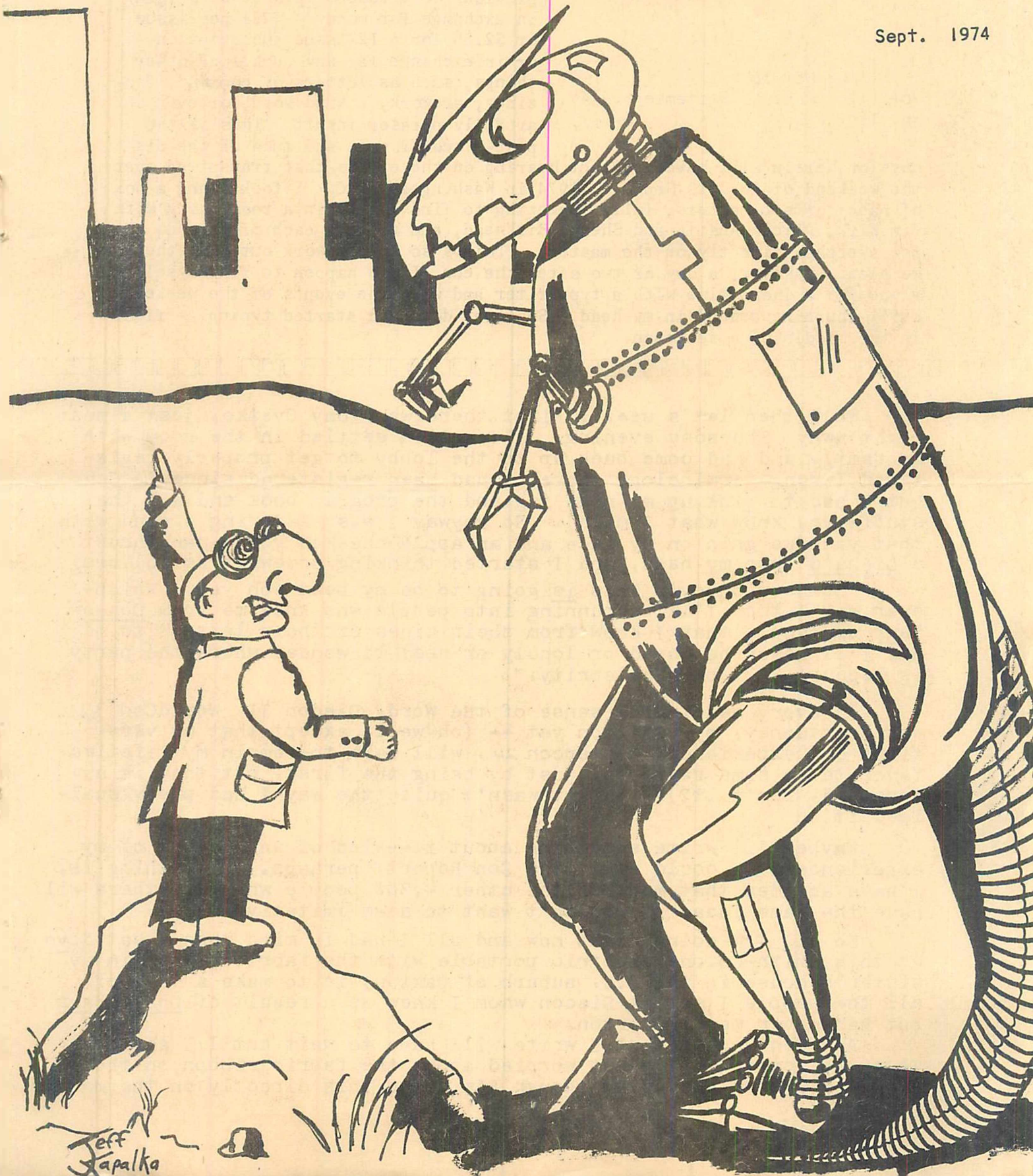
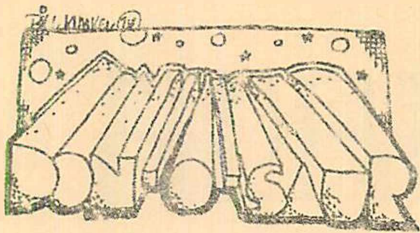


DON · O · SAUR

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Sept. 1974





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hesitate to call any time you find your-
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things, such as letters of comment, fan-
zines, artwork, a kind word, or even an
artfully phrased insult. This is the
post-Discon issue, and much of the dis-

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cussion herein will have a direct bearing on the events that transpired over the weekend of Aug. 29-Sept. 2, 1974 in Washington, D.C. I took along a box of paper offset masters, fully expecting to find myself in a room party with Tim Kirk, Alicia Austin and Sheryl Birkhead, and to have each of them do a few sketches directly on the masters. Things so seldom work out just the way we plan. However, a day or two after the con, I did happen to find myself alone for a short time with a typewriter and with the events of the weekend still churning around in my head. So I sat down and started typing -- right in the middle of a sentence. . .

~~~~~

Well then let's see... First there was Tony Cvetko, just almost right away, Thursday evening. I'd gotten settled in the room with my family and had come back up to the lobby to get properly registered (wrong terminology there; I had been registered since LA Con, but I had to pick up my name tag and the program book and all that stuff--you know what I mean). So anyway I was wandering around with that vacuous grin on my face and an apple-cheeked young man thrust a Diehard into my hand, and I started thinking somewhat as follows:

"Goshwow ohboy! This is going to be my best con yet. Which-ever way I turn I'll be running into people who know me from Don-o-Saur or people that I know from their zines or their letters to me, and I'll never be bored or lonely or need to wonder where the party is because I'll be a celebrity."

In every meaningful sense of the word, Discon II, WorldCon 32 was, certainly, my best con yet -- (oh well, except that my very first con experience, Westercon 24, will have to remain my lifetime favorite in some respects, just by being the first, but that is understood, isn't it?)-- but it wasn't quite the way I had pre-visualized it.

Maybe I'll write something about it--kind of an account of my experiences. I could call it a Con Report, perhaps. Only thing is, I have an idea that most of the other 4,300 people who were there will have the same idea. I wouldn't want to seem imitative.

So all I'm doing right now and all I had in mind when I sat down at this Smith-Corona electric portable with the fabric ribbon in my sister's house in the D.C. suburb of Oakton, is to make a list of all the people I met at Discon whom I knew as a result of Don-o-Saur but had never met in person.

Any Con Report that I write will have to wait until I get home to my Selectric. (I'm not worried about the fabric ribbon on the S-C, you understand, even though I'm doing this directly on the master;

because I discovered last month that the type of ribbon doesn't make that much difference--that was after I'd bought a dozen carbon ribbons at about \$1.65 each--).

Come on, I'm stalling. Here's a start on the list, not in any particular order, just as the names come to mind. I'll try to sort out the chronology and the circumstances later.

Ned Brooks, Faruk von Turk, Charlie Brown (I could argue that he shouldn't be on this list, because I had met him at a couple of earlier conventions, but he had no idea then who I was because I wasn't anybody to him then), Mike Blake, Mike Glycer, Mike Glicksohn (and hasn't anyone noticed that fandom is getting overrun with Mikes?), Tim Marion, Ken Gammage, Bruce D. Arthurs, Sheryl Birkhead (and the only reason she is so far down the list is that I spent two and half days looking for her before I met her, and I was thinking in chronological order, sort of, in making up the list; I'll have more to say about Sheryl later), Linda Bushyager, Susan Wood Glicksohn (or I guess it is officially just Wood now; sorry), Jodie Offutt (I fell in love with Jodie Offutt on the very first letter I got from her many months ago and I fell in love with her all over again at first meeting), Jackie Franke, Andy Porter, Bill Bowers, Sam Long, and ... oh, several others; I know there were others. I'll think of them as I go along, maybe, though the idea of this list is to get the names down while they're fresh in my memory.

But I'd better stop for now. This typewriter has pica type. That's wasteful. I'll be home tomorrow, and while I'm here I really ought to pay some attention to Polly and her kids-- especially her kids.

□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□

That was written two weeks ago, and now I have to start all over again. Except that I think I'll just continue where I left off. Here are some more names of the people I met:

Cy Chauvin, Janie Lamb, Milt Stevens, Frank Balazs (learned how to pronounce his last name and was delighted that it was the way I'd been pronouncing it all the time), George Wells, John Robinson, Irvin Koch, Dick Patten.

I have to be honest: some of these names are of people I just barely met, in some cases scarcely to the extent even of exchanging greetings. Some people who I'm claiming to have met may very well have absolutely no recollection of having met me.

