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SOME RANDOM COMMENTS ON THE 117TH MAILING.....

DIFFERENT: Moskowitz Very nice, Sam. Of all the glut of sf mags that came on the scene in the fifties Satellite was one of my favorites. It was consistently good as to contents and most attractive physically. I'm curious, though, about that fully made up and proofed June, 1959 issue. Harry Bates told me about the demise of the Clayton Astounding that the January, 1933 issue was supposed to be the last issue and he'd been released as editor as of that date; however, he was called back to put out one more issue (March, 1933) because it was more economical to do so than not because all the stories had already been bought and paid for, Wells had a cover painting completed (for the unprinted "Triplanetary", but it could be used anyway), and they still had access to paper and the printers. Wouldn't the same have applied to Satellite? By the way, when is Margulies going to revive Weird Tales?

THE RAMBLING FAP 39: Galkins Speer's "Advice fo' Chillun" is as good a concise explanation of FAPA as I've yet seen. Why not run the thing once a year in the FA for the enlightenment of those on the waiting list who don't have regular access to FAPA mailings and may not have too clear a picture of just what is entailed.

It appears that Watts survived the summer without a riot, doesn't it, Gregg.

CELEPHAIS: Evans Us old crocks do get misty-eyed, don't we, Bill? The Schneeman essay was not done with any idea of developing a series, although the idea has merit. It was started about five years ago and then laid aside while I did the Astounding articles for Donaho's Viper, and then the book for Advent. The article was revived at the insistence of Don\_cho when he planned to resume pubbing Habakkuk. The main reason I wrote it was because I had the odd notion that I was just about the only fan extant who thought as highly of Schneeman as I did, that he was an unsung giant of sf art, and deserved some sort of appreciation by fandom.

The election of Reagan as governor of California does offer a rather dismal prospect for the next four years for the state. The recent action in firing Clark Kerr as President of UC, recommending a 10 to 30 per cent cut in the University budget, urging the imposition of a tuition of from 200 to 400 dollars a year for the historically tuition free State colleges and the University -- all within three weeks of assuming office -- is a fair example of what we have to look forward to. Phooey.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE VINEGAR WORM: Leman A masterful rebutal to Andy Main's "Tired American," Bob. But you shouldn't be too hard on Andy, Bob, he's young and idealistic and highly susceptible to the seeming truisms of the radical left. The quest for simplistic solutions to complex problems is a fault of both the radical extremes. The radical right sees a communist conspiracy behind all the problems in the country and all we have to do to get things back in focus and restore good old 100% Americanism is to extirpate all the communists, from Earl Warren on down the line. The so-called New Left (and the Old Left, too, for that matter) yearns for peace in the world and the instant Brotherhood of all Man, and if it

means accepting a Russian or Chinese version of Brotherhood, well... The thing that disturbs me the most about the New Left, particularly at the college level, is not their idealism, which is admirable and not to be denigrated, but their apparent ignorance of history, not only of their own country, but of the world. Andy's flip insistence that "Freedom of speech is a right for which he won't thank anybody," displays a regrettable gap in his education. Freedom of speech is a very fragile right, only recently attained in this country, historically speaking, and nonexistent in better than half the world today. The freedom of speech that Andy enjoys today and for which he refuses to thank anybody was an ideal that many men died for over many centuries. That it is a right that can easily be abrogated by a capricious government is attested to by the importance it was held in by the Constitutional Convention and its incorporation into the first amendment to the Constitution, or the Bill of Rights.

The thing that really grotches me about the younger activists of the New Left is their inconsistency, if not downright dishonesty. They insist on their right to speak their set pieces, yet they try to prevent Ambassador Goldberg from speaking at UC in Berkeley; they claim to be students and seekers after truth, yet they act like mindless barbarians when Secretary McNamara attempts to address a seminar at Harvard. Whether or not they agreed with the positions of the Ambassador or the Secretary they owed it to themselves as "scholars" to listen to what they had to say, and as libertarians who demand the right themselves to be heard, they owed an equal right to outstanding spokesmen of the government to be heard. The activist student today demands all the rights and privileges that belong to them as American citizens, but when they violate laws applicable to all they claim special privilege and scream "Police brutality!" when they're hauled off to the pokey. And, of course, one of their biggest faults is their refusal to accept gradualism, to accept the inertia of society in making great changes; they want instant solutions, instant rectification of wrongs and inequities -- or else. Hopefully, most of them will grow up in time and learn to work and function effectively in the complex world of reality, realizing that their dream world is just that, a beautiful fantasy that may be achieved in some future time, but not in our lifetime, kiddies, not in our day.

