

comes your way from Mike Glicksohn and the vast XENIUM publishing empire centered at 141 High Park Avenue, Toronto Ontario M6P 2S3, Canada and is intended for the 173rd mailing of FAPA, due out in November of 1980. If the striking Canadian postal workers permit its delivery, it should save my membership in FAPA, thereby living up to the precedents established by its numerous ancestors. Thus do we establish and maintain traditions in the face of an otherwise constantly-changing universe. It is a reassuring feeling to be an island of stability in a universe of rampant entropy.

WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER VACATION BY MIKEY GLICKSOHN (AGE 34)

Many of you know that I teach highschool and get nine or ten weeks holiday in the summer. Many of you also know -- from reading my apazines or providing me crashspace in July or August -- that I tend to travel a lot in those nine or ten weeks. Since July in particular is crowded with midwestern conventions I usually have a fairly full itinerary. For the summer of 1980, I'd planned even more extensive expeditions than usual.

I left Toronto just before noon on Friday, June 27th, some twelve seconds after the last official function of the 1979-80 school year. I returned to Toronto around eight

in the evening on Monday, September 1st, some twelve hours before the first official function of the 1980-81 school year. Between those dates I went through several thousand miles, several thousand dollars, a great many cities and a lot of terrific times. For ~~the~~ my record, here's how it went...

The summer holidays started, as they often do, with Midwestcon, Cincinnati Fandom's annual weekend party. This year we (happily) bid farewell to the unfriendly Holidome in a weekend orgy of fannish conversation, drinking and pinball. Toronto Disco Satin Caftan Fandom made its initial appearance and registered a strong impression on a midwestern fandom already aware of the recent emergence of a new - and delightful - generation of socially-oriented Toronto fans. Wandering around for eighteen to twenty hours a day from one party to the next by way of the free consuite bar made an excellent start for what proved to be an excellent summer.

After recuperating (along with much of Toronto fandom) at the Leigh Hotel on Monday night, I flew to Chicago for a few days with Ben Zuhl and Lowry Taylor. We spent a vast amount of time (and I spent a vast amount of quarters) at the legendary pinball emporium, Silver Sue's and an equally vast amount of time in some of Chicago's seemingly infinite number of corner taverns, desperately trying to escape from the 100 degree temperatures. We also took in a White Sox game (and got to see a one-hit shutout victory for Chicago) and played several rounds of a unique new game called Frisbee Golf which is exactly what its name implies: a game of golf in which one throws a frisbee towards a wire basket instead of hitting a ball towards a small hole. And then we all drove up to Wilmot.

WILCON, Jon and Joni Stopa's yearly Independence Day weekend party, has been widely written up in this and other Glicksohn fanzines. It is always one of the best -- if most debillitating -- weekends of the fannish year and this year's version was no exception to that rule. We played hard, drank hard, talked hard, worked hard and generally had a wonderful weekend. Madman Riley and I and maybe three other tipplers went through a keg of beer, Ben Zuhl fell off Wilmot Mountain trying to hide behind his wife while pursued by a lustful wench, Larry Tucker taped my suggested "Mikey likes it" commercial in the bar of the Wilmot restaurant and I retroactively made a truthful woman of Joni Stopa by working all nine work details over the three days of the party. WILCON 80 was somewhat smaller than some previous gatherings but the consensus was that it was one of the best there'd been. And I still have the bottle of Chivas Royal Salute that Joni gave me for past good deeds as a long-lasting souvenir of one of the great parties of 1980.

After a day of rest (and pinball) in Chicago, I flew to Vancouver in beautiful British Columbia, Canada's westernmost province. This was several thousand miles further west than I'd ever been in Canada, despite the fact that my father and step-mother have lived there for over three years and my ex-wife Susan Wood has lived there for even longer than that. Rumours had reached me that my father's health -- never good since a four year stint in Nigeria in the mid-Seventies -- was extremely bad and I'd decided that a visit was in order as soon as one could be arranged. This was to be it.

I spent four days with my dad and his twenty six year old second wife (it's hard to call someone eight years younger than you are "Mom") on the communal farm they live on just outside Vancouver and I was delighted to find them both in excellent health and spirits. Apparently my father had indeed been gravely ill (and had never let me know) but was well on the road to recovery. We spent many hours wandering through the fields and the forests just talking and catching up with what our lives had been like since we last saw each other. It was a warm, comfortable, mellow period and one I'm enormously glad I arranged to have. Although we have practically nothing in common, my family and I love each other dearly even if we see each other far too rarely,

and the days on the farm reaffirmed this. Dad and Hilary will soon be making their first trip back East since moving to Vancouver and I'm looking forward to many more conversations during the two weeks they'll be staying here with me.