Here are a few more names -- these of people that I almost met; wanted very much to meet, caught just a glimpse of, but did not get the opportunity to even speak to:

Elaine Wojciechowski (she was in the N3F room when I was talking with Mike Glicksohn and Sheryl Birkhead, but she was engrossed in a card game and I was engrossed in Sheryl), Lesleigh and Hank Luttrell (they had a table in the Huckster room, as did Porter and Bowers and I managed to introduce myself to those two, but the propitious moment for imposing myself upon the Luttrells never arrived; Don D'Amassa (I think Don and I must have had a number of very near misses. I kept hearing from various people that he had just been someplace where I then was and that he was hoping to meet me, and someone once pointed him out to me -- just as he



was getting on an elevator), and C. William George (I came very close to meeting Bill -- I think I heard people calling him Bill; he had set up a sales area on the floor of the Huckster room, just inside the door, selling subscriptions, I assume, to AGAINST THE WALL, and I almost decided to elbow my way through the people surrounding him, but they seemed to be paying customers, and I was burdened by purchases I had made, so, assuring myself I would catch him the next time I was in the Room, I returned to my room. And when I returned, hours later, AGAINST THE WALL was no longer in evidence. A few days after I got home I received a letter from him, part of which I choose to quote here; the rest later:

...I looked for you at Discon -- paged you twice, knocked on your door several times, asked for you in the hucksters' room -- but never found you.

(One reason I wanted to quote that here is that it would make a perfect springboard into a con report. Those few words come close to setting the over-all tone of the con, as far as I was concerned: in retrospect I have the feeling that I spent an awfully lot of time just wandering around through the hotel maze -- someone called the Sheraton a cross between Gormenghast and a horizontal Empire State Building; Carolyn said the narrow halls gave her the feeling of being trapped in the rabbit warrens of Watership Down -- looking for people whose names I recognized. The amount of time spent looking and the number of people met, once and then never again, was highly disproportionate. In short, the con was too big, and if I were to write a straight forward, conventional con report bigness would be my underlying theme.

(However, I don't know that I'm under any obligation to be conventional, so I won't be. At the same time there are several things about the con that I do want to write about (such as finally meeting Sheryl Birkhead, talking with Faruk Von Turk, listening to Sam Moskowitz . . . and on and on). The problem is finding a starting point. I think I've found one. Here's what I'm going to do:

(But damn it, before I do anything else, I'm going to work my way out of these stupid parentheses, which I opened at the top of this page and have been looking for an inconspicuous way to close ever since; so I'll be conspicuous about it!)

There! So what I'm going to do by way of starting my con-versation is to print a letter or two (or more) having some bearing on the events of the con. From the comments in the letter and from my comments on the letter, you, the reader, will be able to put together a more nearly three-dimensional picture of the con -- my impressions plus the impressions of other people -- than if I were doing it all myself.

Which brings me back to the original problem: Where to begin?

Well, now that I take a closer look at my mail I find that there aren't an awfully lot of letters to choose from. This one will do as well as any and better than some:

Tim C. Marion  
614 72nd St.  
Newport News, VA  
23605

Thanks for Don-o-Saur 35, that you both sent me a copy of through the mail and that you gave me at DisCon. Since the copy you sent in the mail arrived only yesterday, I wonder if you forgot that you met me and sent me a copy after DisCon. It would be no great sin on your part if you did forget meeting me; the only thing I can remember about you is that I had to tilt my head at a 90° angle in order to see your face. Damn, you are tall! I must congratulate you also on the tactful way you ended our conversation. I was rather stoned at the time and wasn't quite sure where I was going, and you seemed to realize this (actually, you realized that I really didn't have anything more to say, nor you to me) and very tactfully managed to separate us and have us going our separate ways. Oh, uh, what do I do with my extra copy of

Don-o-Saur 35? Who do I send it to?

[A lot of people are asking themselves that question, I suppose, and an explanation involves confessing that last month's issue was a week late -- the first time in three years that I'd missed a deadline with D-o-S -- a fact I had managed to avoid mentioning until just now because I'm not proud of it; blame the offset, or the Rocky Mountain News, or both. Anyway, knowing that many of my readers would not get their copy before the con, I ran off a large number of extra copies and took them to the con and distributed them rather freely, knowing full well that some people would be stuck with two copies, but refusing to worry about that aspect of the problem. And I still refuse to worry about it.

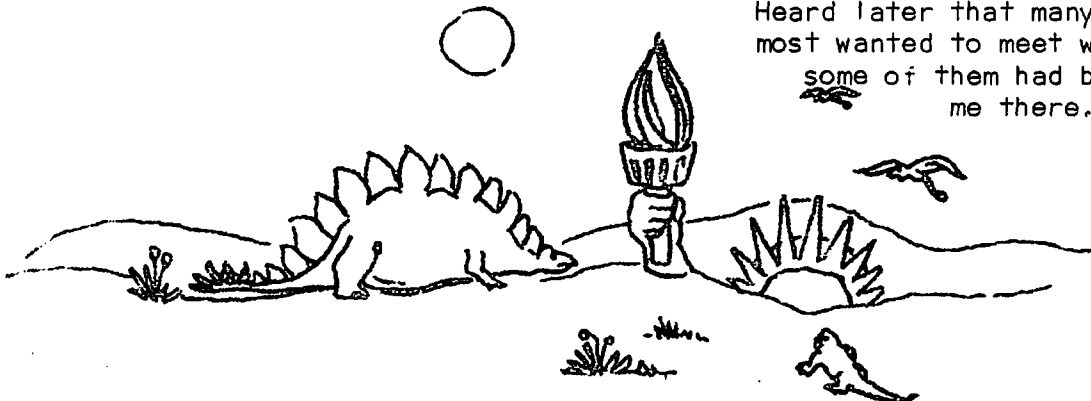
[So, getting back to the beginning of Tim's letter, I do remember our meeting. It was in the main lobby, right at the head of the hall leading to the N3F room, which must have been my destination (or else I was just coming from it); I was accompanied by my wife (or was it my niece? Hell, I don't even remember what day it was; on Friday, I was accompanied for most of the day by Teresa Ryan, my sister's lovely young daughter; on Saturday, Carolyn wandered around with me some of the time, and for the rest I was alone). I even remember some of what Tim and I talked about. He asked me if I had met Brett Cox, and I said no. (Come to think of it, that may have been the totality of our conversation; I can't think of anything else that we said, and I certainly don't remember the 'tactful' way I ended the conversation, though knowing me and my usual maladroitness in social situations, I probably said something like, "Well, you seem to be going that way and I seem to be going this way, and I must be going, so I'll see you around," and if Tim mistook that for tact, he must have been stoned indeed -- and no, I did not notice that he was stoned -- if he was). Tim's letter and the brevity of our meeting make me want to apologize to him. I should have been able to think of something to say. I should have suggested that we find a quiet corner and sit down and talk. About the only extenuation that I can offer now is that it must have been fairly early in the con when I met Tim and that I did not then realize the nearly astronomical odds against seeing someone again after having once met him. If I had known then what I found out later, maybe I would have insisted on getting acquainted with him right then -- or at least have made definite arrangements for meeting him again. And I never did meet Brett Cox, either.

[Oh, and while I'm in a confessional and self-castigating mood, I may as well admit that I made one really terrible blunder of omission regarding the scheduled programs. I had decided in advance that I wasn't going to try to get to very many of the formal panels or programs, but there was one that I absolutely hate myself for missing. It wasn't exactly a formal panel or program anyway. Jodie Offut (at least I believe it was Jodie; someone correct me if it wasn't) scheduled a gathering of fanzine editors and enthusiasts for 1 p.m. Saturday. There was a big sign announcing, very conspicuously displayed in the registration area. I noticed it, and fully intended to get there -- and

then I somehow let it slip right past me.

Heard later that many of the people I most wanted to meet were there, and that some of them had been hoping to meet me there. I can't remember

what I was doing at 1 p.m. Saturday that could have been any more important -- probably just feeling frustrated in the Huckster Room.



[Well, anyway . . . Tim's letter continues, leading smoothly into a different topic and to other letters]

Oh, in case you didn't meet Faruk Von Turk at DisCon, let me tell you a little about this mystery. He stands about 5' 11" and has jet-black hair as long as mine, tied back into a small pig tail. He has a red complexion and fierce blue eyes. There is some question as to how to pronounce his first name. Local newfan David Ortman pronounces it with a long 'u' sound, while I with a short 'u' sound, and the latter tended to get rather embarrassing, particularly so when you are calling across a Sheraton lobby, "Hello, Far-uck."

