

SOUTHERN FANDOM CONFEDERATION BULLETIN NUMBER FOUR
THE APOLLO CON * TWO VIEWS

(artwork by Dany Frolich of New Orleans, La.)
Report by Dany Frolich...

Kiss the cats good-bye, lock the doors, pet the sports car, jump in the borrowed camper and make a mad dash for the oracle at Merritt Island.
...flat, grass and marsh, 400 different birds in one day and alligators in the ditches. Towers rising like temples, concrete bee-hives passing into history. Buildings like blocks laid by a giant-child. Buildings with doors; tall, wide doors; doors for space-ships...

Hit Joe Green's at 10:00 Thursday night. It's always like coming home after a too-long trip. Everybody should have such friends. So much for sleeping. Stay up until 2:00 with Ella Parker, a great English lady, a real people, and Dick somebody, a friend of Arthur Clarke. One by one friends come.

...Writers, artists, lovers of space. No two alike but friends all the same. Some seen twice a year, some less, but friends just the same. Drawn to an island to witness a miracle...

Run to the Press center Friday morning to get accredited (The St. Bernard News? Hell, better than nothing!) Damn, the English lady's got troubles (representing DAW Books for Don Wohlheim). Grab a quick lunch and take the press tour. Gets better each time you take it.

...standing in the hot sun, like so many petrified dinosaurs, impervious to the people around. Part of history and there to be remembered. So many memories, 1957, 1961, Redstone, Atlas, Thor. Smaller than remembered but larger for the memories...

Why do we always get the hottest bus? Snapping pictures with Nita Green's camera and making sketches at every chance. Wonder if there's enough light in the V.A.B.

...How many beans in the jar? How many cubic feet in the world's largest building. A building for building space-ships...ships the size of which few men ever dreamed...

Saturday and nothing planned. Grab wife and Rosie Green and Jerry Fress and dash over to the dive shop. (Wow, look at the new stuff!) Closest place to dive is 35 miles and traffic's unreal. Oh well! Have to settle for the Atlantic Ocean. Jerry and I come back looking like boiled crayfish.

Party time and there are people all over. Kelly's in the corner, doing caricatures (I owe him one for that!) Hal Clement is outside pointing out planets. Get to get to bed early because tomorrow is what we're here for.

Sunday. File them into the camper and grab a bus to the egress.

...waiting like pilgrims for a glimpse of the kings. Not kings at all, but three young men. Going where I've gone since I was 7. Look my way; I'm going with you...

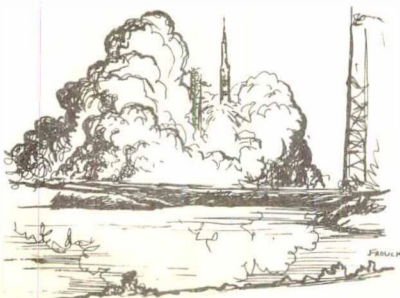
Back in the bus and over to the press stands; been there before but it's never the same. God! all of the cameras and all of the people. And 3 miles away...

...Talking in its shadow almost, waiting. There are 3 men in it and they're waiting. And it's waiting. Look all around but you can't look away. It won't let you. Wheels and wire, gears and plastic. Like hell! Dreams and visions and all that we live for, waiting...

Do a few sketches, meet a few people. Hassle over seats. And all at once...the waiting's over.

...It's like a religious experience; it's like a sexual experience. Like hell it is! It's like nothing else but what it is. A space-ship leaving. First the red flash at the base. The flame spreads out and the cloud grows. It begins to rise. The crowds cheer and it rises higher. The noise comes, and comes and COMES. Higher still on a thousand foot tall...

12 seconds later you breathe again. No two are alike. You cry each time but always for a different reason. Time to go home and pray God let it continue.



APOLLO CON - Report by Irvin Koch of Cocoa Beach, Fla.
(excerpts from MAYBE # 18)

Friday, April 14: Last night I wandered over to the Greens' to see who had come in so far. The Fress camper was unmistakable; it's BIG. Frank Kelly, non-fan son, Jerry, fannish daughter (also quite cute), Jackie, and his wife made up that contingent. Hal Clement (actually a chemistry teacher and AF Reserve Colonel named Harry Stubbs) was staying at the Greens' with sleeping bag or something. The Greens' were really crowded. Hal was representing Conde Nast (ANALOG) while I believe P. Kelly was the "pictorial" half of the ANALOG team.

Nita Green was representing UPD (GALAXY) in order to get into the press area and tours. Since she is also an artist a la Kelly Fress as well as an expert photographer, maybe we can look forward to another instance of a "fake" press representative sending in some good material which is used.

Chris Moskowitz was there with a QUICK FROZEN FOODS press accreditation and, surprisingly, Sam M. was supposed to be coming through on his way to a business meeting and would stop to see his first launch. Poul & Karen Andersen represented a Berkeley, Calif. newspaper and Astrid had her own credentials from the LA-FAYETTE SQUIRE, another newspaper near their home.

Danny Plachte with Dave Kyle (another flown in from England) and some others were staying with Banks Mebane in Melbourne Beach, 20 miles to the south. Roger Zelazny and family did not make this launch and their planned move to Melbourne Beach seems to be stalled pending negotiations for movie rights on Dungeness Alley.

NOSFA, the New Orleans group, plus some characters from other parts of La. and Miss. stayed on my floor but didn't get in until Saturday night. That group consisted of Don Markstein, Lura Sellers, Dave Dalis, Norm Elfer, Peter Bezbak, Jim Mule, and Albert Hoffman. Rick and Lynn Norwood sawsawed back and forth as Nita Green and I divided up the bodies but eventually stayed with the Greens.

Joe Celko has a fanzine, now defunct, called Metro Magazine. Would you believe that Sellers and Mule got press passes, not only off a fanzine but a defunct one?

4 of the NOSFAs got in as dependents of the Norwoods. Saturday night most arrived and partied at the Greens. Gordon Dickson, first-fandomite Sue Miller from Ohio, Jack Chalke from Baltimore, loads of Haldemans from Fla. and D.C., WSPA and the Philadelphia fan clubs were represented; Jim and Doreen Webbert, Ron Bounds. Sunday and the party continued including it's being crashed by Russian V.I.P.s (the poet Yevtushenko(?) and entourage). I missed the Sunday night happenings because of a visit to Andre Norton where I learned about her forthcoming DAW books. (Irvin's full report is in Maybe 18 and Don Markstein is likewise preparing a long one for his fanzine.)



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