

clearether!

is the all-purpose personalzine of Samuel Edward Konkin III. It is published irregularly (semi-monthly, approximately) for exchange with other Science Fiction fanzines and for the following Amateur Press Associations: *APA-nu*, *Alarums & Excursions*, *LASFAPA*, *CarbAPA*, and any others the editor is invited to join. **clearether!** is available only for trade, letter-of-comment, or in APA. **clearether!** welcomes fanart, locs and filks; the faned will also consider other faanish material and even sercon material for inclusion. All correspondence should be sent to faned thus: NewLibertarianEnterprises, P.O. Box 1748, Long Beach, CA 90801, Personal: SEK3. □

This issue is Number 16 (of Volume II) and is intended primarily for the new *LASFAPA #2* to be collated at LASFS Open House, November 13 (having just missed the originally intended first collation at LOS-CON), for *APA-nu 19* (October 1976), and for *Carbapa 7*, if it's acceptable and makes it in time. My first and possibly last Worldcon Report is this. Next ish: Back to *APA-NYU* to dispense with some barnacles.

CONZO!

CONZO—A Gonzo Worldcon Report GLORY ROAD

Dawn cracked and so did we. 6 A.M., Monday, August 30, a car full of snapping frefen, pieces of luggage, and a trunkful of freshly minted fanzines lurched out from the comforting shadow of the Anarchovillage, and down Long Beach's lucky Seventh Street to the Orange County Line.

A Great Leap Forward we had planned. Up at 5 A.M. and drive to the evening, covering maybe half the distance in one leap. "O, the wild plans we made..." We skipped breakfast, and crotchety started only an hour late.

Various waves of electromagnetism competed for our attention. The "Citizens" Band radio crackled various inane cliches, and Vic (the driver-who-must-be-obeyed) asked for my portable radio to be turned on to AM bubblegum rock. Loud enough for him to hear, of course, over the CB and engine roar.

"Breaker 21."

"Turn down the radio, Sam! Go, breake."

"Thank you for the break. Are you there, Purple Poultrice? Big Scab breaking for the Purple Poultrice, c'mon?"

I think Neil had gone back to sleep. I looked at the traffic and hoped Vic wouldn't.

"A pair of sevens on the Purple Poultrice. Thanks for the break. Big Scab going 10-10 and 10-8."

I wondered jhow this could keep one's 'ten-tion.

"Breaker 21," interrupted Vic between the weather reports, bear reports, personal health reports, and emotional well-going of every truckjock and country girl who could figure out whether to push or not push the switch to let them broadcast. Occasionally, you'd hear hums from those who couldn't master the intricate skill.

"Go, break!"

"Breaking for an eastbound on nine-one."

"Yew got one, break."

"How's it look over your shoulder, good buddy?"

"Yew got a smoky about one exit back..." Ah, at last. The information for which we put up with the mindless droolings and cooings was coming over. The boundaries of our fannish anarchy were expanded, that of the predatory statists contracted.

"Thanks for the bear report, Moulting Vulture. You're clear to Shaky Town. You got the one-Starfinder. All good numbers on you. We're going on the side."

"Thank yew, Sidewinder. We gone, bye."

An awful lot of those anarchotruckers decided to rechristen Vic's handle. Ah, well, one could always enjoy watching him wince.

Breakfast in San Bernardino ("Berdo") and the trucker's channel move to one-nine and the interruptions decreased. Several of the radio stations on the AM began fading out. Neil was now playing with the CB so I could shut off the portable.

"How's it look over your shoulder, Tarnished Lady?"

crackle

"I mean on the road from...uh...eastbound."

"We're going northbound on I-one-five, Neil."

"Oh. I mean northbound."

crackle

"I think she's on a side highway."

"Ah, we just passed a smoky on the on-ramp to..."

"Neil, don't advertise! Don't let them identify us by letting them know which car we are. The smokies are probably monitoring the channel."

crackle

"What's my twenty? Er, uh, say Vic, what's my..."

