DE JUEVES #80

by Len and June Moffatt, Moffatt House, 9826
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9, 1970, one week after Westercon!

People kept telling me it was a good Westercon. I hope so—the view I got from behind the registration desk was, of necessity, a limited one. Ditto for Len, as he alternated between the huckster rooms (My room is 35 and it's full of mattresses!) which the hotel had thoughtfully rearranged without telling us. As Len said, when he found one huckster room set up as a bedroom with two beds and the big dresser-combination, "What do they think we're huckstering in here, anyway!?" The auction was Len's other coign of vantage.

I had told myself (rather severely) that early to bed and early to rise would be the Best Policy for a member of the Committee. The early to bed part of it died the death of a rag doll the first night, as I was still assigning rooms to people after midnight. Then, when I finally did stagger off to beddy-bye, the first night's contingent of dippers (skinny or otherwise) kept both of us awake for a while. We were told that there was another swimming party about 4 a.m., but thank FooFoo we slept through that one.

There was the Soggy Saga of Dwain Kaiser's room. Dwain had originally asked me for a pair of rooms, one to be used for the Valsfa light show and rock festival. (After the first 15 minutes, the audience is issued Real Rocks!) He said that if it could be down at the end of a hall, it might not disturb as many people as otherwise. I agreed, and assigned him two rooms at the end of a tenth-floor corridor.

When Dwain arrived to check in, he explained that both rooms would be occupied, which made no difference to me, since the rate was the same in either case. He took his keys and disappeared in the general direction of the elevator. Fore Some minutes later, he reappeared, and informed me that while one room had beds, the other was set up as a lounge, and he would like two rooms—BOTH with beds. Okay, said I, let's try the pair of rooms directly opposite.

Presently he came back, with a funny-looking grin on his face, and inquired if I was mad at him. I replied in the negative, and asked if these rooms also had no beds. Oh, yes, they have beds, replied Dwain, but they're standing up against the wall, and there are neither sheets nor blankets in evidence. With a roar of disgust, I crossed off those two pairs of rooms and assigned him a pair on the 9th floor. He did come back to tell me that this final pair had all necessary accourrements—such as beds, sheets, blankets, etc., whatever etc. may be.

I also enjoyed meeting Jeff Cochran and James Langdell. It is nice to able to put faces to names—still nicer when the names have displayed such pleasant personalities in print. There was a point at which I was so tired, that I commented to someone that I was sure that Jeff Cochran was real and I was the hoax!

We are anxious to see Rita Ractliffe's assortment of photos. Since she wasn't using flash, she should have been able to get a lot that we couldn't. When Terry Adamski announced NO FLASH PICTURES DURING THE COSTUME PARADE! he also mentioned the proper exposure for persons shooting black-and-white film of an ASA 400 rating. I got him aside a few minutes later and asked about the setting for my camera, which was loaded with Kodacolor-X, having an ASA of 80. He told me that it would take 3 seconds at 4.5 to get a picture. Even assuming I could get a tripod to hold the camera steady, how many subjects would hold still that long?

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DAN GOODMAN - I learned to like my mother several years before she died--for which I am grateful. It was a novel experience, being friends with her, and I'm glad it happened. She was raised in the Great Authoritarian tradition, which was a pity. since she was naturally a very affectionate person, and the two sides of her personality, the "natural" and the "imposed" were constantly warring one with the other.

LEE GOLD - The main problem with my youngest, Jerry, was/is that he's a natural-born tourist. Some years ago, we were all going through the Farmers Market, taking turns pushing my mother in her wheelchair, when we suddenly found that Jerry had disappeared. I had a picture of him with me, which we gave to the man at the Farmers Market who helps to locate lost children. He said it was a good thing, since when he found Jerry, he was just strolling around looking at everything--not a bit worried.

One thing that I have tried to do for my children is to be as truthful as possible. This has caused momentary problems, but all-in-all I hope it has worked out for the best. When I look around and see all the unnecessary misery that has been caused by people

lying to each other, I get SO mad!

It hadn't occurred to me until I read your zine that Rick Sneary is a BNF. Rick has been a Good Friend for so long that it never occurred to me to fasten any titles on him. But, I suppose that anyone who is Fan GoH is indeed a BNF, so I can't argue.

FRED PATTEN - As we now know, San Diego put in a last-minute bid for Westercon 25. For the interest of posterity, there were 19 members on the San Diego committee and they received 19 votes. Long Beach received 72, which seems weirdly appropriate, somehow. The San Diego bid could serve as a textbook for How Not To Put On A Bid-they didn't even have a hotel. Further, when someone brought up the Stardust affaire, they first promised faithfully not to have the Stardust again, then remarked that the Stardust has a bad reputation--even among San Diego hotels. Oi.

VANESSA - There's nothing wrong with a new "faucet" of your being if you remember not to leave it running when you're not using it.

Both Terry and Bill Welden ARE hoaxes--according to George Barr, NOBODY is that tall. (And if Bill and Terry want to tower over me, tell them to go ahead, but they won't be able to do as much of it as they're accustomed to.)

DREW SANDERS - No, we don't have a Pogomobile. We have the Moon, which we (usually) keep on top of the bookcase, except when it gets blown off by the fan.

CRAIG MILLER - There is, indeed, nothing as beautiful as a red-copper full moon. We had one before us as we were driving toward the Grand Canyon last October, and it was a real disappointment when it rose higher in the sky and lost not only the coppery color, but also most of its (apparent) size.

DAN GOODMAN - My ex, Eph Konigsberg, and Ed Clinton were once working on a sort-of-opera based on the Laws of Kon Motion. As I recall it, one of the arias went:
"Boulders at rest/Tend to remain/Firmly embedded/In the terrain..."

ALAN FOSTER - Clean your typ ewriter keys.

PAJ - You live in a random house only 6" thick? How long is it?

GREG CHALFIN - Vacuum?

DAN ALDERSON - It is interesting to note that in the picture of all the little folk supposedly having a good time, there isn't a smile to be seen. Various expressions of alarm and disgust is all. The fish declining to be pulled out through the hole in the ice is the one point of correspondence that I can see with Kelly's later work.