When I got home from DisCon, there was a letter from Don Markstein waiting for me. Here's just part of it:

Don Markstein  
Box 53112  
New Orleans, LA  
70153

You'll no doubt read this after you come back from Washington, so you'll probably have a good idea whether or not I managed to get hold of von Turk before he left. He's going, but it doesn't look like I'm going to be able to make it this year. I just tried his number and no answer. He may have already left. I do, tho, want to tell him to look for a tall, lightly bearded guy who could pass for the cover of the Sept. '54 Astounding if he were painted green. I have a feeling you don't believe he's real. . .

[Well, that is correct. I honestly did not believe in the reality of Faruk von Turk, though I know I should be ashamed to admit it. I know I should be contrite; I should promise myself that never again will I doubt something just because it sounds like a hoax. If I had been looking for Faruk and relying upon Tim Marion's description, I would probably never have recognized him because Tim neglects to mention what I considered Faruk's most characteristic feature -- a dramatically Dali-esque mustache. (Also, I don't remember his complexion as being particularly red. Say . . . you don't suppose there could be two Faruk von Turks, do you?

[I met von Turk Thursday night, along about midnight, it must have been. I had wandered into a party (was it the New York group? Probably), and had gotten to talking with somebody (but who was it?) and he and I noticed that the party was all out of drinks, both his kind (beer) and mine (pop), so we had decided to visit the bar, but just as I was going through the door a name tag caught my eye and I twirled in my tracks: "My God, are you the real Faruk von Turk?" The gentleman with the piercing blue eyes and the Dali mustache assured me that he was not just a figment of Don Markstein's imagination, and he answered (sometimes in very great detail) all my questions about offset presses and printing, and in fact on some points volunteered more information than I was able to absorb easily, so I had to ask more questions and have him go over some of the points he'd previously covered; but he left no doubt in my mind as to his authenticity, or as to his knowledgability.

[Here's another excerpt from Markstein's letter, before I forget about it]

You're the only fan I ever heard of who does his text offset and mimeographs his artwork. I hope you're not offended, but von Turk laughed out loud when I told him about your process. Until you learn how to make masters through some photographic process, your offset machine is no more good to you than a very complicated mimeograph.

[No, I'm not at all offended, because I assume that von Turk's laughter was of honest amusement, not of derision. I detected no overtones of mockery at all in the long talk I had with him-- nothing, but a genuine desire to be helpful.



And indeed he was helpful, while most emphatically urging me to plunge ahead into the real possibilities of offset by getting the necessary camera and plate-making equipment as soon as possible.

[I don't know how long von Turk and I stood in the hall with the backwash of the New York party eddying around us -- a half an hour? an hour? The person that I had started toward the bar with finally went on alone when the offset talk started getting technical. Later we were joined by Ned Brooks and (unless my memory betrays me) by George Wells, and prompted by some primal instinct we ultimately set off through the maze of hallways and elevators, finding our way at last, not to the bar but to a pop machine, in which vicinity we disported ourselves upon the floor and hall steps and engaged in general fannish conversation for another indeterminate length of time. All the pop machines in the Sheraton are located by elevator entrances. There were people getting off and on the elevator at fairly frequent intervals. Mostly they were people whose names I didn't know, but when Charlie Brown of LOCUS got off, I recognized him not by his name tag but by his bulk and the fact that I had seen him at Westercons and at LA Con. On his way back to the elevator he happened to glance down at me, noticed my name tag, and pointed a stubby finger at me, "Hey, Don-o-Saur. I want to talk to you before the con's over." I nodded. "I'll be around for a few days," I assured him.

[Of course if I had known then what I found out later about how hard it was going to be to meet anybody for the second time, I would have insisted that we talk right then. However, I did run into Charlie Brown again Sunday night, and we did have our talk, which I may get around to telling about.

[Meanwhile I think it's about time for another letter]

Brett Cox  
Box 542  
Tabor City, N.C.  
28463

I feel like the prime jackass of the universe, I really do. Believe it or not, I actually made it to DisCon, and I stayed four full days -- arriving Thursday afternoon and leaving Monday afternoon -- and I met everybody who was there that I super-especially wanted to meet. Everybody, except you, that is. I kept hoping that I'd run into you, and I just couldn't latch onto you. I probably missed my best chance by not attending the Ranquet, something I really wanted to do, but my metabolism is such that I require a disgusting amount of sleep -- 6-8 hours at least -- and I hadn't gotten to sleep until 3 or 4 a.m. Saturday night, and I didn't stir forth from my room until after 1 p.m. Sunday. So, I didn't get to meet you, and I'm sorry. I truly am.

[In a way it's nice to know that I'm not the only one who has these overpowering guilt feelings]

Outside of that, though, DisCon was an utterly fantastic experience, and I look forward to reading your impressions of it in the next D-o-S. Go on for as long as you wish, the whole issue if necessary.

[Not without a little help from my friends]

As for D-o-S 35: I enjoyed it immensely, even more so than usual, but I'll be damned if I can think of anything to say about it... I first saw this issue of D-o-S at DisCon -- specifically at Jodie Offut's "Fanzine Freaks" seminar on Saturday afternoon and courtesy of Tim Marion. I got quite a charge out of the concept of petitioning Warren Johnson back into fandom. Sure, why the hell not? Things have been a mite dull lately. However, I'll be damned if I'm gonna cut up one of my fanzines for it. I'll send Wayne a facsimile.

I'll see you at Kansas City. Montreal in '77!!

[How about Australia in 1975? It's farther away in space but closer in time. I'm planning to be there, but I'm also definitely planning on Kansas City in '76].



Ken Gammage Jr  
7865 E. Roseland Dr.  
La Jolla, CA 92037

... It was a pleasure meeting you at DisCon, and I am sorry that I couldn't find anything intelligent to discuss with you. I am really not that much of a nebbish (and I know what that means even if I can't (maybe) spell it correctly). I found that it took some time to get into talking with some people.

It seemed to take Tony Cvetko and me about 45 minutes before we got down to talking (and talking is the wrong word--I mean to get into a state of ...active friendship...rapport...the same wavelength...perhaps you know what I'm getting at). It was a lot shorter with Brett, and a little longer with Leah Zeldes and Elst Weinstein,

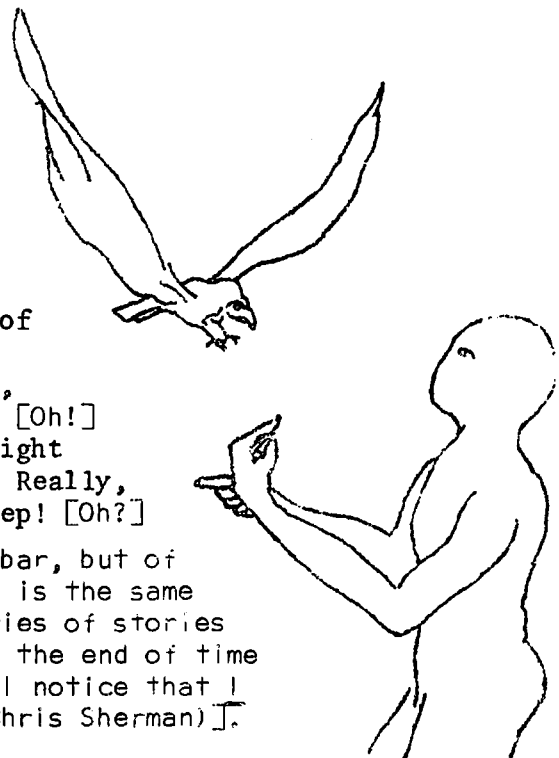
but I think that the chief attraction that DisCon posed for me (involving 6,000 miles and several hundred dollars -- a small fortune for me --) was the meeting and talking with people that had merely been blobs of ink on paper or random arrangements of iron particles on magnetic tape. And, again, I am sorry that I didn't get a chance to really get to talk with you, and Sheryl, and ...

[Ken's letter up to this point provides an excellent opportunity for me to get back into a narration of my con experiences, because in telling how I met him I would have to start with my meeting of Sheryl and Mike Glicksohn, and of how I almost became pro-goh at the Ranquet, then nearly missed the Ranquet entirely, finally found it and met Ken and Bruce Arthurs and Tony Cvetko, again, and several others that I'd been looking for. Rather than telling about all that right here though (I'm going to throw in another segment of Ken's letter which has nothing to do with the con (just because if I don't use it here it's likely to be left out entirely), and then I'll have a letter from Sheryl herself, and possibly a short excerpt from a Mike Glicksohn missive, which will bring me back around to the episode I want to tell about. After that, perhaps I can wrap up my con report on my own and then fill out the rest of the issue with letters on other subjects. .