Next I spent four more days in Vancouver with Susan, the first time we'd had an opportunity to do more than have a brief chat at a worldcon since we separated several years ago. Unfortunately, Susan was emotionally and physically exhausted after an extremely difficult year and spent much of the time trying to recover from a particularly virulent viral infection. We did, however, have a chance to party with some of the Vancouver fans (although the first person to enter was the peripatetic Jan Howard Finder), visit a couple of good restaurants, see a little of the truly beautiful city of Vancouver and spend one drunken evening discussing plans for the proposed *ENERGUMEN* 16.

I don't know if that name means much to some of you, but it does to me! For three years at the start of the Seventies, *ENERGUMEN* was a major part of my life. It won me my only Hugo and helped initiate a great many of the friendships I treasure the most to this day. It was neatly and carefully wrapped up and put to rest in May of 1973. And resurrected, it would appear, in the summer of 1980. (Seven years...that's not too many...)

Susan and I had talked about the idea of a sixteenth issue over the phone but, as far as I was concerned, nothing had actually been finalized. Susan apparently didn't have the same impression. She began collecting material and talking the issue up and I was quite surprised to suddenly read about its imminent appearance in a variety of fanzines arriving in the mailbox. Presented with a *fait accompli* there was little I could do but acquiesce gracefully and start working out the details. So we killed most of a bottle of scotch and most of a bottle of brandy and thrashed out some of the things we needed to agree on and it seems that once all those fabulous writers and artists who've jumped at the chance to appear in our famous blue pages once again get their contributions in I'll be spending several hundred hours publishing a mammoth fannish genzine. But don't hold your breath waiting for it to appear: it may not take as long as *WARHOON* 28 did but it seems unlikely to appear in the same year as this issue of *FLOCCI*. (Of course, it was unlikely that this issue of *FLOCCI* would appear in the same year as the last issue of *FLOCCI* so there are more things in fanac and fandom than are dreamt of in your publishing schedule, Horatio and we shall see, we shall see...)

Widely-travelled fans seem to agree that two of the most beautiful cities in North America are San Francisco and Vancouver. I've been in love with San Francisco ever since I first went there in 1968. And I'm ready to agree that Vancouver is the equal of that fabulous city. Rarely have I been in a city that had a more attractive physical location or a more enjoyable *ambience*. It is easy to understand why Vancouverites think we Torontonians are underprivileged and they might even be right. Fortunately for us Vancouver and San Francisco share the same drawback: an overabundance of rain but they are both exciting and beautiful cities and I'm very glad I finally had the chance to see Canada's showplace. It's almost enough to make this cynic feel patriotic.

From Vancouver, I returned to Chicago, saw friends, participated in another Thursday Night gathering of Chicago fandom, finally got together with ex-roommate Derek Carter (and arranged for the cover for *NERG* 16) and then drove to Wapakoneta, Ohio with Alex Eisenstein and Michelle Kolsher for the second annual *SPACECON*.

SPACECON is another relaxacon with no formal programming but lots of drinking, swimming, talking and poker playing. I'd arranged with Phil Wright from Toronto for my business-type mail to be brought down so I spent an hour paying off bills and avoiding sundry carrying charges and interest. (Unfortunately, I didn't think to tell

Phil to bring down anything that looked like a communication from a book club so on my return to Toronto I found myself the proud possessor of several books I really have no interest in possessing. There are drawbacks to being away for ten straight weeks in the summer.) I also collected the last few FAAN Award ballots to arrive in the mail after I'd left, along with the three remaining FAAN Award plaques that the store had forgotten to do when I originally placed the order in mid-June. And thereby hangs a tail, as they say.

For several years I've been on the FAAN Award Committee. The FAAN Awards are presented annually to honour (theoretically) excellence in fanzines. They are a peer group award, created by Moshe Feder and administered by a committee of (theoretically) active and interested fanzine fans. Now I've made a reputation for myself as a fanzine fan so the FAAN Awards were a natural area for me to work in. I think I'm the only person to be on the committee since it was first set up and for the last two years I've counted the ballots in the yearly election, removing my name from consideration so as not to compromise my position.