It's my understanding that Miller changed his name to Ross MacDonald with good grace. After all, it would seem to be as much to his advantage to have a distinctive identity as the author of his books as it would be to JDM. I like JDM for his type of fiction, but I consider Ross MacDonald a better writer. Although Ross MacDonald confines himself almost exclusively to the hardboiled mystery idiom pioneered by Hammett and Chandler his insight into people, his humanness, and his perceptive observations on mid-twentieth century American society mark him as a truly serious novelist.

ALIQOT: The Rusty Red Barron It was good seeing you again after all these years. What has it been -- something like twenty years, hasn't it? No matter, you haven't changed much in all those years, Rusty, and Sid thinks you are very nice and devastatingly handsome.

HELEN'S FANTASIA: Messon A lovely and tasteful cover, Helen. I agree with you on Creasey. I think it would be a worthwhile project for someone to work up a definitive bibliography of all his books under all the pseudonyms. I like both Gideon and West, but prefer Commander Gideon to Chief Inspector West, on the whole. Have you seen Jack Hawkins' interpretation of Gideon? Exceptionally well done, I thought, and much truer to the character as drawn by Creasey than the job done by the actor on the British TV series.

Yeah, there certainly wasn't anything little about Laney's denunciations: some of the things he denounced may have been little in retrospect, but his denunciations were never little.

So you've got the Outsider drawing. I've often wondered what happened to it. I used to think that Forrey had it, but he insisted that he didn't. I don't know whether you know it or not, but I painted an oil version of that drawing which hangs on his wall just outside the bathroom (at least it was there the last time I visited Forrey). I also painted an oil version of the "Call of Cthulhu" drawing, which Forrey also has as well as the original done for Acolyte. Damn! I'm sorry the Outsider lost out on that sweatshirt contest -- I would've purely loved to have had one of the sweatshirts. What obscene gesture in the hand. Those frat boys have dirty minds. The hand was straight out in a clutching gesture toward the viewer with the fingers outspread and the palm down. The obscene gesture they (I think) saw in the hand is generally given with the hand perpendicular, the back to the viewer, and the middle finger pointing up. By no stretch of the imagination did my hand answer that description, and I'm sure that Pam's rendition was reasonably true to the original. Fie on those frat boys. Incidentally, the Outsider was drawn from life, or rather, death. I came across a photograph in a magazine, possibly the National Geographic, showing a recently (at that time) unearthed tomb of some ancient peoples, and some of the bodies were still in a remarkable state of preservation with skin still on the skulls and skeletons, but with bones showing through holes in the skin in a delightfully gruesome fashion. I'd been trying to dream up another Lovecraft cover for Laney and as soon as I saw that photo I know I had a model for the Outsider.

THE VINEGAR WORM: Loman, again By damn, Bob, you make a lot of sense on teenagers and their infatuation with the theatrical and/or bohemian life. I still refuse to equate personal slovenliness and a pigsty pad with being an intellectual. In my misspent youth I liked to consider myself a bohemian type intellectual and artist, but at least I wore reasonably decent clothes, bathed every day, and kept my living quarters clean and more-or-less orderly and comfortable to be in. Today I live with my family in an upper middle class suburb in a fairly large and comfortable house with the familiar chrome, stainless steel, and enameled gadgets and appliances that help to take some of the drudgery out of housework for Sid. We have three cars, a '57 Mercury Turnpike Cruiser convertible that we're selling shortly, a '63 VW, and a '66 Olds sedan. Boy, do we have wheels -- but out here you need them. We have four TVs (if that seems too many, you don't know what a blessing it is to have one in each of the kid's room so they can watch whatever they want without having a big hassle over the color set in the living room). We also have books, a stereo, and

a couple of FM radios. Availing one's self of the products of our technology and industry seems only natural to me, especially if it makes living a little easier. And if I want to be intellectual I can be just as intellectual in comfort and surrounded by good things as I can in more austere digs.

Burroughs is fun to read once in a while, you old fake fan, you, if only in an attempt to recapture (usually in vain) some of the thrill one got in the innocence of one's youth when he first read them.

VUKAT 2: Probably Lowndes' upper limit of 1938 for reprints for Famous Patten Science Fiction does have something to do with copyrights, but in the first issue he did say something about modern science fiction starting in 1939 and that the bulk of reprint anthologies drew their contents from the years following that date, and that there are a lot of as yet unreprinted good stories from the earlier years to fill his quarterly mag. Count me as another member of the school that holds that Doc Lowndes can Do No Wrong. Considering the budgets he's had to work with on his various magazines he's a fabulous editor.

