

SERCON-NAVIGATION

"Magellan's got nothing on me, baby."

A four day blur of alcohol, confusion, and laughter, Silvercon III fulfilled all my expectations and opened my eyes to a few more. Now, five days later, I examine the torn furrows of flesh in my index finger, a casualty in a four day beer bottle opening bonanza, and find myself wagging an embarrassed tail of disappointment.

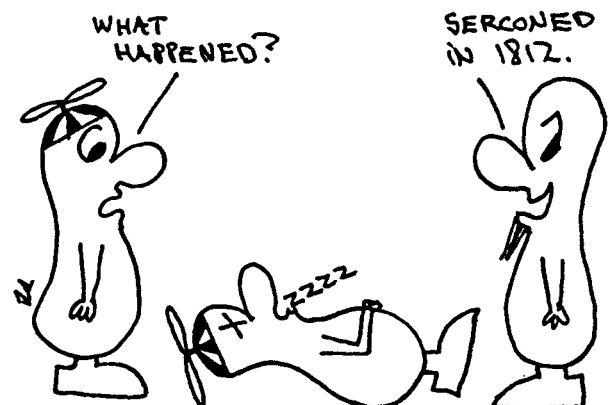
For I now know that I needed only to frequent room 1812 of the North Tower to realize all my neocon dreams. I have learned a truth here.

Saturday night Ken Forman and I wandered the rooms searching for the "right place", both of us riding a wave of euphoria and calm desperation. *Where to go?*

After having invested an uncountable amount of brain cells in a nitrous oxide experiment I suggested we pack a bag o' booze and push our horizontally inclined bodies towards mobility. Ken concurred. Or was it the other way around? I believe a lot of my memory went the way of my braincells, excuse enough for my fuzzy recollections. Next time I'm going to follow Arnie's lead and purchase a little yellow pad for note taking.

Regardless, we decided to go downstairs, a direction that weighed heavily on both of us, our decision no doubt unfairly influenced by gravity. We ventured forth.

I could go through several explanations and episodic retellings of our adventures that night, but let us instead fast forward to the part of the evening I most enjoyed, which found Ken and I before the doors of 1812. Ken wore the remains of his evening attire, a white tuxedo occasioned by the banquet, which did justice to his shining fannish face. I was wearing a sarong my friend Matt brought back from India for me. In America some people would call it a dress. Many people forget that some girls like dresses. And men in dresses. And pulling those dresses up that the men are wearing. I digress. So, with Ken in his soiled tux and me in a dress, we knocked upon the soon to be hallowed doors of 1812.



Before I continue let me explain something first. I didn't know anyone there but for Bill, Arnie, Joyce, and Ken. All these people; Ted White, rich brown, Andy Hooper, John D. Barry, Lenny Bailes and other notables were the people Arnie & Co. would talk about during our Vagrent meetings with affection, good humor, and some reverence. **"These are people I must meet!"** they'd say. So, we knocked.

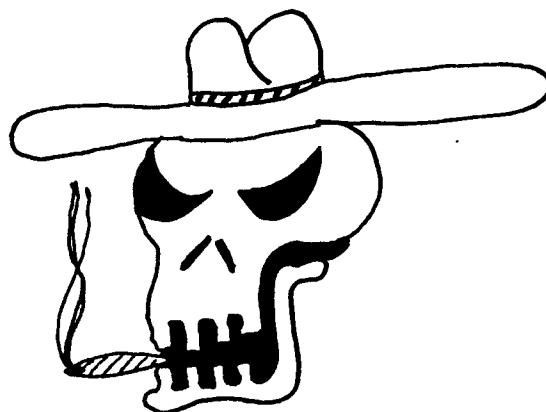
Joyce swung the heavy portal open and entreated us to enter even as the smoke and company were already sucking us forward into a time to remember. And there, I stood before tru-fandom for the first time, drunk and wearing a dress. What's that about first impressions?

There was no lull in the conversation. No disapproving glares or shaking of heads. No one even blinked. Mentioning this to Ken later he responded by saying that though everyone present was polite some might not have even noticed due to bio-chemical interactions taking place in their bodies. I believe the Gods of Observation had more pressing duties that night.

Ken and I found two comfortable chairs and pipes were offered around, tickets purchased we quickly boarded the racing roller coaster of interactive intoxication and

continued to scream our delight as the night wore on.

When I next attend a con, and I have the pleasure of Arnie and Joyces' invitation, and I show up to their suite drunk and in a dress, I hope I will be welcomed as graciously as I was that night.



The Last Box

I would like to thank Arnie, Joyce, Ken and the rest of the Vagrents. Like Aileen said, "If your going to bite me, eat me." 5-7-94.

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