[Here's Ken Gammage again]

Donny 35 was great. As usual. Really, son, you have one of my favorite zines here. Always entertaining and frequently informative. I caught several deliciously putrid puns in the ish. Like the Minnesota turkey [Chris Sherman] speaking of Cinebar, right after voicing his disgust (har, hah!) with the motion picture version of Pleasure Planet. [Huh? Did I miss something?] What? You don't get it? I am sick of people ignoring my puns, so I shall explain this one. After being disgusted with a movie, what better place to forget than the Cinebar. [Oh!] And then Sheryl mentioned "green with envy" right after telling us of her terrible, deep cuts. Really, Sheryl, that's enough to make strong tears weep! [Oh?]

[Somebody else asked about Cinebar-Cinnabar, but of course I can't find the letter now. The word is the same as the mineral, but the reference is to a series of stories by Ed Bryant in which Cinnabar is the city at the end of time --the last and only city in the world. (And I notice that I spelled it wrong also in that exchange with Chris Sherman).]





Sheryl Birkhead  
23629 Woodfield Road  
Gaithersburg, MD 20760

I looked through the lobby after the Ranquet - hoping to see if you had taken them up on the offer of the pro-guest-of-honorship.

Just about the time you saw me, everything was beginning to get the worst it had been for the con. I simply CAN'T be around crowds and people, and this last con reinforced it to such a degree that it is "practically" my last con. I say it that way because KC in '76 looks to be a possibility.

I did find there is a stage of nerves beyond the cold hands -- it's called shaking. Grinding one's fingernails into one's palms helps a bit, but it can also get painful -- and by then I'd already checked out of my room and didn't have a hidey hole -- so I headed for the N3F room.

My apologies are about all I can offer if I came across in a less than pleasant manner. Now it'll take me a week or so to loosen up all the knotted muscles and relax. Especially this time, the price was a bit too high to pay again...at least for a long time.

[This is not all of Sheryl's letter, but I must interrupt it here to deny just as emphatically as possible that Sheryl came across in "a less than pleasant manner." I must have made it abundantly clear by now that meeting her was truly one of the high points of the con for me. I deeply regret that she finds cons such an ordeal, because she deserves to enjoy them if anybody does; but I would like to at least assure her that her terror is not nearly as obvious from the outside as it is to her, from the inside. (Whenever I have to overcome my own terror in public situations -- as still happens -- it sometimes helps to remind myself of that fact). She was very worried about her cat, Putt, and in her letter she tells some of the aftermath of his bout with illness]

...I peeked in the window before coming on in. I figured that if Putt's box was gone...well, the vet news would be bad, but if the box was there... The box was there and Putt wandered in slowly from the dining room. He is very subdued, but one heck of a lot better off than he was when we drove him over to the vet. The diagnosis IS contagious viral anemia though. He's had a transfusion and we have a liquid to poke down him three times a day -- about all I can do is hope for the best. For anyone who cares about animals, perhaps this explains a bit more about why I was touchier than ever at this particular convention -- I had taken him to one vet on Thursday morning -- then to another that evening -- so I had the whole duration of the con to worry--which I do quite well anyhow.

[In another letter a few days later, Sheryl reported that Putt was continuing to improve (I'm glad), and then she had some kind comments about D-o-S 35, which I'm going to omit, because I think the time has finally come for me to settle down and TELL about that meeting with Sheryl that I have already talked so much about].

\*\*\*\*\*

One of the very first things I did at the con, even before I was fully unpacked -- I guess it must have been when I came back upstairs to get my name tag-- was to find the N3F room, because I figured that there would be the most likely place to find Sheryl Birkhead. And also because I had brought along a big stack of back issue Don-o-Saurs that I was going to donate to the N3F room (and come to think of it, that was because Sheryl had asked me to!) and I wanted to know where to take them before I started lugging them around. I found the room all right, with some help, not far off the main lobby, but there was nobody in it at that time that I recognized.

And when I delivered the zines the next day there was still no one there whose name I knew, and pretty much that same situation prevailed on each of the three or four additional visits I made to the room during Friday and Saturday.



the dinosaur-head name tag that Sheryl had done for me. (And I could just as easily have had an electrostencil made of it when I was getting the rest of the art for this issue processed, but I didn't think of it in time, so I can't show you what it looked like. Maybe next time...

I tried to express my thanks to Sheryl, knowing that my efforts were grossly inadequate, as I rejoined her and Mike at the table. Then we talked. About cats and snakes and fans and fanzines and art and people and cons (Sheryl did say then that this con had been even harder than ever on her nerves and that it might be her last), and ... oh, I don't know what all.

Sheryl had received her copy of Don-o-Saur before the con (obviously-- how else would she have known that I wanted a name tag?), but Mike had not (in fact, he was several months behind on all fanzines, having been away) so I gave him a copy (I always carried a few copies of D-o-S around with me during the con), and he gave me an instant critique of the artwork (liked Sheryl's and Jackie Franke's and Canfield's; disliked most of the rest) and compared my description of myself in the zine with my actual appearance. Agreed that it was pretty accurate in most respects; denied that my grin was 'vacuous,' but was unable to suggest a better word.

After a while, Sheryl excused herself temporarily, and as she left I turned to Mike and said, "I had no idea that she is such a beautiful girl!"

Mike said, "Yeah, she really is one of the loveliest girls I know. But, you know, I wish you had said that while she was here. She doesn't believe how good looking she is. She needs to be told about it occasionally."

"Well, I will tell her then when she gets back," I promised.

She returned and we talked some more, but before long Sheryl (or Mike, or someone) decided it was time to leave, and as we walked down the hall back to the lobby, I kept my promise, telling her just exactly what I had told Mike; in fact, telling her that I had told Mike that. She did get a bit flustered then. She shook her head and looked pleadingly at Mike.

"What can I say? What am I supposed to say to something like that?"

Mike shrugged and said gently, "Well, it's a compliment. You could just say thank you."

"Thank you," Sheryl said to me.

"Or you could tell him he's a dirty old man," Mike added.

"But he has beautiful cats," Sheryl said.

In the lobby we found ourselves suddenly in the middle of the crowd gathering for the Ranquet, and Sheryl asked if I was going.

"Hadn't planned to," I said.

"Oh, you should," Mike said.

"You're missing one of the great fannish traditions if you don't."

I noticed a number of name tags that I recognized, but I also noticed that it was nearly 1 o'clock, at which time I was supposed to meet Carolyn and Doug for lunch.

And just as I was noticing that, someone (Mike Glyer, I believe it





was, though I could easily be wrong) unexpectedly took public notice of me. He said, "Hey, here's Don Thompson; he'd be a perfect pro guest of honor. He had the lead novella in the June 1954 issue of Galaxy!"

"March '54," I said.

"That's right, I meant March. Well, what about it? You wanta be a pro-goh?"

"I don't even know where it's going to be," I protested.

"Nearest McDonald's. About a mile down Connecticut. We'll buy your hamburger."

"Accept! Accept!" Sheryl was urging. "You can't turn down an offer like that!"

I said, "Yes, I know. But I promised my wife and son I'd meet them at 1 o'clock. I'll have to run back to the room and see what they want to do."

"Bring them. Go get them. There's time, but hurry! Run!"

I had already done my running for the day, to the front desk to get that name tag, but I did try to hurry. However, our room, while not in one of the most remote wings of the hotel, was nevertheless some distance away and in one of the lower floors of the motor hotel building (the lobby was the ninth floor for us; to people with rooms in the hotel proper, it was the ground floor: Gormenghast), and the elevators were almost as prompt as they are in any other convention hotel.

So by the time I got to the room, learned from Carolyn that she and Doug had already eaten, and then made my way back to the lobby, the Ranquet crowd had long since departed.

I almost decided to just forget the whole thing, to go back to the Huckster room and assuage my disappointment by buying something expensive, but that didn't seem adequate since that's about all there was in the Huckster room to buy.

So for whatever reason (I didn't pause to analyze my motives) I set out in search of the Ranquet. About a mile down Connecticut, someone had said.

After a couple of blocks, my path converged with that of another lone fan, and I asked him if he was also running after the Ranquet. He said he was, so we ran together. We had gone considerably more than we figured a mile to be without seeing a McDonald's, when my companion addressed a passer-by.

"Could you tell us how to get to the nearest McDonald's?"

"You're kidding."

"Well, no. We really want to find it."

"McDonald's?"