"Give me that!"

crackle

"No, you got the Starfinder riding with the Paperback Writer. Our twenty is, uh, just this side of the state line."

It was getting hot and Vic stopped for pop (soda to the Easterners). Neil wanted some; I didn't. I waited for the inevitable.

"It's getting hot. We should have traveled at night. We'll never last. We should stop in Las Vegas and wait until evening when it cools down..."

I fired my prepared answer. "It's no hotter than it was in L.A. and less humid to boot. We can't blow the day in Vegas; we'll never get anywhere. Etc."



Some may say it's just a goddamn hobby . . .

sweat

bitch, mutter, complain

ignore complaints

"Wanna play D&D while we're driving?" I asked.

ignore offer

So I rolled encounters for the Worldcon gaming while we drove to the Bright Light City which was going to "set our souls afire."

METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN

Fear and loathing didn't show themselves to me in Las Vegas, but then they probably don't get up at noon. And it was high noon when we pulled into the spider-trap of a Tourist Hospitality center. A trap? Well, it was sure dangling bait. "Free Coke! Free tickets! Free money!"

So we got a fistful of coupons and sloshed some cocaine-less cola, and dug some dirty looks from the not-so-hospitable broad who was decidedly disappointed we didn't drop a bundle for show reservations.

As we cruised around downtown, we saw specials—for food, for drinks, for gambling. Any and all your sensories stroked—just come into *this* parlor, O hovering fly.

We flitted a bit and swooped down on the Stardust for a \$1.98 special lunch. As soon as we ceased moving, the wind stopped cooling us. We parked.

Air conditioning relieved us, and shocked our skin into realizing how hot it had sneakily got. Crowds everywhere in a room big enough to make Leviathan roll over, sit up and beg.

A Monday afternoon and the zombies were already out. We had flitted to a place where our coupons were good for some pseudo-quarters to play in slots. I thought the whole thing was ridiculous, and freely split some (you needed two to blow in the special slot machines to take these giveaway token "dollars").

I put a couple in as an act of solitary vice. I won. Real nickels. I tried a coupl of the nickles out in the real machines. I looked around at the zombies. I walked out with 55¢ more than I came in with.

Even the \$1.98 special seemed a bit chiseled from what the signs led you to expect. Neil and I had it, Vic didn't. Neil also switched sides on staying over, deciding he didn't like the people in town.

He thought it was hell but it couldn't be. None of those bods with the blank eyes in there had any souls. And the croupiersss put theirs to sleep for the duration.

We all grooved on the market giving these people what they wanted, and way out here where they couldn't bother anyone. We then drove down the street looking for an electronic parts shop to set up Neil's recorder. We found a real city, with shopping centers, kids going to school, suburban housing and 9-to-5ing conducted in broad daylight.

Out of Vegas the recorded played Vic's recordings of James Bond movie soundtracks. The C.B. quieted down, Neil fell asleep, we all got more mellow. I even drank a damned can of pop. Vic agreed to roll for characters, maybe get a little D&D in later.

IF THIS GOES ON

As we approached the Nevada line, Vic broke for a "cathouse." He got a chuckling truck driver on the other side, drawling out where we'd get a better break. We "shucks"ed and said we'd catch it on the flip-flop. Then we entered Arizona for a short time and then Utah. God's country, if you're willing to tack on another testament.

Around six we figured we'd start looking for dinner and motel. We'd lost an hour crossing into Mountain Time, but we'd put in twelve hours anyway. As we got off I-15, we found out Joe Smith's God doesn't like his chosen government to hurry on road fixing. It was nearly nine P.M. when we crawled into Richfield, Utah. At least it was cool.

We checked out three restaurants which seemed to be open, decided they were all high-priced enough to be in Beverly Hills or Manhattan, and chose the least evil (with the best-looking waitresses, and Mexican food on special).