Now while the FAAN Awards ought to be an obvious area for agreement among active fanzine people, their history has been somewhat checkered. Some influential fanzine fans have boycotted them completely and the committee itself has shown remarkable apathy at times. Moshe Feder, after initiating the concept and seeing it become reality, became too busy to devote the appropriate amount of time to his committee-related duties and in the area of the actual physical awards themselves things began to fall behind. For three years Moshe failed to get the engraved plates made so that the statues which make up the award itself were handed out unadorned. Then last year Randy Bathurst -- who has fashioned each statue individually since the awards were established -- failed to make the statues in time for the presentations at SEACON so that only bare bases were available at the so-called presentation ceremony. Something obviously had to be done.

This year, exercising power that my position as Official Teller didn't give me, I took over the awards myself. I kept after Randy -- in a friendly way -- until he promised to get both this year's and last year's statues ready for Autoclave where the awards were scheduled to be handed out. I arranged for the previous three years plates to be engraved and mailed them out to former winners. And I promised everyone that for the first time in four years we'd be handing out complete awards when the ceremony came round.

At the end of June, when the winners were clearly established, I arranged for the plates to be engraved so I could carry them with me on my summer travels. Unfortunately the engravers erred and failed to provide me with three of the plates I'd need. Since I picked them up on the way to the airport that last Friday morning in June, I had to arrange for Phil to get the missing plates and bring them to me at SPACECON. Which is where we were when this preamble began.

I left Wapakoneta well on the way to fulfilling my promise about complete awards. I had all the plates, all the statistics for the voting summary, a sworn statement by Randy Bathurst that the statues would be ready and a lot of confidence in my ability to locate some attractive wooden bases of the right size and cost. Ha!! As they say.

After SPACECON I spent a couple of days in Findlay, Ohio as a guest of Roger and Sandy Reynolds. I typed up the two page FAAN Awards voting summary and had a hundred copies quick-printed up, all without letting Roger see the results. (I take my responsibilities seriously, after all.) I also spent a fruitless afternoon at all two of Findlay's trophy stores trying to find my bases. Oh well, never mind: Ann Arbor and Detroit will be loaded with places to buy wooden bases, I said to myself. Ha!! As they still say.

Roger drove us up to Ann Arbor where I crashed with Leah Zeldes and Larry Tucker. My prime concern was to find those bases since AUTOCLAVE was only two days away. Leah kindly drove me all over Ann Arbor looking for neat little blocks of wood to glue cute Randy Bathurst figurines to. It probably won't surprise you if I mention that we came up empty. (Actually, we did find *exactly* the base I was looking for. Unfortunately, it came with a bloody great ugly trophy attached to it and the store manager said it would take three weeks to get a supply of the bases from Chicago. I had about three days.)

I decided to give the Motor City a try and went in with Sid Altus and seven hundred and fifty autographed copies of the first edition of Stephen King's new novel "Firestarter". Luckily for me and my promise, Bill Bowers was also in town early for a Detroit in 82 Committee meeting at Sid's house (nostalgic sigh in this post-NOREASCON era) so after we checked in Friday morning at the AUTOCLAVE hotel we drove all over the city looking for bases. And we found them, too; although it took a dozen different phone calls before we found where to go, and it turned out to be a thirty mile drive away. But finally I had the bases and everything was right, right?

Of course not. When I got back to the hotel I discovered that five of the seven bases were just slightly smaller than the one the shop manager had showed me and the plates overlapped just a trifle. Ever try to find a place that can trim metal plates in the heart of downtown Detroit? I doubt many of you have been called upon to try such a task. But I eventually managed it and even found some Crazy Glue. In the *fifth* store I went to! Nothing was going to be easy with these awards.

But I put them all together and found enough famous fanzine fans who weren't on the ballot to act as presenters and the ceremony was both well-attended and well-received and I *did* fulfill my promise. And next year we're giving out framed certificates!

AUTOCLAVE itself was a good convention. Many Toronto fans came down for it, including Doris Bercarich, the young lady I'd spent three of the four previous cons with, with whom I'd spend the next two conventions, and who is sitting in the living room right now watching "Moonraker" as I type these words. Much of the evidence I have for the summer of 1980 being my best ever seems to be centered on this young lady. There was also the Come As A Favorite Fan party where I showed up as Rusty Hevelin and Dana Siegel showed up as me, complete with hat, hair, shoulder bag, caftan and bottle of Chivas! (I'm tempted to mention that Sid Altus asked me who it was who was dressed as me but I hate to embarrass a Publishing Giant that way.) With several expeditions to nearby Greektown, it was a highly successful con indeed.