We finally convinced him of our sincerity and he gave us the directions and we retraced enough of our steps to get us onto the street that branches off from Connecticut about a mile from the hotel; and we actually got to McDonald's before the Ranquet formalities began.

I have no intention of going into detail about the Ranquet. It was the first one I had ever attended and I certainly enjoyed it much more than I did the last formal banquet I attended.

And I did not in the least mind not being the pro guest of honor. That function had been divided four ways after I defaulted: Bruce D. Arthurs was one quarter of the goh, because he had actually sold a story. Someone else was another portion because he had actually had a story published; and a third individual was included because he collects the magazines in which stories are published. And the pro-goh package was rounded out by the legendary Mae Strelkov of Argentina -- because she actually reads stories.

The main significance of the Ranquet to me was that finally, finally I got to meet and talk to some of the people I'd been looking for -- Bruce D. Arthurs and Ken Gammage and Tony Cvetko and (was Don Ayers there or did I not meet him for the first time until that evening?). . . Events blur so quickly as they slip behind.



I walked back to the hotel with some of the fans that I knew from letters and zines, but the time that we had together was much too brief. Ken Gammage was apologetic in his letter for not finding anything intelligent to discuss with me. I thought that under the circumstances his conversation was very intelligent indeed. He said he liked Don-o-Saur, and that was certainly not a dumb thing to say. I can't remember that I said anything much at all-- dumb or intelligent. I do have an unfortunate habit of waiting for someone else to start the conversation. I'm sure that if I'd stayed with the group for a longer time, as I very much wanted to do, some more memorable talk would have taken place, but I had to break loose from them because I had promised to take Doug through the Huckster room that afternoon, while Carolyn and Claudia were attending the Georgette Heyer tea.

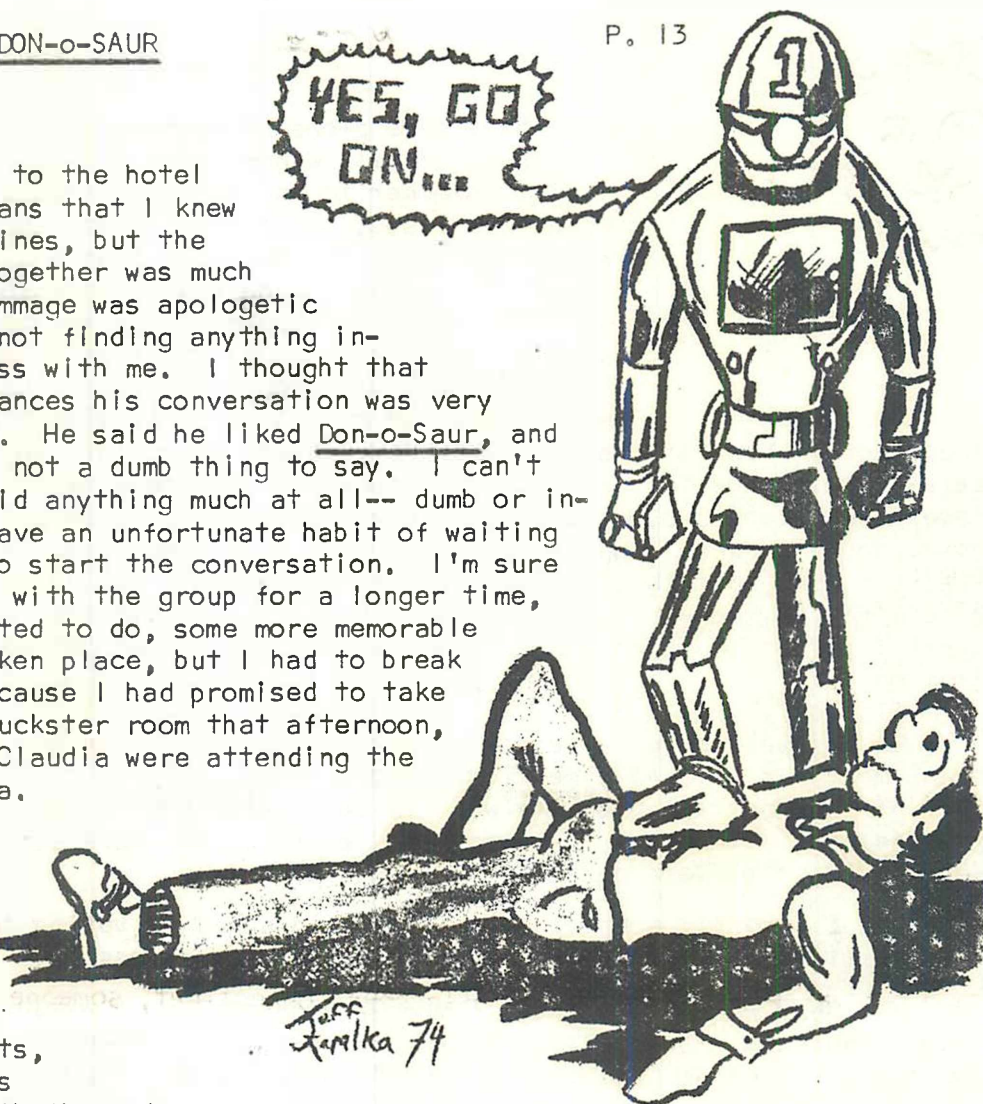
Hey, did you know there was a secret entrance to the Huckster room?

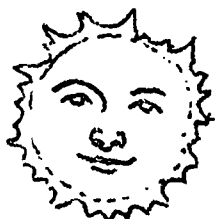
I learned later, from reading other people's con reports, that some stuff was ripped off from both the art room and the Huckster room. It's a wonder a

lot more wasn't stolen, because there was one entrance, accessible from the elevator in the R wing (where we were) on the sixth floor, that seemed to be totally unguarded. No one seemed to pay the least attention to it. There was a very small sign on the inside of the door, indicating that it was for the use of wheel chair occupants, but it could be used by anyone who knew about it. I just wish I'd known about it sooner, because it could have saved me one hell of a lot of walking.

Doug and I used the secret entrance, partly to see if we could get away with it. No problem. The guards at the main entrance were sporadically efficient about checking name tags. (I was the only one in the family who had one). I had gotten Carolyn past them once on Saturday without challenge, but on Sunday she and Claudia, attired in the full glory of their Georgette Heyer costumes, had been kept out.

I have let drop a couple of slurs against the Huckster room, haven't I? But I have yet to spell out my complaints. They're simple, and in fact there's only one. The prices (at least on the things I am most interested in) were way too high. I realize there's nothing to blame but general economic conditions -- the inflationary spiral, etc., but good grief! I paid something like \$6 or \$7 each for three of the bedsheet size pulp Astoundings, because they complete my collection back through 1942 (I'm still lacking three from 1941 and three from 1940--but only one from 1939!) but I despair of ever getting a complete set of Astounding at this rate -- or even of Amazing. The early issues that I still need are going for \$20, \$25, \$30 ... and on up. At least that's what the dealers are asking. I don't know who's buying. I suppose the sensible thing would be for me to get my own dealership functioning again and make some fast trades. Gotta do that!





I do have some pleasant memories of the Huckster room. For one thing, that's where I met Andy Porter.

If I remember to do it, there should be a flyer included with this issue, urging you to vote Montreal for the 1977 WorldCon. Now, the New York people also gave me a large stack of flyers, urging you to vote for New York for the 1977 WorldCon, and sooner or later those will be distributed with Don-o-Saur too. But Montreal first. And the reason Montreal gets precedence is simply that Andy Porter used a more effective method of persuasion than the New York

people did. New York used sex. A very lovely young lady engaged me in conversation at the New York room party Sunday night (Monday morning, actually; must have been around 3 a.m.) and upon learning that I publish a fanzine became doubly charming. But when I opened my arms to her, she deposited in them not her own luscious body, but this enormous bundle of New York in '77 leaflets. I did agree to distribute them-- sometime. But I had already committed myself to support Montreal first and more enthusiastically. How had Porter gotten such a commitment from me?

Flattery.

He had written me a letter several weeks before the con, ostensibly just to thank me for a favorable mention I had made of ALGOL, but also to bring up the subject of the Montreal bid. It was his very last, sneaky paragraph that shattered my defenses. Lemme see, I've got the letter around here someplace -- framed. Here it is, that last paragraph:

I strongly suspect that if the old habit of voting for "Best New Fan" still applied you'd win my and many votes very easily.

And then when I saw Andy in the Huckster room and crowded up to introduce myself, he said practically the same thing: "Hey, Don-o-Saur Thompson -- the best new fan since Avram Davidson in 1963!" (or whenever it was).