We worried as to whether the restaurant, almost empty and people leaving, could handle three sinful unbelievers who actually were just starting dinner at the ungodly hour of 9 P.M.

We distintegrated into our senses, cascading down Rand's Epistemological Escalator: concepts, percepts, sensations. Glands salivate at the taste of food. Another set perk up at words of sexy (but wholesome) waitress. Simple tasks are tackled: add bill (generous tip), stumble out, find car, find motel.

Neil dug out the Holy Book of travelers—with more acolytes than the Book of Mormon. (Place Monty Python trumpets here.) *The AAA Travel Directory*. Two wrong turns and we swore mighty oaths that if the recommended motel wasn't shown *this* way, we would disestablish the AAA religion in the car. But the adept said to press on, and lo, there it was. We passed by it before, I sleepily thought.

We got a veritable suite at a cut-rate 'cause we were so "late" and they figured no one else would take it! At this point, we figured that the spirit of Brigham Young must have a list a mile long on us, and after carefully checking our rooms for Books of Mormon, we turned on the T.V. and watched the "Playmate of the Year" contest. Neil went to his own bedroom to watch, then Vic (with no T.V.) just gave up, and I waited till the end, and barely made it to turn off the set.

THE DOOR INTO SUMMER

The proprietor must have been a liberal. Not one dirty look for us getting up way after dawn; and not rushing to greet the moutain dawn with hosannas to latter-day (or even former day) saints. Nice little town, Richfield. We found a homey little restaurant recommended by the innkeeper, and broke our fast. Then to find signs of ARCO, for which Vic had a card, and back to the . . . highway? The detours were unbelievable; the roads reminded me of highways I hadn't seen since my childhood in Alberta on visitts to my rural relatives in poorer Saskatchewan.

Then Colorado and the highway picked up. CB talk. I worked on D&D encounters for Vic's freshly rolled-up new characters. Dinner at a Pizza Hut (O, Sign of Civilization) in Golden, Colorado. And we ran an expedition in the car as night fell. I DMed, Neil rolled dice for Vic, who was driving, or held the glass with the dice for him as he drove.

Vic ran a fighter, mage, druid, damsel and cleric into Terra Supra, entering the standard way (monster-summoned by the anti-magic user Bendix) through Pree. One of the opposing "monsters" on the other tables summoned was an elf-fighter. She joined Vic's group when properly addressed in Lawful, and the other monsters were dispatched. Most difficult to overcome

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was a Bandit Lord, and a tricky little Kobold. The party engaged in a little courting, and hit the sack for the next day's adventure. And we packed the game up for the night.

Off the Interstate and the little winding roads—though in better condition than those of Utah—passing by stores and services hoked up to look frontierish and outdoorsy. So this is where the country roads take one home . . .

To Evergreen Colorado we came, to find a new home on the side of the mountain. An old friend, a libertarian, had expressed a wish to see us and we indulged in his hospitality. Much excited talk late into the night, and again early in the morning (too early for weary me) the dialogue resumed and then became a polylogue.

On to Denver. Yeah, we found it, though I was wondering for awhile. Calls had to be made by Vic and Neil of nearby acquaintances; I renewed my previous acquaintances with the peculiar papers here. Noted that Roger MacBride has got newspaper coverage and choked; heard from one of the called-up that Uncle Roger had muffed yet another press conference and regained a sense of rightness in the world.

Mid-afternoon it was by the time we were on I-70 again and thoughts of Topeka by nightfall faded as dusk found us just across the line in Goodland, Kansas. We gave up in Hays and went for a long sleep. (Vic was reading the re-issue of Raymond Chandler's *The Big Sleep* at the time, occasioning a few jibes.)

I awoke, still unsatisfied, but in a few days, I would look back to this as a period of great refreshment and sharp clarity of thought. Today we would be in Kansas City.

