. Hilde did the Saturday meal - Sauerbratten with a specially-created "Mount Lookitthat Tort." All the dinners were a smashing success. The supermembership idea was adopted for each of the succeeding Leprecons, and I understand that TusCon and at least one other small regional adopted the practice. I do not

know how widespread it may have become, but local fandoms generally can scrape up one or two excellent cooks.

The only major difficulties the Lepreconcom experienced in planning the convention was with the film program. Terry Ballard offered the film collection of his club, the Phoenix Fantasy Film Society, for a very reasonable fee. Jim Kennedy was to round out the program, but, for one reason or another, the film schedule was not firmed up until mid-February, by which time all advertisements had already been placed. In other respects, the planning proceeded with fair smoothness, if no great efficiency.

As time for the convention approached, gradually and with some prodding a program emerged. Room arrangements fell into line. Transportation was arranged for Larry and Fuzzy Pink Niven. Toastmaster David Gerrold was driving back from a con in the midwest. Radio and television coverage became available. Channel 12 ran a week-long series of science fiction movies in the afternoons, and Randy Rau and Paula Ann Anthony appeared in the commercial breaks to publicize the convention. Hilde Brown spoke to SF and English classes in high schools around the valley. And Jim Corrick, founder and chair of Tuscon and a mainspring of Tucson fandom, came up from Tucson to appear with me in the intermission of a radio play given on KDKB, the Valley's local progressive rock station, plugging the two conventions.

A week before the convention, membership stood just five away from the breakeven point. The film schedule was firmed up, and the concom was cautiously coming out of panic mode. When the roof caved in.

At the last moment, the hotel informed the concom that they had rented the largest of the three convention rooms to a wedding reception on the first night of the con, despite a deposit placed on the rooms three months earlier. Disaster. There was not even time to get a TRO.

The programming (fortunately minimal) was hastily moved into the hotel lobby. Serves them right. The huxters rooms would be open. And Der Tag approached.

Friday, March 13 is snowed. And rained. In Phoenix, Arizona is snowed and drizzled on our first convention's first night. Cold and gray and bleak as it was outside, the atmosphere was warmer inside. A constant influx of walkins kept the registration table open until 11:00 p.m. Larry Niven had arrived the day before. David Gerrold, snowed in in the midwest, never did show up.

The first supermembership dinner got under way an hour late, but proceeded smoothly thereafter. The spot of relaxation was needed. It broke up at 9:00 p.m., releasing our GoH back to the convention. Attendance had cleared 230 by this time, which I think was just about double our breakeven figure.

Some damage had already been done: about fifty people had left the convention because there were no formal activities planned and they couldn't collar the GoH for conversation, introductions, and autographs. Gradually things wound down, and the con drifted off to sleep, successfully concluding its first day.

Saturday it started again. We had been dreading a confrontation between Jim Kennedy and Terry Ballard over the two different film programs, and it finally developed at about 2:30. Greg Brown terminated it by official fiat shortly thereafter. The film program

never did run as it was scheduled. The auction started reasonably on time and was attended by over 150 people - more than one-half the convention's attendance. Bidding was slow, and the crowd generally apathetic.

Minor problems developed with the hotel staff throughout the convention - most particularly the leaving open of the huxter room discovered late Saturday night. Several concom members guarded the room personally until it could be locked; nevertheless, there were some items reported stolen the next day. And the staff was particularly obnoxious about the way it started cracking down on room parties. There is no reason for the hotel to have been as uncooperative as they were: the hotel had been given every concession it asked for, and every promise the concom had made had been more than fulfilled. The hotel had by this time made about twice as much money from the con as they had been led to expect. Yet, they even levied uncontractual function room rental fees. I guess it's just in the nature of hoteliers to be rapacious and unreasonable. By the end of the second day it was clear the Quality Inn was never going to get business from us again.

Sunday went as smoothly as could be expected: Bruce Pelz filled in as toastmaster at the last minute for the brunch banquet in the hotels' lounge. The last formal function of the con was the relaxed supermembership dinner, after which concom members stayed to wash and pack tableware while most of the remaining congoers took off for the dead-dog party.

General reaction on the part of the out-of-town fans was heartening. Everyone had apparently enjoyed himself. The concom broke even and started a small slush-fund for the next year's con, even after having to pay additional hotel fees. And Phoenix had put on its first successful convention. We had officially "arrived."

Leprecon left a good feeling in local fandom - a feeling of solid accomplishment. But it took a couple of months for the fanac to resume the uneven tenor of its way. At the time, OSFFA was still meeting on Sundays, while the Cosmic Circle met on Friday nights. The young Turks continued to circulate between the two groups, drawing most of the rest of us along.

After the first flush of good feeling, though, second thoughts began to appear.

Even at the height of its most active period, the major portion of local fandom was distressingly apathetic. No, "apathetic" is to energetic a word: four syllables. Passive. Most locals, not surprisingly, weren't interested in doing anything. Getting Leprecon together was an uphill struggle against that apathy.

But after Leprecon, suddenly everybody wanted in and was disgruntled in the extreme to learn that the necessary positions were already filled and couldn't be divided up any further. In many cases, the newcomers were the very people who had dropped the ball in the preparations just ended. And, of course, the concom was inclined to keep its experienced people in the same positions. What was left for newcomers was the entry-level gruntwork that always has to be done. But that was not palatable. Apathy was regnant, after all. And still is. This situation obtained for years afterwards, becoming worse each year. Power corrupts. But lack of power corrupts absolutely. A quotation from Adlai Stevenson couldn't hurt matters at this point, could it? I thought not.

## ***Post Proelium, Proelium***

In the slough of exhaustion and general blarghs after Leprecon, Phandom was at its weakest point in years, ripe for an infection of some kind. Tim Kyger provided upper respiratory infections aplenty that winter, but the immediate disease was much more serious.

Ken St. Andre, on one of his periodic degafiations, had dug up the rules for Dungeons & Dragons, a game already endemic in LASFS. D&D has some immediately obvious defects, which Ken set out to remedy. He revised the rules, collected them into a one-volume set, and unleashed his new game, Tunnels & Trolls, on local fandom in April 1975. A scene from *A Mirror for Observers* rises to mind: one pictures Ken balanced, deranged, on a parapet, holding the end of civilization in his hand, a booklet instead of a vial of deadly microbes.

T&T ran through the Cosmic Circle like a flashflood (us Arizoonians tend to think in desert cliches where there isn't enough vegetation to support a wildfire. Bear with me), carrying away everything and everyone so incautious as to be in its path, nearly destroying the club. Indeed, in December 1975, the CC was subjected to its own version of the Night of the Long Drives when non-delvers scheduled a meeting that excluded delvers. But by that time, the epidemic had spread into OSFFA, as well. I was - confiteor! - among its first victims.

Club fandom was not completely swept away by Tunnels & Trolls; in fact, despite the portentous quiverings and shakings, the game made surprisingly little impact on the evolution of local fandom. Simultaneous with the second wave of T&T, Greg Brown introduced Contract Bridge into local fandom, and that, too, enjoyed a brief vogue. I was very enthusiastic about the game, though I didn't come to understand the first thing about its underlying rationale and tactics until years later.

When OSFFA passed twelve attending members, its old discussion format began to break down. You simply cannot have a single intelligible discussion, however many the digressions, among more than a dozen people of only normal politeness. By the time T&T became a problem, OSFFA had lost most of its characteristic group-discussion format, and its meeting drifted toward the cocktail-party format which had already been adopted among the conversation-minded members of the PCC. Most OSFFAns began attending PCC meetings. A number of the OSFFA old guard fafiated or gafiated, displeased with the direction the club was taking under Jim Kennedy's nominal leadership. Robert Prokop joined the Army Security Agency, thereby giving rise to a series of Secret Agent B.O.B. stories written by Kennedy. Of the last of these, Kennedy has disavowed authorship, though it contained Kennedy's characteristic stylistic novations. If it was a hoax, it was an unusually clever one. No one has ever come forward to claim authorship. So Kennedy may be perpetuating an even more clever hoax-on-a-hoax.

Terry King and Randy Rau lapsed into tin-bug affliction, thereby breaking up the old World Conquest crowd. Terry wouldn't play without Bob, and Randy wouldn't play without Terry. Joe Sheffer and Richard Prokop became self-acknowledged fakefans; and Bob Lackey dropped out entirely. Of the original seven founders of OSFFA, only I was still active in local fandom. OSFFA seemed paralyzed by frustrating apathy, and the newer, more active

fans - particularly Curt Stubbs and Tim Kyger - had thus become disillusioned with local club fandom.

By this time, the two clubs had much in common - even, at last, a compatible meeting format. What developed was a more-or-less continuous club meeting lasting from Friday night through Sunday night. It was a hothouse atmosphere, ideal for a creative explosion of some kind that wasn't happening yet.

The first glimmerings of a new burst of creative energy manifested itself in extraordinary silliness: in August 1975 the PCC unanimously elected Tim Kyger its Official Organ. The title later passed to the penguin on Jim ("Bear") Peters' television set. Bear Peters had emigrated to Phoenix from California in 1974. When he first began appearing at PCC meetings, he was the purest example of sercon I was ever to see, but he had rapidly mellowed out to become local fandom's party animal. He and Rob Carver had become prominent in shaping the tone of the PCC.

There was a renaissance of some kind happening outside our microcosm as well: fringe-fandoms began to abound and flourish. SCA got its first major public notice in Arizona, and Francis O'Steen, once editor of the *OSFFA News*, helped found *Star Trek* fandom. Terry Ballard's Phoenix Fantasy Film Society continued to flourish; and even a few comics conventions appeared, mostly in Tempe. These other sub- and fringe-fandoms had little direct impact on the development of Phandom; we were too self-involved for that.

The Dead Months following Leprecon were not entirely dead: the Leprecon committee had decided, tentatively, to bid for the Westercon in 1978, and preliminary publicity for the bid slowly began to trickle out. We were starting a year prior to the voting, with the blessings of the LA conrunners. It looked like a good shot.

Patrick Hayden was just beginning to hit his stride. Shortly after Leprecon and his *Twibbet 7* debut, he brought out a newsletter, more faanish in tone than *OSFFA News*, titled *Grayswandir*. It went into two issues before Patrick moved away from Phoenix to Toronto. Dan Wynne put out two more issues, and then it died.

But that was not the sum of his activities. After Leprecon he and Tim were visiting me at work. I was that time keeping afloat an aquarium store whose owner, one of my best friends, was having a simultaneous breakdown of his marriage and his mind. The heady rush of customers left me time to chat with Tim and Patrick in the most delightfully desultory of fashions. We were talking about fanzines (the remembrance of that period feels suspiciously to me like *The Cacher in the Rye*). The subject of apas came up, and Tim and I agreed that Arizona should have a regional apa. Yup, yup.

"What's an apa?" Patrick inquired innocently. We explained. He considered. "I'll do it for you. What do we call it?" Thus was Azapa conceived.

The first number of Azapa appeared in May 1975, with ten zines, all by locals. It had gotten good support, considering the times and the mores, but six of the ten zines were short zines by Patrick. The other founding Azapans were Bruce Arthurs, Jim Kennedy, Mike Skloff, Curt Stubbs, Joe Sheffer, Tim Kyger, Greg Brown, Hilde Hildebrand, and me. I made it just under the deadline with a two-page zine, but too late to be included in the O-O. Shortly thereafter, Patrick's family parents packed up and moved to Toronto. Tim Kyger nominally took up the OEsip, but Bruce Arthurs actually did most of the work. Tim bowed

out for the third mailing, leaving Bruce with the title and the labor. All worked out for the best in that case. Bruce was a perfect OE.

Jim and Doreen Webbert joined in June. They had recently moved to the Phoenix area from Seattle, bringing the OEs of SAPS with them. Jim and Doreen were far and away the oldest (ahem) local fans around. They had been fans for about fifteen years. It is unfortunate that their greater experience in the works and ways of fandom never spread out to the rapidly-developing local fandom they came into. Perhaps if they had been tied a bit more closely into local fandom, the Iggy bidding committee might have been a bit more willing to listen to them in 1976.

By January 1976, the roster of *Azapa* included a number of out-of-town fans: Ken Josenhans, Steve Clarke, Steve Tymon, Diane Drutowski, Charles Korbas, Harry Andruschak, Gordon Garb, Kathi Hillel (a Greg Brown hoax), rose beetem, Jeff Johnston, and Conrad Peterson. Conrad Peterson was a Jim Kennedy hoax, so blandly conservative as to be repellant; but it was several months before this became generally known. At the time, about eighty percent of local fandom, at least, suspected him of being a hoax; *all* of us hoped he was a hoax. Page count was running at about 100 pages per mailing. *Azapa* concluded its first year with a cover for the anniversary consisting of photographs of all the members. By that time, the roster was essentially what it would remain through its peak period.

In this first flush, there was a lot of local agitation to get the locals into the apa. And we did manage to get a number of people who had never published anything else to contribute on a more-or-less regular basis. But we must have been pains in the ass. At one point, in exasperation, Jim Sieber called for a pair of dice from a T&T player and said he would contribute to *Azapa* -a six-letter word he generated with the dice. The word was "APWRUX."

Apwrux was followed immediately. Jim Kennedy denounced it as the essence of vileness, and I defended it as the symbol of all that was noble in human endeavors. That six-letter word was Jim Sieber's only contribution to *Azapa*, but it was a conversation-piece good for months' worth of occupation. Silliness - but symptomatic silliness.

A good part of the reason for the apa's extraordinarily rapid growth was the stability of the OE-ship. Bruce Arthurs did at-cost printings and got the mailings out regularly. He also put a great deal of time and effort into the apa's accounts and, I suspect, floated a lot of the printing costs out-of-pocket. I know he paid for the expensive photo-covers himself.

But another large part in that growth is that Tim Kyger proselytized mightily for it among his circle of friends. Kyger collects people and introduces them to each other and prompts them into interacting with each other. Once the mix is bubbling, he keeps stirring it, often producing interesting and/or explosive combinations.

### ***The Kyger Karass***

Tim Kyger is a pivotal figure in the history of Phoenix fandom. Not only was he one of the few active fans who kept the several balls rolling (or in the air) at crucial times, but he also brought a large number of interesting people into the compass of local fandom.

It is possible, for instance, that Teresa Nielsen might have come into Phoenix fandom by herself: there was a slow movement to reduce the separation between Phandom and the



SCA which had begun at about that time, and she had attended Leprecon 1 in 1975. But, coming in where and when she did - at a time when the older, traditional structures were breaking up - she was in a position to exert enormous influence. Teresa's active intellect and considerable wit gave a special scintillation to local fandom then, and she was the largest force, I think, in creating a unity of community out of a simple coalescence. She also accelerated the introduction of SCA people into fandom and vice versa. She also had a special, Adamic gift for the naming of names. Her neologisms and various coinings gave shape and form to the whole movement under way at the time.

Tim had originally met Teresa through Ron Weingartner, a friend of Curt and Dan Wynne. Curt also knew her vaguely, as he had studied under her mother in high school. In 1975, Tim and Curt were renting Greg Brown's old house in Maryvale (Greg and Hilde had separated by this time) with Steve McAllister (who had also separated from Ruby). Tim, Curt and Ron went a'calling on Teresa's mother, and Ron introduced Tim to Teresa. Things continued to perk, and nine months later Tim tremulously asked for a date. The chronology is obscure from this point, but those early dates have produced at least one bona-fide Legend of the Junior Mints. One of them will be happy to repeat it for you, I'm sure.

Teresa was the most important direct influence from the Kyger Karass on local fandom - more directly influential than Tim himself. But a number of Tim's proteges were almost equally influential. Patrick Hayden, for example, is a member of the karass. Kathi (now Kate) Schaefer and Steve Tymon made their impact mostly through *Azapa*. Kate, in particular, dazzled us with a sparkling wit, and they both brought to *azapa* a necessary influx of new ideas at a time during which we had almost run through the ideas we had in common in local fandom: we were beginning to be too much alike. The Kyger Karass grew into a second generation as Kate Schaefer introduced Sarah Prince, Steve Tymon introduced Bruce Balfour (who has kept up stronger ties to local fandom than did Steve himself), and Patrick Hayden introduced a number of Detroit and Tronna fans to *Azapa*.

The first generation of the Kyger Karass was essentially complete by early 1976; *Azapa* was thriving, and exciting new/old ideas were percolating through local fandom as a result. The people who were to have the most pervasive impact on us in *Azapa* were based in Detroit and Toronto. That they were in *Azapa* was Patrick Hayden's doing.

After the second issue of *Azapa* Patrick's family moved to Toronto, where Patrick naturally segued into OSFiC, just as it was having a severe political crisis. Patrick had kept up his contributions to *Azapa* during the move. When the Toronto Derelicts split off from OSFiC, Patrick went with them.

The Derelicts included some very interesting and entertaining fans. Patrick gradually drew a number of them - and their circle of friends - into *Azapa*: Phil Paine, Bob Webber, Grant Schuyler, and Bob Wilson and Janet Small (now Wilson) and some of *their* friends in Detroit and East Lansing. They inoculated *Azapa* with some of the faanish insurgency which was beginning to ferment at the time. We had had almost no contact with faanish fandom, but it was very consistent with the style we had developed on our own. And this was the clear quill, the pure stuff! *Azapa*-genic faanishness made some immediate addicts. Hegira

In late June 1975, Bruce Arthurs published *Godless 10*, and Curt Stubbs and Tim Kyger published (but did not distribute) *Fraud!* *OSFFA News* continued to be published

irregularly under the name *The Alien Apathetic* and under the editorship of Jim Kennedy and D. Carol Roberts (after 1980, Elisheva Barsabe). Late in the year, it was turned over to Curt Stubbs, who did not issue another number until early spring of 1976. Thereafter, *OSFFA News/Alien Apathetic* ceased to exist, and with it went the last moderately reliable documentary recording of the works and days of Phoenix fandom. Except for a small number of issues of *Fiawol*, a newszine I published in February and March of 1976, there are few later written sources for the history of Phandom.

The westercon that year was held at the Leamington Hotel in downtown Oakland, site of a previous Pacificon in 1964 (and renown in song and filksong as the site at which "Bouncing Potatoes" was inspired and composed). The hotel had shrunk since then. Or something. It was *crowded*. The elevators broke down constantly, and the hotel bar ran out of both change and beer on the first night of the convention.

I had visited San Francisco in 1973 and fallen in love with the cool, gray city of love, so this trip to Oakland was to be a special pilgrimage for me. But also for the whole of local fandom: this was the year and the convention at which we would open our bid for the 1978 westercon. About twelve of us crowded into Steve McAllister's oversized "Fanvan" and headed across the desert. We had our obligatory breakdown near Desert Center, a hellhole that exists by preying on motorists who break down in the Great Southwestern Desert's equivalent of a Devil's Triangle. And we finally wound up at Oakland.

The convention itself was relatively uneventful. I missed much of it through huxtering for Lois Newman, who was on the committee. The Phoenix bidding committee papered the walls of the hotel with Phoenix Westercon flyers and, on one occasion, Tim nearly pounded Alex Pournelle when he was discovered tearing them off the walls and throwing them down elevator shafts. And the elevators were legendarily slow. It was at this westercon that Greg and Hilde's personal problems became general knowledge among local fandom. They divorced the following year.

Oakland on the July 4th weekend rolls up the sidewalks. Feh.

But there was San Francisco. Several of us took BART over during the convention, and on the last night the whole group of us took Fritz Leiber and Margo Skinner out to dinner at the Szechuan on Polk the first and, still, ten years later, one of the best Szechuan restaurants in the City. A good time was had by all. Afterwards, the whole lot of us dropped Fritz and Margo off and wandered about the city, filksinging up hill and up hill, across the Golden Gate. We stopped at Lookout Point and looked back at the City with its perpetual fogbank (which, alas, did not survive the change of climate) just turning pink with the Pacific sunset behind us. After I blew my nose, we left for Phoenix. Things had gone very well; the bid seemed to have been well received. We all felt good about the whole thing.

During the fall of 1975, fandom in Phoenix began to contract around three centers: the Friday night PCC meetings, *Azapa*, and the Leprecon 2 committee meetings. But they could not serve all the needs of local phandom.

With the decline of group discussions in OSFFA, conversation fandom had felt increasingly disenfranchised. So on December 31, 1975 I began a series of dinner-

discussion meetings called The Black Partition (the purge of the anarchist wing from, I think, the Second International). About once a month, I would cook nominally "gourmet" dinners for fifteen or so people, coq au vin or beef stroganoff or something similar - Hilde once did sauerbraten - and the attendees would chip in two or three bucks to cover the cost of ingredients. And afterwards we would undertake a previously-announced discussion topic and wear it to death. The very first Black Partition topic was to project the future history of western civilization over a period of fifty years. Some topic. Some discussion. I recall that we brought the new year in with a hard-won consensus that liberal democracy was about to collapse and totalitarian regimes were going to increase in power and presence for the next thirty years, declining thereafter. I wonder if the participants ever look back on that meeting in light of the sudden collapse of the cold war at the end of the '80's and what they think about it all.

At other Black Partition meetings we covered subjects as diverse as bioengineers and structuring and designing cultures. At others, the announced topic would be a general springboard, such as the March 25 meeting topic: novel series, with particular emphasis on Dune, Darkover, Foundation, Cities in Flight, and the future histories of Anderson and Heinlein. These meetings were very much enjoyed, and they are very much missed: I still get occasional requests to revive the Black Partition, though the attempts have never generated enough energy to become self-perpetuating.

Leprecon I had had such bad relation with the Quality Inn that the committee did not want to deal with them again. It was scheduled for the Ramada Inn on east Van Buren Street, 'way out on hotel row, between Phoenix proper and Scottsdale/Tempe. Work began on Leprecon 2.

## For Want of Seven Votes...

*In the world of minor lunacy  
the behaviour of both the utterly rational  
and the totally insane seem equally odd.  
—John Kenneth Galbraith*

### **"Nicotine Fits" or "Naked Crazy Man, Part 1"**

In January 1976 I got a cold. Teresa, who has created much of the mythos and terminology surrounding IguanaCon, says I caught one of Tim Kyger's constant upper respiratory infections that winter. I don't know. But the cold turned into influenza, and the flu turned into pneumonia. I wound up in the hospital for a week in February. Big hoo-hah: they had lost a pneumonia patient the week before, so I got extra special care. If you have to have pneumonia, this is the circumstances under which I recommend you take it: second in line.

I don't however, recommend the treatment for fun: four or five times a day a husky intern came in to pound my back and shake up the phlegm inside. And nasal oxygen is *dry*. Everybody else was more worried than I was. I was simply miserable. I couldn't even get up the energy to smoke. My family came in and prayed over me in relays. Embarrassing.

A few days into the ordeal, Tim Kyger showed up (as Teresa says, damned decent of him, considering), bearing the latest issue of *Karass*. It contained one of the typos for which Linda Bushyager was already notorious: Phoenix was bidding for the 1978 *worldcon*. It should have read "westercon," since that was all that was contemplated at the time. But in what later seemed a fit of madness - attributed by Teresa to a nicotine fit on my part. I cannot account for Tim by this explanation - we decided on the spot to mount a bid against Los Angeles for the 1978 *worldcon*.

After I got out of the hospital, Tim and I persuaded the westercon bidding committee, of which we were both members, to sponsor the bid as a sort of backup, in case we lost the westercon bid - insurance, as it were. In retrospect, it is even odder that we would advance this argument than that the others would buy it: we were considered shoo-ins for the westercon, with considerable support from the "power elite" in Los Angeles, whereas we didn't have a glimmering of a chance at the *worldcon*.

It is easier, at this remove of time, with the original motivations obscured by subsequent high emotions, to pinpoint some of the reasons that were *not* factors for fielding the bid: we were not particularly interested in being a "rallying point" for the fannish insurgency that was picking up steam elsewhere (that didn't become a factor until later); we had no grudge against LA; we didn't want to field a "joke bid"; we did not *really* want it for "just in case" the westercon bid failed. At that time, we had every reason to believe that Phoenix would win the westercon bid - and lose any *worldcon* bid it fielded.

The reasons for fielding a bid were, to some extent, inchoate. The reasons not to field a bid were clearly defined and obvious. Most important, most of local fandom was terrified at the thought. Why the thought of westercon was not frightening but a worldcon was escapes me. Trying to reconstruct our attitudes at the time is difficult, but I think we all looked at it as a crazy but harmless thing to do which nevertheless had some positive results. It would, for instance, put Phoenix for the first time on the *national* fannish map in a big way, and it would give us experience and a kind of "press" in the event we decided to field a strong bid in, say, 1981, when we might be ready to bid in earnest; and it would give us a necessary set of contacts and experience which would stand us in good stead when we, later, had a real shot at a bid.

Besides, bids were an excellent excuse for a room party - as witness the tradition of Minneapolis in '73 bidding parties which continues to this date. And Phoenix has a modest reputation for excellence in room parties.

There was, I think, an element of spite - small but definite - that encouraged the existing westercon bidding committee to promote the bid. The bidding for the 1978 worldcon had had a rocky history: there were rumors of a bid from Hawaii as early as 1974, but the bid collapsed before it could make itself felt. By 1976, Los Angeles was running without opposition. Until 1975, Phoenix had been bidding for Westercon XXXI unopposed until Mike Glyer had fronted a "joke" bid for Granada Hills. And we expected similar opposition at the upcoming westercon.

But probably the most significant factor entering into the decision to mount the bid was encouragement from outside. Shortly after the original typo had appeared in *Karass*, Greg Brown got a call from Ken Keller, chairman of MidAmeriCon, that year's worldcon in Kansas City, wondering if the typo could be correct. When Greg explained the situation, Ken urged him to think about running and pledged all the support Phoenix could use. Ken was disgruntled over the flak he and the MAC committee was getting from LA fans, and he wanted very badly to see the Angelenos get their comeuppance. Greg kept this under his hat for awhile. When Tim and I came, independently, before the committee with our proposal, Greg laid it out and gave everybody something to think about.

Whatever the proportion of elements in the mix, we got the go-ahead. We did it, ultimately, "for the Hell of it." Everyone else was hard at work on the westercon bid - Tim included. I was still weak from my debilitating bout with pneumonia, but Tim and I undertook to manage what we could with the worldcon bid.

We had several arrangements to make off the top. The hotels we were using for the westercon bid were equally amenable to a worldcon bid, well aware that our chances for this convention were not as good as for the westercon. Dates were easy enough. The hotels were new (the Hyatt wasn't even finished at this point) and not heavily booked. Our principal difficulty was to find a guest of honor. Several names were kicked around, until Curt Stubbs proposed Harlan Ellison. After a bit of reflection, the committee agreed that Harlan was a good idea. He had never been a GoH at a major sf convention, and he should certainly be considered. Greg was asked to contact Harlan (among others) and see if he would be willing. Greg seems to have misunderstood this qualified consensus as agreement on a GoH and so asked Harlan straight out.

Harlan remembers that Greg had called late at night, when he was - um - "disoriented." Harlan agreed without really listening to Greg's babble and promptly forgot about being asked. Reasonably, he did not take the offer seriously, if he thought about it at all. Boy, was he in for a shock two months later.

Tim and I then set out to publicize the bid by word of mouth, since we had no money for advertising (all the bidding committee's cash was taken up in advertising and preparation for the westercon bid campaign). We got a small budget - about \$300, I think - donated by the Adams Hotel to forward the bid, and we had other uses for it. Money was so especially tight for several reasons, not the least of which is that Phoenix fandom at that time was incredibly poverty-stricken. This is partly a reflection of the fact that, although the average age of local fandom had risen in the past few years, most of us were still college students or grunt-workers in the slook mills of convenience stores, small magazines, and the like. The Westercon Bidding Committee was supported by auction receipts, the biggest of which were from each year's Prologuecon, three months away. The auction is Phoenix fandom's equivalent of the bake sale, and everyone trotted out their best for these affairs. The proportion of slush was very low (though kitsch was everpresent and thoroughly appreciated), and there were always bargains to be had due to the habit of our serious collectors (especially Terry King) of trading up for copies in better condition. Those with slight blemishes wound up at auction.

I think the sudden emergence, only seven months before the voting, of a bid from a completely untried, almost completely unknown fandom, was as surprising to Phoenix fandom as it was to the rest of fandom. Tim and I had decided that if we were going to do this, we would attack the project with energy and vigor and treat it seriously, even if we didn't expect to win. The rest of local fandom, even the bidding committee sponsoring the bid, were almost completely uninterested in it. I think it was met at first with amused tolerance in Los Angeles; but animosity developed in short order over the westercon bid.

Our first wave of westercon bid publicity took the form of ads placed in various convention progress reports and program books and flyers sent out in apas and to regional conventions. We had to be very careful with money, because the amount of cash available for the auxiliary bid was very limited. The ads were prepared by Tim, and most of them involved horrible puns and what we thought of as good-natured derision of LA's smog. We didn't have smog, as all the world knew (not true then and increasingly not true now): we had *smust* (smog+dust). These adds began going out just as Leprecon 2 was getting under way.

Leprecon 2 was cramped, although the atmosphere was very good. Attendance topped out at 263 on Saturday evening, thirty-nine less than last year's, and the general character of the membership was very different - more knowledgeable about what was going on, I guess - more fannish (not *faanish*) than last year's convention. This was partly because there were a great many visitors from out of town - many more than at Leprecon 1 (possibly because Tim had shifted publicity from purely local to outside fandoms in the Southwest. Many of these outsiders found Phoenix fandom pleasant - a gratifying compliment.

All the convention functions came off with laudable smoothness - even the half-hour's lateness picked up on Saturday remained constant through the day, including the

supermembership dinners catered by the hotel under Hilde Brown's direction. The program featured panels on myth and fantasy writing, collecting and preserving SF memorabilia, a fencing demonstration (fencing was big that year in local fandom), SCA activities on the lawn, and a works-in-progress reading by Marion Zimmer Bradley from *The Forbidden Tower*. The film program consisted of *THX 1138*, *The Monitors*, *What's Opera Doc?*, *Duck Amuck*, and *One Froggy Evening*. The Phoenix Fantasy Film Society donated a print of *Things to Come* which, with Walt Disney's *Man in Space* and a print of the *Star Trek* bloopers reel, rounded out the program nicely.

Room parties were, as usual, the treu life of the convention. T&T was still raging, and a group got a non-stop delve going in room 110 which lasted for two nights while everyone else tried to step laterally over or around them. Saturday night's parties featured a paper airplane contest in the Tucson room party and a mass *Mary Hartman Mary Hartman* watching in the con suite. Phoenix' television station refused to show MHMH nightly, but they did condescend to run all five episodes, back-to-back, late Saturday night following the first year of *Saturday Night Live*. So we had a marathon session, cheered on by Buz (F.M. Busby, the Toastmaster that year), who was almost as fanatical about MHMH as I.

In a sense, Leprecon 2 was Phoenix' "coming out party," and it was very satisfying, except for one thing: excess funds were supposed to have gone to finance the westercon bid, and Leprecon 2 did not net more than \$100 to start up Leprecon 3, let alone donate to the bidding committee.

We had one more shot at funding the bids: the Prologuecon auction late in June. But support for the westercon bid was high in local fandom: everyone would be supporting it.

Two of the outsiders who had attended Leprecon that year were Rick Gellman and Louie Spooner, proprietors of Imagination Unlimited. They had placed a great deal of artwork in the Art Show and had been disappointed. The Art Show, run by Randy Rau, himself a collector, had, I'm afraid, overreached itself. But Rick and Louie stayed behind for the dead dog party. They had found out about our worldcon bid - probably through Patrick Hayden's elusive but ever-expanding network of fannish contacts on the east coast and in the midwest - and were interested in doing something practical in the way of support. They made an offer to Greg Brown to agent for us on the east coast. Greg accepted immediately (without consulting the rest of the committee) so we had an east-coast agent.

Between March and September of 1976 they held room parties for us at various conventions back east and collected supporting memberships, to defray the cost of the party supplies. This was to develop into a source of friction between them and the committee - and ultimately between the committee and various huxters at IguanaCon.

In May and June, Tim, and I took the Adams' bid-money and prepared a prospectus for the worldcon bid and mailed it out to a small list of worldcon-goers. My design had called for several "bleeds" - places at which the photos were placed at the edges of the sheets on which it was to be printed. The printer decided, spontaneously, to reduce those pages to bring the bleeds within the margins of the other pages, thereby making the type on those pages smaller and the text margins wider than the others. This was frustrating but

utterly predictable - this kind of thing happens with printers all the time. When we picked up the job it was too late to have it done over, properly.