Sunday night (that same Monday morning when the New Yorkers were trying to seduce me, and in fact in the same vicinity) Andy Porter, in a comment addressed to Charlie Brown -- he had gotten included in that talk that Charlie Brown had said when he saw me Thursday night that he wanted to have with me; I'd run into him again and had said, "Let's talk," and so we found a relatively clear stretch of wall to lean against in the hallway between the Australian and the New York parties, and we talked, and after a while Andy Porter was also with us, and now getting back to what he said -- "Wouldn't you agree that Don is the best new fan since Avram Davidson?"

Charlie made a noncommittal reply, and I congratulated Andy on winning a share of the Hugo for having the best fanzine.

"Your turn will come. Just wait. Keep up the kind of work you're doing, and you'll have yourself a Hugo," Andy said.

I said, "Oh, no. I don't even have the slightest shred of ambition to put out a prize-winning zine. . . ."

I had thought that maybe Andy had been celebrating unrestrainedly and therefore wasn't paying much attention to what he or other people were saying, but he certainly picked up on my momentary hesitation.

"Fan writer! How about a Hugo as best fan writer?"

I said, "It would certainly be nice just to be nominated sometime as best fan writer."

"You could win it! Next year, you could win. Don't you think?" he looked at Charlie Brown for confirmation. Charlie smiled and shrugged. "I don't know; what's your circulation -- your readership?"

"Oh, not nearly enough," I said, trying to laugh scoffingly. "Only a couple of hundred."

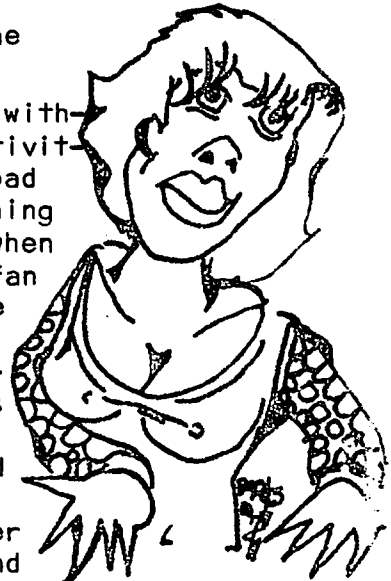
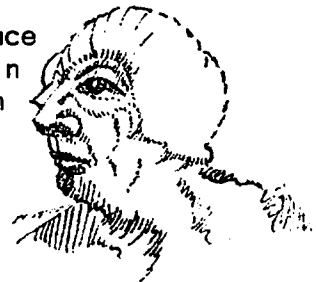
Charlie Brown shrugged eloquently, and Andy Porter fell silent for a while and the conversation then turned, mercifully, to other things.

As for that talk with Charlie Brown that I keep mentioning but not telling about, well, it was fairly short and to the point. Charlie had once written to me, inviting me to write book reviews for LOCUS. I had written back, asking for more details, but had never heard anything more. Charlie apologized for not replying, renewed the invitation, and provided some of the details I had asked for. That was about it. Oh, yes, one more thing: He told me he really does think I have rotten taste in art.

(I almost wish my wife could have met Charlie Brown. They have in common a deep disdain for the worth of my aesthetic evaluations. You should have heard Carolyn chortle when she read the little item in LOCUS that Charlie wrote about me. But there was not much chance of them meeting; you will practically never find Carolyn hanging around dead dog parties at 3 a.m.)

I really ought to try and wrap up this con report, though now that I've finally gotten warmed up to it, I feel like I could go on for another ten pages or so. There is quite a bit more to tell about this one Monday morning party night -- like meeting Mike Glicksohn again, and Bruce D. Arthurs, and finally meeting Jodie Offutt and falling in love with her, and meeting Sam Long and receiving from him a copy of THE MAGNIFICENT QUERTYU:OP (which really is), and having a long talk with a fan from Sweden, whose name I seem to have lost but whom I hope to hear from again, and finally getting deeper and deeper into conversation with Don Ayers and receiving from him a copy of the CHIMAERAN REVIEW, a sercon production of the SIU (that's Illinois) Science Fiction Society, and talking Don out of some extra copies of the fantastic front cover of the zine.

And my con report certainly would not be complete without an account of Saturday night's post-masquerade festivities (no point me saying anything about the tedium and bad taste of the masquerade itself -- that's the sort of thing you'll read about in nearly every other con report-- ) when I happened to encounter Bob Alvis (the only other Den-fan there that I know of) and Stu Teitler, former Denverite and current Watertown, Mass., book dealer of great renown (Kaleidoscope Books). It's a great temptation indeed to go into great detail about the session in Bob's and Stu's room, with Sam Moskowitz, Don Grant and Glen Lord also present and during which Sam Moskowitz talked about the demise of the new Weird Tales and his difficulties with Leo Margulies -- and about many, many other things, including his difficulties with David Keller and later Keller's widow: gossip, maybe, sure; but fascinating. Occasionally Stu would ask a leading question



or even interject a comment, and I'm sure that Grant and Lord were not utterly silent the whole time (though it is true that when Moskowitz is talking no one else has much chance of being heard), but for the most part it was a Moskowitz monologue. (I had the privilege of providing a reading light for SaM, using the sun-gun on my movie camera and at the same time, sneakily, getting some pictures, when he decided the final exciting pages of a book he was in process of buying from Stu. He ended up buying at least two books from Teitler, at \$5 each -- books that Stu told him he had paid something like 35¢ for just that afternoon.

"You're entitled to your profit," Sam said grandly, scrawling his signature on the check.

But, as I say, it would take pages and pages to really do justice to the episode, and it's time I started thinking in terms, not just of wrapping up my con report but wrapping up this issue of D-o-S.

I won't try to summarize DisCon II, but instead I'll tell what my plans for future cons are:

The very next one, of course is MileHiCon VI, right here in Denver, but maybe that shouldn't even count.

Next year (as of right now; I have my membership) I am definitely planning to attend AussieCon.

And Kansas City in 1976.

Montreal in 1977.

Beyond that I'm making no plans except for WorldCon 1981 -- Denvention II. Lois Newman has persuaded me that '81, not '84, should be Denver's year, and since Lois is willing -- nay, eager! -- to work on the project, it shall have my absolute and unqualified (moral) support. (How could I have forgotten to mention that a goodly portion of that Monday morning all-night partying that I was telling about was spent in conversation with Lois Newman? She had just recently moved to Boulder to open her new book store, but we both had to travel to Washington, D.C. to have a visit).

I am running so short of both space and time now that I'm not even going to say much by way of a progress report on the offset press (it is still just an offset duplicator, but it is functioning smoothly). However, I must, right here and now, issue a public expression of gratitude to Pauline Palmer, who sent me an instruction manual for a Multi 80, and since basically, except for the paper feed mechanism, the 80 and the 1000 are identical, that has been a priceless acquisition. Thank you, Pauline! (Hey, were you at DisCon? Did I talk with you and not even realize quite who you were? It seems to me I may have! If so, I apologize).

#### A F E W L E T T E R S - - O R E X C E R P T S T H E R E F R O M

Fred B. Goldstein  
1962 S. Columbine #6  
Denver, CO 80210

I take typer in hand to make but a small correction of a larger mistake you (yes, you) committed in the last D-o-S. "What? A mistake? Me??" you cry, but cry as you will, it is sad but true. "All right already," you say. "What's the mistake?" And I'll tell you. Why do you think I'm writing this letter anyway?

Bob Vardeman did not write the film. He typed it. From my dictation. I wrote it! Put the blame on me. Vardebob did contribute a few ideas though).

I see where someone said you should get me to write a bit on necrophilia. Indeed not! That's perverted. Anyone who knows me realizes that I am the very soul of propriety, past performance notwithstanding. (Necrophilia. Hmmmm,...)

Enough. Consider yourself chastised for that greivous error.

Okay, fine. I can't imagine why anyone would willingly confess to having written the screenplay for Pleasure Planet, but if Fred wants the "credit" that's



beautiful. His complaint doesn't worry me. What does have me terrified into a state of near paralysis is the ominous silence from Bob Vardeman, whom I had previously and publically accused of the atrocity. I've been expecting to hear from his lawyer at any time.

Oh, and in answer to those who have asked: No, the DASFA film version of PP did not get shown at DisCon. Ted Peak and Judith Brownlee were unable to attend, after all, and they didn't dare let the single work print out of their possession. Probably just as well. It would scarcely have been fair to Harlan Ellison and A Boy and His Dog to have had Pleasure Planet also there, in competition.

C. William George  
Against the Wall  
P.O. Box 444  
Westfield, N.J.  