I don't recall any discussion wherein it was agreed that we would support LA's bid for the '68 con if LA supported us in '64. When Morder in '64 folded well before the Discon, leaving the field to us, various people in LA -- John & Bjo Trimble, Al Lewis, Ron Ellik, Stan Woolstan, etc. -- offered their help in preparing for the convention after we got the con (and their help was appreciated more than can be said), but there was no agreement that we give them the con in '68 on a silver platter. There was talk, of course, of a possible bid by someone for LA in '68, and we naturally offered our help if they got the con, but nothing about not bidding against them if we felt up to it by then. Well, as you know, Bon Stark and I are bidding for the '68 con, and with Seattle also in the race we should have a good spirited contest for the con.

So, all you good people who want to have a helluva a good time in 1968 support the BURLYCON in Burlingame -- it was a great Westecon there in '63 (ask anyone who was there), and it will be an even greater Worldcon in '68. There'll be fun and games for everyone, scores of interesting people to meet, programs for those who like them, a magnificent pool to splash in or sit by for stimulating girl watching, beautiful and luxurious rooms at reasonable prices, and a relaxed and friendly atmosphere for one and all, with no restrictions on who attends as long as a membership is bought.

SPIANE 3: Moffatt Gee. So Lee Hoffman wrote under the name of E. Hoffman Price, did she. There's a character across the bay in Redwood City whom I know, and who has even been to my house and has gone so far as to autograph a couple of my books (Skull Face and Others, by R.E. Howard, and The Outsider, by H.P.L.), and who claims to be E. Hoffman Price. Wait'l I tell him I've found him out in his little deception...

THE LAREAN: Ellik Congratulations on your new career as a drama critic. It sounds like great fun. Sid and I saw Marat/Sade up here in the round, and to say that we came away from it impressed and

emotionally shook would be an understatement. It must have shaken a lot of other people, too, because after the first act it looked as if about a third of the audience had taken off. I guess seeing a totally naked man on stage was a bit much for them, not to mention the obvious masturbation of some of the inmates of the asylum. In spite of its flaws (such as the flagellation scene wherein Corday whips Sade with her long silky hair, which left me cold and struck me as just plain silly) I thought it was exciting and superior theater.

DAIBALLA: Hanson Your Sumii cover does you credit, Chuck. I enjoyed your conrep very much, but rather than comment on it I'll belabor you with one of my own.

Herewith a con report....

I came damn near not going to the convention. A couple of days before we were to leave for Cleveland I started having severe pains in my right eye, and the day before we were to leave it got so bad I was almost tempted to follow the biblical injunction: "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." However, sanity prevailed over the pain and I went to an eye doctor instead. After examining the eye carefully he told me I had either sustained an injury to it or had some sort of infection there. At any rate, there was a tiny area of the cornea that was flaking off a cell or two at a time, and every time I blinked the action of the lid going over the cornea would dislodge these cells and it was the loose cells under the lid that was killing me. He took a smear for analysis, medicated the eye, and then recommended that I go home, cover the eye, and immobilize myself for three or four days. I told him I was flying to Cleveland that night on matters most urgent, so he told me to keep the eye covered with a compress bandage as much as possible and to medicate it with hydrocortisone ointment every hour for a couple of days and then every two or three hours after that. I could see that I was going to have a ball at the con .

Thursday night we left Oakland airport at ten on United for LA where we were to change to American for Cleveland. At the LA airport we ran into Barry Gold and Jerry Jacks who were waiting for a United flight to Cleveland. We yacked it up a bit, Jerry took some pictures with his Polaroid Swinger, and we made a date to meet at the Cleveland terminal when we got there (we would arrive within a half hour of each other) and go on to the hotel together.

The flight to Cleveland was uneventful, except that I had a cute stewardess hovering over me most of the trip because of the production I made of my eye trouble. Anyway, we got to Cleveland about 8 a.m. and found Barry and Jerry waiting for us to take us to the hotel in the Avis car Barry had rented, thanks to his employer. We went to get our luggage and I ended up one bag short, the one with my suit and most of my shirts in it. We were also carrying, as a favor to Ed Meskys and Felice Rolfe, a beat up old suitcase full of Nickases -- but of course, they couldn't have lost that one, it had to be an important one. I never did get the damn thing back.