Despite the goof by the printer, the IguanaCon Bid Prospectus was an attractive booklet, and it has received a great deal of praise and some imitation. This was particularly gratifying that year, since the publications for MidAmeriCon had been very slick and professional-looking.

### ***Prologuecon 3***

Prologuecon that year was particularly satisfying. For the first time in five years, all of local fandom was pulling together and feeling good about it. And we had developed much closer ties with Tucson fandom than had existed before. Everybody was there that weekend before Westercon XXXI.

The actual history of Prologuecon 3 began in May, before the academic year ended. Jim Jackson had begun to make very tentative arrangements for some events - a Darkover panel and possibly a Heinlein panel, a pot-luck banquet, films, and so on.

At the time, Jim was the Prologueconcom, since the corps of more experienced con-organizers was frantically busy with the two bids for 1978. Everybody kicked around the notion of holding this year's Prologuecon at a hotel or meeting hall: Joe Sheffer's house, the site of the two earlier Prologuecons, was probably the largest house in local fandom, but it would clearly be inadequate for the turnout expected this year, and even if the number of fans could be accommodated, the house's air conditioning wasn't up to the weather and the calories generated by fifty or so people packed into the house.

Early in the summer, Jim Kennedy came back from San Francisco where he was going to school and assumed leadership for the con. Plans proliferated. The public hall fell through, so Jim and Jim split the convention up to several locations: the first night was to be held at the home of Curt Stubbs, with the Saturday and Sunday activities at Joe Sheffer's house. We would just have to suffer with the inadequacies. Jim Kennedy even went so far as to print up a program book for the convention.

Friday night started a little slowly: the first event, programmed for dusk, was the OSFFA funeral pyre and marshmallow roast. It actually got under way at 10:30. All of local fandom fathered around the bonfire, lollipops in hand, as Jim Kennedy delivered an Illuminati-Herbangelist eulogy. Each fan commemorated the occasion by tossing his lollipop into the bonfire and speaking an appropriate phrase. Some peoples' notion of appropriateness is strange.

I was not, at first, willing to let OSFFA go. It had meant a lot of me during its early years. It was a stronghold of fandom before we had really learned what it meant to be fans. But OSFFA had lost its edge some time earlier and waned just as the Phoenix Cosmic Circle was waning. But local fandom was very, very much alive and stronger than ever.

Ave Atque Vale.

After the funeral pyre, while the bulk of local fandom was out in Curt's back yard, Terry Ballard, acting as an official of the Phoenix Fantasy Film Society, confiscated the projector on which *What's Up Tiger Lily?* was to be shown. Hilde Brown, Bruce Arthurs and I went to Terry's apartment to find out what was going on. It turned out to be



disappointing but legitimate: the other officer of the PFFS who had given us the projector had no right to do so; we had inadvertently gotten embroiled in one of the Society's internal disputes. But that inadvertence threaded no sprockets that night.

By the time we got back to Curts' house, it was too late to make other arrangements for the film, and it had to be sent back unseen. The partying continued well into the night, and the convention resumed around noon Saturday at Maison Sheffer. In the meantime, Jim Corrick, Carol Hoag and Greg Brown had arrived from Tucson (Greg had relocated to Tucson after his divorce), and the convention proceeded at its own pace, pretty much ignoring a series of minor attempts to make it conform to the printed schedule.

I had forgotten until Bruce Arthurs reminded me of the film Jim Kennedy produced (it was directed by D. Carol Roberts and Bruce himself, since Jim was running a temperature at the time). Titled *The Greatest Movie Ever Made*, it featured a number of "obligatory" scenes - an obligatory nude scene, for instance, consisted of two-year old Alaric Brown running down the hall *sans* diaper. Pretty *avante garde*, eh? We even had an obligatory Buzby Berkeley scene with a number of conventioners dancing around the swimming pool while Curt Stubbs did an Esther Williams dive.

Jim premiered *The Greatest Movie Ever Made* at Filmcon 3. We didn't get to see it until much later.

The Darkover panel, the only programmed activity, was a very informal affair, around which the rest of the convention faltered or limped, as was its wont. The one-shot, begun on the first evening, was not re-started until Jim Corrick decided to do a round-robin revival of "The VD Runners of Outer Space."

After everyone finished stuffing himself on the pot-luck banquet, Jim Kennedy, now completely voiceless, mc'd the presentation of the Golden Beanie awards to himself, as best tapdancer, and to Skip Olson, as winner of the informal "art show" voting. Lulu Sheffer acted as Jim's stand-in voice, listening to Jim whisper what he wanted to say and repeating it loudly. She got a big hand. Bigger than Jim's tapdancing, anyway. The Slimelighters - D. Carol Roberts, Liz Danforth and I - performed filksongs, and the film program took up again with two Roger Ramjet cartoons, *Reefer Madness* and *I Love a Parade*. After the films, smoffing and T&T resumed. Several people went skinny-dipping in the Sheffers' pool. The evening wound down around 3:00 a.m. with a rousing (?) game of Botticelli - which gives some idea of our state of mind at the time.

Sunday morning several of us - Liz Danforth, Teresa Nielsen, Jim Corrick, D. Carol Roberts, Tim Kyger, Dan Wynne, and I - trekked over to Mountain Shadows for their Sunday brunch, a practice many of us have kept up on every visit to Phoenix that included a Sunday.

The auction, originally scheduled for 1:00 p.m., did not actually get under way until nearly 2:00, after an unsuccessful attempt to put through a call to Midwestcon. Not only were the usual books and pulps offered for sale, but D. Carol Roberts offered a haircut and a series of four commissioned paintings. Liz Danforth donated an hour of singing at time and place to be designated by the purchaser. Jimmie Walker waged a battle to save himself from being dropped into the pool, but lost to cartel, even though he was defended by the

eloquence of Old Testament Prophet Joe ("Torquemada") Sheffer. The auction was temporarily halted for the grand dunking.

The auction worked out very well: proceeds were earmarked for the westercon bidding committee, as everybody knew, and everybody reached deeply into pockets that were none too deep to start with. The auction raised enough money to cover all convention expenses. By the time the auction finished, the convention was breaking up, and a number of us adjourned to the Dash Inn, a pleasant ASU student hang-out, object of Tim Kyger's lifelong lust, and favorite fannish gathering place, for a Mexican dinner. They give good chimichanga.

As June had worn on, we geared up for the westercon bid with several problems on our hands: the worldcon bid had been received with much greater favor than we had thought possible. Early in the game, part of our advertising had concentrated on the fact that if Los Angeles won both convention bids, both would be in once city - a strain on the resources of any fandom. Now that point was turned against us, as well. It may, in fact, have been the crucial point.

Then again, maybe not. Everything was in flux; everything was ambiguous. The hexagram had only moving lines.

### **Moriamus**

The bidding that year was exceedingly strenuous, and high feelings developed which were at least five years healing over. Mike Glyer had fronted a "joke" bid for Granada Hills the previous year, and he had been keeping it alive, "just to keep Phoenix from running unopposed." On the way into the convention, Glyer decided to turn his bid into a serious fight to keep the westercon in LA in 1978. He had, naturally, made no arrangements for hotel or GoH, and he did not expect to win.<sup>1</sup> But we were catching the initial backlash of resentment for competing with LA for the 1978 worldcon, and there was also a certain amount of Angeleno isolationism making itself felt in LASFS that year. Glyer's partisans were more vicious than Glyer would probably have wished. There is some doubt whether any out-of-LA bid could have won in 1978.

An explosive situation was primed immediately as we arrived at the convention. The advertisements for the Phoenix westercon bid had been particularly wonky (remember "Smust"?), and Mike, who was in charge of the 1976 westercon publications, had been responding in kind. He went a bit too far, we felt, with the program book ad. The ad promoted a '78 westercon in LA with a "Meet the Author dance marathon" and "Security provided by the Corleone family." The ad index attributed this to the Phoenix people, which would have been major tacky of us, imputing a meanness of spirit we neither

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<sup>1</sup> Mike Glyer, in a review of the first edition of *TLFTC*, criticized the factual treatment of incidents at which I was not present, presumably referring specifically to this statement. I wrote Mike asking for specific information and offering him an opportunity to rebut (as I have offered everyone mentioned throughout such an opportunity). He declined to respond. These facts were given to me at the convention by the other individuals who were present when the decision was made. I have no reason to doubt their veracity.

possessed nor wanted to cultivate. This looked like a "dirty trick," and all of us were unhappy with it. I mean, if we're going to do tasteless ads - which we were quite capable of doing (remember "Smust"?), we preferred to do our own tasteless ads. I should say that the "rivalry" between Phoenix and LA was always felt more strongly in Los Angeles than in Phoenix. After all, in respect of conventions, we tended mostly to look to LA conrunning fandom as our mentors. To encounter such animosity as there was on our trial flight was both puzzling and hurtful.

At one point, early in the convention, Bruce Arthurs recalls that he, Tim and I went looking for Glyer to demand an explanation for the advertisement. We saw him crossing a parking lot with Elst Weinstein, and Bruce called out to him. Glyer and Elst stopped, and the three of us walked up to them, where Glyer claimed he had switched around the inside covers of the program book at the last minute without changing the list of advertisers on page 4 to reflect the change. At the time I thought it an unlikely explanation, since the professional publications I had worked with almost never made that kind of egregious goof. Since then, I've had direct experience of the stress and pressure of working with convention publications. It's a different world, folks, and that kind of thing can happen without being aware of it. Witness the distribution of IguanaCon PR 5 with its conceivably uncomplimentary reference to their GoH, Rusty Hevelin, at Denvention. Unintended. But it happened anyway.

Things were good and things were bad at the convention. We had a lot of support - but it was almost all qualified. Almost all of the people I canvassed (and all of us were stumping all the time at that convention) were in favor of a Phoenix westercon - sometime, if not immediately - but were deathly afraid that we might win the worldcon. They were taking us a lot more seriously as contenders than we were.

The bidding committee had discussed exactly this problem before coming to the con. The surprising expressions of support we had received from elsewhere around the country for the worldcon bid put us in a moral catch-22: we didn't feel we could simply say "well, okay, we'll repudiate the worldcon bid if you give us the westercon." We determined that we could not repudiate the worldcon bid, no matter what; we could only soft-pedal it and hope that would be enough. Anyone with two neurons to rub together would know that we could not conceivably hold two major conventions two months apart. Hopefully the neurons could read between the lines we could not speak.

One incident illustrates the temper of the competition: I loaned Alan Bostick five dollars so that he could buy a membership in the '78 westercon and then vote for Phoenix. Later that night, Greg Brown, amused, remarked facetiously that we were "buying votes." When this remark was relayed to Glyer (almost immediately: I had noticed people coming in at intervals during the night to get beer - sometimes by the armful - and wander immediately out. Hoping that they wouldn't recognize me, I followed them back to the LA party, and on one occasion I heard them announce where they had been as they handed round the beer. This happened at intervals all through the night, sometimes the same people coming back several times. Greg shrugged it off, I suppose on the grounds that we couldn't halt the practice without cutting off our guests' refreshment and instituting a door check, which was completely contrary to our style of doing things. Then, too, Glyer might

not know it was going on, and if he did there was no useful purpose served, at this late hour, of making a fuss over the matter), he took it seriously and complained to the current westercon committee. We were called up on the carpet for "ethics violations." As soon as Bruce and Elayne Pelz began collecting testimony it was obvious what had happened, and the whole mess was allowed to blow over. Exhaustion and intensity had made idiots of both committees. Nevertheless, it is possible that this incident - rumor of which was running wildfire the following morning at the convention - cost us enough votes to tip the balance to Los Angeles.

By Sunday I had not slept for three days and was suffering for a severe toothache. I started out the convention very weak, having never completely recovered from my bout with pneumonia. In fact, I have never completely recovered. I started back to work too soon and have kept at it too hard ever since. By the time the ballot-count was taken, I was on the verge of collapse. Everyone was gathered in one of the function rooms at an ungodly hour of the morning (10:00 a.m. or so, as I recall. On Sunday of a convention, that's a beastly hour). The ballot box was opened and each vote announced as it was counted. I kept a running tally.

Phoenix lost by, I think, seven votes. I have the eerie feeling that if we had renounced the worldcon bid we could have picked up the necessary eight votes, and our history would have been a lot different. In fact, Marty Massoglia has mentioned on several occasions that he personally convinced fifteen people to change their minds and vote for Los Angeles over just this issue.

The win immediately put Glycer on the hot spot: he had hurriedly to acquire a hotel and a GoH. He arranged for the Marriott to host the convention, and Frank Herbert was to be his GoH.

The defeat in Los Angeles was crushing. But at least one good thing game out of it: it was at this convention that we met Sammie Saylor, and we thereafter developed much closer ties to El Paso's burgeoning fandom. Coincidentally, Jim Corrick had just met another El Paso fan, Gay Miller Williams (later just Miller) at El Paso fandom's first Solarcon that April; they had developed a significant other correspondence which eventually resulted in Gay moving to Tucson and joining the IguanaCon committee. Gay wound up as our on-site Green Room coordinator.

When we returned to Phoenix after the westercon, the bidding committee was grimly committed to winning the long shot ahead of us. But the rest of local fandom stirred uneasily. There was a lot of fear in Phoenix and, for the first time, real opposition. We would be struggling with this for years, even after we had won the bid. We set about, first, to cool off the feud Mike Glycer and Bruce Arthurs were threatening (Bruce had been, perhaps, more incensed on our behalf by the program book ad mixup than we were. For a brief period that summer Bruce sent out thunderous denunciations that provoked very weak comebacks. The feud, I understand, did make an impression on the out-of-town fans who read the fusillade). Greg, Tim and I spent a great deal of time on the telephone, mostly with Craig Miller, asking him to use his good offices to talk Glycer down, as we were working with Bruce. Eventually, the matter was allowed to drop, though Glycer has rarely

had a good word to say about any of us since. Whether these third-party transcontinental mutterings had any effect on the situation, I confess not to know.

Phoenix was ripe at that time for a major convention. We were at the absolute peak of our abilities then; we could stabilize, or we could go downhill from that point, but without some kind of positive reinforcement, we feared that we couldn't sustain the impetus. Phoenix would sink back into obscurity, sobbing "we coulda been somebody, we coulda beena contenda." the worldcon was our last chance at anything for many years - at least until the voting for the 1980 westercon. It was now or never. Damn the timidity; full speed ahead.

I would very much like to see some kind of documentation on the process by which feeling turned away from Los Angeles and toward us, but that kind of demographic information does not exist in fandom. It is possible only to say that, after the westercon loss, people began to take us seriously where they were indifferent to us before. The MidAmeriCon committee expressed support for us - perhaps more than was in strict accordance with the impartiality a sponsoring worldcon committee ought to show. And we suddenly found ourselves with a lot of fresh support from the people comprising the faanish renewal that was gathering steam at the time.

### ***Fanpolitik***

The remaining two months before MAC left us almost no time to do anything; it was all out of our hands. But things had reached a take-off point: we had insisted on "keeping faith" with our worldcon bid supporters at westercon. And people started to take us seriously. From westercon on, it was a matter of letting impressions accumulate and grow.

A large part of the movement toward Phoenix was prompted, I am sure, by simple resentment of Los Angeles fandom by the rest of fandom - an impression of hubris which had spread from west-coast fandom outward and was looking for an "alternative." Another, incalculably large, part of the movement came from the faanish fans who made up the still inchoate faanish movement, some of them - particularly the Toronto Derelicts - bitterly opposed to MAC's policies and structures. But opposition to MidAmeriCon was coming from all over that year. It's ironic that our support came from both the MAC committee and from those most vocally opposed to MAC.

The MidAmeriCon committee had opened itself up to serious criticism by taking a radical position on the question of graduated membership fees. The major issue in worldcon politics, coming up to MAC in 1976, was the greatly increased attendance of the last several American worldcons, which seemed to be adding about forty percent to each previous year's attendance per year, beginning with LACon 2 in 1972. Direct extrapolation of the trend would have given MAC an attending membership of more than seven thousand - an appalling possibility. Several suggestions had been offered from convention fans as to how to limit membership. They ranged from making the worldcon invitational to adopting a rapidly escalating membership fee.

The MAC committee decided early on to try the escalating membership fee to discourage attendance. Their fee schedule terminated at \$50.00 at the door. I would stress that this was far from the most radical of the proposals which were then circulating. Early

returns on their announcement indicated that fandom was grumbling a bit but accepting the necessity of, at least, the experiment - and all succeeding worldcons to date have adopted this same policy.

The situation might have blown over if the MAC committee hadn't taken what seemed to be a paranoid attitude toward the whole idea of "security" and a snottily smug tone in their publications as their official "voice." In particular, touting themselves as "the ultimate worldcon" was looked on with disfavor. Extreme disfavor. Nemesis may have sought out the LA committee, which was more traditional in its approach, because of the hubris of the MAC committee.

At the beginning of 1976, Los Angeles was the only group bidding for the worldcon, but they didn't seem terribly enthusiastic about it. Perhaps this is understandable, as the conrunning clique there was terribly tired of running all the west coast's major conventions. And the last LA worldcon had embroiled them in a bitter controversy over monies transferred to the LASFS Clubhouse fund. At that time, LA and Phoenix had been engaged in an friendly, on-and-off contest for the 1978 westercon, with a fair amount of support for Phoenix among the con-running Angelenos. We viewed ourselves, after all, as proteges of the LA conrunners. They may have felt the same way, if they thought about it at all.

Things might have remained that way except for the fact that the MAC committee had taken a somewhat stronger position on their attendance-limiting proposals than was strictly necessary, and their promises of professional handling, grand spectacle, and The Ultimate Worldcon had begun to grate on peoples' nerves everywhere, undermining their confidence in the concom. It seemed as if the ancient fannish perquisites were to be swept away at once, and attendees should be prepared, for the future, to bring black tie and tails as part of the required dress. Members everywhere were not shy about expressing disappointment, but the problem was exacerbated by the hard-line approach the MAC committee took in its publications. Fandom may have had its own "silent majority" then. Even people who took no part in the published debates were beginning to be receptive to anything that looked as though it might be an alternative.

We had a serendipitous turn of events as the result of the westercon loss which undoubtedly influenced some of the previously LA-committed voters into our camp: the westercon bidding committee had heavily emphasized in its publicity the dilemma we would be in if we won both conventions in 1978; but they had added a fillip to their advertising we had omitted in ours: they played on the undesirability of having both major conventions in the same city. This became a serious issue in the westercon campaign, and it turned to our advantage when the LA westercon bidding committee won the 1978 westercon.

The advertising campaign which had been gathering momentum throughout the summer regrettably turned into a bitter conflict following the debacle at westercon. I can pinpoint a few factors which helped us in some measure:

First, the LA people had, prior to the advent of the Phoenix bid, almost no information circulated throughout fandom about their bid. Its existence was generally known, but LA had insufficient *specific* information to establish its priority in the minds of the voters.

Second, after the public announcement of the Phoenix bid, the LA people *did* campaign, but it soon became very obvious that they were campaigning in *reaction* to the Phoenix advertisements. That was true right up to the convention. Most aspects of the LA advertising clearly indicated to the voters that the Phoenix bid had the initiative and the LA bid was "on the run."

Third, the public reaction to the Phoenix early bid prospectus, even though it was undercirculated, was gratifyingly affirmative. One recipient even went so far as to say "Your yellow booklet distributed at MAC [sic] was one of the finest pieces of promotion I'd ever seen for anything." This certainly helped to give us much-needed confidence.

Fourth, Phoenix agents at midwestern and east-coast conventions sold presupporting memberships and hosted room parties. Again, the response was gratifying. One factor in the campaign which is almost an imponderable, is Rich Gellman and Louie Spooner, of Imagination Unlimited, as our east-coast agents. Although Laurie Trask lauded them ("...Rick and Louie kept plugging away, holding very nice room parties at Eastern cons and extolling the virtues of Phoenix..."), other testimony indicates they may not have been the best possible choices of representatives. They did sell presupporting memberships at one dollar each to an unknown number of hundreds of fans, using the proceeds to supply Phoenix Bid parties. This was standard practice. Friends who checked out the parties for us, however, reported that they were poorly supplied and uncharacteristically (for Phoenix) *dry*. Our party-throwing style was to be lavish with hospitality, no matter what consequential poverty we might be bringing down on our heads. Considering, though, that Rick and Louie were out in the field on their own, with no financial support from the bidding committee, this is exactly what we should have expected. There is, after all, a limit to how much beer and pretzels one thin dollar (not as thin then, admittedly, as now) will buy.

The rub came when Rick and Louie refused to return an accounting and list of names to the committee. We were theoretically responsible for knocking a buck off these peoples' membership fee if we won the bid. After eighteen months of pressuring from a distance, Rick finally turned over an incomplete list of three hundred names in May 1978.

The fact remains, however, that Rick and Louie did sell upwards of three hundred presupporting memberships. It is impossible to determine whether the presence of an opportunity to express support for the Phoenix Bid channeled the support created through other agencies or whether, in some unknown fashion, Rick and Louie were, themselves, responsible for a part of the response.

Fifth, the advertising which appeared in the last MidAmeriCon progress report undoubtedly produced a favorable impression. When Ken Keller and Tom Reamy had earlier found out about our impoverished state, they made the outstandingly generous gesture of personally donating a two-page spread in the last MAC progress report. Tom Reamy put the ad together using the local Convention Bureau's guidebook on hotels. It was impressive - much more impressive, I might add, than anything we ever managed to pry out of the hotels.

And, there is the additional imponderable that the Phoenix Hyatt Regency was essentially finished, though not ready for occupancy, while the LA Bonaventure was just beginning construction.

There is an extent to which the complex of factors weighing in Phoenix' favor were inevitable: despite a conscious attempt, since 1975, to introduce some elements of variety into LA-based conventions, LA fandom was, to some extent, resented by the other, minor west-coast and southwestern local fandoms for its virtual monopoly of the major conventions. A number of west-coast fans had been expressing dissatisfaction with the sameness and "recurrent" quality of LA-based conventions for several years. LA conrunners were not insensitive to the complaints: OkLACon in 1975 had been a very conscious - and to my mind very successful - attempt to breathe some life into westercon programming (OkLACon was the 1975 westercon held in Oakland but run by a subcontingent of the LA conrunners who had deliberately shifted around responsibilities and tried to do things differently).

And yet, LA fandom, a group vastly larger than the conrunners, was also vastly complacent at this time. This may have added to the David-and-Goliath impression in peoples' minds. There are an unknown number of voters who otherwise would have passed the vote but in this instance seized the chance to topple the giant who had just shot itself in the foot.

Added to this is the factor of motivation: we knew we were "fighting for our life" as a center of convention fandom in the west; this would be our last shot until 1980 for a westercon and 1982 for a worldcon - and then we would be campaigning against a history of defeats and fighting the juggernaut roll-by of fannish generations. Conviction can communicate itself, as any major salesdude will tell you.

Another incalculable factor is that the two months between westercon and MAC were just enough time for the news of the LA win to sweep fandom and generate a sympathy vote - and not enough time for the calmer reflection that would, I think, ultimately have rejected the Phoenix bid on the sensible grounds of inexperience. It was, however, quite long enough for us to take stock of our situation in Phoenix.

### ***A Greening of Fandom***

We had one unexpected thing going for us. At that time, fandom was undergoing one of its periodic cycles of renewal, the fannish equivalent of the Christian renewal movements in the Catholic church which, every two hundred years or so, produces a Counter-Reformation or a book like *The Imitation of Christ*. And 1976 was a good time for such a renewal in fandom. It had gotten too damned big, too suddenly too popular and seemed to be overreaching itself. That was the year, for instance, that the SFExpo publicity hit the media. And MAC inadvertently made a lot of fans concerned about losing the worldcon's characteristic looseness and sense of a comfortable and relatively unpretentious, homelike community.

The individuals who comprised this "renewal movement" had existed, as disparate parts, *dissecta membra*, widely separated. Faanish fans of all stripes are scattered throughout fandom all the time. Normally individual cycles of interest and apathy even out. But it happened that several different cycles peaked at the same time, making the phenomenon a bit more visible. And there was something "in the air," a desire for a change of style. By 1975, a process of "coalescence" began which reached a kind of peak at MAC. The crucial



nexi for the process were probably contained in three apas that were young, vigorous and expanding at about the same time, throwing people into each others' intellectual company. These apas were loaded with a number of young fans trying their wings and finding the experience exhilarating: *MisHap*, from 1975 to its peak in mid-1976, *Apa-50*, until 1977 or 1978, and *Azapa* from mid-1976 through 1977.

The geography of the phenomenon is a little confused - because it coalesced around individual friendships and associations, only a few of which were primarily vested in the nationwide apas. By 1976, there was a rather firm linkage among Phoenix, Toronto, and Detroit area fans reaching into a dozen other cities from New Haven to Los Angeles. The presence of the apas - later including *A Woman's Apa* - helped to bring about a certain degree of, not unanimity, but coherence of opinion. In particular, the *Azapa* connections brought fannish notions into Phoenix just at the time we could make the most of them..

The *ideas* for this kind of insurgency are always floating around. They are, indeed, a permanent and perennial feature of fandom. This particular "greening of fandom" did not represent anything like a broad movement" in fandom - only a number of individuals going about their fannish occasions, talking a lot with (and ultimately voting for) their friends, and particularly talking about their own discoveries and interests. From the inside it might have looked like a front of some kind - there were all these people simultaneously talking about the same things - but the phenomenon was about as substantial as the aurora borealis. The reaction that year against what may have been seen as fandom overreaching itself, combined with the presence of the apas and an almost universal disapproval of some of MAC's policies accelerated the coalescence. It happened that the Phoenix fen whose style coincided most exactly with the newly-discovered faanish style were Tim Kyger, Curt Stubbs, Greg Brown, and I, the core of the worldcon bidding committee. By the summer of 1976, an informal network of relationships had solidified into something like a lobby which looked increasingly to the Phoenix bid to reverse what seemed to be a fanhistorical trend toward the obliteration of fandom by businesslike hype.

It would be ego-stroking to speak in terms of a "fannish lobby" creating a groundswell of popular opinion that carried Phoenix to victory on a tidal wave of approval. Of course, nothing of the kind happened. To a large extent, we were simply in the right place at the right time to cash in on a mild popular dissatisfaction with our opponents. Probably as many as half the people who voted for Phoenix were voting *against* Los Angeles. Perhaps another quarter were friends, our contacts among various apas, and local fans who were rooting for the David of this David-and-Goliath match. About thirty-five of the roughly six hundred votes cast for Phoenix were local fans who either came to MAC or sent absentee ballots. But at least the final quarter (about 15% of the more than 1,000 votes cast) may have been won, indirectly and in a roundabout and untraceable way, by this "lobby." About eleven hundred votes were cast at MAC for the 1978 site selection; the division of votes was about 60% for Phoenix and 40% for Los Angeles - not exactly the landslide mentioned by some of our supporters.

Commenting on the vote, Patrick Nielsen Hayden has remarked:

*One thing you forget to mention is that this [lobby] that won us the Worldcon was not at all notorious for worrying about (or even paying much attention*

*to, for that matter) fan politics. It might seem to be exaggerating to say that 660+ people came to MAC and voted for us as an afterthought, but I don't think so. Of the various and diverse groups to which you refer, only the Derelicts ever really paid serious attention to fannish politics, and even they did so from a definite "cynical observer" stance...*

Patrick had a considerable personal role in the mechanics of developing such a "lobby," having recently run through a peripatetic period. He had started, after Phoenix, with the Toronto Derelicts, who were Phoenix' strongest link (through Patrick's direct agency in Azapa) with the "faanish renewal," and so we began, though *their* agency, to acquire a definite "theory" that seems to have found a natural resonance and sympathy of some kind elsewhere. By the time the Phoenix worldcon bid had been announced, it was already clear that we had a number of fundamental ideological agreements which, in view of the times and the customs, made it pretty inevitable that, although it was never advertised as such, any worldcon put on by the Phoenix bidding committee would be a "faanish" worldcon. Whatever that might be.

The network of relationships Patrick developed as he wandered through the Midwest and East Coast fandoms became part of that informal lobby for the Phoenix bid. Patrick became, in a way, our direct representative, our physical "presence" in areas for which none of us had, as yet, personal contacts. The importance of a personal contact in the Midwest and Atlantic northeast cannot be overemphasized, because Patrick set off a cascade effect - helped by the polarization along the pro- and anti-MAC issue. The actual process is very difficult to reconstruct, belonging as it does to the peculiar political atmosphere of the time. What I believe happened, in retrospect, is that Patrick created an impression in Toronto of a local fandom in Phoenix which was similar to the Derelicts - which is true but a little overstated, since the actifans in Phoenix never amounted to more than nine people, only three of whom could be considered faanish fans in the same sense. The Derelicts and the people they talked with began thinking about the Phoenix bid in terms of what they loved best about their own fandoms. The fact that Azapa was having a period of unprecedented brilliance helped sustain the impression of a center of faanish fandom. As the cascade effect widened, the impression passed along was simplified, and, ultimately, the crucial votes for Phoenix were cast by people who were voting for a vision of a style of fandom which bore only passing resemblance to reality. Of course, that passing resemblance, that kernel of truth, was crucial to the working of the process - but, still, if it actually happened this way, we are provided with some sobering food for thought. The minor "lobby" thus created swung into high gear on our behalf, and what could not be accomplished by a slick (and expensive) media campaign we couldn't mount was accomplished by word of mouth.

### ***Out of the West...a Dark Horse***

I think I may have given the erroneous impression that there was a kind of unanimity in Phoenix fandom after the loss of the westercon bid. That was certainly not the case. There was a great deal of grim determination, to be sure. But a number of people blew lukewarm at best, and there was some pretty stern opposition, as well. Probably local

fandom was split about fifty-fifty between the worldcon bid's supporters and those who disapproved entirely.

There are two insights about Phoenix fandom which require reiteration. First, it was a very young fandom, both in the sense that it had been around (then) only seven years and in the sense that the average age was well under twenty-five, with the exceptions (people over thirty) too few to raise the average significantly. Further, local fandom grew only slowly before 1978, so that a large number of the fans around in 1972 were still with the group and still a major voice until the complete exodus in 1979. This means that there was no particular leavening of professional people on hand, and, outside a small group of people who had multiple business competencies, no one with any real real-life experience. Those people who did have those skills wound up on the bidding committee and hence the Executive Committee of IguanaCon. This fact dictated a number of necessities in the relations of the Executive Committee with local fandom - such as policy votes closely held to the committee, and so on.

Second, Phoenix fandom had developed almost exclusively in isolation. Until 1972, only two or three locals had even been to a major convention. After 1972, Phoenix fandom began to acquire a deepening veneer of fannish sophistication, but the process was still not very far advanced by 1976. Unlike many developing local fandoms, we had not come across a sprinkling of more experienced fans coming in as the clubs expanded (with the exception of the Webberts, who had deliberately not integrated well). The veneer of sophistication was still very thin. Furthermore, the fandom with which Phoenix had had the most contact in its formative years was Los Angeles', and it had not yet penetrated into our consciousness that LA fandom is, perhaps, a little insular, too. This fact was demonstrated most distinctly after LACon 3, when the Angelenos proposed that the old Science Fiction League be revived and were then hurt and surprised when fandom rose up with a mighty "no!" But we did not have the advantage of this particular demonstration at the time.

Phoenix fandom's convention-running experience came directly out of the active fans in the old OSFFA: at about the time the club was growing too large to survive its format, Leprecon was proposed. All of the active fans began working on the convention (remember that local fandom was never large enough or diverse enough to have several major activities going on at the same time), and the rest of fandom switched over to maintenance mode while the heavy work went on. The same thing happened in later years. This constituted our sole experience with convention-running until we began to be interested in doing a major convention.

This lack of experience was a major issue in the campaign for the bid - including, of course, the gaffe attributed incorrectly to Curt Stubbs that the worldcon was, in principle, just like a regional convention - only larger. Alan Bostick reported later:

*Craig Miller used the expression (in single quotes) in Sfinctor, and several people assumed he was quoting a Phoenix fan. It turned out, though, that Gellman and Spooner had used the expression in their promotion of the bid.*

This was especially damaging since Curt had never been to a worldcon. We took this issue possibly more seriously than did our opposition, and it was a tender point for quite awhile. It was discussed endlessly, even after we won the bid. In part, we simply

glossed over the lack of actual con-running experience, avoiding the issue in our publications to concentrate on committee structure, and so on. And, in part, such experience as we had was puffed to more impressive dimensions, vide this quotation from our first progress report: "...of the people on the committee, only Curt hasn't attended a WorldCon; the next 'lowest' Worldcon attendance average is two, and it goes way up from there."