Bill Bowers drove me down to Cincinnati for yet another day of R & R chez Leigh and then continued to act as chauffeur as we headed on to Louisville. Louisville is where they hold RIVERCON each year but I hadn't really planned on going to it. In fact, I'd more or less told Joe and Gay Haldeman that I'd be Florida-bound once AUTOCLAVE was over. However, the RIVERCON committee asked me if I'd help Rusty with their art auction and the fannish ego being what it is I could hardly refuse their offer. Besides that, Jackie Causgrove and Dave Locke had recently set down roots in Louisville and while Jackie had been at WILCON, I hadn't seen Dave in over a year. Since Jackie and Dave are two of my all-time favorite drinking-'n-talking partners, the opportunity seemed too good to miss.

The four pre-RIVERCON days in Louisville more than lived up to my expectations. We drank and talked copiously yet still had time for a little fanac, shopping and pinball. I finally got to discover that Dave Locke really *doesn't* have to rely on exaggeration in his fan writing (all those crazy things *do* happen to him) but you'll have to wait for ENERGUMEN 16 to read all about it. And then there was RIVERCON.

Although Southern cons don't seem to be as party-oriented as Midwestern ones, this

was a fine con. The art auction went well, thereby justifying my attendance. (Rusty was later to tell me that several artists approached him to remark that they'd never gotten such good prices for their stuff and to thank us for our efforts on their behalf.) GoH Roger Zelazny was a delight to renew acquaintances with and Doris surprised and delighted me by deciding at the last minute to fly down for the weekend. We shared the leisurely cruise on the "Belle of Louisville", enjoyed the company of many fannish friends and revelled in watching Tucker being Tucker. And when I got back to Toronto there was a letter from the RIVERCON committee asking me if I'd do the same again next year so I guess it was a successful weekend.

If the summer so far had been an excellent one, the best was yet to come! From Louisville, I flew down to Florida to spend three weeks with two of my oldest friends, Joe and Gay Haldeman. (Weeks to be shared with a bewildering array of fannish visitors from all over the globe, each and every one of them Good People.)

It would be hard to do justice to those three fine weeks in Florida and I won't even try. But I must touch on a few of the highlights...

Back in 1977, just prior to SUNCON, the less-than-totally-successful worldcon in Miami, there was a small gathering of fans called MOONCON. It was held on Pigeon Key, the smallest of the Florida Keys, a small island about the size of a couple of football fields huddling underneath the famous Seven Mile Bridge. Attendance was limited by the size of the facilities and MOONCON too was somewhat less than totally successful for most of the attendees. A two-day torrential downpour and a variety of crises suffered by various of the people there tended to put a damper on what had been planned as a pre-worldcon ultra-fannish party. (I was too drunkenly happy most of the time to notice these minor details and ended up having an absolutely fantastic time all weekend. It wasn't until months later that I talked to others who had been there and discovered how miserable many of them had been.)

Part of the MOONCON publicity had involved the attraction of snorkling in local waters and while I would have attended anyway I must admit that publicity made the weekend seem even more attractive than I already found it. I'd never snorkled, and in fact had always been almost totally non-aquatic, but the prospect was enormously appealing. Unfortunately, the rain and the storm conditions pretty well put paid to the snorkling plans. But not entirely. There was one barely acceptable afternoon when one boat put out with about eight would-be snorklers aboard. I was lucky enough to be one of them. And I absolutely loved it, as I've written up elsewhere. It was one of the most memorable experiences in a very important summer in my life.

It turned out that both Joe and Gay were keen on snorkling and it also turned out that the only living coral reef off the continental United States ran along the Keys. Periodically, I'd say to Gay, "You know, we must rent a cabin and go snorkling off the Keys sometime." And she'd agree. Every now and then Joe would say to me, "You know, we really should go through with that plan to snorkle down in the Keys." And I'd agree. And, in true fannish fashion, conventions, and books, and trips abroad would intervene and keep us from actually doing it. Until this summer, that is.