After getting directions from a service station attendant we made our way more-or-less toward the hotel. Barry and Jerry and Sid were busting

each other up with jokes and snappy sayings while I sat there in misery with my eye absolutely killing me. We finally made it to the hotel garage after Barry goofed, got behind a bus, and followed it into an area restricted to buses and forbidden to automobiles.

One of the first persons we met in the lobby was Howard DeVore, a man with the harr<sup>ied</sup> look on his face characteristic of committeemen on the first day of a con. He informed us that we'd missed one hell of a good party the night before. We wanted to make it, but I couldn't get off work. We had made reservations some months before, so when we registered I verified our room rate to be sure it was the rate for the con for a double. It was a good thing I did as several members were charged the regular rate and had to fight for a reduction when they checked out.

floor

Our room was on the fourth/~~xxxxxx~~ and when we saw it we could hardly believe our eyes. The room was so small it was almost impossible for two people to move about in it. The Silverbergs had the same size room on the same floor and Barbara said she had to chase Bob out of the room when she wanted to set up for light ironing. It was fantastic. But what made it even more fantastic was that there were singles at a lesser price which were at least twice as big.

Not having had any sleep to speak of for over twentyfour hours we hit the sack as soon as the bell hop cleared out and slept until it was time to make the opening scene. We sat there and applauded wildly at each introduction of the pros by Fred Pohl and the fans by Howard DeVore. After awhile Sid left to repair her makeup, or something, and just as she got back and settled in her seat Howard said: "And now I'd like to introduce two people I've long admired and long wanted to meet, Alva and Sid Rogers." We stood up and acknowledged the cheers of the multitude, me with my usual aplomb, Sid more modestly.

over

After the introductions were/and before the next item on the program started I stood talking to Steve Stiles at the side of the hall when a fellow in his mid-thirties, dressed in a suit and looking very respectable, approached us, apologised for intruding, then turned to me and said:

"Mr. Rogers, I've been an admirer of yours for many, many years and it's a privilege to meet you."

"I'm flattered," I said, shaking his hand warmly.

"There's one thing I'd like to ask you," he said, gently disengaging his hand from mine, "and that is, who has all your originals?"

"Forry Ackerman has most of my originals," I told him.

"Oh. There's one cover that's always been one of my favorites..."

"Which would that be?" I asked him, "Cthulhu? The Outsider? One of the nudes?"

He looked a little puzzled, and then said, "No, it's the one of the young girl with a flower in her hand standing in front of an Egyptian statue, or something."

was

Now it/my turn to look puzzled. For the life of me I couldn't remember doing a cover like that. Of course, it had been twenty years since I'd really done any cover work for fanzines and I couldn't be expected to remember all of them.

Which magazine was it on?" I asked. "Acolyte? Vom? ...?"

"Astounding," he said. Now he was beginning to look at me with a certain amount of apprehension.

Oh, Christ! I thought to myself, this idiot has me confused with Hubert Rogers.

"You have me confused with Hubert Rogers," I told him as gently as I could. "I'm Alva Rogers." It was obvious that the name of Alva Rogers meant absolutely nothing to the gentleman, he was strictly pro oriented and fans meant nothing to him. "I did covers for fanzines back in the forties, like for the legendary Acolyte and Vom and Ichor ..."

But he'd lost all interest in me and my history of artistic accomplishments. After a polite, if slightly embarrassed comment or two, he split from there with what seemed to me unseemly haste.

Steve and I had a big laugh over the whole incident.

Having been on two convention committees and knowing the amount of effort that's expended in lining up good programs, and fully appreciating the good services of the fans and pros who participate on them, I should make more of an effort to attend the formal programs. But I seem constitutionally unable to stay nailed to a seat (other than in the bar) for more than fifteen minutes at a stretch. At Cleveland this was particularly so, there were just too many people to meet and talk to, too much going on elsewhere. Besides, I kept having to take off at odd times for our room to medicate the eye when it started hurting.

During the day on Friday and Saturday most of my time was spent in one or the other of the bar\_s, The Bunch of Grapes and the Transit Bar. It was in the Bunch of Grapes that Terry Carr was taken for Sprague de Camp; and Randy Garrett, having picked up the tab for a tablefull of fans and pros, stood on the stairs leading out of the place and in his most ~~xxxx~~ stentorian voice declaimed, "If there's anything I hate it's a bunch of noisy drunks!"