I was of two minds about the issue: first, considering how poorly previous, presumably more experienced committees had done, I didn't think "experience" per se was necessarily such a good thing. After all, worldconus elephantiasus was a whole new ballpark, and anyone's experience with the worldcon in 1964, say, or 1967 didn't really count for a heck of a lot when it came down to cases. We were going to solve its "opportunities" with intelligence and creativity, because (remember the mandate) we were specifically enjoined against falling back on old solutions.

Nobody else seems to have been impressed with this argument.

Alternatively, the direct experience we lacked would just have to be "borrowed" from relevant life-experience and from the collective wisdom of other fans who were more experienced - i.e., we would assume a policy-making and executive role with the advise and consent of the administrative people among the more experienced con-runners in fandom. This, in fact, is what ultimately happened. The circumstances under which it happened were fairly unpleasant, because we found ourselves having to import experience at relatively high personal cost because the life-experience I had been counting on in Phoenix just wasn't there. Phoenix fandom just wasn't adequate, by itself, to the task.

There seems to have been an impression wandering around homeless that there was a large and active fandom in Phoenix which supported the bid. This was never the case. Rather, the fandom totalled approximately twenty-five to thirty people, many of whom were opposed to the bid from the beginning. Of this maximum of thirty people, in 1976 there were, perhaps, six people in Phoenix who could qualify as active fans. The addition of Tucson's only active fans, Jim Corrick and Carol Hoag, to the bidding committee brought the total to eight people who could be counted on to work on the convention, should we win it.

Both Gary Farber and Kate Schaefer made a point of telling us, repeatedly and loudly, in the summer of 1978, that we should never have fielded a bid. Perhaps this is true. But by 1978 it was an observation of hindsight. We had by then discovered that we did not have the resources on hand to do it ourselves, and local fandom was certainly unprepared in any sense to do a job of such magnitude - a factor which kept tripping the Executive Committee for the two years of the preparations. The bid, and especially our reliance on Phoenix fandom's ability and willingness to pick up the ball, was a leap of faith on Tim's part and mine - rash in any case. We cannot claim to have accomplished IguanaCon by careful preparation and execution: luck and good friends were a major part of such success as Iggy had, as will, perhaps, become apparent later. Our chestnuts were pulled out of the fire when the problem became critical by the people who *did* pitch in - most especially Gary, Anna and Kate, along with Ellen Franklin, Lee Smoire, Lynn Aronson, Cliff Amos, Ben Yalow, and even Ross Pavlac, to whom we owe apologies.

It felt, at the time, like "historical necessity" sweeping us along. Actually, it was historical caprice, and being in the right place at the wrong time.

### ***Tooling Up***

While historical forces and historical caprices were rumbling through the rest of fandom, we girded up our loins for MAC. The unsuccessful westercon bid and the worldcon prospectus had almost completely exhausted our working capital, so we scheduled another auction and settled in for some constructive worrying.

The bidding committee had finally worked out an arrangement that those people who opposed us - principally Tommie Williams and Jim and Doreen Webbert - would not campaign actively against us. That was about the best that could be expected under the circumstances.

About the experience issue, there was nothing that could be done - and it was too late to issue more publicity in any case, even if we had been able to afford it.

We had to prepare stencils for an initial, at-the-convention progress report announcing our GoH, the final committee, the exact dates, and so forth - in case we won, unlikely as that seemed - and this brought up the question of a *name* for the convention.

Greg and Tim had been kicking around ideas like "110-Degrees-in-the-Shade-Con" and "CactusCon," at all of which I held my nose. During August, I begun putting my complete-to-date collection of Phoenix fanzines (the remnants of the old OSFFA Library) in order and happened to run across Terry Ballard's old *Garuda 2*, with its hoax convention report on Iguanacon 1. And that was the genesis of the 1978 worldcon's name: IguanaCon, "Iggy" for short. We argued it out, both Greg and Tim holding *their* noses a lot. But eventually they came around: it was faanish; it was silly; it tugged at the harpstrings of the faanish devotion to fanhistory; and it was a purely and locally Phoenix name. Besides, "Phoenixcon" and "Desertcon" had both already been taken by local comics and film conventions in Phoenix and Tucson, respectively.

Once the three of us reached consensus (and thereby a 50% vote), we made up the progress report and presented it to the committee a *fait accompli*. Nobody was really happy with it at first, but eventually they all came around. IguanaCon it became.

During the preparations, we had been running in a manic-depressive cycle, our hopes flagging as fast as we could keep them pumped up. I mean, the notion of a westercon, that we could handle. But a worldcon seemed, still, completely out of reach. We got a big boost the few times Ken Keller called to cheer us on. I now realize how serious Ken must have been to take time out of the last month's preparation to handle site-selection negotiations between us and Los Angeles personally.

At one point he consoled us with the happy news that the mail balloting was running three to two in our favor. We were incredulous. In *our* favor? That was hard to believe.

The economic facts of our life were about to put another nail in the "experience" coffin: neither Curt nor I could afford to go to MAC. I thought so right up to the day Bruce Arthurs left for the con. An hour before departure time, I made a split-second decision to go, got a \$50 advance (no, that was not a reasonable amount of money to take for a week in KC, even in 1976, but it was the most I could conscionably ask for), and piled into

Bruce's Lime Jello with minutes' to spare. Curt kept the home-fires burning and hosted a party over the voting weekend.

Well, either the bid would fly or it wouldn't: it would be too late for Curt's not coming to influence the vote there any further.

## QUINIELA PERFECTA

*The trumpets came out  
brazenly with the last post...  
Our eyes smarted against our wills.  
A man hates to be moved to folly  
by a noise.  
—T.E. Lawrence*

### **MidAmeriCon**

MAC was a madhouse. Only about two thousand people showed up - half what the committee expected. The hospital bracelets they had proposed to use for admission purposes instead of nametags could conceivably have worked out, except that few people cared to wear them, and they were not hypoallergenic. The Muehlbach staff was dazed: the Republican National Convention had been held there a week before, and a convention of, I think, Shriners was in the process of winding up its affairs. Aside from Asenath Hammond being assaulted and pushed down a flight of stairs by a drunken Shriner, things went reasonably smoothly. MAC's policy of discouraging memberships had worked too well.

We were wandering around, getting a grasp of the hotel's layout, when the first bad news of the on-site bidding hit us: the LA contingent had arrived bringing a block of fifty or so absentee ballots for LA. They plunked them in with a resounding thus, and the race was on.

The people who had been most involved in the bidding for the Phoenix westercon had burned themselves out and were too exhausted to go all-out for MAC's bidding; consequently, the Phoenix stumping was rather laid-back: parties, casual conversations, and general pleasantness. We could not have designed a better strategy for the on-site bidding.

Phoenix had acquired something of a reputation for excellence in room parties in west-coast conventions (we even had a Thomistic-fannish slogan devised at MAC by Kate Schaefer: "Do good; avoid evil; throw a room party")(Thomism was very big in local fandom that year). I think MAC's attendees met us at our best and may have been impressed on an individual level. The fact that Greg, Curt, and Patrick had attended Autoclave earlier that year had a lot to do with Phoenix' good image.

This is not to say the bidding was not intense - just that the Phoenixians themselves were a little relaxed about the matter, trying to conserve dwindling resources of energy. Our supporters were very high-pressure, though. I remember, in particular, Patrick Hayden and I selling an uncommitted voter - trying to talk him into voting at all, whether for LA or Phoenix - as the countdown for closing the vote approached. We got him in just under the wire. They may, in fact, have held the wire specifically for us, as we were jawboning at the polling table. He voted for Phoenix.

Greg Brown had helped hold down tensions between the committees by sitting at the voting table himself, chatting with the Moffatts and Pelzes, keeping things cool. The situation was also helped by the fact that the LA worldcon bidding committee was composed of the coolest heads in LA conrunning fandom, all highly capable and professional people in their own right. The situation was *not* helped by MAC's site-selection balloting procedures: the selection ballot was printed so that the vote could be read by the people at the table.

The fact that the Phoenix bid still had the initiative continued to be evidenced at the con: we had brought a few hundred green, self-adhesive saguaro cactus stickers for supporters of the bid to wear on their nametags. It was a cute, if inconsequential idea the Convention Bureau had come up with, so we went along. They supplied the things at cost. The LA committee decided they had to do something similar, but had to hustle their "answer" to the saguaro on a holiday weekend in Kansas City. What they did, if inadequate, was nonetheless inventive: they went to the Post Office and bought a bunch of postal stickers - self-adhesive orange dots symbolizing either (a) an orange or (b) the California sun, take your pick. Unfortunately, the inventiveness was not generally appreciated, and references to the sun in LA were met with snickers.

The voting went on until Saturday evening, I think, and the vote counting began. Most of us wandered up to the Phoenix room party, which started out slowly, only a few supporters - Linda Bushyager among them - showing up for our third party of the con. But it picked up, going, apparently, as much on our partying reputation as on the bid, and the two-room suite was jammed by 10:00 p.m. Around midnight, Greg came up from the count looking grim. Phil Paine and I were sitting, talking, in the hall. Greg told me that we had won by a substantial margin (at that time, no formal count had been taken. I later learned from Greg that George Scithers had had the ballots separated into two stacks and then just pushed them flat with his hands. The Phoenix pile was so much higher that there was no immediate demand for an exact count, so no one really had an idea what the margin was). I was stunned. Greg went into the party, and there was a moment of shocked silence. A few seconds later, pandemonium broke out. Cheers and tears. There was a mass exodus as people left to find friends and tell them the news. Somehow, the rooms were still jammed.

I went down to the Dorsai filksing to make the announcement, got bussed roundly by Hilde and Kate, and had the odd experience of finding no joy at all in Mudville. I think everyone (well, almost everyone) was shocked and surprised by the announcement of our win. There was shock, surprise and depression among the Dorsai, the LA group, and what might roughly be called the "old guard" of conrunners; there was shock, surprise and jubilation among our friends and supporters. We had broken the back of the giant.

Sometime later, Bruce Arthurs took our PR Zero stencils up to the mimeo room. Up until that moment, we were simply "the Phoenix bid." "IguanaCon" was another shock for the whole convention, including a number of Phoenixians who either didn't understand the reference or understood it and hated it anyway. But by this time the committee had come to like it (it does grow on you, don't it?), and IguanaCon it remained. The faanish fans loved it without understanding the reference. Everybody else was either puzzled or had the



immediate reaction of \*Ick!\* Fred Patten was still lobbying us to change it to "Phoenixcon" more than a year later. But it is well settled that a concon may call its convention anything it wants. We tried to keep a sense of humor and perspective about the whole thing, even going so far as to make fun of the name in our first progress reports.

One concession we did make to public taste was to find a shorter name to use. MidAmeriCon had become MAC; IguanaCon became "Iggy." The first reference to this nickname appears in the meeting minutes of June 26, 1977, although Tim recalls our using it among ourselves as early as fall of 1976.

Late that night (or early in the morning), Greg called Harlan Ellison to break the news to him. The minutes report that he got Linda Steele (Harlan's then assistant), who told him that Harlan was on his way to KC.

Harlan was not on his way to KC. Perhaps Linda thought Greg was one of the countless crank calls Harlan gets as a matter of routine.

The rest of the night is something of a blur. I spent a lot of time over at the Pioneer Grill, talking with various people, and I dimly remember wandering into the film room at about 4:00 a.m. and catching the last half-hour of a most *peculiar* film: *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. Greg called the party going on in Phoenix, and I imagine the reaction was the same there.

Suddenly we had a lot of converts. People were coming out of the woodwork with ideas and expressions of support. The committee had already worked out a policy of asking everyone to write instead of giving us their ideas verbally, since nobody was in shape to take proper note or thought after three days of campaigning, and, as far as I know, we all did just that. Patrick Hayden and I spent about three hours over at the Pioneer Grill (long may it be remembered. Nobody what the official records say, most of the action at MAC took place across the street from the Muehlbach) with Tommie Williams, now converted into an ardent supporter. It should, I suppose, be noted that he was brimming with ideas about convention security - rentacops and Lensman IDs. Patrick and I shook heads knowingly at each other and laid fingers simultaneously alongside noses.

Sunday we had our first concon meeting.

### ***We're in Deep Trouble***

We had our first concon meeting Sunday afternoon, September 4, 1976, in the Muehlbach. There were about a dozen of us (the formal minutes list "Greg Brown, Tim Kyger, Bill Patterson, Carol Hoag, Jim Corrick, Bruce Arthurs, Hilde Brown, Diane Drutowski, Patrick Hayden, Sarah Prince (I believe Leah Zeldes and Phil Paine were also there, but I can't remember for sure)" and show us starting at 4:15 p.m. But I remember the suite as being relatively crowded, and the minutes mention Ken Moore's presence. There must have been a number of others to produce the standing-room-only situation I remember.

If our leap into the bidding was a testing of the waters, we were in it for sure, now. Although most of the business was concerned with handling receipts we would be taking home and appropriating funds for our victory celebration that night, we had to plunge straight into the real world of worldcon politics: Don Lundry had submitted a proposal to

combine our progress reports with SunCon's. Greg appointed Tim and me a subcommittee to meet with Lundry the next morning to discuss the matter and report back.

We got off to a great start: we wound up half an hour late for the consolation dinner Greg had arranged with Len and June Moffatt, the co-chairs of the LA bid. The rest of us wandered off to do whatever it was that we had to do. Mostly, I suspect, the same thing that I did: listen endlessly to goodwill and badwill, offers of help and vengeance, and trying to cram socializing with friends into what was left of the convention.

The following morning, Tim and I met much too early with Don Lundry to discuss over breakfast his idea of combining IguanaCon and SunCon progress reports into a convention journal that would establish a precedent for all future conventions: instead of issuing independent progress reports, each convention would participate in a convention journal of standardized format that would maintain continuity from one year to the next. There were some appealing qualities to the idea. Tim and I stayed behind to discuss the matter and decide on a recommendation for the concom.

It was very evident to us that we had a real public relations problem: we had a group of Angelenos who were probably gathering somewhere in a darkened room to sing the Vendetta number from *Rigoletto*. And, even though we obviously had some real support, most of the WSFS had no notion who we were or what we could do. We finally decided that, although the idea had a lot of merit, we - IguanaCon specifically - couldn't afford to let go by any opportunity to put our own, distinctive "voice" before the WSFS.

The recommendation we eventually worked out was to reject-with-thanks the principal offer but to take Lundry and SunCon up on the subsidiary offer to buy two or four pages in the next SunCon PR for information purposes.

MAC finally drew to a close, and we headed back to Phoenix, all of us endlessly discussing possibilities and next steps.

We had put ourselves in the position of feeling our way through the operations of IguanaCon because the concom had committed itself to finding a more relaxed, less pretentious method of running the convention than that developed by MAC. It was a period ripe for experimentation - and the most radical thinkers on the concom immediately set about alienating their more conservative colleagues. I remember running into, on the way home, some of the innate conservatism of Phoenix fans which was to become a problem over the next two years. Bruce, Hilde and I discussed some possible changes in the way major events had traditionally come to be handled. The discussion got me a reputation as a wild-eyed radical (the notion I thought well worth exploring was that the masquerade should be handled as a reception or a ball, rather than as an exhibition. I hate the way these shows have reduced the attendees to passive spectators. Fandom is not a spectator sport).<sup>2</sup>

This was to become a theme for the interpersonal politics on the committee: radicals in power alienating conservatives out of power. Bruce Arthurs was the first to note this in

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<sup>2</sup> All this discussion and searching-into-alternatives was of little avail, I might add. We discovered too late in the game that there is an enormous inertia which pushes conventions to standardization of format.

his first letter to the committee, commenting on our first meeting. Bruce reprinted the letter in *The Last, No Shit, Last IguanaCon Blues*. It is dated September 24, 1976:

*I believe the present steering committee is imbalanced in two ways: 1) ideological. All the present members of the steering committee are basically anarchistical in their political and social outlooks. This makes for a "loose," informal type of committee. We cannot afford to have "loose" planning for a Worldcon; it must be as specific and pre-planned as possible.*

I had not seen this letter, owing to Greg's somewhat "lax" circulation of mail, until the end of 1981. But it occurs to me that it demonstrates a mindset problem that was to run throughout our experience with Iggy. First, the factual inaccuracies: The Iggy steering committee was initially composed of six people, one anarchist (me), one fast-and-loose conservative with libertarian leanings (Greg), one middle-of-the-road conservative with libertarian leanings (Tim), one sixties liberal (Curt), and Jim Corrick and Carol Hoag, neither of whose political leanings were or are apparent to me even now. This is a pretty broad spectrum. Not all the committee was anarchic in its leaning, only me. It was always clear to us that our political convictions would have very little impact on our operating structures, which would evolve to accommodate more the personalities involved than any ideological criterion. I guess that's an anarchistical leaning

It would be more accurate to say that the concom was dominated by four "faanish" fans. This goes more directly to the heart of any imbalance, but Bruce's subsequent points are rendered moot by the truth. A misperception compounded itself.

In any case, a "loose" and "informal" structure is not at all equivalent to loose planning or thinking. The operating structure of an organization is fundamentally irrelevant to the nature of its output, as is evidenced by the great variety of concom structures that produce essentially the same kind of convention.

The "political" mix of the steering committee created an interesting "stability of opposed forces" which I thought of, at the time, as a system of "governors." Jim, Carol, and to some extent Curt would act as balance wheels to keep our wilder flights of fancy from running away with us. It was a satisfactory arrangement, to my mind.

What Bruce's letter does is to demonstrate the *beliefs* that would circulate through the section of local fandom only marginally involved with IguanaCon's planning - propositions that were simply untrue on their face combined wild suppositions and leaps of logic. These people were just not thinking about what was going on in terms that had any correspondence to the reality. And, talking only among themselves, without the bracing effect of fresh viewpoints or reality checks, they never gave themselves a chance to correct misperceptions.

The fears were genuine enough; they simply had no real referents, no basis in reality. This created a situation that we were increasingly helpless to deal with, because it is not possible to change something that doesn't exist in the first place.

What was true then, and for the rest of IguanaCon's preparations, is that there were three fannish insurgents on the steering committee who could carry the vote in most circumstances. As a matter of fact, there were very few issues on which the vote was at all close in any respect. But Tim, Greg and I went into this "ideological conflict" with the

understanding that we owed IguanaCon in great measure to the promises we had made or assumptions we allowed to stand unchecked at the time of the bid. We were bound by our mandate to try some unconventional approaches. It was clearly and consciously understood among ourselves that we owed our constituency at least the attempt, in order to keep the faith. What Bruce (and others) never seems to have understood is that the stubbornness which became intransigence toward the end was fueled by our need to act as, and see ourselves as, responsible custodians of the mandate, keepers of the faith.

But the problems were a long time in materializing. We had to get the thing started first.

The reality of the situation didn't really hit me until we were back in Phoenix. And then the task seemed overwhelming. There was only one thing to do: start on it and wear it down, chip by chip.

The concom had three immediate problems to solve when we met for the first time in Phoenix: (1) fill out the committee, (2) publish a progress bulletin, and (3) finalize the accounting of the ballot receipts from MAC.

The progress bulletin was not strictly necessary, but Greg, Tim, Patrick and I had discussed the matter of getting IguanaCon's "voice" before the worldcon-going public as part of the report on Lundry's convention journal proposal. Greg determined then and there that we would issue an immediate bulletin within a month. That was the best we could do to convince people that we were, indeed, capable of putting on a convention. In the bulletin, we would stress visibility, and Greg would take the corresponding secretary's role himself to make sure that we got immediate responses out to all incoming letters. Our notion of making IguanaCon the most visible worldcon committee in recent history was important, and it was going to be a guiding principle in our public relations throughout the preparation for the convention. In fact, on only one question did we ever consider telling less than the whole and exact truth, and that was a disaster whose repercussions continued for years after the con.

Filling out the committee was something that time would take care of, we hoped. We had taken a number of volunteers for every level from gopher up to major areas of responsibility at the convention, asking everyone who volunteered or even talked to us about IguanaCon to confirm this by writing to the P.O. Box shown on our PR Zero. Perhaps this is the origin of Jack Chalker's complaint in the first Iggy PR that we had been "alienating established conrunners." If so, it was certainly regrettable. By the end of MAC, I, at least, was completely zonked with exhaustion and in no shape to make sure verbal representations were delivered - and the notebook I kept was so disorganized that it was virtually indecipherable. If the other people were in anything approaching my condition, this was the only way we could conceivably have handled the situation. Chalker's complaint, though, may be related to another problem that would not become generally apparent for another year; the win appears to have gone directly to Greg's head. In his first letter to the concom, Bruce Arthurs also cites an instance of Greg snubbing Dave Carldon that may or may not have been repeated with others. In any case, we realized we had to do something.

The conglom met for the first time in Phoenix on September 11, 1976. We had three sessions: a closed-door meeting of only the six steering committee members, an open session combined with the party going on outside, and a third closed-door session. We taped the meetings, as we did with every meeting thereafter, and the tapes are on file. Altogether the three sessions amounted to four and one-half hours of meetings.

I was surprised when I listened to the tapes in preparing for this informal history, to find that so much had been accomplished in so short a time. Tim and I had already begun receiving bids and proposals for printing and typesetting arrangements; Greg had finalized the balloting receipts from MAC; Carol had already begun to set up her filing system and had undertaken negotiations for computer time; and Curt had already begun to put together a sketchy outline of programming.

Greg's report showed 1,268 memberships, with cash receipts of \$5,883.31. Just great: we were starting off with a deficit of \$15,000 or so.

Our closed-door meeting got us the nickname of the "Secret Six," which we adopted and used, with variations, until the conglom became an international conspiracy in 1978. At that first meeting we dealt with reorganizing the bidding committee into the steering committee and incorporation as a 501(c)(3) (i.e., tax exempt) corporation. In consideration of the fact that Curt had not yet been to a worldcon, he stepped down from the vice-chair position on the bidding committee to do programming, while Jim Corrick did the Hugo Balloting and Site Selection. The rest of the committee remained fundamentally as it had been announced in the bidding prospectus: Greg Brown was chair, liaison officer and corresponding secretary; Carol Hoag was memberships and registration; and Tim and I split publications.

The "liaison officer" position Greg was filling was an odd and only partially-defined role. It involved not only hotel/committee relations, of course, but also anything that had to do with the committee relating to people off the committee - thus, Greg was the initiator of the information bulletin and the "ombudsman" cadre in his role as liaison officer.

We also accepted a couple of volunteers: Bruce Arthurs' offer to act as recording secretary was accepted, as was Jim and Doreen Webbert's offer to act as treasurers. This latter was done with some agonizing.

John Still once wrote, "The memories of a man are too frail a thread to hang history from." Since I listened again to those meeting tapes in preparation for this writing, I now understand what he meant. In a letter to a friend in 1979, I wrote:

*One of the first acts of the new committee was to appoint Jim and Doreen Webbert as treasurers - an act of which I was profoundly distrustful. Greg argued, supported by Curt, Jim, and Tim, that we needed the Webberts' "prestige" to sanction our legitimacy and salve the wounded feelings of the old guard in national fandom - and we had neither a treasurer nor anyone else who wanted to take on the job. My own feelings at the time were that the Webberts' "prestige" was pretty problematical to begin with; that we had the vote and were already secure in legitimacy; that we "needed" any prestige they might have been able to bring to us before MAC, when they were completely opposed to the bid, but certainly not after; that I felt (a) wrong*

*about giving a position of potential power to a couple who had been opposed to the bid, (b) we did not need anybody whose professed attitude was one of "salvaging" what could be salvaged out of the mess, rather than constructively working with us, (c) the Webberts would not consent to be "team players" on the concom, (d) I would not trust them with any kind of political power in any case, and (e) the vibes were really wrong, man. But we had at that timer no other candidate. I gave in for the sake of the peace. I would have been outvoted, anyway, if it had come to a showdown. They became special-status members of the committee.*

*Confiteor tibi.* That's not the way it happened at all. The tapes show *me* saying that we needed the Webberts' prestige and that, even if they had opposed the bid, they had taken a "legitimate" position by not actively campaigning against us. Carol led the loyal opposition saying we didn't need them. After a bit of haggling, we finally agreed to accept them on the committee, provided only that they were not to be regarded as full, voting members, but were subordinately responsible to Greg - i.e., part of his staff.

The polity we worked out for the concom was rather peculiar: each of us took a major area of responsibility and one vote. A seventh, tie-breaking and free-floating vote was created. Theoretically, the person whose area of responsibility was involved would get the extra vote, thereby lending an extra strength to presumed expertise. In financial-planning issues, Greg handed the vote to the Webberts; Tim and I, both working on publications, had our usual one vote apiece, with a third vote to split on publications issues. Curt and Jim, likewise, had an extra vote to split between them on programming matters. That's the on-paper structure. I do not recall any occasion in three years of operations when the seventh vote was crucial, although it did become an issue on a couple of occasions. As a practical matter, our habit of talking with each other constantly and reaching basic agreement before the issues were brought up in committee meant that we usually had clear majority votes.

As to why those people wound up with those positions...it was largely a matter of chance and, to some extent, inertia. In the beginning, Greg was chairman simply because he was chairman of the westercon bidding committee and had control of the money supporting the bid. When we lost the westercon bid, he was still chairman of the bidding committee, so he naturally slipped into chairmanship of the convention.

Tim and I wound up on publications, originally, because there was nobody else available to do the necessary work to get the bid before the congoing public, and that was all publications work. He and I were the only ones committed to the worldcon bid at that time. Later, after MAC, we stayed with it specifically because publications would be the committee's "voice" in fandom-at-large. In the early days, this was the most crucial function on the committee, we felt, and it had to be handled with utmost care. So we stayed with it. Theoretically, Tim and I split the responsibility into editor/managing editor roles, with Tim initially undertaking the support management functions - procuring, advertising, preparing budgets, etc. - while I did the dirty work of design, layout, typesetting, pasteup and overseeing (since I had been working on newspapers and magazines professionally in these capacities for the last five years or so). When I relocated to San Francisco, we decided to swing the two positions between progress reports, so that Tim would edit the second and

fourth PRs as I did the third and the program book. This worked out pretty well, although our mechanical skills are not evenly balanced: Tim is a much better manager than I am. On the policy and theory side, we shared the load, generating ideas together.

Carol had picked memberships and registration as a matter of preference, as Jim had picked the Hugos and had been given Site Selection. When it became obvious that Curt could not co-chair, because of outside, political pressures on the committee, he segued into programming simply because it was the only major spot available. If we had been sufficiently forethoughtful, we would have created a "special functions" category - masquerade, art show, huxters' rooms, and so forth - and asked Curt to manage that directly. We would, thus, have had full-time management for these functions from the start. That would have saved a lot of fuss later. The theory was that the individuals overseeing major areas of responsibility would add-on staffs as the workload increased.

I was pleased to find that the statements I made later in our first progress report about our methods of operation were substantially correct. I had said:

*We walk an interesting line between chiming in and joggling elbows. We've spent hours haggling (well, mostly discussing, but occasionally haggling) over issues. But we always seem to be able to reach a consensus eventually....In practice, massive disagreements to date have been argued out to (a) compromise, (b) consensus, or (c) one side realizing that he is, indeed, full of shit, as other people have been telling him.*

Five years later, my recollections of those early days have been distorted by the bitter controversy that developed in 1978. But, in the beginning, things were pretty much as I had represented them: far from harmonious, but at least all pulling together.

Our policy, announced at the very first Phoenix meeting, was to take input from anybody who wanted to come to the meetings, although final decision would be reserved to the Secret Six. Greg made reference to the fact that these six people were the ones that had stuck it through from beginning to win, and that they/we were going to be the ones to set the final form of the convention. This did not sit well with everyone, betokening as it seemed an "elitist" attitude. Perhaps it was. Even this early both Greg and I had begun to have doubts about the amount of intelligent cooperation the committee would get from locals. Later, when the lines became more clearly drawn, the interplay became more a matter of thrust and counterthrust - i.e., became more formally political. And the notion of franchise consisting of advise without consent became even less palatable.

That this working method lasted as long as it did is due to Greg Brown. It was his preferred method, and he was the only one in local fandom who could have made it work.

Because of the trouble in 1978 and the blast of propaganda generated by Curt and the Webberts, Greg has gotten undeservedly bad press. Whatever his other faults were - and admittedly they were major - his technique of running meetings was uniquely his own and uniquely suited to the situation. He held the reins of power with a relaxed leadership that rarely showed the flick of the reins and operated more by consent than by power-playing. The meeting tapes reveal that, in open meetings, he tended to generate the topics of discussion and let others react to his formulations. He thereby set the range of the

discussion from the outset. Most of his overt "control" therefore had the appearance of bringing digressions back to the subject.

This method took perfectly into account our meeting methods, since issues were usually pretty well decided before they were brought up. It worked reasonably well in the open committee and less well in the steering committee, where everyone was generating topics and everyone was busily engaged in broadening and narrowing the scope and range of discussion independently. But in the open committee meetings, Greg's method made everyone feel as if he had a voice in the decision-making process - as, indeed, they did, in an advisory capacity. At the vote, Greg actually counted only the hands of the steering committee as they were scattered through the crowd, though this was never apparent.

The very uniqueness of Greg's method was a source of our later problems on the open committee. When Greg was forced to resign, none of the remaining members eligible for the chair could have operated, or were inclined to operate, in the same way. But the method had become a matter of habit. Over the first part of 1978, the concom, cut rudderless, gradually froze into immobility.

The method Greg chose was a reaction to a couple of facts that might not have been immediately apparent to outsiders. There was a certain amount of pressure from established fans outside Phoenix for us to show a strongman leader, a chair of the committee who was actually the top of a pyramid. None of the six of us would put up with any such thing for our operating and planning structure. To begin with, Tim, Greg and I, more than Curt, Jim, or Carol, were very conscious of a mandate received in the vote from everyone who had voted for us and against LA because they wanted us to try to do things differently than MAC had done or Los Angeles had been presumed to want to do - not necessarily fanish, just different. Jim Corrick, Carol Hoag, and Curt Stubbs were considerably more fanpolitically conservative. The delicate balance of fanpolitical conservatism poised against fanpolitical radicalism was an essential tension on the committee that had to be reckoned with. Greg spent considerable time outlining, in the closed meeting, what he would regard as the "limits" of his chairmanship: he would take care to do nothing unilaterally, and he would at all times recognize the final authority of the steering committee vote. This was an arrangement we all felt we could live with. And Greg lived up to his part of the bargain.

The same factors dictated this same procedure in the open committee meetings: we had a mandate to be kept in mind, a mandate that came, at least nominally, from the whole of the WSFS. But we were working with a local constituency we now knew was more conservative than the average of the national constituency. The only way in which the mandate could be preserved - i.e., in which we could follow the wishes of the whole of worldcon-going fandom - was to keep tight control over the voting process and remind ourselves constantly of the job we had been commissioned to do. We had to be our own second holding the laurel leaf crown but also whispering "remember that thou art mortal."

At that first meeting, we discussed endlessly the problem of filling out the major committee posts. Finally, it was agreed that Greg and Curt between them would send out letters to all likely prospects soliciting their ideas. Tim and I were already tentatively at work on the bulletin Greg wanted mailed by mid-October - i.e., two weeks. Carol needed



us to provide her with membership forms, a membership card, and various informational and promotional materials, as well.

At MAC I had come up with the notion of doing the various progress reports (we were then planning five) in the style and graphics formats of the great fanzines from the five decades of fandom. Everyone was anxious about this "new" idea, but the meeting minutes show a rare willingness to give it a try: "...the idea was something untried that possibly might not come out as well as hoped, but that it was an idea worth trying at least once." I set about to get copies of old fanzines to use as models. For various reasons, not the least of which is that the progress reports were always done with too little time and too much to do - this was never carried through as I had envisioned it. Someday, someone should take the time and effort to do this as it should be done. In this aspect, IguanaCon's publications failed miserably, reaching a peak of idiocy in the third progress report, with its flashy cover by Taral and unappealing mix of pseudo-mimeo and contemporary typesetting in the interior.