DESTINATION: MOON

We had exhausted each other as sources of agreeable stimulation, and all minds bent toward Kansas City and MidAmeriCon. A lunch stop near Topeka ("Buffet: All You Can Eat!") fueled us and the car's tanks and we were on the last leg. The state line approached and we were in Kansas City, Kansas, and then over the bridge and down the off-ramp. And there it was—Radisson Muehlebach.

Vic and Neil split a room that Neil had thoughtfully reserved many months ago in the Con Hotel. I checked in the first overflow, The Phillips, suddenly realizing that I would have the whole "quad" to myself tonight. Or maybe not.

It was one of those strange arrangements that just kind of evolved. Originally, Bonnie and a femfanfriend from Chicago were to split a room with Vic and me. Then Bonnie's friend backed out, and Vic switched to replace Neil's lost roommate. Bonnie had hunted up her replacement, Dale, but I still had to find a fourth.

Ah, but things work out in strange ways. One of my ex-roommates from New York (yea, one of several) and his wife were highly marginal about coming. I offered them crash space. They would fill out the room—true, at my expense, but at least it would not go to waste and I'd enjoy their presence. What I had not at all expected was that Mike and Cyndi would bring along a little bundle of joy—who believed in paying her own way.

THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS

And so to registration I went, running into people I knew from the four corners of North America—and Beyond . . . "Is Eric Lindsay here yet?" Fans from Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society seen often enough. Fen from the South ("Hi, Meade." "So you're Ned Brooks.") Fen from New England. ("Fiawol, John.")

And my old Solarian comrades from NYUSFS. Rich and Judy were in (and Vic chortled at this) Room 666. (Rich is Kosher and Orthodox; irony fans take not.) Marc and his "nest" mates were in and we were to go soon restaurant-hunting in downtown K.C.—just like after NYUSFS meetings, but with far less success. We ended up in an Italian Restaurant which wasn't too bad—but more on that later.

Some may say it's just a goddamn hobby . . .

Conferred upon me at that Rite of Entry, if not passage, was a white, plastic bracelet. Someone later told me they were all the rage in mental "hospitals" and such. How chic! Early asylum. This confirmed many fen's suspicions concerning the sanity of the Convention Committee (hereafter referred to as the ConCom—you know, like King Kong).

Supposedly, it was foolproof security to prevent neo-fan crashing to avoid the \$50-at-the-door deterrence. Maybe it deterred them. It didn't deter Cyndi or Lee from slipping it over their wrists and back again. (My wrists were too thin, alas!) One fan claimed that he had pried it off and got it on again successfully. So we were all inmates in this madhouse. Where's Marat?

There were actually plenty of guards. On my way up an elevator to find Neil and Vic's room (what 17th floor!), I struck up a conversation with a sexy little femfan from Ann Arbor ("Oh, do you know Ron — from Ann Arbor?"). I saw her later in a green Dorsai uniform herding the fansheep. I may be a sucker for a woman in uniform, but I turned off and turned 'round.

Could Chaos find a more devout ritual to him then a group of fen trying to organize themselves for dinner? Finally, Marc, Neil, myself, two femfan friends of Marc and the brother of one of them found an Italian restaurant at which we could split a pizza and not 1) get dysentery, ptomaine, and probably beri-beri and 2) be able to afford to eat for the rest of the Con.

The brother turned out to be a Partyarch [member of the abominable "Libertarian" Party], but Neil and I took turns humiliating him and heaping scorn on his absurd position whenever he strayed towards the political. Can't remember his name, but I can remember that he had seduced his sister, Donna, into campaigning for Roger MacBride, an act which seemed vaguely incestuous.

Vic had brought his "Vote for Nobody" buttons and stickers and sold them at the refren party and the huckster's room. Among the "Terminuscon" and "Britain is Fine in '79" and "TANSTAAFL" buttons, I proudly wore by "Nobody" button.