I was bound and determined that 1980 would be the year we'd go snorkling. This was at least in part due to the fact that for the first time in many years I hadn't been able to spend the Christmas/New Years period with the Haldeman family and was suffering severe Haldeman withdrawal. So an extended trip to Florida was definitely called for for part of my summer travels. And since lack of time had always been a major reason for not getting around to setting up the snorkling expedition, this also seemed the perfect time to arrange that trip. So we did.

Joe and Gay and I spent four days in a rented cabin in Key Largo, shared the always-enjoyable company of Bill and Doris Nabors who are lucky enough to live there full-

time, talked a lot, drank a lot, fished a lot, caught hard-shell crabs and cooked them within the hour, almost bagged a couple of Florida lobster and pigged out on Key Lime pie. And we snorkled. Well...almost!

In one of those ironic twists of fate which occur every now and then just to prove the universality of the various versions of Murphy's Law, Joe injured his toe the first day we were there (he was savaged by a vicious ~~BARRACUDA~~ ~~GLAY/CLAY~~ ~~WANTA/YAY~~ can of potatoes) and couldn't go in the water for the entire time we were down in the Keys. Happily, Joe enjoys fishing and spent many peaceful hours with a glass of Myers' and lime out on the dock while Gay and I took the boat trip out to the coral reef and I grabbed every available opportunity to explore even the waters out back of our cabin. And I had a ball! Just easing my way around the bay our dock was in was fantastic, although I discovered that even a small barracuda can be quite unnerving when it just floats there staring at you. And the reef was like another world. Thousands of fish, dozens or perhaps even hundreds of different varieties, all fantastically colored, swimming placidly around and through the most gorgeous masses of several different types of living coral. The hour and a half spent in the water went far too quickly and I look forward to repeating the experience whenever possible. Not even the mild sunburn I got from floating with my back exposed to the sun for ninety minutes or the fact that my facial hair makes it almost impossible for me to avoid leakage into the snorkling mask could discourage me from doing that reef trip over and over again. As I said after my introduction to snorkling back in '77, this is as close to an alien world as I'm ever likely to get and I can't get enough of it!

Florida is an unusual state. It may well have more tourist attractions than any other comparable area in the United States and we visited several of them. Theatre of the Sea was great: I thrilled a sea lion by letting it kiss me and petted a baby shark. Shark World was less spectacular but the Miami Serpentarium more than made up for it. Watching the Director capture and milk a twelve foot king cobra on the lawn in the middle of a crowd of gasping tourists was well worth the admission price. (I never knew Gay could jump that high from a standing start.) And Daytona Beach is always fun to look at; the closest thing to a plastic city this side of Las Vegas but lacking that gambling mecca's endearing glamour.

I finally got to spend a day at Busch Gardens in the company of Alice Haldeman and Alice Haldeman, Jr. (Or whatever the equivalent is for little girls who have the same names as their mothers.) The free beer pavilion was a major attraction but personally I'll never forget my rides on their two extravagant roller coasters, aptly named The Scorpion and The Python. There is something about riding around a rail on the inside of a circle and hanging upside down -- however briefly -- that tends to stay in one's mind. (My companions both declined to join me on these rides: poor sportsmanship, I thought, for Alices in Wonderland.)

The rest of the time passed in typically Floridian fannish fashion. Lots of talk, lots of drink, lots of cards and games, lots of sun and sea. At various times we were joined by Keith Curtis, the DUFF winner from Australia, Philippe Hupp and his beautiful wife whose name may have been spelled Mireille but was definitely pronounced Mi-Ray, both from France, and Mike Berlyn, neopro, and his wife Muffy. And our faithful companion Rusty Hevelin who joined us shortly after we returned from the Keys and was still there when I left two weeks later. One night there were eleven of us, from four different countries (five if you count Ohio) all sitting around drinking and talking. I've seldom spent a more enjoyable few days.

We did things. We booked on a fishing boat and saw thirty people catch a grand total of two rather small fish. We went to the end of Ormand Peer and paid good money for the privilege of watching other people catching fish. (But we blew their minds when Philippe wandered off in search of something to munch on and came back with a

bag of Burger King junk food and an imported bottle of rather nice Burgundy!) We played Joe's Apple computer for hours, killed a few necromancers, were told "Fuck yourself" by a snotty machine, and entered a few unusual "animals" which should startle future gamers. And we went to the dog track where I studied the racing forms, weighed and analysed the data and the odds, bet scientifically and lost every bet I made and Joe bet quinnellas and trifectas like 7-8 and 2-6-7 because they added up to 15 and the previous day had been his fifteenth anniversary and won three of his bets. If I hadn't cleaned him out at poker on the night of his anniversary I might have found that upsetting...