## BABY IGGY'S FIRST YEAR

*The lights burn low in the barber-shop  
And the shades are drawn with care  
To hide the naughty barbers  
Cutting each other's hair.  
—Morris Bishop*

### ***Sweeping and Garnishing***

To everyone's surprise, the *IguanaCon Bulletin No. 1* was completed on time and approved, with minor creebs, at the next meeting on September 25, 1976. By that time, Carol had completed processing all the memberships we had received to date, and the articles of incorporation were ready for signature.

The first formal worldcon issue we had to deal with was the banquet/cocktail reception question. The Site Selection ballot at MAC had carried a subsidiary ballot expressing preference for one over the other. The vote was overwhelmingly (461-143) in favor of the cocktail reception, which would have fit nicely in with our philosophy of de-formalizing the worldcon, but still...

Hotels make a great deal of money off their food functions, and it is because of them that they are often willing to extend the courtesies which sf conventions enjoy gratis - or used to enjoy. The situation has changed somewhat in the last ten years. Small conventions, which may not account for more than ten percent of a hotel's occupancy, often have to deal with this reality: in order to get the function rooms without paying an enormous and prohibitive room rental charge, they must agree to a banquet at eye-popping catering prices.

The Hyatt chain is notorious on the west coast for lack of cooperation with westercons, and Greg wanted to discuss the matter with our Hyatt's management before taking a position on the question. We were allowed a little leeway because the ballot was not designated as binding, so we could approach it as advisory instead. We did have some leverage, considering that we might well fill the Hyatt's rooms as well as the Adams'...on the other hand, we really didn't know how to project final attendance. Nobody did.

One school of thought held that the low attendance in Australia and at MAC represented a break in the growth trend; another held that they were both statistical flukes and that the growth trend would resume at IguanaCon; a third supposed that the worldcon had found its "natural" level at 3,000-4,000 and would stay there permanently. Nobody knew.

With the experience of the last dozen years behind us, it is well to remind ourselves that the issues was not at all certain in 1976: although LACon, TorCon, and DisCon seemed to establish a trend toward 40% annual growth - a staggering growth rate - the trend was broken (naturally) in 1975 with AussieCon. It had been expected that MAC would resume

the growth curve, but it had instead a membership of about 4,000 with attending membership of less than 2,500. There was a strong possibility that the worldcon had reached the limit of its growth, the experience of Trekcons and expositions to the contrary notwithstanding. Although our early growth in memberships was impressive, it was also possible that we were simply repeating MAC's history. Our final, attending membership could be anywhere from TorCon's 3,000 to the New York Trekcon's 14,000. It was a serious problem about which we could do absolutely nothing. It was anybody's guess what it would actually wind up as. We should have had a pool.

In any case, we didn't feel we could push the advantage too far since we had, literally, no place else to go if one of the hotels backed out of the arrangements between the proposal and the contract. So it was a delicate matter that would have to be handled with some discretion. A poker face and the ability to carry off a bluff is an essential prerequisite for fielding a bid. On the other hand, we must have possessed such assets, since we won ours.

It was at this meeting that Greg proposed his ombudsman idea - various people we would load up with information about IguanaCon and ask to represent us at conventions to which no Phoenician would be going. It was a simple extension of the foreign worldcons' American agent idea, but I believe this was to be the first time that worldcons were to do so for domestic regions.

It was also at this meeting that we got an extra day for the convention. The membership cards had been printed up showing August 30, 1978, instead of August 31 as the opening day of the convention. Greg proposed that we rollover the mistake and turn it into an asset, opening the convention on Wednesday evening to accommodate early arrivals and preregistration.

The meeting minutes for the remainder of 1976 show the committee concerned almost exclusively with housekeeping details - printing contracts, GoH transport and housing, general policy on security matters, the first inkling that Josef Nesvadba might be able to come to the convention, our concern with the fact that the Hyatt was going into receivership and would be sold, although our agreement would remain in effect, and the like. We were busy turning into a going concern.

The committee grew in a more-or-less random fashion. For a short period, we attempted to pick "best" choices for department heads, but early response to our inquiries was very discouraging. Perhaps people were being cautious in the early stages. We would up having to take whatever help we could get on whatever terms they wanted. By the December 11th meeting, Ted Pauls had been confirmed as Huxters' Room director, and Ken and Lou Moore were shown as Art Show directors, with a 5% cash cut from the auction. When I heard about this, I hit the ceiling - along with several others who thought *all* Iggy work should be volunteer and uncompensated. But, it was explained to me, this was a "traditional" perk for the Art Show directors, starting with the Trimble (in 1972, as I recall. Some tradition) and in any case it had already been promised. We had begun to receive flak on Ted Pauls as early as November. Our membership had climbed, in three months, to 1,400 - that's a 10% per month growth rate - and the specter of an enormous worldcon began to loom over our meetings.

We chose Jim Kennedy to direct our film program at our last meeting of 1976. We had received a number of volunteers, but only Kennedy and Willie Siros had evidenced continuing, serious interest. The meeting minutes condense an hours-long wrangle thusly:

*The choice boiled down to battle between Jim Kennedy and Willie Siros. Jim Kennedy had prepared a long list of suggestions and ideas for the film program he'd like to see, and this tilted the decision in his favor, on the condition that he work with the committee and not commit himself to any hard decisions without committee approval.*

The language of the minutes delicately reflects the fact that Kennedy had managed to alienate almost the entirety of local fandom before moving to San Francisco in 1975. Although he is, in person, a mild and agreeable presence, he would become completely uncontrolled when put behind a typewriter. Most of us had been stung by his mad-dog input to Azapa. I, in particular, had been egregiously insulted, not once, but several times. Nevertheless, I went to bat for him on this issue, because he did have a genuinely inventive and innovative film program outlined. I never wanted Jim Kennedy as a protege, but I was stuck with him for the next two years.

This all sounds so very *gemutlich* and cooperative when summarized in this fashion, but it wasn't so in practice. And there was very much more going on, both in local fandom and on the committee. We were gearing up for the first progress report. And that was to be a gold-plated mess.

### ***The Siege of PR 1***

IguanaCon's publications were a comedy of errors from the bright beginning. If I knew then what I know now, much of the hassles and panic could have been avoided. Attend, O Fan.

Throughout the bid and the printing of the *Bulletin*, we had been using a local quick-printer who offered reasonable rates. But their rates were not feasible for a large print-run of multi-page material. Our specifications at that time were for five progress reports and a program book, stationery, mailing envelopes for each progress report, and number 10 envelopes for correspondence. The print run on all these was to be three thousand.

In September and October we took six bids from various bids in the city. The low bid came in at \$5,400 for the lot - an astonishingly good price. The next lowest bid was about \$400 higher, and the bids went up from that point to \$8,000 and \$11,000.

The low bid was submitted by Freedom Fellowship, the organization that published the libertarian lifestyles magazine *Freedom Today*, for which I was then working as an assistant editor, along with a number of other local fans. Diane Nobel was the editor and publisher of the magazine. In fact, the organization was her creature. When she found out that I had been soliciting printing bids, she asked to be allowed to submit a bid, since she was in the process of buying a press. I told her the range of the bids we had received.

There were some problems with the FT bid, though - principally that Diane was planning to move the whole organization to San Francisco in June of 1977, and I with them. I didn't feel that there would be any special difficulty in working from out-of-state (and, in fact, we wound up working with out-of-state typesetting and printing thereafter, anyway).

But I disqualified myself from the vote on the matter, acting only in advisory capacity if needed. Diane Nobel and Roger Patterson-No-Relation gave a presentation to Greg and the Webberts that convinced them FT could handle the obligation - and it would be convenient for putting together the first two PRs - so the committee signed the contract in late October, giving a down-payment of \$1,847, one-third of the bid, to allow them to purchase sufficient paper stock to see us through, since paper prices were leaping enormously and erratically at the time.

The printing contract with *Freedom Today* turns out to have been a very serious mistake. In combination with the underpriced voting memberships at MAC, it helped cripple us financially later in the game (specifically, our ad rates for the publications were set and stabilized at rates appropriate to this very low bid, and we never felt we could legitimately change them thereafter).

In late November, as we were getting ready to typeset the material for the first progress report, Diane Nobel suffered a nervous breakdown and moved the whole operation to San Francisco six months prematurely, thereby throwing a goodly percentage of local fandom (and the concom) out of work simultaneously.

By a dint of fast-talking and the judicious application of moral pressure, Greg and I managed to get the typesetter moved to my apartment for two days and three nights. Phil Paine, who was staying with me at the time, made a whirlwind sweep through the apartment, and within half an hour the place was transformed into a model publications office and work got under way. The high-pressure session that followed has been dubbed by Teresa Nielsen Hayden the "Siege of PR 1." It was probably the finest (as it was certainly to be the last) display of fannish solidarity to come out of Phoenix: with some hasty instructions in the intricacies of Selectronic typesetting, a number of people - almost all non-publications types - spelled each other for hours to keep the machine going continuously. People would wander about, dazed, or crash in one of the bedrooms for a few hours. I don't remember sleeping at all. Bruce Arthurs put in signal service typing the long list of members that appeared in the first PR. Someone would relieve me at the typesetter, and I would pick up a sheaf of letters Greg had selected out of our correspondence for possible inclusion in "Lizard Locs" or "The Suggestion Box."

By the time Diane and Roger came to take away the typesetter, the PR was about ninety percent set and about half proofread. They loaded it into the moving van with the entire household of effects and disappeared into the night. And good riddance.

This was an episode of grinding toil - but it was also our finest hour. Those who didn't or couldn't typeset came by to comfort us with apples and/or cheesecake and generally keep company. We drew closer together than we had ever been before or ever would be again. A number of us look back on that time with ineluctable nostalgia.

Freedom Fellowship disappeared in San Francisco. Several weeks later, Diane got a phone and maintained sporadic contact. But she never did fulfill the contract or return the deposit monies. After I moved to San Francisco, I tried to apply local pressure, but with no more success than Greg had had or the institution of a suit for fraud and breach of contract had had. Late in 1977, Diane suffered a palace coup, and the new directors began paying back part of the deposit at the rate of \$50 a month until the organization lost

whatever steam it had retained and ceased publication altogether in 1978. After IguanaCon I returned to San Francisco, having received over the summer an offer to take over the defunct organization lock, stock, and barrel. But it was too late: Freedom Fellowship was deep in debt, with zero credit, and it proved impossible to get it going again. The money was simply lost.

In the meantime, we were stuck without a printer and without typesetting arrangements. Darlene Rutherford and Bob Kearns volunteered their IBM mechanical typesetter, and we finished up the lettercol and corrections with that. In the meantime, we had to find a printer.

The next-lowest bid had come from Goodwill Industries, who ran a professional print shop in Phoenix. We had used them for printing our bidding prospectus, so we had some experience in dealing with them. But when we solicited a revised bid from them, their prices had gone up another \$2,500, making them competitive with the other commercial operations. When we asked about the discrepancy, we discovered that Goodwill had been printing for Freedom Fellowship, and that the previous manager of the shop had lost his job because FT had skipped owing them about \$8,500. They were in the same mess we were in. Being able to commiserate with the manager on the grounds of sad experience did not help matters, so we began looking elsewhere.

Darlene Rutherford and Bob Kearns, both very capable professionals in their own right, operated their own printing company, Century Graphics. They gave us a revised bid which was acceptably below the quick-printer's rates, and they wound up printing the rest of IguanaCon's publications as well as typesetting the second and third progress reports, until we decided to change from 10-point type to 9-point type, which their compositor couldn't handle. Ultimately, though, what swung the issue in their favor was that Darlene was a well-known member of the local SCA. Having been burned, Tim, Greg, and I were inclined, at that point, to "keep it in the family" wherever possible.

With all the delays precipitated by the FT fiasco, the masters were not finished until mid-December, two weeks late. Our experimental attempt to set publication release dates wasn't working out very well.

Other conventions had published ad deadlines, which *implied* press deadlines, but we were the first to publish an issue-date along with the schedule. This has since become a common, though by no means universal, practice.

The boards were passed around at the December 11 concom meeting, and final proofreading was done the following day. And there the boards lay.

Greg had stipulated that nothing could be sent to press without his initials. But after repeated calls, he refused to come over and okay the material. Because I had been thrown out of work when Diane moved to San Francisco (as had been Phil Paine and Patrick Hayden, who were staying with me at the time), I literally could not scrape up the money to send them to Darlene. They had moved Century Graphics from Phoenix to New Mexico. Phil, Patrick, and I were subsisting on a diet composed mainly of mustard-flavored flour dumplings and steamed cabbage (shades of *Down and Out in Paris and London!*). So the masters sat in my apartment for weeks as I sold off my once-substantial sf collection piece-by-piece to get grocery money. The committee was taking a holiday break, so there were

no meetings to bring them to. And Greg skipped a few meetings of the local club, as well.

It's difficult to maintain a balanced perspective on this, the first clear indication that Greg wasn't up to performing his duties as chair. He had swinging between stability and erratic behavior since his divorce in 1975, which was only to be expected. A divorce is a bit stressful under the best of circumstances, and erratic behavior just goes along with the territory. Allowances were naturally made. But his debilitating depressions were becoming deeper, exacerbated by financial difficulties. He managed, with a great deal of local support in Tucson, to keep up a functioning facade for awhile, but personal tensions were creeping into the meetings, affecting his management of psychological flow. The situation continued to deteriorate.

In Greg's behalf it should be noted that 1977 was a bad year in general for the people on the concom. Carol's physical and emotional health began to deteriorate. Curt was to suffer a nervous breakdown and disappear completely for about four months. I went stony broke and had to move to find work. And Tim had a series of crises that year, including a painful breakup with Teresa. Topping off the year, his father died in November.

Of the three people with the most critical problems, Carol managed to keep up with her work even through her crisis. Greg managed to keep up a front and at least some of the work going. Only Curt failed completely. During his unexplained absence, he not only did not show up for committee meetings, he refused to return calls or receive visitors at home. When he finally resurfaced, he immediately began attacking Greg, and it became clear that he considered himself to be the proper chair of the convention. \*Sigh\* I do not think it unreasonable, given the circumstances, that a majority of the concom did not agree that Curt was the best chair for IguanaCon. But, as I noted before, the barrage of propaganda makes a balanced perspective all but impossible. And there is some justice to the propaganda,, as well: Curt was not in a position of great responsibility at the time of his breakdown, and Greg was. His failures, though milder than Curt's were more potentially damaging to the convention.

Eventually we got the boards to Century Graphics, and eventually the progress report was printed. The minutes of the February 12, 1977, meeting indicate that it had been mailed out, just over a month later than our schedule called for. We had applied for a non-profit bulk mailing permit but had been turned down. To cut down on the expenses for publications, we dropped the fifth progress report from the schedule.

### ***Not Gone and Not Forgotten***

Local fandom had not ceased to exist in the last quarter of 1976. In point of fact, it was going stronger than ever.

We had buried OSFFA in June of 1976, and the Phoenix Cosmic Circle, likewise, went the way of all flesh. By winter of 1976, the first wave of new immigrants had been assimilated into Phoenix fandom, and there was only one fannish social group in the greater Phoenix metropolitan area.

By this time, meetings had stabilized into a pretty consistent pattern: twenty-five to forty people would foregather weekly on Fridays, usually at the apartment of Richard Prokop, Joe Sheffer, and Jim Jackson in Tempe. This apartment was usually known as the

Kibbutz, but the *Illuminatus!* trilogy had cut a major swath through local fandom that year, and it was also referred to occasionally as "Apartment 23," since it was no. 23 in the complex.

Friday nights at the Kibbutz were amorphous happenings that had given up all pretense of being club meetings. They were, rather, parties bearing little resemblance to the format of either parent group. Fandom operated this way by custom, without organization or even a name until Teresa Nielsen began calling them "Friday Night Inevitables." The name stuck, and they have remained inevitables ever since.

From the end of OSFFA, Phoenix fandom became difficult to describe and document. Even the memory of that period blurs into an undifferentiated oatmeal of recollections. As the influx of new fans became incorporated into the group, they began opening up other fringe-fandoms and quasi-fannish groups, and the exchange rate among the groups took a quantum-leap upward. The distinctions among the groups blurred, and local fandom became more undifferentiated among its parts. Then, too, our "fannish calendar" had become fixed by tradition, and the years when we were "discovering" fandom were coming to a close.

The problem with documenting this period is exacerbated by the fact that local fanzine publication had almost ceased - including and especially the series of topical newszines which were my best source-material. All the creative energy of local fandom was being drawn off into Leprecon, the two bids, and Azapa.

Azapa had begun to hit its stride by the end of 1976. In the first nineteen months of its existence, it had grown from thirty pages per issue to well over a hundred. Bruce Arthurs, who had taken over OEShip after Patrick had moved to Toronto, was routinely issuing the distributions in two volumes. And there was every prospect of continued growth: Azapa had, overnight, become a "hot property" as apas go. To cope with the monstrous monthly workload, Bruce demanded a membership limited to thirty-five, and the membership struggled with the issue for several months. Nobody really *liked* the idea, but it was generally seen as necessary. Azapa gained a waitlist.

Azapa is virtually the only documentary survival from this period, and it contained, as I remember it, very little material of local interest; the apa had outgrown its regional phase very early on and turned outward, just as local fandom had turned outward.

The major factor acting to disintrovert Phoenix fandom was a sudden increase in attending regional conventions in the midwest and southwest. MileHighCon, Bubonicon, and eventually Solarcon in El Paso, became regular features of our fannish calendar. And every year a few locals began going to a few conventions in the midwest - Marcon, Autoclave, and the like. Curt Stubbs was particularly devout in his Rosconian lustrations. He had even gotten a minor reputation as "Captain Coors." Phil Foglio immortalized Captain Coors in an IguanaCon comic strip, but shortly after we received it, Curt dropped out of IguanaCon activities, so we never felt free to use it.

All this fraternizing with the aliens helped leaven us in Phoenix mightily. The slow slide into a duplicate-LASFS was stopped cold, and we had another chance at developing and keeping our own regional style, adopting complementary customs.



A home-grown influence also helped to shape us during this period: Tim Kyger was a rabid Firesign Theatre fan, and he spread their particular weird humor through local fandom by his habit of repeating whole sections of dialogue from their records at any excuse or none, along with Monty Python routines and National Lampoon records. I'm certain that the combined influence of these three groups had a lot to do with the peculiar, eccentric and in-groupish sensibility that had grown up in Phoenix.

Tim makes the point that all three of these had considerable currency in fandom outside Phoenix - a Firesign Theatre album had been nominated for a Hugo a few years earlier - but the point remains that the popularization within Phoenix fandom helped in a small way to develop a common language between Phoenix fandom and midwestern fandom, in particular.

During the period when Phoenix fandom was homogenizing itself and approaching entry into fandom-at-large, the realities of interpersonal politics produced (again) a number of cliques - people who tended to associate more with each other than with anyone else. The most strongly differentiated clique consisted of Rob and Dan Carver, Steve McAllister, Liz Danforth, Bear Peters, and Ken St. Andre, with a sprinkling of others. Terry King nicknamed this group "Creep Fandom," though I do not remember what sparked the coining. It was the surviving nucleus of the old Ballard faction in the PSFS of fond memory, a fossilization of pre-1972 fanpolitik, a veritable fanpolitical coelocanth.

There was very little in the way of unifying characteristics among these people. Some of them showed up regularly at Friday Night Inevitables; others we saw only rarely. They tended to maintain among themselves the tone they had set for the old Phoenix Cosmic Circle long after the rest of fandom had grown out of that. And whether or not the impression is correct, a number of us felt them disdainful toward the rest of us.

The other clearly defined clique was the circle that had at its center Tim, Teresa, Joe Sheffer and myself, with Robert Prokop. At various times it included Curt, Hilde and Greg - and Patrick Hayden when he was, periodically, in town. This group was coincidentally the Phoenix actfan's circle, including the leading con-runners and fanzine-publishers (with the exception of Bruce Arthurs, always a law unto himself). Later on this circle would calve into radical and conservative splinters as IguanaCon preparations got under way.

This circle provided the intellectual tone and content of Phoenix fandom, as seen from a distance. It is, for example, due to Joe Sheffer's presence in the group that Thomism became "big" for a season. Teresa's special metier, as has been remarked before, was to be the namer of names. She had an unsurpassed *gotterfunken* for making trenchant observations in neatly-packaged, witty, and memorable form. I don't know how we got along before she dropped into local fandom. Tim's special ability is, perhaps, less apparent: in some mysterious and indefinable way, he keeps things going, bridging flags of interest and effort on other peoples' part. This is a mysterious but utterly necessary faculty. And as for myself...I just enjoyed it all. Self-characterization is a pitfall I don't intend to step into. I know that I came to regard my main function on the committee as keeping the organization to its commitments and to the underlying philosophy we had started out with. I was, in this regard, the gadfly of IguanaCon, and an obnoxious pest, always ready for a spot of corrupting the youth and making the lesser seem the greater part. References to

interminable, unstoppable harangues will probably pepper anyone else's memory of me from this period. Even my best friends occasionally found me hard to take. It was fortunate that the burden had a built-in termination. For long stretches there, I wasn't even happy with myself.

I suspect that the rest of local fandom may have thought us as disdainful and as alien as the Carver-McAllister-St. Andre clique. Certainly we were pulling along a slightly different vector. And the rest of local fandom was dragged along whether it wanted to come or not. This group of people became, later, the nucleus of the International Garrett Conspiracy. If there is resentment against these people now (and there is), it is probably due to the stubbornness with which we went our own way.

Over the course of 1976 and 1977 we had the beginnings of another influx of new people, although most of them faded into the background of local fandom without making much of an immediate mark on it. Tunnels and Trolls gradually faded in importance from local fandom, although it never entirely disappeared. Games of other sorts continued to flourish at the Friday Night Inevitables. Bridge enjoyed a brief vogue and even provided a few high points of otherwise dull episodes - like the time at Desertcon, a film convention in Tucson sponsored by the University of Arizona, when my partner opened in spades while I was holding six spades, ace-queen high, in my hand. Grand slam immediamento. Usually a few people would gather in a corner or in another room for board games such as Diplomacy. The rest of the party went on around or over the gamers.

One activity that had an ever-renewing popularity was the publication of one-shots. it should be mentioned that one-shots were introduced into local fandom by Paula Ann Anthony in about 1974 or early 1975 and were enthusiastically adopted. Although most were done at conventions and room parties, they tended to sprout up at the unlikeliest times and places - in restaurants, wherever two or three of us were gathered in Roscoe's name. The Howard Johnson's on Apache Boulevard in Tempe (the "Old Usual Place," long may it be remembered) provided paper placemats which were the doodling-ground for a number of one-shots, most particularly *Placematzine*, which appeared in *Azapa* in, I think, December 1976.

The fanac-filled weekend continued, even without two bracketing meetings to sustain it. in 1977, Bruce Arthurs and Hilde Hildebrand, now married, took a house in southeast Phoenix which tim and I called, among ourselves, "Hilde's Restaurant." It had another name used by the rest of fandom - "The New Phoenix Inn." Fanac went on non-stop within those precincts, and Hilde developed a grapevine of local gossip and smoffery that became a clearing-house for all manner of fannish information.

And Phoenix fandom was finally discovering S\*E\*X (about time!). The Wild Sexual Promiscuity (s, as) of Midwestern fandom had finally sloshed over into local fandom, huzzah! And there would routinely be a mani hug very early on Saturday mornings, when the rest of the meeting had died out.

A mani hug is a kind of primitive experiment in sensual awareness - a circle of people with linked arms - like those routine at the more sentimental "consciousness-raising" youth camps. the mani hug might be followed or accompanied by "promiscuous kissing," as Dorothy Sayers put it, or some innocuous and milkwater-mild making out in the corners.

It's hard to take that kind of thing seriously. But more serious goings-on were proceeding elsewhere: local fandom had a spate of marriages, divorces, remarriages, and some unlikely bedpartners in 1977 and 1978.

After a brief period of tranquility, interpersonal tension had begun to emerge at the Inevitables. Nothing serious; just a strain on the fabric of the relationships. Over the past three years, the ambience of Phandom had begun to move, simultaneously, in two opposed directions: fannish solidarity overlaid with sexual and sensual overtones, and fannish factionalism expressed in endless gossiping and smoffery. People who were in the group gropes and mani hugs on Saturday mornings would be talebearing Saturday afternoons, casually assassinating the characters of the other participants in the mani hug. I don't think there was any personal malice on their part, but it did occasionally become embarrassing. The net effect was to produce, for the first time, an ambiguity of feeling about everybody in the group. Before this dualistic tendency took hold, the lines, such as they were, appeared clearly drawn. By 1977, they had begun to blur; suspicion fell unconsciously and evenly on everyone. And by 1978, the process had progressed to such a state that the politics became as crazy as the personal relationships.

But it was to be some time yet before the negative influences were to mature. In the meantime, we were having a golden age, and there were plenty of times to enjoy. Leprecon 3 at the Grand Canyon, March 14-16, 1977, crowned this period.

### **Leprecon 3**

Leprecon 3 was at once the most wildly successful Leprecon and the only failure among them - a failure because it lost something like \$400; a success because it was the most mind-blowingly, all-around *satisfying* convention I've even been to. My reaction, in fact, may be understated, since I had already become jaded with conventions.

Leprecon 3 had an attendance just over a hundred. Everyone who came - and they came from all over - was there because he was involved in some way with the people. Since it was held at the tag-end of winter in Arizona's Arctic zone (Arizona has all five climatological zones within its borders. It is the only state with this kind of variety), the weather was as much an obstacle to walkins as the fact that it was five hundred miles from the nearest sizeable population center. Leprecon 3 was the Azapa convention.

Scraps of moments from the weekend are printed indelibly in my memory, but it is golden as a whole - like the best of room parties, late at night, when the rabble have left and only the good friends remain. About half of Azapa's membership was at the convention, many of us meeting in person for the first time.

And, of course, there was the setting. There is something ineluctably delightful about two or three old-new friends breaking the crust of new-fallen snow as you tramp from your warm hotel room to the coffee shop for breakfast, the north rim of the Canyon over your shoulders and wind in the ponderous pines and oaks shaking flakes of snow in your face...

\*Sigh\*

It was a good end to it all, I thought. And it was a kind of end for me. I had never recovered from the financial blow of losing my job while trying to support three people the previous November. I was going broke in Phoenix. D. Carol Roberts had followed Jim

Kennedy to San Francisco four or five months earlier. Once, in a letter, she urged me to come out to SF, where anyone who could type, she assured me, was virtually assured of a job. So I thought about it for a couple of months. I took the remainder of my decimated sf collection to Leprecon 3 and huxtered most of it to get money to pay off my more urgent debts (in particular, I had borrowed the Solarcon ad money - \$20. I had given Greg \$10 in January, but I had to pay the rest of it back immediately) and to get together a stake. I had wanted - yearned - for years to move to San Francisco.

After the con, I bought a bus ticket, left the remainder of my sf collection I hadn't been immediately able to sell with Curt - about \$150 worth, according to his estimate - with instructions to sell it or buy it himself if he wished, and pay the remainder of my debts (about \$80 worth) off the top. I left for San Francisco over the Easter weekend.

And thereby ceased to be a Phan. Nominally, at least. There was still Iguanacon. I had planned to come back every few months during the preparations, and I wound up doing just that. But it would take me awhile to get established.

## STÜRM UND DRANG

*I want a house that has got over  
all its troubles; I don't want to spend  
the rest of my life bringing up  
a young and inexperienced house.  
—Jerome K. Jerome*

### *The Second Year*

1977 was a kind of off-again, on-again year for the IguanaConcom. As I mentioned earlier, all of us had personal problems that year. But the work went forward, after a fashion.

The meeting minutes make dull reading, concerned as they are with housekeeping details. Inadequate as those written records are to convey more than the bare bones of what was happening, I did not receive even them. After Bruce Arthurs resigned as recording secretary in April, his position was filled for a few months by Susan Roberts and, starting in August, by Zetta Dillie, neither of whom sent out minutes or records of any kind.

Despite the fact that I made four trips back to Phoenix over the remainder of 1977, accounting for almost sixty days altogether, Greg and Curt had, independently and for different reasons, allowed the impression to spring up that I had simply "dropped off" the committee. Actually, my telephone records for this period indicate that I was speaking with Tim or Greg on the average of once every two or three days, and by the beginning of June I had picked up the reins again and was in full stride.

Later conversation with others on the committee revealed that Greg had by this time become a data sink. Information would come in and lay there. Greg was still struggling with debilitating depression, despite a brief rallying of public opinion in his favor in May. Hilde, his former wife, had taken him to court over child-support payments and introduced copies of *Azapa* into evidence because Greg had indiscreetly talked about undeclared income in one of his zines. Hilde felt she had justification, but met with little sympathy in local fandom for the most obvious of reasons: who is going to be frank - and people were very frank in the highly personal new apas of the mid-seventies - if he is likely to be haled into court over his supposedly confidential apazine?

The data-sink effect became a public issue among the concom later in the year, but the locals never made the obvious connection between the myth that I had dropped off the concom and the observable fact that I was *in* Phoenix every other month or so working on the convention. They accepted the data-sink only so far as it affected them, without considering the full implications of the problem. That this bizarre assumption was allowed to go uncontradicted helped put the final nail in the coffin of my reputation on the committee. I suppose it was handy for Greg to have a scapegoat to draw fire away from him - but I was keeping up my end of the work, and I still resent this.

When I left for San Francisco in March, Tim and I changed our operating procedures to get me a little time to stabilize after the move: Tim would do the second progress report and the fourth; I would do the third and the program book.

When I made my first trip back to Phoenix, I proofed the boards for the second PR and made a few stylistic changes throughout. But, by and large, PR 2 was Tim's baby and a creditable job for someone whose only previous connection with the business end of an x-acto knife was on the receiving end of threats.

One of the things I had been able to do during my two-month shakedown in San Francisco was to contact Diane Nobel and Roger Patterson-No-Relation for the committee. I felt it incumbent on me to at least try to achieve something for the committee, but it was no dice: Diane could not even be made to see that she had done anything wrong.

We had formally cancelled the printing contract in February, and by the time I returned to Phoenix for the second time that year, in August, Greg had instituted a suit on the concom's behalf for fraud and breach of contract. If any of the principals of FT set foot in Arizona, they could be arrested and jailed. Unfortunately, there was no economically feasible way to bring the suit to California. Fortunately, about this time the other directors of Freedom Fellowship staged a coup and ousted Diane from control. They arranged to begin payment of the deposit back in small, monthly installments, and we agreed to drop the suit. Unsatisfactory, but the best that could be achieved under the circumstances. We eventually realized about \$350 before the Fellowship folded for the last time in 1978.

By June of 1977, Jim Corrick had ordered and received the Hugo rockets and made arrangements for the Gandalf and John W. Campbell awards. He had also prepared the draft of the nominating ballots and the Hugo information for the third progress report.

One of the other developments which had matured over the summer was *Spicy Iguana Tales*, Greg Brown's IguanaCon discussion zine that had been "in production" since the previous fall. It was Greg's intention to do a collection of letters and commentary like an extended "Suggestion Box." Noreascon picked up this idea the following year. To the best of my knowledge, only one issue of *Spicy Iguana Tales* was ever published.

I came back to Phoenix at the end of August to set up advance work for the third progress report. My June trip had been nothing more than a weekend visit, but this time I was there to do some serious work. Unfortunately, I had delayed beyond my anticipated departure, and I wound up arriving the day everybody who was going took off for SunCon. There was not a thing ready to be done, and I was literally told to cool my heels for about two weeks, until people had recovered from post-SunCon blarghs.

I was in Phoenix for nearly five weeks that time, staying at Hilde's Restaurant, and I supplemented my savings by working through a temporary agency. Ultimately this turned out to be a very useful experience, because I was assigned to the accounting department of a large grocery store chain that hadn't posted to its general ledger since the beginning of the year. I had some experience with simple bookkeeping, but now I got involved in intricate, detailed accounting, sorting out receipts and checks and constructing chain-wide balance sheets on a scale I had never attempted before. It was exactly the kind of work I would be doing for the convention in the summer of 1978..

Tim and I finally did settle down to some work - not that there was any hurry: the third progress report wasn't due until December. But it was good to be prepared well in advance. We wanted to get it out on time. I lingered in Phoenix until the October first meeting, at which copy from department heads was due (see, three months in advance). Strangely, Curt wasn't there. No one had been able to reach him since SunCon.

