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Tarzine of the APAs

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Sorry for missing a few disties while Kent replaced his repo-ed car; in fact, I missed a whole summer of them. But I did spend my summer most fannishly, O yes, I did indeed.

The Fannish Summer of My Fortieth Year & Related Thoughts

After a particularly long drought of cons, broken only by a few APazines and LASFS meetings (see "White January" in earlier zines for details), I managed to pack a con a month from Memorial Day through Labour Day (and maybe even Canadian Thanksgiving — which Americans perversely call "Columbus Day"). Going from fanac being mostly memory to intense immersion in it provoked a few thoughts on how times have changed.

Disclave and NYUSFS 1987

Trusty Travel Entrepreneur **Rick Foss** ("the Ladera to Heaven") armed me with Tickets Triangular and I flew the Utterly Uncaring Skies from lax LAX, scattering alliteration with abandon. (Can *abandon* ever be *gay* again in these AIDS-plagued times? Or maybe it's the other 'way 'round.) I had hoped to make a trip via New York to Balticon the previous month but figured, what the Hell State, this should be equivalent a month later. Wrong-O!

From 1971-75 I attended a couple of Balticons (tiny little relaxacons) and several robust Disclaves — best in the East, particularly compared to overrated Boskones. Somehow, the WSFS and environs got them reversed. Disclave was down to three hundred and when you shake out the excess media fen now ubiquitous, you had less than a hundred trufen left. The parties showed it.

One bright exception was the spanking news Orlando in '92 "Magicon" Worldcon bid. For one thing, Orlando had parties; for another, it provided a source of frefen for me — including **Tom Veal** (a co-chair) and **Tony Parker & Judy Bemis**. Add in **Nancy Lebovitz** and her thriving button huckstership, and you had not only the cream of Disclave frefen but over half the attendees.

Magicon needed a little sprucing up to get in shape as a serious bid, but a trip to a Maryland liquor store (conveyance provided by non-fan libertarian — but sf reader — **Scott Royce** and his new [to me] wife **Julle Floyd**) moved Orlando in '92 way ahead of Washington's own home team in '92 bid.

The WSFS group that had thrown the 1971-75 Disclaves and the 1974 Discon II would have won my support hands down. But Disclave '87 gave me a very poor view of Today's Disfen. Besides (and I told Magi-

con to quote me), "I voted in '75 for Orlando in 1977 and I'll keep voting until I get it!"

Worst of all, the Dead Dog Party ended (if it existed) before I even awoke on Monday (Memorial Day)! I stumbled down to the Convention Area from my "nearby hotel" — as Foss put it; certainly it was if you didn't count the Freeway Cloverleaf in the way — around 4:30 P.M. to find dealers packing and the "party" was over. Fortunately, the Orlandians were still around but all was so dead we went to a suburban movie theatre to catch *Beverly Hills Cop II* (just opened). It turned out to be an all-black audience, save for us honkies, but I urged them gamely on with, "Hey, it's an Eddie Murphy film; they'll be Cool." And they were.

On Tuesday I entrained to New York City for the first visit in four years (post-Constellation 1983) and the second since I moved away (*Escape From New York* — non-fiction version, 1975). The trains, interestingly enough, were actually quite good. (I also rode the line back and forth from Grand Central to Connecticut later; this one went from New Carrollton, Maryland, to Penn Central.) The last train I took in California, to Sacramento's Westercon, was so bad a trip I simply gave up on U.S. trains. Of course, out East they still use them. Since I never waste time driving cars, that's one attitude and cultural concept I prefer from the usually screwed-up, angst-ridden Easterners.

Jared Lobdell, growingly fannish, met me at the station and whisked me off for cocktails with Bill Buckley and a limo ride (air-conditioned) through the sweaty masses of Manhattan — but I digress into non-fannish territory. Let me skip the next two days.

On Thursday, I insisted we take the train from New Haven to Manhattan even though it was already after six solely to make a meeting of the New York University Science-Fiction Society *aka* Solarians. Actually the meeting had *started* before we left and was technically over by the time we arrived in the "East Village." I phoned old Okie frefan — and now new Solarian — **Richard Onley** at LF Books and luckily caught him in and found the aftermeeting site. Jared (his first NYUSFS meeting?) and I arrived around 9:30 P.M. **Marc Glasser** and **Nina Bogin** promptly left, but we had three tables' worth left. **J. Neil Schulman** came into the city from Jersey unexpectedly; **Rich Friedman** did *not* come in from Brooklyn also unexpectedly. Old NYUSFSians (pre-1975) included Neil, me, **Art Tobias** and, however briefly, Marc; early post-1975 NYUSFS mesofen included **Dan Lieberman** and Nina. Neo-NYUSFSians included Richard Onley,

fellow frefan **Sean Haugh**, and the new OE of *Frefanzine*, **Michael Grubbs** — who may be reading this in *Frefor* in APA-NYU which he recently joined — and was himself in from out of town (North Carolina).

Yet another digression: fifteen years ago there were no Indian restaurants in that area; now there were so many we weren't sure we'd get the right one. Jared and I rushed out of this one and ran to the Astor Place subway station to hop on the train to Grand Central and hop on another train back to New Haven for the night — losing my address book/organizer with a third of my credit cards and half my id in the subsequent cab ride.