So three weeks flashed by incredibly quickly and they were three of the best weeks I've had in years. If someday someone asks me, "What's the best thing you ever did in your life?", if I'm feeling sentimental I just might answer, "I made friends with all the Haldemans." I could make a good case for it, too.

I suppose worldcon is the natural highlight of most fannish years, if only because it brings together more of one's friends at one time than any other event on the fannish calander. The Hugos, the masquerade, the speeches, the special events and publications are all icing on the cake: the people and the parties are why worldcon is as special as it is.

I'm on record many times admitting that I haven't enjoyed recent worldcons as much as many smaller regional conventions I get to. I go because it is the worldcon and I want to be there when it unfolds, because I've been to fourteen of the last fifteen worldcons and I don't want to break the string and because it gives me an opportunity to see -- however briefly -- people I haven't seen since last worldcon. But the sheer size of everything, the frantic pace, the impossibility of seeing more than a small fraction of what goes on or talking to even a small fraction of the people one would like to talk to, these things often keep me from properly relaxing and enjoying the con to the full. But still I keep on going because the fault lies in me, not in the worldcon.

NOREASCON TWO, in Boston, in 1980, may or may not be the best world convention in at least five years but I sure as hell enjoyed it as much or more than any worldcon in recent memory. Part of that was due to the generally smooth and excellent job the Boston committee did but in large part my enjoyment of the con can be summed up in one word: Doris. I flew to Boston from Florida the Monday before worldcon, met Doris in the airport at Boston, spent three days as a tourist out of Ruth Kaplan's apartment in Cambridge and then had the best worldcon I've had in years. This despite the fact that the best parties were held in a hotel a fifteen minute walk from the main hotel, despite moments of high drama and high trauma, and despite missing many of the events and the people I wanted to attend and see. I haven't done a worldcon report since 1975 and I don't intend to break that record now but a few thoughts are worth recording for that five-years-from-now version of myself to reread and remember...

I've visited Boston at least half a dozen times (mostly in the early Seventies when I was prone to attending eastern conventions) and yet I'd never seen much more than the inside of some hotels. Since Doris had never been to Boston and since she hadn't had a real vacation since she started work, we agreed to meet a few days before the con and do a little touring. I'm glad we did. After our first day wandering around the downtown area, shopping in the marketplace they'd made from the old dockyard areas and just generally soaking up the atmosphere of the city, Doris remarked that Boston was the first American city she'd ever felt at ease with. In fact, she said she'd already fallen in love with the city. And I understood that because for the first time I'd taken the time to actually experience the city and see what my many Boston-based friends had been talking about when relating their love affairs with Beantown. Boston is a warm, friendly city with an amazingly positive tone. It has

a fine public transportation system, many excellent restaurants, great shopping malls, a hospitable native population, some good pinball parlours and at least one tavern that serves real draft Guinness! If it weren't in America I might even consider living there myself.

Astute observers of the fannish scene (such as myself) had gone out on a limb and predicted that NOREASCON TWO would be B*I*G. It turned out to be enormous. Nearly six thousand people showed up, a multitude of hotels was used to house them all (and thus were the parties spread over several blocks, a situation which somewhat inhibited one's normal party hopping) and the convention facilities -- of necessity -- were scattered over a pretty wide area. And yet apart from the normal worldcon inability to locate any specific fan without prior arrangements for a meeting having been made, everything seemed to work pretty well. Undoubtedly there must have been problems and crises (which we will read about over the next year or so as con reports start to filter through fandom) but I encountered none connected with the convention itself. As expected by old-timers like Bowers and I, the Boston committee gave the appearance of being super-organized and things seemed to work pretty damn well the entire week-end.

For the most part I'll spare you the personal details that made up *my* NOREASCON as I'm sure you don't care who I ate with, drank with, slept with or partied with. But off the top of my head, in no semblance of chronological order, here are a few of the many reasons I enjoyed the 38th World Science Fiction Convention...

