

"TANSTAAFL- but we're trying"

Under this slogan, the Terminal Beach Club of Harpur College put on a convention Feb. 14th. On the whole, I think it was fun. We ~~a~~ (meaning about half of the Columbia delegation) arrived about 1 A.M. Saturday morning, woke up Maureen Palanker (the club President), and were distributed by her over various floors in the dormitories. The program started bright and early Saturday -- at 1:30 P.M. Attendance was about 40-odd people. After the first item, a beautiful slide presentation (on the space program, interspersed with peacocks), GoH Hal Clement dominated the program. Among other things, he compared the cloud-covered sphere the Earth actually looks like to the 1930's Astounding-type covers that depicted it with clearly visible continents. This provided excellent background for appreciating the movie that night (This Island Earth), with its lovely shots of our planet -- as a cloudless sphere with clearly visible continents. (I'm sure I've seen that monster on Star Trek ...)

Between the program and the movie, we had dinner at Panfili's, a local Italian restaurant. I was told this was the only restaurant that could handle that large a crowd on the weekend; this may be considered enough excuse, depending on what you ordered. (The clam sauce was terrible.) What little service there was seemed to be provided entirely by a very harried Joni Rapkin (con committee co-chairman), who should get a round of applause and lots of aspirin.

The high point of the con was the party Saturday night, at the home of Ann and Bob Bowers, with free booze in the kitchen, Fred Lerner holding a communion of the True Faith in one room, and George Heap singing filksongs in another room; about the only drawback was the wall-to-wall people. In an age when the average Lunarians meeting has as many people as the 1939 Worldcon, a small convention like this was quite enjoyable.

- Eli Cohen

In LOCUS