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Since the other femfan wished to be known only by her surname, and since I am omitting surnames since this is a scandalous con report, she will remain unnamed. Her peculiarities gave her a fannish flavour, and she was quite attractive to boot. Pity I only ran across Ms. Surname one other time. She had been skinny-dipping, she told me, and had just realized that she was missing her underclothes. (This occurred as we passed each other in an elevator while I was on one of my many hunts for the Ultimate Con Party. We then went to dinner at the Pioneer Grille—ah, but more on that den of in-ick!-quity later . . .)

No, that night I was not to have a quad alone. The call came through (to Neil? Rich?) that Mike and Co. were at the Bus Depot. They were going to take a cab . . . It's that far? I thought it was in walking distance.

A second call came while we waited an hour in Neil's room. Exasperated, I talked to Mike and told him to meet us in the Muehlebach lobby and then go to my room. He mentioned that he and Cyndi had brought another person along. And then . . .

It was only a slight slip, but it would have consequences. All I did was say "Susan Who?" and I suppose my voice was a bit brusque from my irritation. It would have consequences . . .

We waited in the lobby. I got to talk to Rich and Judy. Then Mike appeared. Where was . . . oh, upstairs by Neil's room collapsed on the floor outside the door. Like homeless waifs or stray cats were Cyndi and Susan, not to mention quite giggly. Not to mention the Landshark.

They'd been up for thirty hours. Ah, I said to myself furtively, they'll all be falling asleep immediately. Excellent! "What fools these mortals be . . ."

Naturally, we talked for a couple of hours while they took turns showering and told their Greyhound stories in relays (with frequent interruptions for Landshark jokes).

Mike and Cyndi took the other bed for this night. While I was not at all loathe to share my bed with the unexpected roommate, with or without hanky panky (not

to mention Landshark), she stretched out on the floor in our sitting room (luxury, eh?). Ah, well, I thought philosophically, at least we'll get to sleep fast. Although Mike did indeed fall asleep almost immediately, Cyndi and Susan sat up talking for a couple more hours in that side room. Eventually, eventually, I drifted off . . .

PODKAYNE OF MARS

Friday was the worst day of the Con, subjectively speaking. Fortunately, I was able to drown various sorrows with bheer from various Con parties. And blur out the progressive lack of sleep.

It began with an all-too-early awakening, finding Vic, having breakfast at the open-all-day Pioneer Grill and realizing we were late. We checked the car out of the Phillips lot and began the Quest for the Kansas City Airport. Well, we found one soon enough, but I got suspicious. Where were the Wings of Man? Fly Me? Moving their tails for me? No 747s. Hmmm.

We were supposed to pick up Bonnie and Dale from Chicago. I had never actually met Bonnie, but we had a very pleasant correspondence, and I was looking forward to the historic meeting. Not only were we an hour late already, but we were clearly at the wrong airport. Some days . . .

The final stroke was getting help from the State, would you believe it? The lady who was about to collect our second toll to cross back into Kansas City was queried as to where the *real* airport was. She told us to go back the way we came, and graciously allowed us to turn around. It turned out that those signs saying KCI were not talking about the presence of potassium chloride. Would you buy "Kansas City International" as in airport? Well, we found KCI and paged Bonnie and naturally they were long gone. **sigh**

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A desultory trip back, and we checked in the car. I acquired a \$20 travellers cheque from someone purchasing *New Libertarian Notes*, and was eager to see if I could cash it to blow on the Con. As I rushed down from the room, who should I meet but Bonnie and Dale trying to register. **sigh squared**

Three o'clock was approaching and I wanted to cash that cheque (if I could). So I hustled Bonnie and Dale to the room, then hustled them across the street to the Muehlebach . . . when who should pull up in a car but Neil (B) from New York and Phil back from Israel, two old NYUSFSers. Hurried greetings were attempted, but Phil needed help getting his luggage in. *Oy vey!* I rushed B&D towards the registration, promising Phil I'd try to spot Ira and send him to assist. Then I spotted Vic and passed the Chicago fen on to him. Then, as I made my way downtown with fifteen minutes to go, I see Phil again by the bottom of the stairs. And I see Vic at the top. So I put one and one together, got two, made everyone mildly unhappy, and dashed out to find a bank who might reclaim this second-order fiat money.