Ellen Franklin, of the Boston bidding committee, had approached us at SunCon for the Boston people to do the masquerade at Iggy. Well, okay. We hadn't yet made any firm commitment. In fact, Marion Zimmer Bradley was the only other person who had evidenced any interest. The arguments Ellen made for allowing bidding committees to acquire experience by handling major function areas at preceding conventions were so convincing that we were compelled to agree. We called the Baltimore in '80 committee to find out if they had any objections and to find out if they had any similar desires. They okayed the idea, and we designated the Boston group as our directors for the masquerade.

We were to have photos taken of the concom. I had lobbied for a "recognition board" posted in the Hyatt lobby so that John Q. Congoer would be able to recognize the committee members without developing convention-hunchback trying to read significant namebadges. We promptly nicknamed it the "Tomato-Throwing Board." This was to be an advance exercise: the photos taken by Mike Lampe at this meeting were ultimately put in the third progress report, so that people would have seen "those faces" before the convention. Our membership had just gone over 2100.

I went back to San Francisco, planning to come back in November to do the final work on the third progress report. Tim was to finish collecting material and send it to Darlene Rutherford in Albuquerque for typesetting. We would have a month to get the thing prepared - every bit of which we would need. The third PR was going to be our big information report: sixty-four pages. We had a dynamite cover from Taral (which, however, clashed badly with the interior style. We should have abandoned the interior style) and our first batch of reports from the independent functionaries.

Hoho. Haha. Roscoe fell down on that one.

On October 31, 1977, Tim got a call from his mother: he would have to come back to Ohio immediately. His father was dying. Tim hurriedly packed together the copy he had with notes and dropped them over to Greg, with detailed instructions about what had to be done with it all. He posted the rest of the typesetting to Darlene and made arrangements with me to come to Phoenix early. He was to be gone indefinitely.

This struck me with panic. Greg's problems with communicating were well known by now, and the rest of the concom seemed to be going wonky, as well. I had been outflanking the problem by talking directly with Tim. By November 1977, Greg was only semi-functioning; Curt was completely out of the picture; Carol's performance was beginning to deteriorate due to personal pressure; Jim Corrick was beginning to be concerned about his doctoral dissertation (he would come under pressure by his doctoral committee to complete the dissertation in the spring of 1978). When it had become apparent that Curt had dropped completely out of the picture, Jim had been asked to take over programming completely - at first on only an "interim" basis. During the early part of 1977 Jim had made notes and collected ideas on possible program items and sorted through the membership list

to find possible participants. By summer of 1977 he had made his initial contacts with people. When he was asked to assume full responsibility for programming, his work intensified. He completed the bulk of the scheduling and room assignments and briefed our press agent, Greg Ampagoomian, on program participants.

Jim's work was largely invisible to me at the time, as Tim's and mine were invisible to him. The only other two normally-functioning committee members were in Ohio and San Francisco. And the delicate political balance we had maintained was being broken as points of political stability were removed from the committee. From my perspective, my only sane link with the committee (I was still not even receiving minutes) was removed two thousand miles.

It became evident, much later, that both Tim and I had gotten out of touch with the committee, that we suffered a failure of perspective. I know *why* this happened: both of us were dealing with a complex and time-consuming subject that we devoted almost exclusive attention to.

For the most part, we paid little attention to the random and haphazard way the committee was developing - partly because it didn't raise serious problems at this point, and partly because we were too busy. We *did* notice at copy deadline time, of course, because we could get very little cooperation. The solution of publishing blank pages wasn't an option. I had to write Curt's copy for the first and third progress reports (with an assist by Jim Corrick), for example: he just never bothered to turn any in.

Because the particular work we were involved with dealt with deadlines and concrete, visible progress, I think we both assumed - conveniently - that everyone else was having essentially the same experience. What we did not realize until much later was that the other concom members did *not* view their work in the same light at all.

A self-starter learns very early on to set his own schedule and measure his own progress (indeed, this is the only way Jim Corrick's work, for example, could be done). But almost all of Phoenix fandom's self-starters were already on the steering committee. Very few of the others had ever managed to do even something so minor as publishing an independent fanzine in the several years they had been in fandom. When the self-starters moved away from Phoenix (I except Greg) or dropped out of the mainstream of the work, the others didn't know how to manage for themselves. The committee was cut rudderless. This was not a sudden thing; it happened over the course of 1977.

I felt at the time that the concom was becoming progressively disconnected from, the reality of the task...but I was a thousand miles away, depending for my own committee functions on an increasingly undependable line of communication. The situation was to become a time bomb.

When I got back to Phoenix in November, the preparations for the progress report were in a state of hopeless confusion. Tim had mailed off the copy alright - but by third class. It hadn't yet arrived back in Phoenix. All the preparations Tim had scheduled for the last week of October hadn't been done - purchasing blank board and blue-lining them (although pre-printed mechanical boards existed, they were only available in single-page sizes; we were using double-sized blank sheets of white-glazed cardboard which we would rule with a type of blue pencil that the camera couldn't "see" to mark the areas where the



typeset copy would appear). And we had received more copy than we had anticipated. So they layouts I had carefully prepared in San Francisco had to be junked. It was a mess.

There was nothing for me to do: I had made the trip for nothing. I creebed and grotched and did what I could. I got the boards blue-lined and reworked the dummy (a book that is a symbolic representation of the layout of the real book) and started placing the ads we had received and such bits of copy as we had. I went back to San Francisco on the 14th and had Greg and Darlene Rutherford redirect the copy to me there. I would have to finish the job in California.

I missed all the fun. Our little microcosm within a microcosm blew up toward the end of the month.

### ***A Simple Desultory Philippic***

The flap actually began in November, when the National Organization for Women (NOW) declared a national boycott of states that hadn't ratified the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA). The Arizona legislature was heavily influenced by the Mormon block in Mesa and it wasn't about to ratify the ERA. Arizona was struck and, consequently, so was IguanaCon.

It was a matter of some concern. Feminist activism had begun to be very evident at major sf conventions over the last few years, and the entire spectrum of feminism was represented in fandom, from radical to soft-core commitment (the anti-feminist spectrum was represented in fandom, too). All of us on the steering committee personally supported the ERA and generally supported the boycott. We felt we had to do something in the way of honoring, or at least recognizing the validity of, the boycott, but we were simply stuck with our existing arrangements. Since August, we had been planning an entire track of programming around feminist issues and ideas, to be called "A Place of Our Own," an outgrowth of the success of Susan Woods' and *A Woman's Apa's* programming at Westercon XXX. We had set aside a double function room in one hotel under Hilde Hildebrand's direction. So we were already very conscious of the possible impact of such a boycott.

On the other hand, it was less than ten months before the convention was to open. The management of the convention was thrown into confusion.

We had just about decided that there was nothing we could do but sit it out, take no sides, and try to weather the publicity and controversy that were sure to be stirring around in the fan press, when we got a kick in the pants that demanded a commitment of some kind: Harlan Ellison called Greg and offered to resign as our Professional Guest of Honor.

Harlan felt very strongly about the ERA boycott, and he intended to place himself at the disposal of the NOW and use whatever publicity he could muster to advocate the ERA and the boycott. He was gratified and honored, he said, by the idea of being GoH at a worldcon - a richly deserved tribute he had never been granted - but Arizona was a boycotted state.

This immediately kicked up a fuss in Phoenix fandom. Let me reiterate that the steering committee - the core of IguanaCon - was always and completely affirmatively for Harlan Ellison as GoH. The fact that he had been presented to us, a year before, as a *fait accompli* was irrelevant. He was a good choice - none better - and we wanted him as GoH.

Outside the steering committee, probably fifteen to twenty percent of local fandom were either as committed to Harlan as we were or felt, at least, that there were other choices they might have preferred, but that he deserved the accolade and that we were well off to have him. That accounts for, altogether, perhaps a third of local fandom. The attitude of the other two-thirds ran all the way from "Why *him?*" to violent opposition. For the entire lifetime of the concom, we had been coping with a clique led by Jim Webbert and Tommie Williams, who called on us constantly to dump Harlan and, less formally, made snide and cutting remarks at every opportunity. This they viewed as the perfect opportunity to get rid of Harlan.

This was very irritating to the steering committee. Even if *none* of us had been happy with Harlan, it was still very evident that he was greatly respected in the community. His Hugo Awards alone - more than any other author in the field - attested to that. The clique was a group of local fans trying to force a personal preference on the committee and thus on fandom as a whole. It was a situation *they should have been able to see* was grotesquely unfair to their colleagues on the committee. This was not the last time we were to have to deal with this situation.

Harlan made his offer to resign for two reasons: first, to let us take ourselves and IguanaCon out of the line of fire, since he was going to be generating publicity; and, second, to avoid a dilemma he faced. At this early stage of the boycott, the compromise the NOW and the ERA task force eventually worked out was not yet apparent. Harlan viewed the accolade IguanaCon and fandom at large offered him as a crowning achievement of his career and was torn by wanting to accept it and feeling at the same time morally bound to honor the boycott. Some dilemma.

Of course, we declined his offer - repeatedly. The offer to resign became almost a ritual over the next ten months, at first as a way out of our mutual problem and then in disgust over the flak we were jointly and severally taking from fandom at large. What eventually happened is that Harlan consulted with the national NOW organization and the ERA task forces in Arizona and California. The California ERA task force suggested that he treat it as he would be treating the various speaking tours in non-ERA states they were organizing: do it and make as much capital of it as you can. Harlan's assistant, Linda Steele, worked out the mechanics of the trip: they rented a recreational vehicle which they would gas up at Blythe (on the California side of the Arizona-California border) coming and going. They would bring all their food in from California, which had ratified the ERA, and live in the RV instead of the hotel. This last was not strictly necessary, we explained, because the hotel rooms were "comps" provided without charge to the committee (the boycott was only concerned with money brought in from ERA states into non-ERA states). But it was the "magnificent gesture" he was looking for. So, he did it his way. Ol' Brown Eyes.

During the last few months before the convention, I was in almost daily contact with Harlan, and I would like to take this opportunity to give witness: I have never worked with a sweeter, more cooperative, generous, interesting, sheerly *intelligent* person. I tried to express some of the affection I developed for him in the IguanaCon program book; I hope some of it got past the difficulty I had composing the piece. I also hope the circumstances

never arise in which I am called on to show him the same generosity and sensitivity he gave me, but I would be honored to do so. Perhaps the most important experience I had about IguanaCon was the opportunity to work with a person who really deserves to have "magnus" adopted as his last name.

By now it's December. I'm back in San Francisco impatiently watching the calendar pages flutter away as I waited for the typeset copy to arrive for the third progress report. It arrived in dribs and drabs (lots of drabs) over the first three weeks of December, and I would work feverishly to get the boards pasted up - and then wait for the next batch to arrive.

Tim was still in Dayton, Ohio. His father had died intestate in early November, and the probate mess was going to keep him there for an unknown period longer. It was an indeterminate sentence, in fact. The concom was, theoretically, still chugging away in Phoenix, but any information I got came by way of Tim. Something strange was going on.

Curt had reappeared, as suddenly and mysteriously as he had vanished. During his absence, we had debated what to do about his credit in the progress report and had decided to keep him as a general committee listing but remove his name from programming. When he dropped back in suddenly, Jim had made excellent progress with the programming, so Greg scrounged around for a position for Curt to fill. Curt became the concom's operations director, a post Greg had initially intended to fill himself. By that time I was too busy trying to piece the progress report together to pay much attention. The last major batch of copy arrived on December 21.

In the first week of December, Harlan had requested space in the third progress report for a white paper, his "Statement of Ethical Position." He had it in Greg's hands by about the 13th. Then Greg called me with the bad news. Space was so tight in the third progress report that I couldn't fit it in, so I sighed and agreed to condense the committee information onto one page from the original two. Since the material had already been set and pasted up, this meant that all the copy had to be ripped off the boards and re-pasted up, throwing away some copy and rearranging other. I had to have the logotype reduced to fit on a single page. Camera work. Three or four days lost there. There was no time to send it to Albuquerque for typesetting, so Greg would have it set in Phoenix to fit on one page, and preferably in a typestyle similar to the one we were using. Fine. It arrived on the 22nd. It did, indeed, fit on one sheet of paper - but it was longer than the image area on our pages. Not a lot longer, just a few lines.

I tore my hair. After fiddling with the copy for four hours, I finally gave up: I would have to rip up another page, throw some more of the committee information away, and do something with the pages it was on to separate it off. So I ripped up three pages of committee reports and did what is called "editing with the knife," a skill pasteup artists learn that is the despair of writers and editors. This called for using the x-acto knife to cut away sections, usually at the end of a paragraph, which could be deleted without affecting the flow of the text. Then I would have to cut a few lines apart here and there and adjust the spacing between every word by meticulously gluing down individual dots of paper, each holding one word. It was finicky, time-consuming, and frustrating work, since the rubber cement I was using to hold the copy down wouldn't hold the tiny bits of paper straight:

torsion in the layer of cement would twist them crooked. I pulled an all-nighter and got the masters completed on the morning of December 23rd - the Friday before Christmas. I took them into work and copied the pages. They went off in the mail to Greg for approval that day. We were nearly three weeks behind our schedule.

I should have expected it. A bulky package of papers mailed the last workday before Christmas. It never arrived. Greg waited until after the January 7 meeting to tell me. He called on the following Monday, and I hurriedly copied them again and sent them off by Express Mail this time. Greg called again. We had to drop another four pages. This involved ripping out more copy - for some of the information *had* to get in - and repositioning it where stuff with lower priority had been. This left huge gaps. One of them I filled with a Peter Max-ish star background. It was ugly. Blyecch. But it was finally ready to go. I made some typographical corrections, got okay from Greg on the 29th, and sent the boards off to Greg for transshipment to Albuquerque.

Nobody was happy with the third progress report - I least of all. My original design had been changed about five times altogether. The final "design" was forced on me by the exigencies of moving copy around; the thick, black lines sectioning copy were there partly to hide cut marks that would show up on camera and partly because the copy was squeezed together so much that it was virtually impossible to distinguish what belonged with what. I liked the effect of those black bars. They would look dynamic with a clean printing job - but it was so out of proportion to the antique-graphics style of the Harry Warner article and TOC that it made them look messy. \*Sigh\*

We were now eight weeks behind schedule.

By the January 28th meeting, everyone had seen the copies and been thoroughly disillusioned. Not being aware of the series of emergencies that had caused it to look as it did, they decided that the problem was that it was being done outside of Phoenix. So they decided the fourth pr would be done in Phoenix if Greg had to do it himself. Selah.

I heard nothing more about the third progress report after that. We had other things on our minds. Apparently Greg held onto the boards for an indecent amount of time (not telling anybody he had them), and finally sent them off to Albuquerque by the February 18th meeting. We were not to have them until after Leprecon in March.

There was more - a lot more. The concom was put under a state of siege. Our anti-Harlan clique was very vocal and very persistent in calling on us to dump Harlan - particularly after seeing his "Statement of Ethical Position." Greg had been using me to draw fire, and I was a safe target since I was out of sight. In particular, he let it be known that the progress report was late because I had delayed it and unsatisfactory because I had designed it that way, without his guiding hand and control. Feh. He knew perfectly well that the delay and the poor organization and appearance were both caused by the fact that the thing had to be ripped up repeatedly.

I wish that Greg had chosen some other way to draw fire. The combination of Greg's lies plus my own gadflying destroyed my credibility with the committee altogether. The completely undeserved damage to my reputation in local fandom persists. Many months after the convention, people only marginally connected with the convention were still vilifying me. Zetta Dillie, one of the more spectacularly incompetent of the people

connected with the convention (a real dillie, in fact), was particularly obnoxious, characterizing me at one point as "...he who has messed up Iggy from the beginning." A staggering blow, s'blood.

But Greg had problems of his own to deal with. The people in Phoenix did not communicate with me at all, so everything I have discovered about the developments has been reconstructed from hints dropped over the course of the next four years.

### ***Failure to Communicate***

It all started with the new year. In early February of 1978, the Hyatt got a call from a businessman's group wanting to book a convention for the Labor Day weekend. They had us booked already with a letter of intent. But they couldn't find a contract - and, in fact, they hadn't heard from anyone on the concom since September, after SunCon, when Greg had his last contract conference with them. When Greg moved, in November, he hadn't bothered to inform the hotels of his new phone number. The Hyatt's convention rep, Dick Perry, located the Webberts' phone number from an old westercon bidding committee file and got in touch with Doreen Webbert.

The news that we didn't have a contract must have been croggling. Greg had been telling the committee for months that it "had been taken care of." And everyone's attention had been on other matters. Doreen did a little scratching around and came across some other instances where Greg had simply dropped the ball.

What the hell was going on with Greg? When Doreen discussed the matter with Curt, she had another little surprise.

SunCon had been Curt's first worldcon, and the SunCon committee had made a special concession to him as a member of the forthcoming worldcon staff. He was given the courtesies of a steering committee member and taken behind the scenes to get an overview of the convention operations. This same courtesy had been extended to everyone else who was there from IguanaCon.<sup>3</sup> Curt had worked his tail off there, trying to absorb as much technique as possible in as short a time as possible. And he had run into some peculiar reactions from the operations staff vis a vis Greg.

Gary Farber recalled at the time that Greg was working for Ross Pavlac on SunCon's operations and he

*made a public fool of himself - not to the general public, but to the operations staff: getting drunk while he was on duty as a radio-net rover and turning off his walkie-talkie and passing it around for people to play with. It made everybody think he was an idiot. He was acting completely irresponsibly. Several of the operations people probably talked to Curt...*

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<sup>3</sup> *Incidentally, I see that I have nowhere made it plain that Don Lundry and the SunCon crew were really good guys. They went out of their way to lend a hand when requested and showed the kind of fannish solidarity we would all like to think of as characteristic in fandom, though it too often isn't. The comedy of errors they had to cope with on-site may have obscured this fact, and the record should be kept straight on at least this point.*

expressing their concern that Greg was completely inept and couldn't conceivably be the next year's worldcon chair. Kate Schaefer even went so far as to urge Curt to oust Greg and take over the chair himself.

Curt had faced skepticism when he came to SunCon: at that time he was shown as our programming director - and he had never been to a worldcon before. But his performance at SunCon earned him a certain amount of respect. The upshot of the matter was that Ross Pavlac's informal operations crew (the "Columbus Seventh Cavalry"), who were also our operations people for IguanaCon, decided that they would not work with Greg but that they would work with Curt.

None of this information had filtered back to the rest of the concom until 1978, because Curt had suffered a complete nervous breakdown and was in complete seclusion. We also did not find that out until he suddenly reappeared in December.

The lack of a contract with the Phoenix Hyatt Regency might or might not have been alarming. Convention hotels work at different rates for different types of functions, and as the formal contract for a large convention specifies the set-up and breakdown capabilities the hotel must have on hand, many hotels prefer to delay the execution of a formal contract until the week before the convention, taking large security deposits for major functions such as the banquet sometimes months in advance. But nobody in Phoenix knew that.

The combination of facts - the lack of a firm contract with the hotel, Greg's performance at SunCon, and the more minor areas in which he had let contact with convention functionaries lapse, added up to a scary conclusion: Greg was just not doing the job. Curt must have thought long and hard about that conversation with Kate Schaefer at SunCon urging him to take over the chair himself. And this was a perfect opportunity for the reactionary clique on the committee to make a clean sweep of the convention management, getting rid of Tim, Greg and myself.

In the early part of February I made a routine phone call to Doreen about turning in my long-distance receipts for reimbursement, and she braced me with her discoveries about Greg's rather serious failures to perform. At first I was incredulous, and my immediate suspicion, though I did not voice it to Doreen, was that I was being given a snow job. Nothing like this had come up before - and it was suspicious that this should be circulated immediately after Curt's return back to the concom.

Complaints about Greg's management of concom meetings had begun to emerge early in December. When the accusations broke, panic set in. I was to get a number of calls from, people in Phoenix containing absolutely no hard information but demanding that Greg be ousted. In one call, Doreen said, very calmly, that the whole committee was threatening to resign if Greg stayed in office. We definitely had a Situation on our hands.

Throughout the course of the imbroglio, neither Tim nor I were ever able to get any clear outline of the charges or supporting documentation beyond the two verbal accusations Doreen and Curt made against Greg. It was only four years later, listening to the tapes of the meetings at which the charges were read, that I discovered what the issues were in any detail at all. At any rate, Tim and I had a disturbing conference call with Curt around the tenth or eleventh of February, in which he froze up and couldn't articulate when I asked for supporting documentation.

Tim and I tried, during that conference call, to work out a compromise that would be acceptable to the people in Phoenix: Greg would be given a chance to rectify his errors and work under Curt's and Doreen's supervision for a period of, say, six weeks or so, until it became clear that either he had shaped up and would require no further supervision or that he wasn't *going* to shape up, in which case an ouster was clearly called for. An immediate ouster seemed a little extreme. We did not know about Greg's SunCon performance or the urging Curt had been given to take over the chair himself.

Curt reluctantly agreed to put the probationary proposition before the concom at the next meeting, and Tim and I gave him our proxies for that vote. After Curt hung up, Tim called me back, and we tried to discuss the situation. It immediately became clear that we were operating in a complete factual vacuum, but that one thing was clear: if this couldn't be headed off - and neither of us were there to help head it off - it would become a choice between the concom and Greg. And that choice we were reluctant to make.

Let me clarify my position: I was not a "partisan" of Greg's. I had no information on which to base a decision to "choose sides." I wasn't yet aware of the fact that he had been using me to draw fire away from himself, but that wouldn't have mattered too much in this situation, anyway. Morally, it was a question of basic fairness - the same leeway and benefit-of-the-doubt that Curt had been extended ought to be extended to Greg. That was my maximum goal at the moment: to get a "fair shake" and to stabilize the situation until, at least, I could get some concrete information. For the moment, Tim and I decided, it was a question of having a panic-stricken committee threatening to resign *en masse*.

We later discovered that these representations made to us by Curt and Doreen Webbert were greatly exaggerated. Tommie Williams threatened to resign. *They* would have resigned. Perhaps a few others. Certainly not the whole of the committee. At the same time that Curt and Doreen were telling us that Jim Corrick had thrown in with them on their resignation threat, they were subjecting Jim to the same pressures we were getting, and he was coming to the same conclusions independently. Whatever the truth of the situation was - and it was unknowable at that moment - the practical matter of the crisis had to be dealt with first.

The February 18, 1978, meeting must have been painful and interesting. Zetta Dillie's minutes are so inaccurate as to be misleading. I have, instead, resorted to the tapes of the meetings surrounding this period to reconstruct what happened.

The meeting started out with a formal charge of wilful dereliction and a reading of Curt and Doreen's letter to Jim Corrick complaining about the lack of hotel contracts and general lack of communication. Curt circulated a long statement apologizing for his own absence and explaining that it was medical in nature and accusing Greg of not only the charges I had heard before, but also of embezzling funds collected at an earlier auction held to pay off the Leprecon 3 debt. As this is the only documentary reference to this charge and neither Curt nor the Webberts would discuss the question at the time or later, I *still* know nothing about this. It seems to me highly improbable, and as it was never pursued I conclude that it was an artifact of panic.

Greg's position was that the lack of a hotel contract was perfectly natural for this point in the development of the plans - the hotels had written agreements, and Dick Perry

of the Hyatt had told him they would not need a detailed contract until he could bring them a set-up schedule. The failure to maintain contact represented an "error of judgment" on his part. He had thought he had done everything necessary to be done at this point of our preparation.

Curt, the Webberts, and Tommie Williams were adamant, particularly about the necessity of constant contact with the hotels (and in this they were perfectly correct). Greg apologized for his negligence and said something to the effect that "the committee will take care of everything that needs doing," expressing willingness to be directed by the will of the committee in rectifying the mistake.

Curt then brought up the matter of the probation which Tim and I had independently discussed with him before the meeting. Jim Corrick proposed to modify the probation by appointing a co-chair (Curt) or a co-chair committee (Curt and the Webberts). Greg was unwilling to have a multiple chairmanship but would gladly work with a "contract committee," since this was a "normal" way of doing things. As to the charges of lack of communication in general, he answered that he had tried to get people to read correspondence and maintain contact, but that they had never responded to his requests. That they had insufficient information, he claimed, was largely their own fault. There is a kernel of truth to this, for Greg used to bring a filebox of correspondence to meetings and tell people they were free to read it. He was almost never taken up on this offer. Probably combining this weasely argument with his stronger claims that the proposals were out of proportion to the fault was not the best tactic.

The upshot of the matter is that the vote on the probationary and co-chair proposals was postponed for one meeting. Our memberships stood at 3,100.

Listening to the tapes, it becomes immediately obvious that Curt, the Webberts, and Tommie Williams represented the main moving force in the conflict. Doreen had, apparently, already taken steps in the matter by withdrawing most of the committee's available cash from the bank to keep it out of Greg's hands. They had a clear objective: they wanted Greg forced out of the chair and off the committee. This was probably only the first step in a complete overhaul of the committee. Greg had successfully rebutted almost every charge, complaining bitterly - as others were to complain on his behalf - that he was not being accorded treatment either fair or commensurate with the faults alleged. This is probably true. But the specter of Greg's comportment at SunCon loomed large in Curt's mind.

I believe that a reasonable, objective observer could have reached two conclusions at this point: first, the committee as a whole needed to revise its operating procedures; and second, that Greg wasn't as in touch with the realities of the situation as he thought he was.

Curt set up another conference call to Tim, and me to give us the news: the concon wasn't going to wait for the vote. They would walk if Greg weren't forced to resign immediately.



## ***The Furtive Five***

The more I thought about the proposition, the more insane it seemed to me. Curt had attended exactly one worldcon, and not one of those well-reputed for organization (although by no means the mess that MAC had become); he had been away from the day-to-day convention planning for almost exactly four months. When he did return his first move was to destroy Greg and slip himself into the chair. By his own admissions, both verbally and in his undated circular, his incipient alcoholism was becoming a problem, *and* he was recuperating from a complete nervous breakdown, being held together with megadoses of vitamins and therapeutic minerals. Beyond this, even if he were completely healthy, Curt was a reed that swayed with every breeze and could take on incredible positions. At the moment, the big wind was coming from the Webberts. Although Curt had started out lukewarmly committed to the policy we had derived from the "mandate" received at MAC, he and the Webberts had drawn together into a power bloc. Their program would be to accept Harlan's resignation and repudiate IguanaCon's commitment to the WSFS to try to do things differently. Circumstantial evidence also indicates they intended to force me off the committee.

Aside from the distasteful personal consequences (like living under the Directorate, I say), that program was completely unacceptable. I felt very strongly about our commitment. At that moment I wasn't particularly concerned with egoboo. There were larger issues.

My overriding concern was to protect the worldcon from a grabby clique of local fans. Inconvenient or not, I was not about to abandon the credo I had enunciated in our first progress report - and being forced off the committee under those circumstances would have meant abandoning it.

By forestalling the vote, I managed to buy time for politicking - the first time politicking would be needed on our consensually-run committee - and time, even more importantly, to find a candidate to put up against Curt.

I was placed at a disadvantage from the start. Aside from Greg's meretriciously placing the blame for the condition of the third PR on me, Curt had also acted to blacken my name. When I had emigrated to San Francisco the year before, I had left with Curt the balance of my sf collection with instructions that he was to sell it to private collectors - or buy it himself if he wished - and use the proceeds to pay a couple of debts off the top, the largest being \$80 owed to Susan Roberts. Curt had estimated the value of the collection at about \$150, so I anticipated a little nest-egg that would help with expenses when I came back to Phoenix for the convention. When I came back to Phoenix in the summer of 1978, I was shocked to find that he had simply sat on it for more than a year, leaving Susan to hang for her money. As Susan never contacted me, I didn't know about it. Nevertheless, Curt let it be bruited about that I had run out on Susan. Only after fourteen months and *several calls and visits did he decide to buy the collection himself and pay Susan.*

In a sense, there was only one candidate, but it took some time to convince him. I was unacceptable for several reasons - too radical, too far away, too strong-willed. And I had a *schattenganger* to contend with, courtesy of Greg and Curt. Greg was, of course, out. Curt was obviously unacceptable. And Carol was just entering the worst part of her

personal crisis, completely unable to manage the kind of broad-spectrum problems with which a chair must cope. No, Carol was out, too. Jim Corrick had neither the time nor the inclination - and I had no confidence in his willingness to carry through the "mandate" I saw us as having received from the WSFS. He would have been an ideal compromise candidate, if there had not been the issue of the mandate - nominally in Curt's camp but relatively uninvolved in the confrontation and willing to be fair if it didn't cost him any effort. His major drawback as a chief administrator was that he was used to doing everything himself. The concom could have obtained - momentarily - the stability of stasis. That would not be adequate for moving into the home stretch.

That left Tim Kyger. Politically, he was not an ideal candidate - he was a committed radical with the "wrong" connections, and nobody took him seriously.

Tim is short (5'7"), slight and "cute." At the time he was 22, but he looked like a sixteen-year old. When he first landed in Phoenix fandom in 1974, his general energy and enthusiasms earned him the sobriquet "fannish used car salesman." For the first year or two, he had the disturbing characteristic of taking on the ideological and intellectual coloration of the group he was with at the time. People stopped taking him seriously. Only the few of us who did take him seriously as a person noticed that he had acquired convictions and a character of his own over the intervening years - quite a stubborn character, too.

Because Tim and I were good friends, worked together reasonably well, and sided frequently together, people assumed that I was "pulling his strings." They fell into what I would call the "Von Papen fallacy": they assumed that they would be able to pull the strings when he was with them and I was back in San Francisco. What actually happened was that he and I would argue out a course of action, possibly for days, until one of us had convinced the other. We both used each other as sounding boards and came out of the encounter with an approximation of the "best" policy or course of action under the circumstances. And then it would come up to a vote. This strikes me as being a pretty normal human relationship.

This inability of Phoenix fans to find normal human relationships credible has always bothered me. The only perceptions that were communicated to me for the remainder of my time in Phoenix was of *power* relationships that didn't necessarily exist. There was resistance to taking the obvious next step in the preparations because it was seen as power being applied. Crazy. This, I think, more than any other single factor, made me feel besieged in a foreign land when I came back. I always felt as though I had left a fandom that was relatively close-knit and rich in interpersonal relationships, even among people who didn't necessarily like each other, and came back to find myself in the U.S. Senate, with hundreds of people too preoccupied in power-brokering to be human. Later, observing a strange (to them) unanimity of position and opinion among the Garrett crowd, they seriously thought that there was some kind of "group mind" at work or, in an even more paranoid flight of fancy, that there was a "conspiracy" (among the officers of the convention) to take over control of the worldcon. They could not seem to conceive the simple fact that we were friends to start with and that we spoke with each other constantly, sharing information and intelligence as well as our emotional life - that we were friends because we thought important a lot of the same things - and that we discussed disagreements until the most

intelligent viewpoint prevailed. The inability of local fans to conceive of friendships existing in anything other than power relationships was and is distressing and psychologically debilitating.

When it was proposed to Tim that he stand for the chair, he was alternately enthusiastic and reluctant. He could not but be charmed by the prestige; he could not but be dismayed by the responsibilities, the difficulties that must be overcome - not the least of which would be trying to create a workable coalition. In fact, this was never accomplished: the work was done in spite of opposition which seemed at the time (and still in retrospect) insane. And, too, he and Curt were close friends at the time.

Eventually, conscience won out - i.e., the awareness of Curt's unstable condition - and Tim agreed to stand against Curt. the next problem was to get him elected.

Of the six relevant votes, Jim had already declared himself for Curt. Although the Webberts did not have a vote, they were a strong influence, and they favored Curt. I favored Tim. Greg had resigned from the steering committee, but not from the directorship of the corporation governing the affairs of the convention. Curt became semi-hysterical at one point, insisting that Greg could not vote in the election for the chair, although the governing board of ACP, Inc. was always known to be separate from the steering committee, and it would have been perfectly possible and perfectly legal for Greg to do so. Greg would certainly have voted against Curt, no matter who was running. I do not know whether Curt's tantrum was responsible for Greg's second resignation, but Greg submitted his resignation from the Board of Directors as we were going into closed session at Leprecon 4. He was sick of the whole affair and just wanted out.

The committed votes were two and two; Carol Hoag's was the swing vote. I suspect that this had not occurred to Curt; certainly he had made an effort to swing her into his support in the three weeks before the election. This is, perhaps, not entirely surprising. Carol is occasionally victimized by her own "helpless female" mystique. Like Tim's work and mine, her work was largely invisible, but hers stayed invisible, while we occasionally produced a PR for all the world to see.