07091

I'm sorry if my letter in Donny 35 sounded antagonistic. It wasn't meant to -- it was meant to be informative. [And I apologize for my misinterpretation]

The original question, if you'll recall, was not libertarian societies of the future but libertarian societies of the past, so my reply was completely in order.

Now, to answer the question you raised -- what grounds are there for believing libertarian societies can exist in the future -- I could be cute about it and say that we have a libertarian society right here in the U.S. of A., commonly referred to as "the black market," "the counter-economy" or "alternative institutions," which is flourishing quite nicely. Its practitioners simply run their lives as though the government doesn't exist -- they pay no taxes and submit to no regulations.

Outside the U.S., a group of people are attempting to set up a limited, laissez-faire republic in about ten different places which would be sort of federated together. They call themselves the "New Country Project." The most I could tell you about them at this point is that they seem to be well-financed. If any of you readers are interested, I'd be happy to supply their address so they can write for more information.

Will Norris  
1073 Shave Road  
Schenectady, NY  
12303

... The libertarian arguments which have been going on seem to threaten to get out of hand. C. Wm. George hasn't gotten the point of the comparison you made to the fundamentalist, as you pointed out. It seemed rather obvious to me, and I don't think you should have apologized [I should apologize maybe for having apologized? No, it gets too complicated] I think you should have spelled it out instead. It seems like a cop-out to me if the fellow is going to say something, then direct you to someone else. Let him elaborate and cite sources -- if he thinks the argument is worth discussion and further comment. It seems if he wants to "stand on his own two feet" then he should do so instead of "muddying up the arguments" with a cop-out like what he fed you and D-o-S readers in #34. ...

Mike Glicksohn  
141 High Park Ave.  
Toronto, Ontario  
M6P 2S3

..."Most faneds would have left the bottom of page 13 blank instead of cluttering it up with needless print but some people can't resist the temptation to..."

I'm shocked that Jodie would designate a syndrome of discussing presses with my name. I never talk about my mimeo and its capabilities. I do discuss repro and design a lot, as does Bowers, and that's where our names should be enshrined. Discussion of cuplicators themselves should be referred to as the Lindsay-Thompson Mechanical Obsession Syndrome. Okay, love? (That's Jodie, not you, Don). [Got it].

In my completely arbitrary opinion there's never any excuse for knowingly publishing bad artwork. Even if it's drawn by your wife/mother/mistress/snake ...

[Even dirty old men need love, and even bad artists need egoboo!]

Kenneth R. Frost  
64 Bedle Avenue  
Willowdale, Ont.  
M2B 1K8

...Bless you for your tale of woe. I thought I was the only person who could screw up a simple thing like changing a washer. Your wife sounds like mine. Verrry lo...ng suffering. Maybe that's because they're the only kind that will stay married to us'ns. Glad to hear that the 1000 is alive

and well. Keep the lucky recipients of D-o-S informed. The locs that mention the nature of fans are (to steal a line) 'killing me softly,' although I would be reluctant to classify either myself or a number of fen I know as introvert. I like to think we're self-contained extroverts.

I take issue with Sam Long when he says, "I take issue with Roy Tackett...". The 'proofs' he offers are comparable to those my son gives for his contention that a classmate is homosexual. Some one told him. I will grant that it may be true but not that it's proven....

Keep layin' [the illustrations] in. Most aren't bad (in fact, they're fairly good), and the worst that can be said is that some are less 'finished' than others.

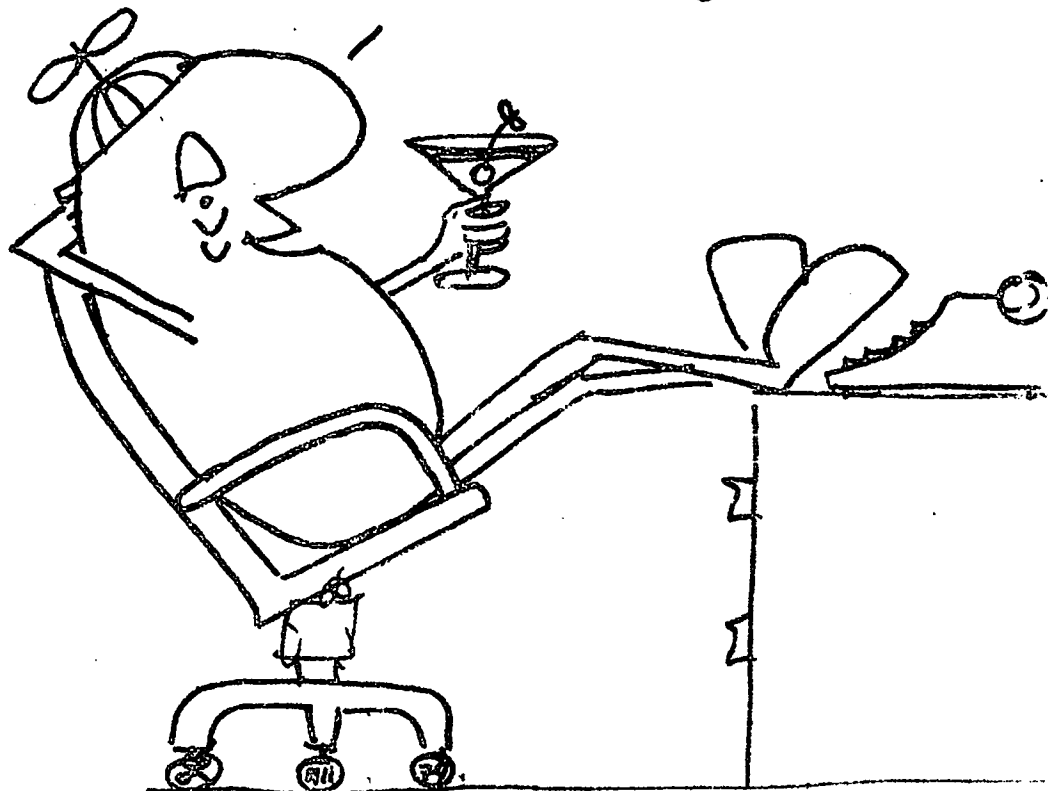
Harry Warner Jr.  
Hagerstown, Md.  
21740

... I don't think that the disability theory [of fandom] ever required a fan to have mental or physical disability. Jack Speer, who invented it, classified as a handicap various other things, like an unhappy childhood and even, if

he was being serious in one instance, growing up in a small town. Viewed that way, it would be awfully hard to find many individuals who hadn't suffered some kind of disability by the time they were out of their teens...

Odd: nobody mentioned the obvious point in these remarks about whether there's proof of continued existence of the ego beyond death. Quite a few people who have been medically dead have been revived and still possess egos.

*fandom is a way of loaf!*



# FOR THE '77 WORLDCON:



# VOTE MONTREAL

## CITY

Unlike some bidders, we think that the city and hotel *do* make a difference. That's why we're bidding for Montreal for '77. Not many fans realize that Montreal is the 2nd largest French speaking city in the world, and the largest in Canada, with more than 2 1/2 million people. In 1976 it will host the summer Olympics, making it the only city in the world to host both an Olympics and a World's Fair.

Montreal has some great sights (like the skyline at night, pictured above from the top of Mount Royal Park in the center of the city), and some great restaurants; a wonderful subway system, and a city-under-the-city, with hundreds of shops, stores, restaurants and theatres, with which our

convention hotel is directly connected. And Man And His World, direct descendant of Expo '67, continues unabated on its island in the St. Lawrence (a few minutes from the hotel by subway). Downtown is very cosmopolitan, and Old Montreal very touristy and scenic; and Montreal is perhaps the only place in the world where American, British, and French SF are on sale in the same bookstores. If you liked Toronto, you'll love Montreal, where the best of English Canada and the traditions of French Quebec merge.

## HOTEL

Our convention hotel is the queen Elizabeth, largest in Montreal. Across the street from Place Ville Marie, it's the first stop on the bus from the airport, and has direct



connections to the CN railway terminal. It's only 5 minutes to the CP railway terminal, and has free parking for hotel guests. Of its 1200 rooms, we've reserved 750; every room has an outside view overlooking the city (no airshaft views in this hotel!).

All convention facilities are located on one floor; of course we'll have use of all of them for the duration of the convention. The main convention area of more than 13,000 sq. ft. holds more than 2300 people; additional areas totaling more than 29,000 sq. ft. will more than adequately hold huckster room, art show, hospitality and other meeting requirements.