I did spot a travel agency saying they dealt in American Express Travelers Cheques, so I went in. I was told they only way to redeem it was to deposit it in a bank. **sigh cubed**

So I trudged back to the Con, and to the Hucksters Room, found my zines cleverly hidden on the dealer's table behind some cheap used paperbacks, and found out, logically enough, that sales were down.

After that I hit bottom. I was told that Susan was thinking that she was an unwelcome guest and later that Bonnie was wondering why I was so "distant." She split a bed with Dale. Bottom. Thud! Pass the bheer and loathing.

DOUBLE STAR

It got better. I got to sleep for a whole eight hours. One advantage of having a bed to yourself. Susan had slipped me \$20 for her share of the room, so not only was my traveller's cheque loss covered, but she became decidedly more friendly. After attacking me with the Landshark (in case you're wondering it was a stuffed shark she had brought with her on the trip from New York and the joke was . . . well, actually even I didn't find out until after the Con), she rubbed a little liniment on a Charley Horse I developed during the horseplay (sharkplay?).

Then to breakfast (the Pioneer Grill yet again), and to the Muehlebach swimming pool with Mike, Cyndi, Judy, and Susan. I reflected on the changing composition of fandom. Half of the occupants in my room were female—more than the whole female membership of NYUSFS for several years that I remember. How can any fan be a pessimist?

All too soon Rich arrived to extract us dripping from the pool and gathered us in the Beast Room (yes, 666) for an APA-nu collation. Familiar face time! Alas, we had to cancel the traditional search for a kosher restaurant (normally *de rigueur* after NYUSFS meetings). Phil gave Neil, Bob and I burnoses (Arab headdresses) to wear into the room and blow various minds. We tried to convince the fen that collation was being hijacked, but got no takers. The Landshark got bored and left, taking Susan with him.

Somewhere along the way several of us gathered for the play at the Municipal Auditorium. It turned out to be a bomb. Everyone walked out but Bonnie and I, and finally Bonnie split. I *had* to see the scenes between the acts, which were based on the Lords of the Instrumentality debating the Rediscovery of Man. I'm a die-hard Cordwainer Smith fan. Mike and Cyndi were discovered later—also die-hards, I guess.

I WILL FEAR NO EVIL

As for the Masquerade, well, I learned my lesson at DisCon. This time I was content to watch it in Neil's room on the closed circuit TV.

Various people passed in and out but most of the time shared our wry comments and occasional "Say, that's not bad" with Lee and Barry. With whom else could one digress into instant philosophical analyses on why that costume was erroneous and didn't match the story and *why*?

Some may say it's just a goddamn hobby . . .

Intermission entertainment brought back memories for Robert A. Heinlein of his old schoolmate, Sally Rand the fan dancer. This was Patia von Sternberg ("The Countess"), the fan stripper who brought a memory back to me. Mr. Heinlein rose up in the midst of the ecdysiastic ecstasy and got a kiss from the femfan who was already giving her all. He shall fear no loss of stature, for thou shalt have no other pro before him.

I remember a couple of years ago going down to Queens to a panel for Patia and I to appear to talk about "Sex and Anarchy." Both of us got paid, so I guess that was an appearance by a professional anarchist (I had been paid to talk twice before, actually) and a professional . . . er,

sexpert? Both of us have gone on to make a living at our respective industries.

I didn't want to wait around for the final decision. As it turned out, Barry and Lee were about ready to leave for an APA gathering of their own, and invited me along.

THE UNPLEASANT PROFESSION OF JONATHAN HOAG

It would, I suppose, be out of character (if not atmosphere) to describe in detail the meeting of The Cult. Monty Python's Spanish Inquisition are characterized by fear and surprise; The Cult by pseudo-intrigue and absurdity. Imagine elitists with a sense of humour, who take the slurs and sarcasms thrown at them and raise them as standards.