Friday afternoon I was sitting in the bar when Ed Wood came down and asked me if I remembered the writer T.L. Sherrred. Of course I remembered the author of the classic "E For Effort," although I'd never met the man. Ed rather excitedly informed me that he was up in the huckster room right at that minute at the Advent table looking through a copy of my book. I went upstairs with Ed who introduced me to Sherrred who had just bought a copy of the book and was kind enough to ask me to autograph it. I did and then handed ~~xx~~ him my copy which is gradually being filled with the autographs of as many of the authors mentioned in the book as I can get. From then on Tom became a good friend and he and I and Sid and Bob Loman spent a great deal of time together for the rest of the con.

The night of the masquerade was the night I really blew it as an ex-committeeman. Earlier in the day George Scithers asked me if I would



help with the chores and if so to be in the ballroom by seven-thirty that night. About six-thirty I was standing in front of the elevators when Les Del Rey came up and said that he and Evelyn wondered if Sid and I would like to go up to their room for a couple of drinks and some quiet conversation. I said sure, went down to the bar and got Sid and the two of us went on up to the Del Rey's suite. They had a large beautiful room, well and comfortably furnished. The drinks and the conversation were so good that it was well after eight o'clock before we took note of the time and decided to go downstairs. By that time the festivities were well advanced and there was such a crush of people in the room I never got any further than the bar that had been set up in the anteroom.

It was while standing at that bar that I had the extreme pleasure of renewing acquaintances with a couple of friends I hadn't seen in twenty years, Gordon Dickson and Joel Mensley. Gordy and I had been friends in LA in the mid forties, and on one memorable occasion which neither of us is ever apt to forget we combined our talents one Sunday morning and attempted to teach Niesson Himmel how to drive a car on a weaving course out the nearly deserted Wishire Boulevard to Morrie Dollens' studio in Culver City, a Samaritan project that nearly landed us all in jail. As we stood there reminding each other of things long dead I felt tap on my shoulder and looked around to find a six-and-a-half foot giant beaming down at me through thick lensed glasses sitting half way down his nose. It was Joel, but he had to identify himself before I realized it. So then the three of us stood there getting quietly bombed and reminiscing like hell about the old days in Los Angeles.

It's things like this that make conventions fun and memorable for me, not the programs.

One of the most distressing things about the Tricon was the law in Ohio that closes bars on Sundays and holidays. Incredible. Sunday afternoon Bob Silverberg and I were sitting on a couch to the side of the mezzanine morosely studying the situation. Suddenly there appeared before us a skinny youngster of about fourteen or fifteen dressed in a black suit about two inches too short in the sleeves and legs. He planted himself in front of Bob and said brightly, "Everybody says I look like Harlan Ellison. Do you think I look like Harlan Ellison?" Bob looked at him sourly for a moment or two and then said bluntly, "No." The kid looked a little hurt at this and then twitched off to pester someone else with his inane question. Bob shrugged his shoulders in mild disgust and informed me that Harlan had never been as obnoxious as that kid, even when he was the same age.

By this time we were both getting hungry and thirsty for beer, but we didn't have the energy to get up and go satisfy our hunger and thirst. About this time we had been joined by Elliott Shorter and his girl friend and Gordy Dickson. Finally Bob announced that he was going to phone room service to have them bring us a thousand hamburgers and beer to the mezzanine, and went off to find a phone. A short time later he returned to tell us that lunch would be served shortly. A half-hour or so later a waiter came down the mezzanine wheeling a round table set with linen and stacked with hamburgers and beer in ice buckets to where we sat. We pulled up chairs and sat around the table eating our hamburgers with great gusto and drinking beer with supreme pleasure, oblivious to the milling throng of fans around us and their envious comments.

The banquet was a smashing success, so full that the last two or three tables were almost out of the room. Sid got dressed early and as I went upstairs to change I urged her to be sure and meet me in thirty minutes in front of the elevators. When I got back down there was such a mob of people waiting for the doors to open you would hardly believe. I kept jumping up and down trying to see over the mob, but no Sid. The doors opened and the people poured in grabbing tables, but still no Sid. I went in thinking maybe she'd already found a spot, but still no Sid. I found Terry Carr on the same mission and told him I'd spotted Carol at a table down front. He invited me to join them, but I decided I better stay to the rear in order to spot Sid when she came in as I had her banquet ticket. By this time the place was rapidly filling up and available spaces were rapidly vanishing. As I stood by the door Lee Hoffman came in and stood there by herself looking around the room. I asked her if she was alone, and she said yes. Incredible. The table right next to the door had three empty seats so I grabbed Lee and we sat down, putting her purse on the third chair to hold it for Sid, if and when she ever showed up.