Tim made a special effort to clean up his outstanding work in Dayton and arrived the Monday or Tuesday before the convention. We three - Tim, Carol and I - met before the convention and talked over the situation. We laid the cards out on the table, explained why she was the deciding vote, and asked her to make a decision. We left lunch with Carol's vote committed to Tim. Simple honesty is an underhanded and disarming tactic in politics. Somebody would probably move to ban it if it weren't used so seldom.

Foreseeing that Curt would probably resign from the committee after losing the election, I asked Carol to speak to not accepting the tendered resignation - a gesture which had nothing more than moral force, since there would be no way of compelling him to work if he didn't want to. But it is a gesture useful in personal politics. I did not want Curt to feel *completely* rejected.

Things may sound machiavellian at this point. They certainly *felt* machiavellian. But I had a hunch that the Webberts would not stay on if Curt did not win, and this, with Curt's and Greg's resignation, would mean four resignations of major committee functionaries within three weeks - potentially very bad press. If we could make a show of pulling

together in difficult circumstances, the situation could possibly be turned into a propaganda victory - or at least less than disastrous. And, let's face it: Curt's emotional balance was fragile at the moment. There was no reason to stomp him into the ground. He was not a vile person - just not suitable as a chair for Iggy. Things turned out better than I could have hoped.

Theoretically, I was at Leprecon 4. I have only the vaguest recollections of it - green-tinted bagels served up one day; green-tinted shit the next morning. The dead dog party down the block from the hotel. Most of my time was spent in closed sessions with the other members of the steering committee in one of the hotels rooms.

On Friday evening, the opening day of the convention, we went into closed session almost immediately, with a brief review of our position relative to the 501(c)(3) certification and hotel contracts. Jim Corrick acted as chairman pro tem for the election. Tim won. Curt went into the bathroom and broke down. As expected, the Webberts resigned, citing reasons of health. It would have been more credible if they had resigned before the election when they were giving their report on the 501(c)(3) status. They offered Mary Williams as their successor. This was something of a surprise for which I was not prepared. After some cursory questions about competence and willingness, Mary was confirmed on the spot, as a courtesy to the Webberts.

This was, of course, a basic political error, even if Mary had turned out to be as fine a treasurer as we could have wished. We should have put the question off until later, when our minds were not occupied with the present dilemma of getting Curt out of the bathroom and cooperating again.

We tried to conduct business through the bathroom walls for awhile. Eventually Curt emerged and tendered his resignation, offering to complete the work he had begun on hotel contracts. Carol and I both spoke against his resigning, asking for a cooling-off period of, say, three weeks. Curt was adamant. The third and fourth tapes of those meetings have been misplaced, but as I recall, there was a point at which Carol hugged Curt silently. At length, he agreed to the cooling-off period. Catharsis. The concom meeting broke up for the night.

That was not the end of the business we had to transact. The next day we met again for a session on other matters, chief among them the film program.

Jim Kennedy had put together a striking, original, eccentric and goshwow film program based on the list he had compiled of "Fandom's Top Ten Favorite Films" and a novel format of double features. The budget for this extravaganza was just under \$7,000 - cheap at the price.

A number of people hit the ceiling. We were all conscious of a terrible fiscal squeeze on the convention, as was noted in the third progress report. The fear, we later discovered, had been exaggerated by the Webberts' and Mary Williams' peculiar practice of hiding thousands of dollars of our holdings without telling anybody. This practice might have worked well in a fiscally-healthy situation; in our marginal situation it created unnecessary panic and an atmosphere of doom.

The concomm cut the film budget to \$3,000 over my strenuous objections. Kennedy and I went across the street to a coffee shop and tried to salvage what we could from the shambles. What survived was essentially the film program shown at Iggy.

When we finally got the convention's accounts straightened out four months later, we found more than \$7,000 in "hidden" assets. All the anxiety was for naught. But, by July, it was too late to rebuild the program; all we could do was to beef it up with what could be gotten at the last moment.

We must have dealt with other issues at the meetings, which continued throughout the weekend, but I don't remember them. I stayed on a few days more to do preliminary work on the fourth progress report. Tim and I collected the files from Greg - an embarrassing job: the headmen confront the shade of the condemned. Greg was gracious about it, which was all for the better. Darlene and Bob delivered the third progress report, and it was mailed out. I went back to San Francisco, physically and emotionally exhausted.

Tim and Alan Bostick mailed the progress report out. Alan don't get no *respect*...

## NEW BROOM

*Men wiser and more learned than I  
have discerned in history a plot,  
a rhythm, a predetermined pattern.  
These harmonies are concealed from me.  
I can see only one emergency  
following on another.  
—H.A.L. Fisher*

### **New Ball Game**

In the way of things, Harlan's media publicity reached fandom long before our third progress report, and a storm of controversy was already in full gale over his "politicizing" of the worldcon and our "allowing" him to do it. This was probably no more dumb than any of the major issues which have threatened to Plunge All Fandom Into War. But it was incredibly dumb, none-the-less. For the most part, the concom stuck to its guns and took no sides, although we were disturbed at the suggestion that not-from-heres were considering camping in Arizona in August. Even the natives don't do that.

Most of the flak came from small fry, except for our Fan Guest of Honor, Bill Bowers, who elected himself point-man for the anti-feminists. In a speech given several times at midwestern conventions, Bowers criticized Harlan for taking any kind of public ethical position. The speech consisted of an ironic-inversion of the formal structure of Harlan's Statement, which jumbled the sentences into gibberish, and a serious-mumble-mumble-shucks section in which he denounced Ellison for calling attention to himself.

Shameful and embarrassing. I was not inclined to welcome Bowers to IguanaCon with open arms: infighting among our guests of honor was the last thing we needed at that point.

Admittedly, though, Bowers had good reason to be pissed with us: he had requested that his program book appreciation be written by Mike Glicksohn, but Tim had asked Cy Chauvin to do it, instead. Dumb and inconsiderate.

The attack on Ellison which caused the concom the most immediate grief came from a southern fan, Don Markstein, who had published a scurrilous accusation of hypocrisy against Ellison on the occasion of his appearance at a seminar (at the request of the NOW) in Louisiana, a non-ERA state. Despite clear evidence that the reports were untrue, Markstein insisted on not only not retracting in the next issue of his fanzine, but on further exacerbating the situation. All this would have been of little moment if Don hadn't moved to Scottsdale in the summer of 1978 and if I hadn't tried to bring about a reconciliation.

Markstein was a quiet, rather personable depressed person with a hangdog expression and co-eyes when he showed up on our doorstep - a veritable menagerie. I quickly laid out the information I had on the subject (Harlan had provided me with copies' of the proofs he

had sent to Markstein), and Don admitted that he knew the report was untrue. His accusations had, by this time, been picked up and given broader currency by *File 770*.

Silly me. I thought that if you find out you've made a mistake, the proper thing to do is move to correct it at the next opportunity. One evening, I was talking to Harlan about the matter, which I thought essentially resolved, when Markstein came into the Garrett. He had been helping us out with the mountain of clerical work we had piled up. Impulsively I handed the phone to Don and sat back while a minor earthquake rattled from California to Phoenix and back over the phone lines. I discovered that Markstein had a stubborn streak, and he resented being "pushed around," right or wrong, by a public figure.

After awhile I got the phone back and tried to get Harlan calmed down enough to hang up. And then Don and I had a long, serious talk. He resolutely refused to retract the accusations he knew to be false and threatened to carry forward a campaign of vexation further up to and at the convention. Well, if you find out you've made a mistake, the proper thing to do is move to correct it at the next opportunity. I showed Don the door and told him to sever such relations as he had with the concom.

Harlan had already provided Don with all the evidence (which I knew), and Don had already settled into his stubborn refusal to retract the statement (which I didn't know). Since Harlan's lawyers were already preparing a libel case to be brought to suit, I thought - and the opinion was later confirmed by the rest of the concom - that we could not afford to become any further involved in the matter. As a purely personal matter, I knew Harlan could not understand why the convention management were associating with Markstein at all. It was a breach of the solidarity friends and colleagues ought to show each other.

Markstein faded into the non-concom fanac which was picking up steam again and began a quiet agitation against the concom and me in particular. As if that were needed.

There was more generalized opposition to Harlan and the concom running the gamut from the ridiculous to the just plain silly. R.A. Lafferty even went so far as to return his membership card and call us Nazis because we were acknowledging the boycott. I returned the card to him, hoping he would change his mind about coming, with a short argument that the boycott was legitimate on theological grounds. Privately, we made Lafferty the recipient of the Golden Scroll Award for the most egregiously stupid letter sent to a concom in 1978. We had several candidates up to then, including a peculiar letter from a scientific foundation wanting information about the con, but it would be hard to surpass that one. He didn't show up to receive the Golden Scroll in person.

The committee-at-large in Phoenix was already exercised enough about the matter; the steering committee received calls at nearly every meeting to dump Harlan - mostly from the Webberts and Tommie Williams, who had not caught on, in nearly eighteen months, to the fact that we were not going to dump Harlan.

Part of the insistent nature of these calls stems from the fact that the whole committee was still operating on "siege mentality" - the mindset we had come home from MAC with: the feeling that we were embattled and without support in fandom.

It turns out that it wasn't that way at all. I got a chance to find out just a couple of weeks after Leprecon 4.

Tim was coming up to Space Day in the Bay Area, and he stopped by San Francisco for a visit. He brought with him an appallingly large stack of unanswered committee correspondence. Greg, it seemed, had gone limp on the committee - understandably. Tim blackmailed me into taking and answering half the stack - about 200 letters - on the ground that I had talked him into the chairmanship. He and Carol would answer the rest.

Reading that mail was probably the biggest boost of morale I ever got out of IguanaCon. The committee as a whole had left the mail exclusively to Greg, and none of us realized that public opinion had turned around 180 degrees. Almost the entirety of the mail was supportive - our public relations had worked. There were creebs and complaints, to be sure, about individual matters - many having to do with the fact that the mail hadn't been answered in two months. But I did a statistical survey of the mail and found that less than three percent was negative. Hooboy. Relief. Even the bulk of the mail concerned with the ERA boycott was complimentary or neutral - asking about local campgrounds, etc.

My boss was in Europe and my work schedule was very light. I managed to get those two hundred letters out in only three days. Tim sent up another batch.

We had made a side bet, Tim and I, that the fourth progress report, due out by the end of April, wouldn't get done on time. Lost that one. Best twenty dollars I ever spent, aside from my Chemex coffee pot.

I should have backed out of paying it off, though: he changed every element of my design. Give a guy an x-acto knife and he goes wild.

### ***Come to the Aid of the Party***

Late in April, Tim and I arranged to meet with Harlan in Los Angeles. Harlan had all his contact with the committee through Greg, and we thought we should meet with him. Tim, Carol and Glen Blankenship, our FanCabaret Director, would make a special trip over to talk with Harlan, assure him of the committee's support, and confirm our arrangements with him. I decided I would fly down - in those distant days PanAm had a \$14 flight to LA. We would meet at the Airport Marriott and drive up to Sherman Oaks together.

So I went down. I had a drink at the Marriott (one of my favorite hotels) and waited. After an hour or so I got a call from Tim: their fuel pump had broken in Desert Center; they would be a little late. They wanted me to go ahead and let Harlan know what was up.

Okay. I called a cab and headed north. Our appointment was for five o'clock.

I got to Harlan's door - Harlan's house is practically at the bottom of the canyon, along a steep and winding road - and the fare was \$11. I reached in my pocket and pulled out a twenty. And only a twenty. The driver couldn't change it. \*Panic\* I girded up my mental loins and knocked on Harlan's door to ask for change. No answer.

After several knocks, I was answered by a bellow: Harlan was showering, but he had a friend in who changed my twenty so I could get rid of the cab (cabs are looked upon as horrible extravagances in LA). Off to a bad start.

Ellison Wonderland is an adult playground - terrific place for just wandering around and being hit by sensory impressions. I had about twenty minutes to become thoroughly dazed before Harlan appeared. We chatted - I was loath to take up business without Tim and Carol - and we chatted some more. Harlan used all his considerable conversational



skills to put me at ease - not an easy task as I was embarrassed by the foul-ups. By six-thirty we *still* hadn't heard from Tim. Harlan had invited a couple of friends to dinner, and all our stomachs were rumbling.

So we were going out to dinner. We went out to dinner, leaving a note for Carol and Tim on the front door.

Another problem: we were going to take Harlan out for dinner, but Tim had the money. All I had on me was about \$11 and a return ticket. Never mind. Harlan took me and his friends to a Hungarian restaurant in Hollywood on Cahuenga (now, *leichtes*, defunct) and had the proprietor bring out cold cherry soup, a huge platter of schnitzel and sausage and, to top it off, a Mount Blanc, a fabulous Viennese dessert I had heard of but never tasted before. It takes about 24 hours to make, as chestnuts have to be poached in milk, creamed with sugar, chilled and riced into a loose heap on a platter, covered with whipped cream and shaved chocolate. A good time was had by all. After dinner, Harlan took us to his favorite newsstand and pressed on me a book I didn't particularly want to read. I should have trusted his judgment immediately. It turned out to be a superb novel parodying Boswell's life of Johnson as told by a precocious eight-year old.

We got back to Ellison Wonderland, and Harlan was starting to fade. Harlan is an early riser - one of that disgusting fraternity of early-risers bent on making life miserable for the rest of us. Our note was still on the door, but with an addendum: they had arrived and were going out to grab something to eat. So Harlan put me in the living room and played a videotape of Mike Nesmith doing "Going Down to Rio." They still hadn't arrived or called. It was going on 11:00 p.m.

Harlan went to bed. I was alone in the house.

Tim and Carol finally pulled up at about 12:30 a.m. They had gotten lost on their way back from dinner, and it was far too late for anything. So I gave them a report and complained generally. We stayed overnight at a friend's house and called the next day. But Harlan had other commitments. We all sighed and went back to our respective homes.

The work of the committee was finally starting to go forward, after a fashion. Tim realized that we had no one to do Site Selection. Greg had been doing it himself, since Jim Corrick had been shifted to programming, and Jim Corrick was under pressure from his doctoral committee to finish his dissertation. Jim recommended Patrick Hayden to take over the fannish track of his programming responsibilities (he had already finished most of the pre-convention work for the professional programming track). Since the Site Selection ballots had been printed up with the Tucson address, Gay and Jim together took care of collecting the Site Selection ballots and depositing them in a safe deposit box.

In May I got another call: Tim was becoming quietly desperate, and he needed some strong backup on the committee. After some quick figuring, I agreed to come out on the 9th of June.

I had intended to stay in San Francisco until early August, when I would come out to put together the program book. Summers in Phoenix were the main reason I moved away. Shortly, we arranged for Patrick to precede me there to take up some of the slack on programming, since Jim was still working on his dissertation and Curt was no longer doing programming. Patrick had been handling various minor functions in programming since

1976 or early 1977. Jim Corrick recommended him to take a more major role in the planning.

When I arrived at the airport in Phoenix that Saturday, Tim and Patrick met me. It was already sweltering - and a concom meeting was scheduled for that afternoon. We had an abbreviated lunch and got to work.

Tim tells me that the June 9th meeting was the absolute nadir of the concom. Except for the most minor functionaries, nothing had been done or was being done. Tommie and Mary Williams came to the meeting in the middle of a family fight and were unusually surly. I remember having to coax Mary into a treasury report that went something like "We have a little money - not enough, but some." When pressed for further details, Mary simply refused to give any. Tommie gave a report on security and radio net investigations with which I was going to become very familiar: I must have heard the same, droning report four or five times that summer. He never came to a point or a recommendation. At one point, Tim tried to bring him to a point, and Tommie became angry and threatened to punch out Tim's lights. This, too, was to become very familiar. In fact, it was to become something of a theme over the next two months.

I was shocked by the brutality and sluggishness of the committee, the lack of purposive attitude and accomplishment. Less than three months before the convention, literally nothing was ready. Tim issued at that meeting a twelve-page memorandum summarizing the status of all projects. It was alarming to see how much he had felt forced to take on himself: no wonder he needed help.

I think that what had happened was that the centralized and purposive orientation had broken down during the Brown fracas. The concom had no centralized leadership - no executive - for about three months before Tim picked up the gravel. And the old "consensus" format was becoming bogged down in the morass of trying to hear forty separate reports at meetings and make decisions, besides. The Loyal Opposition (except Tommie) were not doing anything overtly divisive, but they had simply stopped dealing with the concom on a good-faith basis. There arose a polar pull on the committee, and many of the minor functionaries had come to regard themselves as autonomous authorities. Mary Williams is a case in point.

The Webberts had run an "adversary" treasury with some good sense and restraint. That was what they were commissioned to do. Mary was their protege and nominally under their supervision, but the Webberts had all but disappeared from the committee meetings. Mary was running an adversary treasury without restraint. Budget meetings had evolved into a petty, useless and Byzantine ritual. After the meeting, she called each of the department heads into a back room to grill them (her words) about budget updates and requests, approving or denying requests without making even a pretense of consultation with constituted authority. Both Patrick and I made outraged remarks about this. Even this, though, might have been tolerable if she hadn't been playing favorites so blatantly.

After the meeting, Patrick, Tim, Teresa, and I had a reunion dinner at the Dash Inn. Teresa had just returned to Phoenix by way of Michigan; Patrick had come out specially to help with finalizing programming; I and I had just come in from San Francisco. Tim had been back in Phoenix since Leprecon 4 in March.

We went over the situation. The conclusion was that the concom was running amok, and it was high time to pull things back into some semblance of order. Tim was going quietly crazy because he couldn't get anyone *moving* - so he took on more than he could accomplish and tried to keep things moving by himself and without even clerical support. It was time to start kicking ass.

This may have been an incorrect analysis of tactics. What actually started things moving again was less forceful. We started demanding accountability in public - and were insistent on getting it. Few butts had to be warmed. Our last holdouts were Tommie and Mary Williams, and they held out right to the end.

One of the most peculiar psychological aspects of the concom - and the fact that causes me to conclude that the Loyal Opposition were no longer dealing in good faith with the committee - was the complete lack of concern about the status quo. For a month, a number of us talked, for example, with Curt, asking for his support in getting Tommie to stop threatening violence on Tim's person and to stop the carping about Harlan and Jim Kennedy which had become endemic. Curt refused on the grounds of "freedom of speech." I never thought I would hear anyone defend threats of violence as freedom of speech. Another example: when it became obvious that Mary would eventually have to be replaced and I started asking around for possible candidates, Bruce Arthurs gave no heed to the underlying necessity but simply thought I was acting reprehensibly in exploring alternatives. Later, when we discovered the condition of the financial records, I found the same, shocking complacency: people could not be made to understand why we had to have financial records and why I was making such a fuss. Things like this made me question their basic sanity. I cannot believe, even yet, that everyone in local fandom was as ignorant as they made themselves out to be.

As we found this kind of warped and unbelievable attitude to be spread throughout the whole of local fandom, it quickly became obvious that these people weren't going to finish putting IguanaCon together. They would have to be outflanked.

The biggest immediate problem was in the pressure it put on Tim. I had known for some time that Tim occasionally made poor decisions under pressure, but that his judgment was uniformly sound if he had a chance to think about the matter. My chief job had to be running interference for Tim - getting him time to think about the issues. I took on most of the clerical jobs for the convention, as we essentially had not had a secretary for the past year, and began running some of the minor errands which had been consuming so much time.

We had inherited from Greg a commitment to using the Columbus Seventh Cavalry for operations at IguanaCon - a situation with which I was not happy. Writing the reasons for this impression of mine is something of a confessional act, as I have since had opportunity to repent at leisure. Basically, I resented the touting done on their behalf over the MAC and SunCon operations. I felt that the management of the cons they had "saved" was a poor recommendation for them, and I distrusted them on principle, since I didn't want anybody "saving" IguanaCon, although, in a sense, that is exactly what happened. This was quite unreasonable on my part. They could not be responsible for what others said about them - and especially the way in which they were praised by others. And taking over a

collapsed management in mid-stream is no demonstration of the best work one can do. No, the bad impression I had was partly due to ignorance - I had not worked with any of them - and an instant dislike of Larry Propp and Yale Eideken on the few occasions I had met them.

Tim had told me to shut up enough times on this matter that I no longer brought it up. But something happened at Marcon that changed his mind. He got wind of some gratuitously nasty criticisms of himself and the IguanaConcom that the Seventh Cavalry people had made. And he found a possible alternative in Rusty Hevelin, who was endlessly willing to badmouth the Columbus people - a circumstance that ought, perhaps, to have been a warning: sycophants can be dangerous.

Apparently the Webberts had talked with Rusty and convinced him to contact Tim about the possibility of his doing operations at the convention.

So Tim decided to drop the Columbus people. Curt asked that he be allowed to write the actual letter telling Ross Pavlac that they were released from their commitment, since he had been doing the actual work of liaison with the Columbus people. Understandably, he did not want to do this, so he delayed far too long. They read the notice adopting Rusty as our operations director in the insert Tim had caused to be put into the third progress report.

Tim was at Midwestcon with the Kumquat incident occurred. late one night the Columbus people cornered Tim in the atrium as he was about to crash and began browbeating him about the insult, demanding an explanation for the fowlup. Intimidating, to say the least. At one point, Tim lost his temper and snapped something like "at this point, Ross, I'd rather have a kumquat doing operations for Iggy than you" and shouldered his way through the circle to stomp off. That seems to have ended the incident, but it got around the convention very rapidly, then spread out into fandom. The kumquat became the rallying symbol for the anti-Garrett faction - a symbol which fell flat at the convention, since the operations staff adopted it as their own first. Acceptance is the greatest pitfall for the radical.

## THE INSIDIOUS GARRETT CONSPIRACY

*It is not true that suffering ennobles  
the character; happiness does that sometimes,  
but suffering, for the most part, makes men  
petty and vindictive.  
—W. Somerset Maugham*

### **The Garrett**

Whenever, over the last dozen years, the subject of IguanaCon comes up, the main object of curiosity is not the squabbles per se, but that peculiar collection of people and circumstances known as The Garrett. I suspect that it has become a legend that will outlive the principals, like Michel's harangues.

In simple truth, there was nothing romantic or even particularly interesting about the Garrett. In fact, the word "sordid" rises to mind. It was simply a collection of people trying to work around an impossible situation - in a lot of pain, but carrying through anyway.

When I first came back to Phoenix, I stayed with Bruce Arthurs and Hilde Hildebrand, at Hilde's Restaurant/the New Phoenix Inn. In late June, Patrick and I took a small, converted attic-apartment in downtown Phoenix, near the hotels, which we named the Garrett because it had a small room under the eaves. We called it, alternatively, "Roach Motel" because it was distressingly infested by cockroaches, which we would drive out only to have them return in greater numbers from the house and apartment on either side. For awhile, we kept a roach-stomping scoreboard, but it got black. The closest we came to making a permanent dent in the roach population was when we implemented Phil Paine's suggestion of scattering boric acid in the baseboard cracks and corners. It worked for awhile, but the invasion continued over the summer. This led to an embarrassment when we opened a box of papers at a concom meeting and a roach crawled out on the table. Against the roach it is impossible to contend but in vain.

The Garrett was a very small, dingy apartment of about 450 square feet. It consisted of a living room, a bedroom-kitchen, a tiny bathroom, and a hot little storage room under the eaves we had turned into an auxiliary bedroom for Patrick and Teresa, since this was the only place one could get any privacy. We had never envisioned quartering more than the two of us (Patrick and myself) there, but Teresa decided to join us rather than move back with her Mormon family in Mesa. Okay. We moved most of the Iggy records and supplies in and settled down for the summer. With three people it was already crowded.

In the beginning, we were terribly overextended, financially. I had not planned for renting an apartment, but the atmosphere at Hilde's Restaurant was no longer conducive. The deposits on the apartment had done away with my entire savings for the summer, and we didn't even have cooking utensils or much in the way of bedclothing. On one occasion I had to exercise ingenuity above and beyond the call of duty or even tolerance: Teresa had

brought some forks with her, stolen from Harvard, and we had a small aluminum saucepan for cooking. Our larder consisted of some noodles, a few vegetables, and a can of tuna. So I made a tuna-noodle casserole and served it up in a glass light fixture from the ceiling (washed out thoroughly, of course), sitting on the tuna can to catch drainage through the bolt hole. We ate out of the common pot. Thankfully, things eased up a bit thereafter as I sold the last remnants of my sf collection I had waiting for me in Phoenix. Both Patrick and I wound up borrowing extensively from Teresa to make it, though.

Over the next three months, more than twenty people moved in and out of the Garrett, and it became the convention's business office, so almost anyone who had anything to do with the convention wound up in and out at one point or another. Trying to keep track of people's belongings was a topological nightmare, even after Kate and Gary set up a series of boxes labeled with peoples' names. In 1980, Gary Farber, Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Alan Bostick, and I tried to reconstruct a "typical" day at the Garrett and found there were several "typical" days. I'll take up these descriptions we compiled toward the end of this chapter.

The first item of business, immediately after we moved into the Garrett, was Westercon.

Westercon XXXI should have been ours. I think everyone felt a little peculiar about going to that one. I am not qualified to comment on it; I was ready to go back after the first few hours; too much work to be done. But we had one item of committee business to attend to there: I met Harlan in the hotel's restaurant, and during the course of the conversation, various others joined us. At one point, he offered to do a story for the program book, a practice which was then just gaining currency. So I accepted, visions of future Hugos crediting a worldcon program book forming in my mind. "Okay, I'll do it," he said. "You want a pink-and-white-bunny-rabbit story, right?"

"Huh?" I said. The visions crashed in flames. "Well, it'll be a change of pace." But it was too late: the conversation had gone on to other matters.

As many of us on the steering committee as were there had dinner with Harlan and David Gerrold and guests the next day - just so that all of us would know and recognize our GoH.

At the convention, I met Kate Schaefer, Gary Farber, and Anna Vargo, all very pleasant people with excellent reputations in conrunning fandom. Tim had asked Kate before Midwestcon to join us in Phoenix as his attache, so I could relinquish some of the errands and concentrate on the program book, which was showing signs of growing to monstrous proportions. She agreed, and Tim drove with her, Phil Paine, and Patty Peters straight through from Midwestcon to Westercon and back to Phoenix.

There was one bit of local business at this westercon - Phoenix was mounting another bid for the westercon (in 1980). Curt was the only major IguanaCon functionary involved with this bid. Unfortunately, it lost - probably due to the bad feelings in Los Angeles about Phoenix at that time. We all went back to Phoenix, depressed.

We had decided to take the program book to a local printer, instead of sending it to Albuquerque, because the ads were coming in dreadfully slowly, and the local printer could give us three weeks more time than Darlene could.

Kate came back with us to Phoenix and put up at Hilde's New Phoenix Inn (I've got to stop calling it "Hilde's Restaurant"; she hates that). Because of the severity of our problems with the concom - and because she clearly could handle it - she was rapidly moved up to accept vastly greater responsibility. Kate is a sharp, no-nonsense problem-solver, and she was able to give us all a crash course in fanpolitik. It was largely through her good offices, too, that we were able to resolve our differences with Ross Pavlac.

Both factions on the concom had looked to Kate as the Pro from Dover. I suspect they had expected her to see the hideous conspiracy among the convention's officers to seize control of the worldcon and immediately side against us. Of course, that was not going to happen. Within two weeks, the pressure descended on her, as well, just at the time she was having a crisis in her personal life. Shortly, the atmosphere at the New Phoenix Inn was to become too intense for Kate, and she moved into the Garrett as well. That brought us up to four.

Shortly after westercon, Tim had moved into the Garrett. That's five. He had been living at Curt's house, and Curt had asked him to leave, holding his cat and stereo equipment as security on \$125 Tim had outstanding on utility bills. The interpersonal and ideological conflicts had begun to heat up as a result of Tim's crackdown and mine.

At one point, discussing the situation, Patrick, Tim, Kate, Teresa, and I concluded that what we needed more than anything else was advice. The expertise we needed for some functions was being withheld from the general management of the convention. In particular, Curt had used innuendo to develop a very near blackout of information flow from the hotels to Tim. We talked it over and decided to ask Gary Farber out - for advice, mostly, and as a kind of vacation for him. The magazine he was working with had just folded, and he was at loose ends. He agreed to come, check over the setup, and offer whatever constructive criticism that occurred to him. Great. Teresa sent him fare, and he and Anna Vargo arrived on July 23. By that time, we were at the worst crisis the concom had faced.

Demanding accountability worked with most of the concom. The carping continued, to be sure, but things started moving again. Tommie Williams continued to be generally surly and still continued to threaten Tim. Barry Bard, one of the most valuable of our minor functionaries, made a point of badmouthing Kennedy (for which there were a number of legitimate complaints) in meetings. We had tried, without success, to enlist Curt's aid in muzzling, especially, Tommie.

Even with five of us in the Garrett working around the clock, so much had to be accomplished that we were all swamped. Work progressed *between* concom, meetings, but seemed to undo itself during the meetings. Decisions which had been made more than a year earlier came up for endless debate again. Trivial issues took hours to unravel - until it seemed as if we were spending more time in circumventing opposition than in creative work. The concom showed great resistance to moving from the planning phase to the execution phase of the convention.

One of the major conceptual difficulties we had was trying to work without fiscal information. The "treasurer's report" quoted above was typical of Mary's reports to the concom; nor would she give Tim any more precise information outside the meetings. We were trying to operate a minor business without books. It would not have been so

important if we weren't so badly squeezed financially. We never knew what we could and could not afford to do. If nothing else, how could we document and justify a 501(c)(3) status without accounting for the disbursements? The issue came to a head at the July 8 meeting.

Tim and I, and later Kate, had been trying to work up a sensible fiscal projection and to find out exactly how much latitude we had, if any. I was particularly interested because the clerical work of pre-processing forty to fifty memberships a day was becoming overwhelming. Since we had no capable volunteers from local fandom (the last secretary had left things in an incredible mess), I wanted to hire a temp to take over part of the work. But we discovered that we couldn't make any sensible projections without the financial records, which Mary wouldn't release to the concom. So we had to subpoena them, in a way.

Working with Jim Webbert and Tommie and Mary Williams was the most distasteful job connection with IguanaCon. At the time, I thought of this simply as a "conflict of personality," but looking back, I think what made this so difficult was that those three operated purely and solely in terms of "anthropoid" politics - chest thumping, dominance-submission postures, and so on, the basic political symbols and techniques of gibbon and gorilla communities. Taken together, they were models of what Robert Ardrey thinks all human beings are like. That meeting - or the first half of it, at any rate, was a pretty rotten example of anthropoid politics.

The crisis began when Mary was asked for her treasurer's report. When she gave her usual spiel, she was told that this was inadequate and asked to be more specific. After three tries, she admitted that she didn't have the financial information. Jim Webbert had become increasingly loud and obnoxious, throwing out red herrings to draw attention away from Mary. He became, at one point, so abusive, that Tim told him to leave. He threatened to blow the whole convention apart" with a few well-chosen words in the right ears. He was told to stuff it, not to bother showing up again. His advice was no longer required. Tim instructed Mary to go home and get the financial records, and we recessed for lunch.

For the record, Jim and Doreen did put a few well-chosen words in *Locus'* ear.

The shouting and verbal abuse Jim had used was shocking - to Kate especially, although we had tried to forewarn her. She suggested that, as far advanced as the deterioration of working relationships had gone, the only "solution" that would at least get things moving on an even keel was to put the concom meetings under strict parliamentary rules, including parliamentary forms address. We set off to a local bookstore to find copies of *Roberts' Rules of Parliamentary Procedure*, and Paul Schauble was asked to act as parliamentarian, since the rest of us who were familiar with procedure had to take an active hand on the floor.

When the meeting reconvened, Kate explained the basics to everyone. We had some difficult moments at first with cognomenal address, but it visibly cooled the situation down.

Mary's "detailed" report was given to the nearest thousand dollars - e.g., "about x thousand in checking; about x thousand in savings." After a little more probing, it developed that IguanaCon's "books" consisted of a check register and several boxes of unsorted receipts. The records were hopelessly out of balance. Check stubs were left



unsorted receipts. The records were hopelessly out of balance. Check stubs were left blank. Receipts were completely unsorted and not posted to any account. There were cryptic pencilings on back of receipts and stubs. Deposits to the checking and savings account had not been systematically posted. Mary acknowledged that she had no idea that she was to be keeping any other kind of record or how to do it; she had simply taken over Doreen's system.