Some may say it's just a *goddamn* hobby . . .

I was properly intrigued. But I had promised to meet Bonnie and did so. We got separated again soon after, rejoining a party full of pros I found in an out-of-the-way corridor. Soon Rich and Judy and Neil and Mike and Cyndi and Vic and Susan and Phil and various strays arrived and we took over the closet for our "Closet Party." Ah, flowed the bheer freely and soared the imagination highly. A fitting icing to the day.

STAR BEAST

I think it was the previous night when I actually watched a movie in the film room. It turned out to be the hit of this Con and was replayed the following night. Yes, it was the *Rocky Horror Picture Show* and I will only review it thusly: it is the first musical with a lead who is a transvestite (and bisexual if not transsexual) which I enjoyed. The best scene (besides the sex ones, of course) occurred when this Fifties' Rocker rode out of the freezer. On a motorcycle. I wonder if more are planned in the series.

I believe it was this afternoon that the D&Ders finally got together. Naturally, I arrived late and everybody was already running. I tried to talk a few NYUSFS-Solarians into running in Terra Supra, but too many distractions were competing for their attention. I was not to run an Overland again until the car broke down on the way home in Arizona—oops, pardon my foreshadowing.

STARSHIP TROOPER

We gathered in the wee hours at the Pioneer Grill once again. Strange things were going around us, but I was getting jaded. As dawn alit, I returned to a still-too-brief sleep. And it was mid-afternoon.

Somewhere along the line I ran into Mark, a refan who is an acolyte of the Neo-American Church. Missed sacraments though (to the Great Boo) . . .

Soon enough it was time for our Sunday-go-to-meeting. The services, of course, was the Hugo Presentation, and we trooped to the Municipal Auditorium again. As it turned out, I sat with the Chicagoans: Dale, Bonnie, Paula and a friend of hers. We had one seat too few so we put Bonnie between our laps which was more entertaining than watching Bob Tucker smooch with the femfan who brought out the Hugo winners envelopes. Few surprises, except Ellison's win **gnash teeth** and best novel.

A brief digression if I may. The biggest surprise vote was the victory of Phoenix over Los Angeles for the 1978 Worldcon. If I had thought that neo-committee had a ghost of a chance, I would have actually signed up and voted (I have only voted for a site selection once, for Orlando, to keep the con out of the hands of New York). I had thought the vote was at the end of the Con, until I ran

into Bill from Arizona Saturday who invited me to the Phoenix victory party. I then ran into Dan from L.A. who confirmed it. He was planning to volunteer to help the "Iguanacon" Committee.

Well, maybe IguanaCon will pull through, through the grace and assistance of the losers.

Some may say it's just a goddamn *hobby* . . .

The Gandalf Award disappointed me, although I am a great L. Sprague de Camp fan. Surely, I thought and still think, fen would get to the other Inklings who were, if anything, equal or superior to Tolkien. C.S. Lewis was nominated that year and this was the only vote I cared enough about to do a little campaigning. Alas! And what of Charles Williams? Remember, we're voting for Grand Master of Fantasy. Actually, if the Mythopeic Society and C.S. Lewis Society would sign up *en masse* for the WorldCon and vote, Lewis could win in a landslide. (Better watch those ex-politician reflexes I've got. *twitch*)

With Haldeman winning best novel for the *Forever War*, which had been touted as the "answer" to *Starship Trooper*, you can bet that Heinlein would either ignore it . . . or lambaste it. He almost did both.

THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON

A brief intermission and Tucker announced the Guest of Honor who set an alarm for half-an-hour.

At first Heinlein spun a few yarns about the good olde days in Kansas City and boyhood memories. Then he wandered off and warmed up. He defined War as always being, to the boos of many fen, and that Man will always survive, to the cheers of still more.