...renewing friendships with Anglofen Harry Bell, Jim Barker, Dave Langford, Greg Pickersgill, Malcolm Edwards and Chris Atkinson;

...encountering, briefly and only once, Tim Kirk and Alicia Austin and having them both express delight at the chance to do some work for ENERGUMEN 16;

...Doris Bercarich;

...meeting Harlan unexpectedly at a Hartwell party, later having him sign an issue of one of his 1953 fanzines and later still watching him buy a hand-made wooden desk in the art auction for four thousand dollars;

...Alexis Gilliland winning a long-overdue Fan Artist Hugo;

...the Dead Cat Through History panel;

...taking the role of #2 in Jim Barker's slideshow "The Captive" and being on a moderately successful panel and finally getting to auctioneer at a worldcon art auction;

...buying a bunch of first-edition hardcovers and getting them all signed in a burst of neofannish enthusiasm for that crazy Buck Rogers stuff;

...having seafood for dinner with Rotsler, Canfield, Barker and Bell and watching the stream of cartoons they sent to the hostess during our more than two hour wait for a table;

...and, of course, Good Friends such as Bill Bowers, Doris, Steve and Denise Leigh, Harlan, Ara Parsinian, Joe and Gay Haldeman, everyone already mentioned on this page, Ben Bova, Bob Toomey, George Paczolt and Sally Fink, Anna Schoppenhorst, Joan Hanke-Woods, Gil Gaier, and probably dozens of others whose failure to be listed here in no way diminishes their contribution to my enjoyment of the con.

But conventions (thank Ghod!) don't last forever and long before the last party had

even started, let alone wound down, and long before the necessary farewells to good people one wouldn't see again for a week or a month or a year or even longer had been said, I was on a plane back to Toronto, work, and the Real World. With Doris, I'm happy to add.

There is an enormous sense of unreality to returning to a working schedule after over nine weeks of continuous vacation and hedonistic self-indulgence. Getting up at seven thirty in the morning (instead of staying up until then) can be a major adjustment if you're used to rising whenever (or if) the urge strikes you. But after doing it for ten years, I guess I'm getting used to it.

I'll never get used to coming home and finding half a dozen of my pictures have fallen off the wall and there's a huge great cardboard box filled with mail to be sorted through though. It took me several days just to have the time to see what exactly I had acquired over the summer but eventually I found a large number of bills (and a small number of dollars in the depleted bank account to take care of them), a few personal letters and postcards, a fairly small amount of junk mail (I seem to have managed to stay off most of the common junk mailing lists), information on the several books I'd inadvertently added to my collection while away and seventy six fanzines.

That's right: seventy six fanzines. I'm told there are some fans who don't get 76 fanzines in a whole year, let alone in nine and a half weeks. I kinda doubt that, though. They're probably the same people who say they don't believe OUTWORLDS 30 will soon be published. But getting 76 fanzines (and four apa mailings) and trying to get caught up with the missed business of almost ten weeks and settling back into a new school year with four new classes out of the six I teach (and four I don't especially enjoy doing) which also turn out to have almost fifty students more (in total) than I've ever had before along with a brand-new rotating + tumbling timetable with a new mixture of long and short periods that has the entire school reeling around punch-drunk certainly makes for a pretty hectic few weeks to start out the fall. Toss in the vigour of the new Toronto fannish social scene, four straight conventions in four weekends in October, the hours necessary to prepare for ENERGUMEN 16, several afternoons a week with the school volleyball team, a visit from English fans Malcolm Edwards and Christine Atkinson and a proposed two week visit by my father and step-mother at the end of October, and perhaps you see why I probably won't have the opportunity to do mailing comments for FAPA 173.

But at least I've saved my membership in FAPA ~~AND/KKSSSEMEELY AND/FLAP~~ which isn't so bad a way to wrap up such a great summer...

Look for me about this time next year, just after DENVENTION TWO. Maybe I'll make it nine paintings and eighty five fanzines next time!

They were quite definitely of the school which holds travel to be aimless and without merit unless there is hardship and acute suffering and danger to life connected with it. They are the ones who yearn to penetrate to out-of-the-way places. The beaten track is not for them. They are happiest where the food is ghastly, the accomodations primitive, the snakes venomous and the natives unfriendly. They despise a toilet which works and would enjoy arriving home with the malarial whim-whams. The Arsenaults really don't care about those big eels in Lake Vaihiria. They want to make that miserable backbreaking trip because very few other people in all history have ever made it. They have a mission in life -- to suffer and bleed. And then talk about it afterward. I might add that they are held in much higher esteem back home than those of us who have no desire to beard a Giant Eel in his native bog.

H. Allen Smith, PARADISE, WITH WARTS SHOWING

 Ed Cox doodle here -- but you'd better scrunch up.