We had accepted her word (and the Webberts') that they knew how to perform a treasurer's job. Our assumptions had caught up with us.

In a sense, this intolerable situation was as much the concom's fault as Mary's. Doreen had always been ready with figures, so we had assumed that the books were kept properly (and in fact it was possible to extrapolate a balance from the check register, and Doreen Webbert had kept a very neat and well-ordered check register. But Mary had not posted deposits in over two months). When Mary took over, the other problems prevented anyone from overseeing her work. What I cannot understand is that Mary *knew* the books were out of order and she was in over her head, but she never called on anyone for help. In local fandom both Hilde and I had had bookkeeping experience - and Hilde was on the same political side as she. She could even have asked Doreen for help. I suppose the loss of face was more than Mary cared to accept.

Kate, Phil Paine and I were constituted a committee to conduct an internal audit and create a set of books. We tried to be as nonjudgmental as possible, under the circumstances, about the need for an audit, taking the position that it was "water under the dam" and we should try to pick up and do what we can to remedy the situation. There were, of course, practical reasons for taking this position: we needed everyone's cooperation, but we also had seven people in the Garrett acting as our consciences.

I should mention at this point that we instituted another innovation to unblock the concom meetings, a publication for the concom called *Igapa*, which we produced at the Garrett from written or verbal reports from the concom members. I edited the first two, and Don Markstein did the third. We stencilled the material at the Garrett and ran them off, usually on Bruce Arthurs' mimeo. It was hoped that if we put the reports in *Igapa*, we could do whatever developmental and decision-making work was left at the concom meetings. *Igapa* was a useful innovation; unfortunately, when I asked Don to leave the concom, we had no one to replace him as editor, so we had to drop it. The issues which were published, though, are a very helpful and useful source of information.

In June, when I returned to Phoenix, I had given Mary an outline for a cost/profit center accounting system which I had asked her to implement. It had become lost or destroyed, so I had to recreate the system and set up a double-entry bookkeeping system with general ledger retroactive for two years. I have done more complicated work before, but nothing so tedious as this was to be.

Phil dropped off the committee almost immediately, for personal reasons. It took a week to get an appointment to go over Mary's work. We had exactly two sessions and got a fraction of the posting done before Mary clammed up again, and the work stopped.

The sessions with Mary were very difficult: Kate and I would sit at Mary's kitchen table and coax her into bringing out the files. She would repeat that she didn't see the need

for what we were doing and attempt to stare us down. One or the other of us would slip into the "bull male" posture after awhile, and Mary would go get the box of receipts or whatever. When we got into the detail work of assigning cost-centers and allocating the receipts to pages in the general ledger, things would cool off for awhile, until we finished with that batch, and the process would start over. Kate is very good at "bull male" anthropoid politics. Nostrils and neck muscles got a workout in those sessions.

We weren't able to give a report for the July 15 meeting; we weren't even able to get another appointment. At that meeting the membership card/badges were produced and immediately dumped: the artist had not left enough room for a long name, let alone city of origin or doodling.

The issue of the treasury came to a head at the July 22 concom meeting. Mary thought she had found a safe issue for counterattack and tried to turn the tables.

At the beginning of the summer, when I had started running errands for the concom, both Teresa and I began spending a great deal of out-of-pocket cash for supplies and gasoline. My summer living savings were almost gone, and Teresa was putting hundreds of miles on The Flying Bathtub, her parents' white station wagon, so Tim set up a petty cash fund for our administrative work. It should be mentioned, incidentally, that Teresa's gophering work -thankless but utterly indispensable - was an enormous help. She even undertook doing laundry on several occasions, which was a gigantic load off our backs. This menial drudgery helped us greatly, and we have not thanked her enough for it. It should also be noted that her abilities far exceeded this level of work, and she was practically omnipresent in every aspect of the convention's preparation. Her listing on the IguanaCon Table of Organization is deceptive. IguanaCon's success was as much her creation as Tim's or Patrick's or mine or anyone's who was there and working during IguanaCon Summer. Teresa even got stuck with only gruntwork at the convention. Although she held numerous positions of responsibility on the Table of Organization, including managing editor of the program book and pocket program, programming attache, publicity co-director, and fanzine room coordinator, she wound up stuck with the Fanzine Room at the convention - without briefing of any sort, as machines were breaking down on the right and on the left. \*Sigh\* Fortunately we were blessed with a couple of Brownies at the convention, Lise Eisenberg and Jon Singer, who helped Make Things Right.

At any rate, a few weeks earlier I had turned in \$42 in receipts to Mary and requested a \$50 check to replenish the fund we were using. Mary was apparently convinced I was pocketing the difference (I had since turned in \$67 in receipts on that \$50 check) and was ready to go on the offensive. Tim, was anxious to get onto some actual business, and he ruled Mary out of order when she pursued the matter after being ruled out of order.

The escalation that followed seemed so shocking and so brutal that several of us insisted that a transcription of the tape be included in the formal minutes so that it could be available as a matter of public record. Since a gloss over the facts can be more damaging to the parties than the plain facts, the transcript as printed in *Igapa 2* is included for reference purposes:

(14) **Mary Williams:** I want to bring to the attention of everybody the fact that you told me the other night to write a check of \$40 when the receipts totaled \$41.61. I will not do it again.

**Tim Kyger:** That may be the case, Mary. You may not do it again. Maybe I'll write the check.

**Mrs. Williams:** Tim...

**Mr. Kyger:** You're out of order.

**Mrs. Williams:** (Leaves angrily)

**Mr. Kyger:** I presume this means Mary does not wish to continue as treasurer.

**Mr. Williams:** This means, Tim Kyger, that due to your complete idiocy and bungling, that if I ever see your face within reach again, and if you ever give my wife any more trouble I will fucking A bust your (words obscured by gavel)

**Mr. Kyger:** You're out of order.

**Mr. Williams:** You, sir, are an ass.

**Mr. Kyger:** I said you're out of order, Mr. Williams. I have one request; I have a simple question: Does your wife...

**Mrs. Williams:** (loudly, from doorway). Yes! I agree with him!

**Mr. Williams:** You will kindly remove the stuff from our porch immediately. You will contact a lawyer for the records. They will be given to the lawyer.

**Mr. Kyger:** They will not be given to the lawyer.

**Mr. Williams:** They will be given to the lawyer.

**Mr. Kyger:** Mr. Williams, they will be given to me as chairman of this convention.

**Mrs. Williams:** They will be given to the lawyer to make sure the books are in order.

**Mr. Kyger:** Mrs. Williams, if the books were in order, I wouldn't believe we would have this problem. As I understand it, the books are not in order as a direct result of your not having them in order.

**Ms. Schaefer:** That's not entirely Mary's fault.

**Mr. Kyger:** That's not entirely Mary's fault, I'll grant you.

**Mr. Patterson:** Instead of making recriminations, could we try to mend a bad situation?

**Mr. Kyger:** I shall be over there at roughly 9:00 tonight to pick the records up, Mr. Williams, and Mr[s]. Williams.

**Ms. Schaefer:** Mr. Chairman?

**Mr. Kyger:** Miss Schaefer?

**Ms. Schaefer:** Mr. Chairman, I move we recess for a few minutes. My nerves are quite frazzled, and I think we could benefit from a short respite before discussing this matter.

**Mr. Kyger:** I believe that would be entirely in order. We will recess for a half hour.

Maybe you had to be there.

Tommie was fired on the spot. Bruce Dane, a recent emigre from Los Angeles, was later asked to take his place as Security Department (later "Fixed Services") head at the convention. The concomm recessed to find a new treasurer.

A few weeks earlier, it had become obvious that Mary simply wasn't going to work out as treasurer: she couldn't seem to grasp the fundamentals of double-entry bookkeeping. So I had called a few people, including Bruce Arthurs, to try to find a suitable candidate to replace her. Bruce took this as evidence of some treachery on my part. I have no idea why. Was I violating Mary's sacred right to position she could not fill and would not *learn* how to fill? It should also be noted that at that time Bruce did not have *any* information about the practical workings of the treasury. Zilch. Nada. Nichts. The notion that people who dealt with it on a day-to-day basis might have factual experience that enformed their motivations and actions seems never, over the course of the years, to have occurred to Bruce.

At any rate, I had not found any likely candidates. We were simply running out of people with even marginal real-world skills. I dreaded having to take on the job myself - and I knew I couldn't do that *and* the program book, which ought, even then, to be in production. I'm not sure how it was that Sharon Maples was suggested, but it was a suggestion with which I was immediately happy and relieved.

Sharon had appeared in Tucson a few years earlier. When Tim took over the chair, she was doing the Harlan Ellison roast for the committee during her first pregnancy. She was delivered of a son, Zachary, sometime during Leprecon 4, and she had gotten back into circulation during the intervening months. Tim and I had considered asking Sharon to serve as Treasurer as early as Leprecon, but she was handling then as much as she felt she could. Things were not a lot easier now, but she felt she could expand her role in the convention.

There could not have been a more ideal candidate: not only did she have the "right" mix of political connections, but she could actually do the job, having run her own small business in Tucson.

In order for Sharon to take over the treasury, it was necessary to get the general ledger in working order. By pulling a week's worth of all-nighters and letting the program book go hang, I managed to complete the general ledger and audit back to January 1978 and organize a rough order out of the receipts, so I handed them over; Sharon would complete the ledger when she had time. But it would be kept in good order from that point forward, the crucial period of the convention. I finally wound up scrapping Mary's check register altogether: it was useless since it hadn't been correctly posted. Doreen Webbert's records were much more methodically kept, if no less sketchy. That she could function with only a check register, producing accurate figures on demand is a kind of minor virtuosity. We found no unresolved irregularities in the books.

Having a treasurer we could work with - and the presence now of Anna Vargo and Gary Farber - made us stronger as a psycho-logical and working unit. This was well, because we were going to need all the strength we could get. Rusty Hevelin was coming to town.

## **Ragnarok**

Rusty arrived in Phoenix in late July, during the last and most major crisis of the pre-convention power struggles for control of the concomm. Nominally he was working for Curt, although he owed his position and theoretically derived his authority through Tim.

We were not particularly apprehensive about Rusty's coming - rather the opposite. Everyone looked on him as we had anticipated Kate's coming to town or Gary's: he would be a real help in finalizing the convention's arrangements during the last month. Curt, in particular eagerly anticipated Rusty's coming: Rusty would be a much-needed ally, and we wanted Curt to feel more comfortable coming into the home stretch than he had been.

Everybody was looking forward to Rusty's arrival, but we had also hedged our bets, after a fashion: we wanted to have things so firmly set up by the time he arrived that they wouldn't be unable to unravel. Tim called this "trapping him in amber." The phrase originated at our first discussion when I arrived in Phoenix in June.

Rusty came into town and didn't like what he saw - not surprising: none of us liked it either.

What Rusty found was a local fandom in a state of anger and near panic. Gradually, one-by-one, local people were being replaced by out-of-towners (some of whom, like Teresa and Patrick, were Phoenix fans of longer standing than many of them, though they happened to be living elsewhere at the time) whose reputations they were only vaguely familiar with, at best. Never mind that this kind of "summary replacement" was done only when complete ineptness forced this on the management. We couldn't make the conceptual breakthrough necessary to get people moving from the planning stage to the execution stage, a month before the con, so we had to import people to make the transition.

The fact that I was taking so much greater a part at this point disturbed many people. The abuse of my reputation had been going on for a good many years, and my "phantom" reputation had departed completely from the reality. As far as they were concerned, I was simply not to be trusted. My own, profound distrust of the Webberts and Mary Williams was put down to crooked avarice. Before I came back to Phoenix, the committee commissioned Glen Blankenship to act as my "fiscal watchdog." Glen has a nice sense of the ridiculous. As soon as I settled in, we had a talk, he and I, and he bowed out saying he had no intention of doing any such thing. This was both amusing and frustrating.

Well, there was no point in making denials or fighting the issue. Indeed, one cannot fight a poisoned well. I just had to go ahead and do what needed to be done.

I do not think that I need to protest my innocence of financial wrongdoing. Anyone with eyes could see that I had spent great amounts of my own money on the convention, not the other way around. Out-of-pocket expenses and lost work accounted at the end for about \$3,800, of which I was finally reimbursed \$300.

Another element contributing to the state of panic is still a source of amazement to me: the fear of ineptness.

I think everyone was very conscious of the fact that Phoenix fandom's reputation was on the line. I think most people were also aware, however much they denied it publicly, that they were not capable of doing the required job, so they became unnecessarily timid, with the timidity that can destroy an operation. I certainly saw this in action on the concomm

in March, when panic over a supposed financial insolvency (completely phantom, it turned out) prompted them to destroy a brilliant film program. When, that summer, they saw the convention management fire the security manager (Tommie Williams), force a resignation of the treasurer (Mary Williams), bring in several people they did not know whose functions were mysterious but on whom we clearly relied on more than on them, panic set in. What became evident only later - and what I could not comprehend at the time - is that most of these people had not the faintest idea of what they were supposed to be doing, what the realities of the situation required, and where they should be in the schedule.

The fact that they never bothered, at any time during the preparation, to talk with the convention management about the things that upset them simply closed the panic on the inside of their heads where it could not be reached, later, by fact or persuasion. They were repeatedly *told* where they should be in the schedule and what they should be doing; but these communications were ignored. As a matter of conscious policy, we began urging people, at every meeting and on every occasion, to drop by the Garrett just to chat. Glen Blankenship and Mike Lampe are the only persons I can recall taking us up on the offer. Once in July Zetta Dillie dropped by bringing a bag of peanut butter cookies.

The most pernicious example of this self-reinforcing panic is Bruce Arthurs' formulation "words = lies." With this stroke he has created a perpetual emotion machine. Though, as we shall see, only one attempt was ever made to color the truth about any event (two if you count \_\_\_\_\_), Bruce came up with a formula that allowed him to disregard any fact that did not fit whatever thesis he was playing with that week. And some of his theses have been pretty far-fetched. The lovely phrase which has appeared in several places about a "conspiracy" among the Garrett to seize control of the convention is his and pretty symptomatic of how far from reality Bruce had allowed himself to drift. He was, in fact, perfectly correct: we *did* conspire among ourselves to seize and keep control of the convention management, but this may not be as unreasonable as Bruce assumed: we were, after all, the senior management of the convention.

This situation has persisted for more than a decade, and as far as I know Bruce is still complaining about the amount of peace of mind I cost him.

I have not lost any sleep over it.

Rusty moved into the conflict immediately. At an early Department Heads meeting (we had a formal meeting nightly at the Garrett to touch bases. We found the daily reality check useful), he put forth the notion that there was a "grassroots movement" (his own words) among the people in Phoenix who saw us (the Garrett crowd) as arrogant and hard to get along with. He was, he said, very nervous about this.

There were people who felt that way, obviously. But there was nothing like a grassroots movement, and particularly like a movement which saw Curt as its natural leader. This was dramatically confirmed later in the summer when Curt stood for election to the chair of Leprecon 5 and lost to Ken St. Andre, someone who had been pretty peripheral to local fandom for a number of years.

The Loyal Opposition condensed around Rusty, who had been "extending his contacts" around Curt's back, as it were. They finally reached a loose consensus on what

had to be done: the control of the convention had to be taken away from the current management. In order to do that they had to get the vote.

I regret that I was not feeling well at the July 29 concom meeting in Tucson, because that was the Loyal Opposition's major bid for power on the concom, and it possessed some of the qualities of a Mack Sennett comedy. I was unable to appreciate the humor at the time.

During the first half of 1978, the decision-making process had ostensibly spread out to everyone present at the concom meetings. I think this was part of the reason for the logjam by early June: minor functionaries who lacked any sense of responsibility in the use of political power suddenly felt that they had acquired it, and concom meetings came to resemble general sessions of the UN. Concom meetings had long been regarded as a kind of social fanac, and socializing by bombast flourished. During the summer, there was a palpable tightening up as the steering committee began exercising its prerogatives.

I should make it clear that I have no intrinsic objections to large administrative bodies; under other circumstances I would have no objections to spreading the franchise among a larger group. But in that case, the people involved had nearly strangled the convention by irresponsible contention for the limelight, and this seemed like a move to preserve the status ante quo.

When Rusty came to town, he elected himself point-man for the opposition at the first Department Heads meeting. When Rusty was to add crude blackmail to the powergrabbing melee, he made himself very dispensable, indeed.

The issue dealt with at the July 29 meeting was a formal extension of franchise. That we were trying to cooperate well beyond the limits at which reasonable people would have given up is illustrated by the fact that the issue was even allowed to be placed on the agenda.

Typically, the people sponsoring the motion, proposed by Paul Schauble (our parliamentarian) had not even defined the extent to which franchise would be extended; it had to be defined for them. The parliamentary maneuverings became increasingly confused and increasingly wearisome, with bickering going on all over the hot room. We couldn't even turn on the room fan because it drowned out the speaker's voice. Gary Farber recalls that at one point he

*realized that [Paul's motion] made no sense and could therefore be passed quite harmlessly. It would also make him feel better. I asked for a momentary recess and convened "our side" of this, and we passed Schauble's bit of non-meaning, with my saying vote for it. This did confuse him no end. A lot of us were confused.*

At one point, Alan Bostick remembers that he and Kate Schaefer retired to the bedroom during a break. He lay down, and Kate huddled, shaking, on the bed. I drank nearly a fifth of brandy that night, starting with some lovely Carlos V but ending up with Almaden, I think. Obviously a metaphor. Life imitating life. The opposition collapsed.

That meeting was the clearest possible demonstration of why the decision-making process could *not* be extended to the committee as a whole - not if the convention were going to get off the ground.

After the open meeting, the ACP Board of Directors went into closed session to adopt a set of bylaws and to hear from Rusty. He immediately slid the sword out of the scabbard and let us see the glint of the steel.

He did not threaten directly; he simply made McCarthy-like reference to his list of sixty-three names on his operations staff (still a "secret" list at this point) and said that he could not, in good conscience, ask them to come and work for the convention unless he could trust us. At the moment, that meant capitulating to the opposition's demands as a means of "healing the hurt." Rusty's list came up in conversation very frequently after that, and it soon became painfully evident that we were being blackmailed as a group - and pressured unmercifully as individuals.

One fact emerges from a years-later review of the meeting tape: All of Rusty's prodding was oriented by a difference in philosophy: he was trying to force the convention management, which had been operating as a consensual unit, into a rigid hierarchy run from one point. This was completely foreign to our working methods and could not, in any case, have been accomplished. What became painfully evident the next day was that Rusty intended to occupy the top of the pyramid himself.

Trapping him in amber hadn't worked, either: Rusty also insisted on moving the Art Show and Huxters' room to the hotels from the Convention Center. He had a valid point: the arrangement of the public-access doors in the Convention Center made those areas very open and difficult to police properly. But moving them to the hotels would have meant completely doing away with a third of the programming, as we couldn't get the same flexibility of setups in the Convention Center as we had in the hotels. Difficult or not, it was impossible in logistical terms to do what he wanted. Nevertheless, he kept insisting. Work decided on a year earlier unraveled again.

It should be remarked that Rusty stepped into a very complex political situation with absolutely no understanding of the issues or the personalities involved. He had not been in Phoenix a week when he decided to side with the "downtrodden masses," a tactical move of astonishing stupidity. Even after the demonstration of the July 31st meeting, he did not reflect that his basic decision might be incorrect. Instead, he set out on a peculiar program to accomplish through the back door and using illegitimate means what his instant allies had not been able to accomplish with a frontal assault.

Tim came back from a session with Rusty Sunday night brimming with rage. Playing on the knowledge that we couldn't dump him only a month before the convention, Rusty had again used his "secret" list to browbeat Tim into making outrageous concessions. First, Tim was not to discuss his decisions with the Garrett people any longer - only with Rusty; second, he was to give Rusty his decision on any issue before going into the meeting; third, we was not to tell anyone about this arrangement; and fourth, he was not to change his vote without consulting with Rusty. Under the circumstances, Tim felt he had no option but to agree to "fix" the concomm.

Tim went to dinner with Larry Fontaine later that night; he was still fuming at the restaurant, but he couldn't discuss the reasons. At one point, Larry, showing a burst of insight, leaned over the table and said, "If I were being forced to a wall, Tim, I'd jump down the attacker's throat."



That was enough. Tim decided to do just that - if he could figure out a way to do it. He came home and asked for advice.

With this maneuver Rusty had turned a political conflict into a personal matter. I got out the sheet music for the Vendetta number from *Rigoletto*. Most of the people at the Garrett (i.e., the convention's top management) had already met with Rusty. I had not. We talked about the situation that night and discovered that each had had roughly the same experience: Rusty had tried to drive wedges among each of the friendships, casting doubts on performance and attitude and even emotional stability whenever possible. It particularly angered us that his attack on the women drew heavily on the "hysterical female" myth, though based in character portraits Tim had given him in Ohio. The people who had their interviews with Rusty had all come to the same conclusion: there was no conceivable possibility of their being able to work with him at the convention, and the organization that was developing couldn't afford the emotional bludgeoning he had adopted as his method of relating to us.

The following day I had my own interview with Rusty, and I put him a simple test by asking him to rank in value the people on the executive committee and senior staff. It was in almost perfect reverse order to my own perceptions. Looking at that list in the restaurant across the street from Curt's house, I came to the same conclusion the others had: whether or not he had a figurative gun to our temples, and whether or not he was a capable worker, I couldn't conceivably work with someone whose judgment was so far off the mark - or, in any case, so different from my own.

Trying to decide exactly what the *interpersonal* problem was is another matter. We finally did manage to articulate a couple of points: as Patrick pointed out at the time, Rusty would use loaded language and then backpaddle when he was called on it, saying that was not what he meant at all. Teresa concluded that he was subtly but definitely screwing around with the information flow, doing violence to the fabric of mutual confidence we were working with. At less than a month before the convention, overworked and tired to desperation, we were absolutely dependent on that fabric of confidence. We could see our efforts shifting and slipping short of accomplishment just over the short time that he had been there. Rusty presented an immediate danger we just couldn't rollover as we had been rolling over the petty squabbles and time-wasting on the committee.

But Rusty's club was an effective protection: how could we conceivably dump him with only a few weeks to go before the con? We couldn't work with him, and it didn't look as if we could get it together without him. Rusty solved this dilemma by turning over his secret list: the staff he had put together was completely inadequate. It was as obvious that we were as sunk with Rusty as we were without him.

Gary and Kate went about checking credentials of the people on the list and noticed that Ron Bounds was on the list - peculiar because Ron Bounds had said earlier that he would *not* work with Rusty. We called Ron in Germany to confirm this; he called us back, and we spent a bracing and enjoyable two hours talking across the ocean. That breath of air from the outside, full of goodwill and intelligence, was a necessary shot in the arm. Gary and Kate also noticed that the list was unaccountably understaffed with the top level of conrunning people that had been developed over the past several years. At one point,

Gary remarked, "I could put together a better list in ten minutes." The remark was facetious, I'm sure, but I turned and looked at him, hard. "Could you?" He was taken aback but thought about it for a moment. "Yes, I think I could." He and Kate put their heads together and cobbled up a much larger list of the people who *ought* to have been on any worldcon operations staff and started calling around. Within a couple of hours, Gary had a definite answer: he could put together a better staff than Rusty's within a week. Rusty's bludgeon dissolved into confetti. We had an alternative.

But, in all fairness, we still felt that we had to give Rusty a chance to "shape up."

During the process of calling around, Gary talked with a number of people about our problem. Nobody seems to have been terribly surprised. Bill Fesselmeyer's comment was particularly apt. He said something like, "everybody thinks of him as good old Uncle Rusty, but when he steps into a situation, people go crazy." "Hmmm," we all said. "Our experience isn't Unique." Indeed, not. When I later heard the machinations surrounding Rusty's being thrown off the Seven for Seventy-Seven SunCon committee, I recognized Rusty's signature. How Don Lundry must have laughed when he got the news!

On Thursday night, August 3, Tim, Kate, Patrick, Teresa, Anna Vargo, Gary, and I met at the Garrett with Curt and Rusty and set out our observations and conclusions, with special emphasis on the fact that this was *not* a reflection on Curt, just Rusty.

Rusty denied everything in a manner, Teresa later remarked, like Wormtongue. We asked him to resign, as we couldn't - and wouldn't even try to - work under the conditions he was presenting us with. Rusty refused, saying that he wouldn't leave voluntarily; he would instead have to be removed by a vote of the Board of Directors. Curt left, saying he couldn't handle these emotional situations. Rusty left almost immediately after to brace him up.

It was clear that nothing was going to change: Curt resolutely refused to fire Rusty. Rusty refused to resign. We put through a call to Jim Corrick in Tucson, who had just finished counting the Hugo ballots and was exhausted. I'm afraid we didn't express ourselves very well. He became (properly) angry at being asked to vote on the firing over the phone. Jim asked that the decision be delayed until the upcoming concom meeting on Saturday.

That decision - I don't remember who first voiced it - was like a breath of fresh air. The weight of the world lifted off our shoulders. If the steering committee didn't fire Rusty, we would go back to our various homes and be glad the responsibility was no longer ours. If the bastards wanted the power, they were welcome to it.

One other enlightenment came out of that session: we had all been operating under such pressure of criticism that we had left a major point fall out of our consciousness: we were the Good Guys. We had Truth, Justice and the American Way on our side. All we had to do was tell the truth and damn the consequences; we were protected by our own sanity, and "they" were indicted by their lack of same. We didn't exactly hop and skip thereafter - but morale was 100% better after we came to that realization.

Of course, the strike would have to be in name only: we couldn't actually stop work on the convention, even for the three days until the decision. But the burden disappeared,

and all that was left was the work. The work was never difficult. There is, in fact, no really difficult work involved in convention running - just a *lot* of it.

To make room for the special session on the Rusty problem, the ACP board and witnesses convened before the open meeting, so the whole committee was gathered outside the conference room at the Adams while the session developed. This was spectacularly bad management of the situation as far as it would affect the committee-at-large. None of them knew what was going on and suspected the worst. Paul Schauble was observed laying out a Tarot spread and murmuring "It looks bad. It looks bad."

Each of the people at the Garrett who were not ACP members gave testimony before the board, as did Tim and I and Rusty and Curt. Rusty had been offered the opportunity to call witnesses on his own behalf, but he declined. Jim Corrick acted as moderator, questioning each of us in turn.

We each made it clear to Carol and Jim that, though we couldn't give him much to go on, because the phenomenon we were dealing with was not a matter of gross behavior but of a threat to the meta-conditions that made working on the con possible. It was a him-or-me situation, similar in some respects to the situation Jim and Curt had presented us over Greg's resignation, with the chief difference this time being that all the information we had was on the table - perhaps not as clearly as it might have. Jim Corrick was particularly disturbed about the situation - but no one was railroaded as Greg had been.

Rusty was again asked to resign. He had a number of partisans on the committee-at-large. To spare any more bad feelings, and to avoid a situation in which we would be called on to "defend and badmouth," we would take the position in any case that he had simply resigned. We felt this would allow him - and especially Curt, whose pain we were painfully aware of - to save maximum face over the whole debacle. Tim pointed out that under our working agreements on the committee, he did not have the authority to simply fire Rusty - or anyone else - which was true. I had understood that on-site he would have that authority, but not until the convention's operations actually got under way.

Rusty never addressed any of the issues except by denials. He spoke three times at some length, calling on us to pull together with him, because we would be encouraging the WSFS, Inc. proposals if the committee fired him.

No one was impressed. *L'état c'est moi* went out a few hundred years ago.

Jim Corrick made a statement: he felt forced to vote "on the numbers" - on the fact that the con might or might not be able to withstand losing Rusty at that time, but it definitely could not stand losing all eight of us. We took the vote, Jim Corrick assenting under protest, and Rusty was formally fired. Tim asked Curt to finalize the matter at his discretion.

Curt rose to his feet and said that he felt he had been handed a vote of no confidence - despite our assurances to the contrary last Thursday. He resigned and walked out. Jim Corrick, disgusted, stomped out a few seconds later.

This was not a cathartic moment. I think we were all caught off guard. Tim reached over and switched off the tape recorder. Then the door slammed open, and Bruce Arthurs, dressed in the Phoenix postman's abbreviated summer uniform, literally leaped into the room and posed like Superman, fists on hips, legs planted wide apart, and glared at us.

"You fuckers!" he shouted, "you've ruined the worldcon!" This is not recorded on the meeting tape. Teresa remembers the wording as "You've made a laughingstock of the worldcon - and you're not even from Phoenix!" This was said to Tim Kyger, Bill Patterson, Teresa Nielsen, and Patrick Hayden, all Phoenixians of long standing - longer, some of them, than Bruce.

This was a moment of high comedy that still lays me on the floor, twelve years later. It did provide catharsis of a sort. Or at least a change of pace. I walked over and told him he was overreacting and drew him out of the room, still talking, and telling him how I'd be happy to explain anything he wanted to know as I headed for the men's room. He proceeded to make faces at me, sticking out his tongue when I finally laughed. In the meantime, Alan Bostick, who we had "subpoenaed" for testimony, walked out into the crowd. He was met by Hilde. Not yet knowing a thing that had transpired, she told him to have his possessions out of her house by Monday, two days hence. He was dispossessed as an unindicted co-conspirator. With nowhere to go, he moved into the Garrett.

The atmosphere of the open session was somewhat strained. Four or five of the most minor functionaries resigned on the spot. But it also became evident that the concom had finally gotten rid of its deadweight and was in proper trim for the convention.

Of all the tactical errors we may have made, the decision to spare Rusty's feelings by not making public the facts underlying his firing was probably the most serious. We simply said he had resigned and went on to other business, saying nothing more about it. Gary was introduced as the new head of operations.

The fiction lasted for about two and a half seconds. To the average committee members, it must have seemed as though we had become maniacal, firing major officers right and left, only weeks before the convention was to open. Rusty's "resignation" was the last straw, for they could not see, any more than we did a week earlier, how we could operate the convention without him.

In actual fact, we could not have operated the convention *with* him. What we could not at the time articulate was that the dramatic changes over the last two weeks were desperation measures: we had tried to work with our existing staff well beyond ordinary human tolerance, reaching this last resort only as - a last resort.

Rusty's firing was the last replacement that would have to be made. From August 5 up to and at the convention, we were finally on schedule or nearly so. It had taken eight people twenty-hour days (quite literally - and I defy any of my critics to keep up as tolerant a demeanor as I managed on four hours' sleep per night for two months) for six weeks to get us there. But everyone left on the committee was a worker that could be depended on.

### ***A Day in the Lives...***

I started out this chapter talking about the Garrett. By the time we fired Rusty and became an International Conspiracy, the Garrett had been in operation for just more than a month.

I had originally rented the Garrett for Patrick, Teresa, and myself, because it was within walking distance of the hotels - an important point, as neither Patrick nor I had independent transportation and Phoenix's public transportation is a joke. Besides, all the

other places we looked at were incredible filth traps. Keep this in mind when you read about the roach problem: it had been the best we saw in my range.

Pope John Paul died after only a very short papacy. By tradition, when there is no Pope in the world, the forces of darkness are free to roam. We had certainly felt the brush of those fell wings, so the next day we cleansed and warded the apartment with a pagan ceremonial I no longer recall in detail. We sort of made it up as we went along.

This was the *seventies*, man. If it helped, it helped.

After westercon, Kate Schaefer moved in, and then Tim Kyger. After July 22, Gary Farber and Anna Vargo were also staying there. Some time that summer, Karen Pearlstein showed up. Pat Mueller bounced in during the three-day "strike," and after Alan Bostick was dispossessed, he, too, took up residence in the Garrett. Phil Paine also used the Garrett as his Phoenix pied a terre when he was not in San Francisco that summer.

The base group comprising the Garrett crowd, then, was eleven people. The Garrett could not have totaled more than 500 square feet in floor space. As the convention approached, various others dropped in to crash, and we wound up, at the peak of congestion, with fourteen people (and tons of supplies and equipment) sleeping there - a topological nightmare. Sometimes it was easier to keep working through the night than to try to unearth a place to lie down. Another peculiarity is that so many people generated a lot of heat. This was not needed. The temperatures had ranged to the high teens that summer, and as we swung into Phoenix' "monsoon season" in August, the humidity rose to 99% and stayed there. To meet this caloric challenge, the Garrett had one, count it, *one* swamp cooler.