Our little knot of libertarians sat quietly, wishing the Great One would change his rhetoric a bit. As long as there are states, there will be war, true enough. But although Heinlein realizes the answer is statelessness, he doesn't accept the solution as "workable." So if the solution is not accepted, the problem will remain. The rest of his remarks were Social Darwinist and acceptable. But we remained passive throughout the speech, convinced that the passions engendered were semantic reactions and sparks from the grinding of false dichotomies.

We delivered up unto Him a standing ovation at the beginning for what he had done; we restrained ourselves at the end when it signified approval of the speech.

COVENTRY

The climax of the Con was not yet over. The Frefan Party had been lurking in my besotted mind, and when I mentioned it the previous day to Bonnie, she said, great, let's have it in our room. And she went to the bulletin board and wrote down a time and the place. Just like that.

Soon after the GoH speech, the frefen from around the country, the curious onlookers, and the fellow travelers came up. Rich brought the Jack Daniels bottle I had inadvertently left in New York last year and I imbibed it with gusto, sharing with a few of the chosen.

Much of the early part of our room party was chaotic, as I ran up and down floors looking for ice, and Phil, Ira, Rich and Judy were trying to cook their canned kosher crap . . . er, cuisine. A couple of Partyarchs showed up (out of around forty frefen in and out of the party), but we managed to shunt them off in the side room with attendants (Filthy Pierre and Duncan from San Francisco) so they couldn't injure themselves or bother anyone.

And finally I settled down to a great time, sipping JD with Paul and his wife, and solving the various problems of the world, the movement, fandom and the Con. Names? Pierre, Lee and Barry, Rich and Judy, Mike and Cyndi, Bonnie, Dale, Paula, Phil, Ira, Bob, Vic, Neil, and many more I can't remember. Some more NLWs were sold, and a subscription or two.

. . .but Fandom Is A Way Of Life. FIAWOL!

TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE

And so the Con orgasmed and we all woke up depressed the next morning.

I can still recall the images flashing in my mind of joyous moments: the Italian restaurant pizza; steak sandwiches in the bar with Tom from New York; Tom trading me a copy of *Apollo* with the forbidden article for an NLN; Eric Lindsay at last; Susan and her Landshark molesting me; Cyndi and her never-flagging good humor; Mike's madness stricken with fits of sanity; Judy's new limp; Rich unchanging; Phil changing; Pierre befriending; Bonnie negotiating as we found a table of the right shape; Neil the acolyte warming with words from the Robert; Lee sandwiching herself between two guys; Barry in a roomful of libertarians and warming up; Bob and Bill in the huckster room as Scientologist meets Jesus Freak, . . . CRASH!

It was Monday and we had to leave. One last dinner with Marc and nest and Neil at the Greek restaurant which stayed open for the holiday when some fen told him how much money he'd make off the Con.

Susan left early for reasons I found out later. (Relief, I was not responsible. Not even irresponsible.) Then Mike and Cyndi split before I awoke. Bonnie and Dale hit the road just as I awoke. Then a flurry of packing and a last minute look for faces to bid farewell to while Neil and Vic took last communion with the Heinleins at their party.

TUNNEL IN THE SKY

Suffice it to say I got a whopping cold from dissipating myself, which I nursed in Salinas, Kansas (helped by a great country-food feed in Goodland, KS) and three nights at Neil's sister's in Colorado Springs. Side trip to Denver, where we rejoined Vic back from a quickie to Boulder. Then down to Durango and spots of car trouble around Four Corners, so we cancelled out the Grand Canyon. The final day, 50 miles from Flagstaff and 500 miles from Los Angeles, the car died.

The CB got us towed and we pooled our last resources to bus up to L.A.—where the RTD strike was still going on.

But enough of mundanity, for it's but a brief interregnum until SunCon. Next year, Miami, and more bheer and loving in fandom! Conzo!

—SEK3