The table we were sitting at was filled with teenage fans paying court to Andre Norton who was sitting across from us. Lee and I sat there quietly talking together and also enjoying the animated discussion going on amongst the teenagers and Miss Norton. All of a sudden I realized they were talking about my book. Lee looked at me and smiled and I sat there in anonymity enjoying the enthusiastic comments of the kids. One of them got up and left the room, returning a few minutes later with a copy of the book which he handed to Miss Norton, who said something to the effect that he should treasure it as it would someday be valuable. At this Lee made an irreverent remark sotto voce which very neatly punctured my ego and we both laughed at our private joke. A little later we were talking about the Silverg/Lupoff bid at the Pacificon for the Virgin Islands con site and Lee looked at me with soulful eyes and said, "If Sid doesn't show up let's run off together to the Virgin Isles." I was sorely tempted. We were just starting on the entre when Sid finally showed up, sweeping regally into the room on the arm of Bob Leman, who gracefully relinquished her so that she could sit down with us.

Although Sprague's talk was interesting, the highlight of the banquet was the awards ceremony with the good doctor Asimov presiding. Ike brought the house down when he came to the short story category, read the name of the winner to himself, and then said explosively: "Oy vey! Harlan Ellison?"

After the ceremonies were over Karen Anderson came up to me and asked if I would do the Andersons a favor. The Andersons being two of my favorite people I said I would. Poul had accepted the Hugo for Frank Herbert, but they were going on to Washington and New York and Milford after the con and would we take the Hugo back to Frank when we returned to the Bay Area. I picked up the Hugo and went out on to the mezzanine where I stood looking around for Sid (who has one of the greatest disappearing acts of all time) with the Hugo cradled in the crook of my arm. All of a sudden I saw Mark Owens bearing down on me, a wild gleam in his eye, his camera cocked for action. Just in time I put the Hugo behind me and rather desperately reminded Mark that the Hugo wasn't mine, that it was Frank Herbert's. Mark hadn't even seen who was holding the thing, all he saw

was the Hugo.

Saturday morning, about noon, a bunch of us were standing around on the mezzanine waiting for something to happen. Randy Garrett, his eyes somewhat bloodshot, but otherwise himself, reached over and pulled the neck of Sid's moderately low cut dress out, put his head on her shoulder, leered lasciviously down her cleavage, and said mournfully, "I need a drink." Someone suggested with obvious logic that he go downstairs to the bar. No, he didn't want to go to the bar, he had to be on a panel in a little bit, but he still wanted a drink. Sid told him we had a bottle of Jack Daniels up in the room and she would be glad to go get him a drink and bring it down to him. Randy, still leering, said, "To hell with that, let's both go up and get that drink." So off they went. A little later I went up to the room to medicate my eye and as I approached the door I could hear Randy's voice booming away. When I went in Randy was sprawled at the foot of the bed with a drink in his hand, Sid was sitting at the head of the bed with a drink in her hand, and they were trying to top each other with dirty limericks. I medicated my eye, poured myself a drink, and joined them. When they first arrived at the room, Sid informed me, Randy asked if he could use the bathroom. He went in and closed the door while Sid poured a couple of drinks. She looked around for some water to mix with them and then realized that the bathroom was the only source of water. She waited for fifteen minutes for Randy to finish his morning constitutional, and then yelled through the door, "Hey, Garrett, hurry up and get out of there, you're sitting on the mix." At which Randy roared back, "Lady, you have damn odd tastes!"

Finally, after two or three more drinks Randy reluctantly heaved himself up and announced that he might as well put in an appearance on the panel. So down the hall we went, and into the elevator, with Sid and Randy singing Allen Sherman songs at the top of their lungs...just two friendly nuts. When we got to the Gold Room we could see that the place was filled and all eyes turned to Randy as we came in. As Randy strode down the aisle toward the stage the panel stood up as one and solemnly started applauding him. It was a gas to watch.

As far as Ix was concerned it was a great convention. I met a lot of people I hadn't met before and made new friends (most notably Bob Leman and Tom Sherred) and renewed acquaintances with old friends. The hours seemed too few for the conversations I wanted to cram into them. It seemed to me that something was happening every minute designed expressly to delight and amuse me. Just to sit back quietly and watch the activity going on about me and to observe the interplay between the people was a pleasurable experience.

I had fun.

-- Alva Rogers

P.S. The demon photographer identified on the previous page as Mark Owen was really Mark Irwin.