A swamp cooler operates by blowing air over a series of water-soaked pads. The water evaporates and chills the air. During the dry part of the summer, this works pretty well: ambient humidity in the Great Southwestern Desert is about 5%, so you can put a fair amount of moisture into the air without affecting things much. Unfortunately, when it begins to get muggy in Phoenix, swamp coolers do not cool; they only promote mildew.

Toward the middle of August the situation became sufficiently unbearable that Kate and Anna moved in with Kat Spaulding, just across Roosevelt Street. And toward the end of the month, Tim Kyger and Pat Mueller rented a nearby cottage they named "Morris" (Garrett Morris, get it? I didn't think it was funny, either) and set up an auxiliary convention office there, as we had outgrown (many times over) the facilities at the Garrett. Pat took over the load of clerical work Alan and Karen Pearlstein had been struggling with. This relieved some of the pressure, in terms both of population and of work. But the workload continued to increase, and people kept arriving. After the middle of August I lost track of who was "in residence" and exactly *where*. Never did figure it out from that point.

A "typical" day at the Garrett, toward the beginning of August, would start at about 6:00 a.m. with a ringing phone: someone would have found our listing in the Phoenix directory and would call to ask how many "stars" were going to be at the convention. Anna would get up (the floor would be covered with mattresses and sleeping bags. I either would not yet have gone to bed - a lot of the program book copy got written between 4:00 and 6:30 a.m. - or would be snoring on the couch in my tacky brown paisley caftan. Alan and Phil would be sharing a mattress with hordes of Maoist cockroaches. Or Tim and Pat,

depending on the day. Patrick would be lying on his back, looking like Count Yorga. Etc., etc.) to get ready for work. There would be stirrings as she stepped over and around people to get to the bathroom. A few minutes later the phone would ring again. It would not stop. Alan would pick it up and try to be pleasant. From the bathroom would come "blam. Blamblamblamblam." Anna would come out and mark up her score on the Cockroach Stomping Tally Sheet. This became a matter of some difficulty, as it was completely covered by pencil marks by this time. Anna is the clear winner. Anna would leave for work.

More stirrings. Someone would open the refrigerator: there is liver, two inches of flat Tab in the bottom of a bottle, and some old cottage cheese, which is Teresa's. Teresa wails: "Oh-God-is-there-no-Tab-in-the-refrigerator-give-me-a-cigarette." The day has begun.

Gary and Patrick and Kate would go immediately off to the hotels to sit, panting, in the air conditioning. Then they would haul themselves up to see Rose Angulo, of the Adams, or Jay Ann Kelley, of the Hyatt. Teresa and I would go off to do errands, teresa in the Flying Bathtub and I in Tim's broken-down Dart. WE would continue to run errands. The Dart had no air conditioning. We would each run errands endlessly, visiting the gas station two or three times during the day - I more often than Teresa, because Tim's radiator has a nickel-sized hole in it and must be refilled every fifteen or twenty minutes.

By midafternoon, Patrick would leave the hotel and hook up with Teresa. They would run errands together until 3:00 p.m. or so, when Patrick would begin making endless phone calls. On one occasion they drove the car the half-block to the 7-11 store, pasting themselves to the car's air conditioning. They decided that if one of us sees them doing this we will be angry (they are right), so they escape on a long drive southwest of Phoenix. There is nothing southwest of Phoenix but lone tarpaper shacks in almost empty desert. On another occasion, we all have a brief "vacation" and take Gary and Anna to South Mountain Park. Gary becomes hysterical because there are "all those cacti" around.

I get back from a contract session and spend hours sorting through boxes and boxes (and boxes) of unsorted receipts. At one point I spend three and a half hours on the phone with our bank trying to resolve what turns out to have been a posting error. By this time, it is time to pick up Tim from work at a liquor store on Van Buren. It is hot.

I notice that my bottle of Vitamin B-1 is almost empty. I do a rapid calculation. Among us we have consumed a hundred 100 mg tablets in under ten days. I call everybody together and lecture them on the dangers of megadosing B vitamins. "Take liver instead," I say cheerfully. "Yuck," they say, jointly and severally. Nevertheless, we have liver repeatedly. I push it at every opportunity. By a dint of perseverance, I manage to find two ways of preparing it most of them find palatable.

We eat the most *peculiar* things. None of us is financially well off. The last several weeks turns into a continuous stream of work-sessions without time to break for meals, so Iguacon foots some of the bills so we won't have to stop work. Gary chews his fingernails. Patrick smokes incessantly. Anna cooks up pots full of soybeans and nutrition. I taste the combination and promptly go out to Helsings Coffee Shop (where it is air conditioned). Teresa objects less to the heat of the Garrett than to all that fried food.

Alan works four hours every day typing and re-typing the same, stupid letter on one of our portable, though non-correcting, Selectrics. Patrick tries desperately to clear five

square feet of shelf space for ten square feet of programming chart. He begins reorganizing the office system for the third time that day. "No, no," he says. "Letters go here. Pasteup goes there." We had started out there three hours ago. I go out on the porch and cry.

Tim's speaker wires are strung up from one end of the common room to the other. They become a jungle of telephone messages. Half the wire is reserved for the Official, Approved List of IguanaCon Rumors. The phone rings early one morning. "IguanaCon. May I help you?" "Hi. I'm a big name fan." "That's nice. Who are you?" "Everybody knows me - I'm a Big Name Fan. Isn't that sufficient?" Pause. "You aren't, by any chance, Claude Degler?" Harlan cracks up. "Naw, I wanna speak to Bill Patterson." Harlan has beaten his publishers about the brows and is calling to tell me about it. I could do with the sleep, having gotten to bed only an hour before. But I can function on one hour's sleep. I've had lots of practice recently. In the afternoon, before he is Purged, Don Markstein will be sitting at the typewriter with the headphones on, trying to transcribe notes from our nightly department head meetings.

Out of the blue, Gary Leach shows up on our doorstep. He has heard about IguanaCon and wishes to volunteer. We fall upon him with glad cries and crowd him into a corner where he can draw bluelines. Mike Lampe has been promising to do this for more than a month. Gary does it. We start pasting up the program book.

The program book is a special nightmare. It is a week late, to begin with, because of my having to put together a general ledger so Sharon could take over the treasury, so we must doubtletime it. Gary Leach is put to work above and beyond the call of duty. I go to Flying Buffalo and do not sleep for eleven days. I tried it one time, but the room kept spinning. Exhaustion high. Teresa put in every bit as much work as I. At one point she slept for fifteen minutes on the floor of the storeroom, but woke up shaking in reaction to some asthma pills being passed off as speed. She got up and worked six more hours. She is trying to typeset the film program from drifts and piles of rough manuscript written by Jim Kennedy, who does not write English. More heaps and piles of rough drafts in no particular order for the program. She was enduring an extremely crabby head of publications - me, in case you haven't caught on. She collapses. John Carver (Dan Carver, actually, but nicknamed "Ugly John") comes by, pats her on the head. "Kid, why are you doing this?" Mary Williams comes by and is rude. Three packs of cigarettes later, Teresa decides it is time to eat something. So she goes out and finds a carton of cottage cheese, because everything else is yukky. Teresa spent a lot of time that month eating cottage cheese and throwing up.

Before that. The whole group of us is discussing Rusty Hevelin. It is beginning to rain (blessed benison!) We have the windows open to lure in any feral gust of fresh air that might be in the neighborhood. "Rusty has to go!" Patrick says. The wind blows the door crashing open. Thunder crashes. Heap Big Major Arcana stuff.

After the firing of Rusty, we get bottles of cheap wine and a lid of oregano passing itself off as marijuana and put on "Lawyers, Guns and Money" and get smashed. Oy!

On another occasion, Anna comes out of the bathroom, towel wrapped around her, looking for a place to change. The bedroom. Two someones are having a private conversation. She tries the auxiliary bedroom. Private conversation. The living room?

Same. Anna stands in the doorway and wails. Meanwhile, out on the front porch, which is about the size of a large handkerchief, Kate is on the telephone to Ohio for three and a half hours. At one point, Kate and Teresa compare notes on five years of relationships with Tim Kyger. They grab him, lifting him bodily, and take him out onto the porch for a Private Conversation. Patrick and I are sitting in the living room/office, giggling. Gary has a telephone surgically attached to his left ear.

Glen Blankenship drops by with a new toy he has brought himself, and he brings *cold beer* - COLD BHEER! Nectar of the Ghods. A bracha on you, Glen.

People blow up at each other. Teresa climbs through the bathroom window and up onto the roof to get some privacy. The Valley of the Sun is overcast, and heat lightning is all around the Valley. Spectacular. There is even a bit of a breeze. Anna climbs up on the roof. Other people bang on the walls. Alan climbs up on the roof. We had a convention up there, with three different groups on the roof at one time. We do not have a copy of Petula Clark singing "Up on the Roof," or we would play it.

Phil Paine and Teresa construct Harlan's plastic pyramid on the lawn. Gary comes in at the airport. We all crowd into the Flying Bathtub to pick him up, only to discover that we have locked ourselves out. We place a chair on a picnic table and a ladder on that. Teresa, being nearly the smallest (Gary is actually the smallest, but as he is only a few minutes in town it would be impolite to ask him), climbs through the attic window and tosses the keys down. The lock is so arranged that it cannot be opened from the inside, only from the outside.

Discovering this fact independently on another night, Tim loses his temper and hits a mattress we have placed on the lawn because there is no longer room for it upstairs. He breaks his hand: it is not a mattress, it is an innerspring with a wooden frame.

People sit in front of the swamp box and pant. The swamp box goes out of commission. Wailing. Alan sits and stares at the wall because nobody talks to him. Patrick sits at the typewriter smoking and pecking with two fingers. He is compiling a loose-leaf notebook with the entire program in it, finger by finger.

I am reduced to wearing my "clown outfit" - cerise and black houndstooth pants, maroon and yellow fifties-style shirt, white, ankle-length boots and robins-egg blue jacket with peacock blue satin lining. Teresa refuses to be seen with me. Everybody picks up and goes to Teresa's granny's house to do laundry.

The wind starts blowing, and all the trees fall over. Teresa gleefully points out to Kate how a palm tree has crushed a Pinto. We start over the riverbottom, which routinely becomes flooded. The palms are blown nearly horizontal. "Can we not pull over?" Kate says, cowering in the back seat of the Flying Bathtub. "Of course not. The brakes are worn. It would be dangerous for me to stop." Kate shrieks and cowers tighter.

Kate and Patrick trek the half block to the 7-11 where they find a giant eighteen-month old baby wandering around without its mother. What do you do with a giant eighteen-month old baby? They scratch their heads and take it to Teros, which is headquartered down the street. The door slams open. Pat Mueller leaps into the room. "I'm here!" Later, Phil and Anna undertake an epic drive to Los Angeles to kidnap Harlan's manuscript for "Executioner of the Unborn Children." When we get a little cash together,



the whole group goes to Caf' Casino. Karen Pearlstein indiscreetly asks for Alan's life story. She gets it. Karen threatens to go to a B'nai Brith camp in Vancouver. "Let's all go to Vancouver," we chorus. It becomes a refrain, part of our mythos.

We look up and find that we have done as much as we can do. Tim refuses to stop spinning his wheels and growls at us. We have to bodily kidnap him and put him in the car to go see a movie. Later that week, we venture to an Inevitable at Bruce and Gigi Dane's house. I play a few hands of bridge with Don Markstein and Gigi Dane. We emerge more-or-less unscathed.

Oy.

That's what it was like. Hectic, even frenetic. Grimy and grotty. Painful and funny. Some people got a *lot* closer. We were working ourselves into an early grave (and sometimes it felt as if we were already there). Recalling that period can be depressing - but it can be exhilarating, too. It wasn't *all* bad, was it?

## IT HAPPENS

*Let us have the numbers [of casualties]  
made instantly public; however large they be  
they shall never approach the figures  
arrived at by the reckless arithmetic of rumour.  
—R.M. Freeman*

### **Home Stretch, End Run**

We had another telephone installed. Gary burned up the wires setting up an operations staff, and Patrick seized the other for finalizing the program schedule. In the quick shuffle that followed Curt's resignation, Gary was appointed Vice-Chair of the convention, and Anna Vargo took over as gopher coordinator. Kate Schaefer moved from Tim's personal staff to Gary's, taking over Curt's position as Operations Director.

Our long distance telephone bill for the remainder of the month shot up to \$1,000 per week. The phone company got very nervous after the first week and asked for a special deposit. Sharon shrugged and gave it. Teresa, Gary Leach and I spent the next ten days living at Flying Buffalo while we finished the program book. The last ad was to arrive two days after we went to press.

Because of the treasury problem, I had put off the program book until past the last minute Darlene Rutherford could give us if it were to be printed in Albuquerque. We had consulted with her in the middle of July and discovered that she would have to have the masters ready by the end of the month in order to get the book done on time: it was simply too large a job for their small operation. When the problems with the treasury developed, it was clear that we couldn't handle that early a deadline. Curt's wife, Mahala Steiner Stubbs, worked for Messenger Graphics. An inquiry to MG resulted in an offer to print it in two weeks if we got the material ready to go to press by August 10. I okayed the proposal and asked Mahala to formalize it into a contract.

We worked literally around the clock. I didn't sleep for eleven days. From time to time, I would go into a darkened storeroom and lie down, but I was too worked up to sleep.

On August 10, I called Messenger saying I was ready to bring over most of the pasteups and discover that no arrangements had been made and we had no contract. They had not heard back from us since the proposal. This is what happens when you delegate without overseeing. Tim and I hastily negotiated a contract - on fair terms but not quite as good as we could have had if it had been done earlier - and left the material in their hands to be shot and made up for printing. We still had six pages to fill: the Ellison story hadn't arrived.

Harlan had volunteered to do a story for the program book - out of the blue - during westercon, and I had set aside six pages in the program book for it. But August arrived, and

the story didn't. So I decided Harlan had probably just forgotten it and decided not to push the matter. You don't ask a professional writer for free writing under any circumstances...and Harlan was already donating a bunch of other goodies to the con, anyway. I shrugged and asked Teresa to typeset the program into those six pages.

I mentioned it to Harlan at one point (I was in nearly daily communication with him at that point), and he said something like: "Wait a second - you can't do that. I've got the goddamned story waiting for you." Okay. So I bumped the program to the pocket program and proceeded with the pasteup.

And it didn't arrive, and it didn't arrive. Came nail-chewing time. We were on deadline, we were past deadline, we were ready to start printing, and we had these six, blank pages...

So I called Harlan, and he was just as surprised as I was - he had sent the manuscript off several days earlier. Well, actually, he had given it to his assistant's, Maggie Impens, to be mailed. Harlan quickly discovered that she had tossed the package into the back of her car and gone off to get married. The ms was never seen again. Tearing of hair. Wailing of curses. Harlan sat down to reconstruct the story - presumably from carbons. I started sweating bullets. And I was much calmer than Teresa. We finally had to turn over the finished masters to the printer, except for the last six pages. In desperation, I sent Phil Paine and Anna Vargo to Los Angeles to kidnap the manuscript. Later that night, I got a call from Harlan asking me to get rid of those two - they were eating him out of house and home - HHOK. All was well: they had come in as he was revising the manuscript (for the fifth time, if you count the original draft). They made it back the following morning, August 11, and crashed. I took the manuscript and typeset it myself. We got it to the printer on the 12th. All was well again - except that we now had six pages of typeset program to fit into an already crowded pocket program.

On August 14 the whole program book went to press. We had received an astonishing ad response, more than doubling the size of the book. At one point in early July, I was struggling with the first or second dummy, trying to plan on ad placement, and I found that one of Harlan's publishers decided he didn't want to do a promotional-congratulatory ad. I mentioned this to Harlan. The next morning at 7:00 a.m. Harlan called to say he had "had a talk" with the publisher (saints preserve me from having such a "talk" with anyone as that must have been) and the ad would appear shortly. It did. Further, deponent sayeth not.

The pocket program would be done by a quick-printer who had volunteered credit terms - needful, because we were at the very end of the budget. I had had an offer in the beginning of the summer from Larry-the-Duck Fontaine to print the pocket program on his own press, at cost, but when it came time to do the work, the Duck press was still broken, so we had to have it done professionally. A lot of the information planned for the multi-page pocket program had to be taken out and mimeoed.

We had done well on paper, with thousands of dollars in extra income from the new ads. *Omni* had even paid the cost of a full color section so their ad could be in color. But we hadn't received pre-payment for most of the latecoming professional ads. Strictly speaking, we shouldn't have run them without prepayment, and if I had had a little more

time to spare or a little more help I would have called each of the advertisers as his mechanicals came in and said pay up or we won't run it. We had \$300 left in the budget for the pocket program. That would print only one 11x17" sheet. The program had to be reduced from 9 point to 3 points, the very smallest type that could be distinguished, smaller than most newspaper classified print (typically a 5 point agate). I had the program copy reduced in size, and Phil and I laid it out and pasted it up that night. But it was, at least, ready on time. Bruce Arthurs had circulated a wild rumor that I had been goofing off and the program book wouldn't be ready on time for the convention. He probably was figuring that we were sending it to Albuquerque - old data, absolutely typical. We made it with a week to spare.

I should say a few words about Pat Mueller at this point. She didn't get nearly enough egoboo, considering the work she did. Pat bounced into the Garrett during the "strike," straight in from East Lansing. Within a few days, she had taken over the tedious and time-consuming job of processing the mail, which she continued to do for the remainder of the month. This freed up two hours a day for me to spend negotiating, reviewing and writing service contracts. At the convention, she functioned as office manager, a job that turned out to be much more important than we had imagined. I don't think there were many more confusing or demanding jobs. Pat deserves a *lot* of egoboo.

Things smoothed out a lot after the beginning of August: by and large, everyone settled down - grimly to be sure - to the work at hand (which was all we had wanted in the first place). We even made time for some recreation, kidnapping Tim one night to go to a double feature of *2001* and *Dark Star*. On another occasion, some of us went to an *Inevitable* and emerged more-or-less unscathed.

At this time, the breakup of local fandom which had begun so tentatively in 1976 was in full swing. The divisive tendencies had matured to the point that there was, besides the *Inevitable*, a Counter-*Inevitable* held most Friday nights, and there was a third group, the McAllister-Carver clique, which was almost active enough to qualify as being its own fandom. And Teresa went about *doing good* trying to patch thing up between Phoenix fandom and the Garrett long after everyone else (on both sides) had given up the Good Fight.

Things eased up on us a bit for another reason: shortly after Gary and Anna arrived, Kate and Anna took a bedroom sublet from Kat Spaulding, across Roosevelt Street from the Garrett, and after Pat Mueller arrived, she and Tim moved into the concom's auxiliary office, Morris. The spread-out of population helped a great deal, although the numbers started going up again as the convention approached. Bruce and Hilde dispossessed Alan Bostick as an unindicted co-conspirator, and he came to live at the Garrett, having nowhere else to go. At one point we had, I counted, seventeen people sleeping in that 450 square feet. Since the apartment was already crammed with office supplies and equipment, sleeping arrangements were a topological nightmare. Some people got *real* close, and the sexual and psychosexual gymkhana became bewildering. When you're in circumstances like that, sex becomes a comfort and a weapon. I've been urged by several parties to deal with the sexual politics of the Garrett but decided not to for three reasons: first, it would take as much time and effort to unravel and disentangle and sort out the relationships - who was

doing what with/to whom and in what orifice - as the entire rest of this book, and what you would wind up with would be stale gossip, not worth the effort; second, the personal politics affected the flow of the con very minimally, because the people were very good about becoming all business outside of bed (a situation that with the best of intentions couldn't have lasted very long, but, fortunately, didn't have to) and presenting a front of solidarity; and, third, the rest of this memoir is loosely rooted in the principle that behavior is truth, that to describe the acts, what *happened* is sufficient explanation of motivation, and that's simply not true of the interpersonal politics at the Garrett where behavior and motivation were certainly related, but not by a linear relationship. If mathematicians give up on the three-body problem, how am I supposed to solve the fourteen-body problem?

At one point, so many rooms and corners were taken up with "private conferences" that people took to going out the bathroom window to sit on the roof just to get away from all the people and have a few moments of privacy and quiet.

Things had quieted down on the committee, but the Loyal Opposition hadn't given up. A group of them issued a "white paper" (on yellow twiltone) and sent it out, apparently at random, to fans across the country. I believe this is the same paper reprinted in Bruce Arthurs' *IguanaCon Blues* and titled "Official Iguanacon Rumor Number 217 or Regress Report Number 3.357 or A Short History of Iggy Operations." This white paper, pretending to be a concise statement of what was actually going on, contained an outline of the events leading up to Rusty's firing and accused the Insidious Garrett of stacking the deck to preclude presentation of opinions in Rusty's favor. It also states that Rusty had called each of the people on his list to ask that they work with his successor, as he had said he would do at the August 5th meeting. That was certainly even-handed of him, matching the even-handedness we had attempted to show by not making his divisiveness a matter of public record.

This white paper was signed by M.R. Hildebrand, Paul Schauble, Sourdough Jackson, James Sieber, Gail Barton, Bruce D. Arthurs, and Mike Lampe. Not one of these people had direct, personal knowledge of the events they were broadsiding about. Jackson, Sieber, Barton and Arthurs were not even on the committee in any capacity. And only Mike Lampe had maintained even sporadic contact with people in the Garrett.

An editorial by Paul Schauble attached to the white paper makes some ironic statements:

*The more than 4,000 fans who have given their time, support and money to this committee deserve a certain quality of effort in return, not to have the convention used for personal egoboo and power politicking by a group that is too immature to set their own interests aside when there is a job to be done.*

Paul Schauble had stated succinctly and precisely my own point of view, the perception and philosophy which so moved me to anger when I came back to Phoenix in June of that year. It was precisely to put an end to "personal egoboo and power politicking by a group...to immature to set aside their own interests aside when there is a job to be done" that we had undertaken the demand of accountability which resulted, finally, in those

"too immature to set their own interests aside" being removed or resigning in the face of pressure to perform the jobs they had undertaken to do.

The white paper asked people to send Tim Kyger a kumquat, recalling the kumquat incident at Midwestcon, as a protest. The operations staff at IguanaCon adopted the kumquat as their mascot.

The people issuing the white paper clearly demanded a response, and we discussed the matter on one occasion at a nightly Department Head meeting. We decided that the best policy was simply to ignore it. The flap was too ludicrous to take seriously. Were we supposed to engage the attention of the entire senior management of the con to respond to a group of seven nitwits who couldn't get their facts straight? Were we supposed to cut into our 20-hour days to do a *fanzine* three weeks before the con? Or perhaps we were to give up the four hours of sleep we managed? The simple truth, then and now, is that the thing did not merit a response. We shrugged it off and went on with the work. I think we can be forgiven (or at least understood) if we cherished a kernel of malice: ignoring them would drive them bugfuck. We recognized that this was another of those wonderful occasions when if you simply do the right thing and let events take their course, you would be Rewarded with Treasures that neither Moth nor Rust would Corrupt. And we certainly have been.

### ***Anticlimax***

We set up the operations center at the Hyatt on Monday, August 28. Alan Bostick was playing Sorcerer's Apprentice with a group of Gopher Hole volunteers, stuffing membership packages, two days before the convention was to start. People were already arriving at the hotels.

The committee went into the convention with four potential unresolved problems: Security, films, art show and huxters' room - the four areas the Garrett hadn't been able to oversee directly due to lack of time and cooperation and therefore had no "control" over. All four of these - and *only* these - were to develop critical problems on site.

When Tommie Williams had been fired in July, he was replaced by Bruce Dane, a recent emigre to Phoenix from Los Angeles. Bruce had set up a staff of security people composed of his friends and contacts, principally from LA. This was bound to cause some problems, because we had put together the operations staff with an eye to the cool and light-handed approach we had hoped to put over, while the security people Bruce chose had a more heavy-handed approach; some slopover of the strongarm style was bound to occur.

The film program had been developed independently in San Francisco because we never had a working liaison in Phoenix. By the time Kennedy appeared in Phoenix, we were already spread too thin to oversee it any further.

About the art show and huxters room, little was known: both Ted Pauls and the Moores had been extremely difficult to contact and uncooperative (Tim says "negligent" instead of uncooperative) about posting records. With others, there might have been a basic presumption of competence, but both were a matter of concern because the well was poisoned. We did not even consider replacing them, though, because their work could not

have been picked up and duplicated, even if we had had the time and resources to do so, after the last progress report was issued in April.

This was not always the case for independently-run functions: the masquerade, for instance, was being managed by Ellen Franklin and the Boston in '80 people in, of course, Boston. Ellen had maintained excellent contact, and her operating plans were well thought out, known and approved well in advance of the convention.

Well, it was too late to do anything about them - and we had our hands full. Things would happen as they would happen.

### ***Baby Iggy Grows Up: IguanaCon II***

The convention formally opened its doors on Wednesday afternoon, August 30, 1978. But we had been going full-tilt since Monday, when we set up the convention headquarters in the Hyatt. We had even had a couple of fair-sized crises before Wednesday.

The events of IguanaCon are not really within the purview of this history of local fandom; they belong to the larger and longer history of the worldcon. Perhaps Fred Patten will get to it someday. In the interim, there is a birds-eye view of some significant events in our post-convention fifth progress report.

It went too fast, too endlessly fast. For many others, it went on even longer, as I understand that several hundred attendees stayed behind after September 4 to finish out vacations at those hotels. The Adams gave the committee a daily credit against our deposit for people staying on.

The groundwork went on straight up to the opening on Wednesday. I was still pounding pavements in downtown Phoenix on Tuesday, trying to convince restaurants that they would find it profitable to stay open late (no, really: we've got six thousand people coming into town, y'know, at the Adams and the Hyatt and they go out to eat at all sorts of odd hours...) Why the Convention and Visitor's Bureau did not notify local merchants, I do not know, but they didn't. The cooperation of Wendy's was appreciated, I'm sure, by every late-night congoer.

During the convention itself, things were, in the main, kept on an even keel. This was sometimes hard to see from the middle of the apparent confusion, especially from the vantage point of the Hyatt's lobby. We had some disasters - like the under-staffed security sector which resulted in people working unconscionably long shifts; the last-minute ticketing of *Watership Down* and the Masquerade, which indirectly resulted in almost the entire security staff walking off the job in protest over being left out Saturday night, minutes before their tickets were delivered to the Security HQ. And then production of the daily newsletter was often delayed. Machines and editors broke down and were rebuilt by Brownies (Jon Singer put in incredible hours). Numerous things were dropped into the Hyatt atrium - balloons, paper airplanes, chairs (*chairs?*), and CO<sub>2</sub> containers. The FBI hit the convention looking for illegal *Star Wars* prints and were politely squired through the huxters room by Gary Farber.

Let's see, what else? One heatstroke. A drug bust (resolved without jailing anyone - thank Ghu). Vandalism in the Hyatt on Sunday early in the morning. That one cost us

dearly, though it was later attributed to a party of rockers not with the con. Kennedy's film program fell apart completely, and we had to divide up staff to guard the prints. The only other major catastrophe was the setup of the Art Show, which had to be redone three times to satisfy the Fire Marshall and delayed the opening a long time. But, open it did.

On the opening day of the convention, we inadvertently discovered that the Loyal Opposition had constituted themselves an emergency Iggy committee to take over when we collapsed. That was a hoot.

Let's see, what else? Rick Gellman and Louie Spooner were discovered violating their limited-use agreement for their room at the Civic Center. Had one of the City's people discovered them conducting sales out of the display room, they could have upped our charges a couple of thousand more. One of the things we hadn't paid much attention to drew a lot of criticism at the time and later: Donna Ballard was handling Author Autograph Parties for us, as she usually did for local cons, with a table, supplied by her employer Walden Books, near the autograph party. A number of huxters were justifiably upset by the favoritism being shown the Walden Books chain. Sorry, folks: it slipped through our fingers. *Culpa nostra*. We goofed badly.

By the way, Harlan was a *fabulous* GoH, as cooperative as could be imagined. And our worst fears turned out to be totally groundless: fandom - at least the several thousand who turned out for IguanaCon - loved Harlan. Incidentally, Harlan, we forgive you for the chair. We had laid in a supply of Perrier for him, more, we thought, than would supply a minor army. A French army, maybe. I can't believe he drank the whole thing. Writing in that plastic tent must have been hellacious. As he finished a page, a gopher would tape it to a nearby wall. During the first day he was there, we had a series of gophers running out to his van (parked on the south side of the Hyatt) to deposit nickels in the meter. Fortunately, we got through to the Mayor, and she had the police department put a paper bag over it (thus came to be the Unknown Parking Meter).

It should also be noted, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, that Harlan did not spend a penny (ah, these colorful British slang expressions!) of outside money in Arizona. He slept in his camper (no air conditioning - folks, that's *dedication!*) and used the concom suite only to shower and shave and...er...spend a penny.(ah, these colorful British slang expressions!). Art show purchases were delay-paid. Thus is Official IguanaCon Rumor No. 17,211 put to rest.

I was Hotel/Guest Liaison, so I spent a lot of time running around, trying to coordinate among the five facilities and figure out what it was I was supposed to do about a party of congoers who had gotten food poisoning at a local restaurant. Memory is dim, but I think I phoned the hospital and was assured that the symptoms were not life-threatening but that they would be uncomfortable for awhile.

We topped out at very close to 7,000 Saturday night. IguanaCon had become the largest worldcon in history. Huzzah. About the quality of the convention - well, I was too busy to notice. There were a lot of kumquat t-shirts and the usual assortment of jokes. But from the various reactions I've gotten over the years, most of the attendees never noticed anything particularly amiss. Under the circumstances that's about the best we could hope for. Wiping of sweat from the brow.



Gary and Kate ran around like madmen and had to be told to knock off and go to bed when they began to look too wild-eyed. Sharon struggled with the endless details of the Treasury work - such as Bell Telephone becoming even more nervous and demanding several thousand dollars' cash deposit while the con was going on. We paid it. Jim and Patrick were also running around a lot - checking individual room setups and so forth, coordinating with Gay Miller's Green Room. That worked out pretty well. Everybody went crazy a lot. There was a lot of head-patting going on. At one point, one of Anna's gophers got up a fund among the convention staff to bail out Tim Kyger's cat, as Curt had upped the amount he decided Tim owed him for utilities and groceries and was holding C'mell a political prisoner. \*Sigh\*

When the convention finally ended, we could hardly believe it was over. I felt as if I were running in place for three days afterward. We packed up the whole works in a moving van and dumped it on the lawn in front of the Garrett. Pat Mueller was to spend weeks, with Tim's intermittent help, sorting it out for storage. The Garrett crowd collapsed and spent a few days recuperating from the ordeal, mostly at Mark Tessler's air-conditioned apartment, getting some much-needed rest and even more-needed privacy. I stayed at the Garrett while all the assembling and sorting was going on. On September 14, I woke up late - forty-five minutes before my flight was to take off. Pat Mueller rushed me to the airport, and I made the flight. And thereby ceased to be a Phan, finally and for good.

### ***Five Years Later...***

A lot of water has passed under the bridge and over the dam since 1978. Phoenix fandom was dormant for awhile and subject to a kind of brain drain that put an abrupt end to the interpersonal conflicts. Teresa moved after IguanaCon, first to San Francisco, then to Seattle. Tim left, in February 1979, and Sharon moved, as well, in 1980. Within two years, all but a few of Phoenix's active fans, the people that had provided the motivating power for the last several years, had left.

But the impetus had been given. Their/our essential work was done. Gradually, local fandom picked itself up again.

Convention fandom there suffered, as well. In 1979, the Hyatt Hotel used its differences with the IguanaCon committee over who was responsible for the vandalism (our insurance company said we weren't, and we stuck to our guns. The hotel eventually released most of our deposit monies) to cancel the facilities for Leprecon 5. A number of local fans picketed the Hyatt and got tv coverage of the event. Curt Stubbs was instrumental in getting together Altercon, a highly praised relaxicon.

Phoenix fandom in 1982 seems to be very active again: after losing the westercon bid in 1978, they finally won the '82 bid and are putting it together under Randy Rau's direction.

So, Phoenix fandom seems to have recovered completely: it continues to have a history. Perhaps in another ten years or so, someone else will write the second portion of *The Little Fandom That Could*. But it will have to be someone else. I've said my piece, paid my tribute to fond and not-so-fond memories. There was too much to put down. A lot didn't make it in.

And that's the end.