## COMMITTEE

Andrew Porter, Coordinator, was secretary of NYCon 3, and has been on many other convention committees, most recently TORCON II's. He is publisher of ALGOL and former publisher of SF WEEKLY and CONVENTION, a magazine for SF convention planners. He is a member of several fan groups, and has attended more than 80 conventions. Bruce Robbins, Montreal coordinator, is a member of FAPA and plans to be an actuary after he passes his examinations. He has published PARADOX since 1966. John Boardman, Treasurer, was Treasurer of NYCon 3, several Lunacons, and his union at Brooklyn College, where he teaches physics. John has been in fandom for more than 20 years; his fanzines number in the hundreds. Howard DeVore, Convention Sales Coordinator, has been in fandom since before many of us were born. A familiar face at conventions for many years, Howard was co-chairman of Tricon and is an experienced hand at all phases of convention management. Esther Rochon, Translator, is fluent in both French and English, and has had SF published in French language magazines.

Montreal in '77 will be augmenting this committee from time to time, as the right people present themselves for the right jobs. We're not rushing rashly into creating jobs for our friends; as specific duties present themselves we'll be finding people to fill them.

Of course, we have a broad base of support within Montreal. Though not well-known in the broader world of fandom, we think you'll be hearing a lot more from the Montreal fans in the months to come.

## WHY?

Why are we bidding? Because we were tired of giving advice to other committees on how to promote their bids, and because no one even considered holding a convention in Montreal. Canada is a fine place for a convention, as many of you discovered when you attended TORCON. And Montreal is an ideal city for a truly international World SF Convention. We plan to have a bi-lingual convention with both French and English language guests of honor, much more than an assembly-line convention, where the hotel and programme are interchangeable with any of half a dozen other worldcons. Most of all, we have enthusiasm for Montreal in '77. We think it will be a good convention, a different convention, and we hope you'll support and vote for us.

## MONTREAL '77

|                |                              |
|----------------|------------------------------|
| Andrew Porter, | Coordinator                  |
| Bruce Robbins, | Montreal Coordinator         |
| John Boardman, | Treasurer                    |
| Howard DeVore, | Convention Sales Coordinator |
| Esther Rochon, | Convention Translator        |

MONTREAL IN '77/P.O. BOX 4175/NEW YORK N.Y. 10017/USA



Marci Helms  
4581 Glenalda Drive  
Drayton Plains, Mich.  
48020

...I thought you might be interested in the enclosed clipping concerning the investigations into the existence of the soul and survival after death being conducted by the American Society for Psychic Research. I understand that the society has published several reports on their information-gathering procedures, etc., but have not seen the reports myself.

[The clipping is from FIFTH ESTATE July 11-17, and the headline is: Scientists Hunt for Soul While Studying Death. The story reads:

"A New York psychical research group has been conducting a bizarre study to discover whether or not human beings really have souls.

"The American Society for Psychical Research has interviewed, extensively, more than 1600 American doctors and nurses concerning their observations of dying patients at the moment of death. The society reports finding a large number of patients report seeing visions or apparitions of dead relatives or friends coming to get them.

"The society has also interviewed dozens of patients who were revived by drugs after their hearts had stopped beating. These patients report that they, too, had the sensation of leaving their bodies and being greeted by dead acquaintances.

"The society has computerized its findings on death experiences, and is comparing the death experiences of Americans with similar reports being collected in India.

"One difference between the two cultures, the society reports, is that for virtually all Americans, dying seems to be a peaceful, non-threatening experience. In India, however, about a third of the dying patients studied there reported an uncomfortable or frightened feeling at the moment of death.

"Patients in both studies reported the appearance of apparitions; but why Indian patients experienced more fear than Americans remains a mystery.

"In its next experiments, the society hopes to take its study one step further: Research Director Dr. Karlis Osis says researchers will employ highly-sensitive film and other sensitive measuring devices in an attempt to record the actual departure of the soul from the human body."

[And have all you death-fans read The Gasp by Romain Gary? Maybe I'll have a review of it nextish].

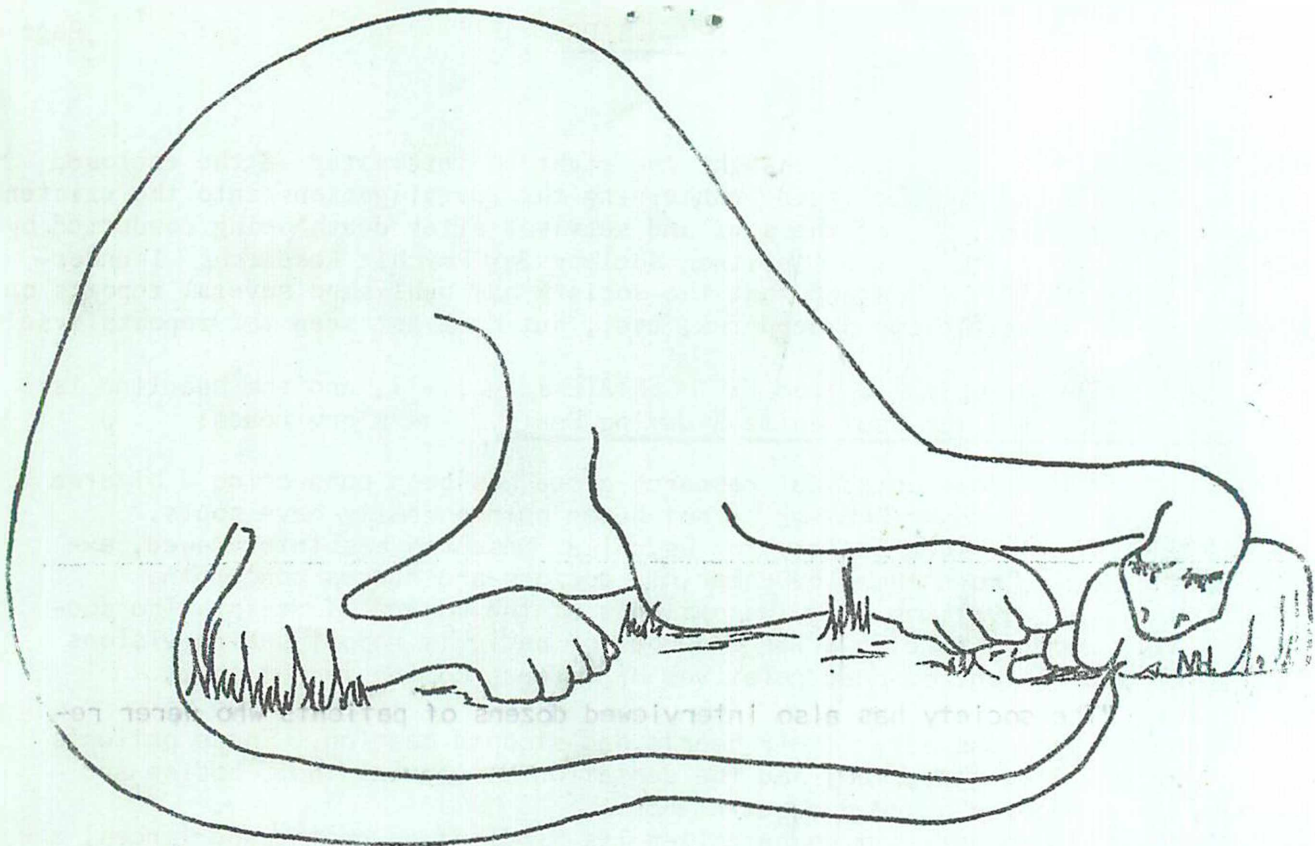
\*\*\*\*\*

# I ALSO HEARD FROM :

Ruth Berman, Mike Blake (who says I have credited some of his artwork to Gail Barton \*BLUSH\* but didn't specify), Mike Bracken (who likes Sheryl Birkhead's artwork, as who doesn't?), Gary Farber (whose page 10 #35 was blank), Chris Hulse (rhapsodizing about his new \$8 mimeo; he also enclosed some very neat looking work done on it), Ben Indick, J.C. Kapalka, Denman A. Kelley, Vic Kostrikin, Eric Lindsay, Sam Long, Brad Parks, Jerry Pournelle, John Robinson, Polly Ryan, Chris Sherman and Frank Willimczyk

# ART CREDITS

FRONT COVER: Jeff Kapalka  
BACK COVER: Marci Helms  
Page 2 logo: Bill Kunkel  
Page 3: Kunkel;  
Page 5: Vic Kostrikin; P. 8, Kostrikin  
Page 10 and 11: Gail Barton  
Page 13: Kapalka; P. 14 Kostrikin  
Page 15, faces, from top: Marci Helms, Kostrikin, Kostrikin, Brad Parks.  
Page 18: Sam Long



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