After a Yale and 'earty breakfast late the next afternoon, I found it impossible to get past the New Haven Yellow Cab day manager. Even though the driver had readily found my Harper House organizer as soon as I phoned it in (about 2 A.M.), that was the Night Manager's province and she was on vacation. Months later and several attempts and legal threats from Jared and his political buddies have *still* not disgorged the contents of that most impregnable safe.

Undisgracing, I returned to Ol' NYC for a party at Richard Onley's that night — an apartment known as the Oklahoma Embassy. Besides most of those mentioned above at the NYUSFS meeting, gay Geor-gist libertarian activist **Mark Sullivan**, former Renaissance editor and my old friend **John J. Pierce**, frefan and long-time New York BNF **Brian Burley**, and Notesfane **Ginnie Fleming** came along. Though the humidity was killing, and got worse the next day, my overnight in this Anarchoslum-like pad, throw-back to the early '70s, was the high point of the entire trip — a worthy Dead Dog at last.

Saturday, I flew back from ~~Kennedy~~ Idlewild, just beating the coming of June by a day so I technically attending nothing that month. By the way, while staying one night in an East 80s apartment (the size of mine in Long Beach at three or four times the price), I espied a new New York satire magazine called *Spy*. I found a copy later in Oakland (Westercon) at a well-stocked newsstand, bought it, used its subscription card, and gave it away to an old friend who bought me dinner thereafter. Highly recommended; if you can't get *Spy* in your backwoods area, I'll send you one of its fall-out subscription cards on my stamp on request. Warning: it is full of New York in-references. But it treats politicians (and, truthfully, most other celebrities) like the dirt they are; the 1980s *Smart Set*.

Westerconzo!

Considering how many times I have flown back and forth to the Bay Area this past year (see "White January"), it was ironic that I rode in a car to Oakland for Westercon. My *chauffeuse* was one of my oldest friends (since 1970), **Sharon Presley**, who had just moved back to California. We were joined by **Victor Koman** (my long-time unindicted co-conspirator) and **Ernie** "Black Flag Courier Express" **Sewell** (only his second con) at the hotel. Vic did pro-ish things, finding to his delight that *The Jehovah Contract* was a big hit among the dealers who got him to autograph every copy.

Orlando's party remained fairly good (again, with a little help) but if it hadn't been for the "Sacramento Thank You Party" running all four nights, Westercon 40 would have been a disaster. It was running strong (and the *only* party running) when I arrived Thursday. When they were *still* the major hit on Saturday (!), several of us urged them to run a bid. And so, Sunday night, "Con Francisco" SF (not sf!) in '93 announced. I immediately signed Victor and me as pre-supporters.

I gather there were problems with the hotel, although the only intrusive *gestapo* I saw claimed to work for the Con Committee and insanely tried to prevent drinks from being carried from party to party — *i.e.*, to abolish party cruising, the most popular fannish practice. They were wholly and strongly ignored. *Vive la Counter-Economy!*

Compared to the Portland Westercon fiasco of 1984, Oakland was smooth sailing. My compliments to **Lisa Deutsch Harrigan**.

Coincidentally, I spent my fortieth birthday on the road back from celebrating Westercon's 40th. This was the first year in 17 that there was no Heinlein-Konkn Birthday Party at least on the allotted dates (see below). But I certainly didn't feel like celebrating.

Two weeks minus a day or so later, I was on the Great Aluminum Bird again and I GABlated (or Fossiated?) to...

Chicago cum Milwaukee/Mythcon

Although **Carol Low** is an avid sf reader, she's yet to attend her first con or club so not yet a fan. She (the new editor of *Nomos*, the Midwestern counterpart to my **NEW LIBERTARIAN**) does throw a great partyful of libertarians and should make a superb fan if she crosses over like the rest of us. Before she drove me from her Suburban Chicago home to the bus station, we did a fannish act together: stopping at nearby Wheaton College to ogle the Marion E. Wade Collection and buy lots of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis *et al.* postcards and souvenirs. Then, July 23, I arrived in Milwaukee at Marquette University for Mythcon.

Mythcons are typically quite unfannish — heavy on programming, light on partying, and even stuffy on academics. This year was different. For one thing, it had Tolkien's son Christopher reading stories that J.R.R. read to him — many unpublished or still evolving (Frodo was originally Bingo Baggins!). For another, the X-con party-ers ran the Con Suite, and, among the higher than usual attendance, enough trufen were found to fill the party rooms. And I've now been to enough Wisconsin cons that I'm recognizing a regular good-time crowd (particularly **Phil Kaveny** of 20th Century Books and **Jan Bogstad**, fem[inist]fane — who announced their wedding after 14 fun-filled years). I have no idea if Berkeley's 1988 Mythcon will continue the improvement towards fannishness, but if you're nearby (Long Beach is only 400 miles), check it out.

After two cons in less than four weeks, I took August off; soon as it ended, I was off to...

High Fly The NASFIC-O!

[Concluded Next Week — and comments, too!]