

## CON-CHORD DIARY

\*\*\*\*\*

FRIDAY, 3/11/83 (1400): Stage IV-B fen. *Terminal* stage IV-B fen. Over dinner last night Bob Passovoy explained to us the four stages of fandom and concluded beyond doubt that our entire committee fit into that category. I wish I could argue, but the evidence is irrefutable. My only comment would be that there should be a Stage IV-C, reserved for those who run big conventions, such as Westercons or Worldcons.

It's been my first experience as a concom member, and I must say that it's been a unique ordeal so far. Compared to the horror stories I've heard about committees falling apart and taking the con with them, I think we've done very well. We even think that we're organized. We are assured by those who know better that it's all a delusion, but one that we're entitled to.

All of the last week has been spent in a frenzy of collating program books, making membership buttons, putting together membership packages, and trying to figure out what we've forgotten. We're ready for pre-registered members as they hit the door, and all of the supporting members have been contacted both as a reminder and as a check for our banquet headcount.

At least one person has told us that such a level of organization is contrary to the spirit (and possibly the letter) of fandom. We've been called "highly abnormal" for being so organized in advance. I'll take that as a compliment.

Our Guests of Honor, Anne and Bob Passovoy (along with their two girls, Robin and Gillian, and the GOH Babysitter, Becky Darrow), got into LA yesterday morning via Amtrack. The ground has finally stopped moving under Bob's feet, but he's been warned that if it starts up again before he gets on the train, he should take shelter.

Anne and Becky are fascinated by the California flora. Coming in from Chicago and its off-white-fading-to-grey-sludge color of winter, green is an odd color for the landscape. At every opportunity the flowers, plants, trees, and weeds are examined.

Griswold's Inn has already shown the stuff that they're made of. After initially checking the Passovoy's into an itty-bitty room and then transferring them to the accommodations that were required, they lost track of the room change. When Janet and I came to pick everyone up for dinner we were repeatedly told that they were still in the old room. Forty minutes and a couple of threats later I am able to convince the hotel to check the itty-bitty room. Sure enough, they're not in there. A search was begun by the night front desk staff. The Passovoy's were finally found and we had a marvelous dinner.

FRIDAY, 3/11/83 (1500): The hotel strikes again. I've checked into my room with no problems and we begin to use it as a staging and storage area since we don't get our meeting rooms until 5:00. Other folks aren't so fortunate. Some filkers started arriving as much as five hours ago and they've been repeatedly told that their rooms will be ready "soon". Now people are finally getting rooms, but the front desk is putting them (including concom members) in the wrong rooms.

We have gone to a lot of effort with the hotel to make sure that the rooms blocked for the filkers would be on the 2nd and 3rd floors. In this way our rooms would act as a buffer zone between ourselves and any mundanes who might be bothered by our late night singing.

The hotel is now putting filkers up on the 4th and 5th floors and there are quite obviously mundanes being put into the 2nd and 3rd floor rooms. I went down to try and straighten out the problem but got nowhere fast. The "lady" at the front desk is the most uncooperative human being that I've ever met and a number of other people express similiar opinions about her. Strike two for the front desk day shift.

I make *very* damn sure that the front desk realizes that they are inviting noise complaints from the mundanes which we have tried very hard to prevent, while they are at the same time deliberately fouling up the blocking which we set up for our convention. They understand this and don't seem to care.

Is it any wonder that this is the only hotel I've ever seen where the front desk staff doesn't wear any name tags or ID? Harder to pin the blame on the guilty later...

FRIDAY, 3/11/83 (1600): The crowds are beginning to gather in earnest. Arlin Pound is in from Arizona, Bob Laurent from Oakland, Jim Dana from New Mexico, plus the locals taking off early from work. Most everyone is getting the type of room that they want even if we can't get them on the right floors. We've got the two small meeting rooms that we'll be using for huckster's rooms and they're being set up. Off-Centaur has three tables and will have one of the rooms all to themselves. Our main meeting room is occupied until 5:00 by a herd of Avon ladies. Once they're done we'll invade.

FRIDAY, 3/11/83 (1700): We've got forty or fifty people here already and the Avon ladies continue to meet over champagne. When we check with catering we're assured that they'll be out by 5:00. We point out that it's already 5:08. The catering manager goes down and gives the Avon ladies the heave-ho and we start setting up even as they gather their sundries and leave. If looks could kill we'd all be little charred piles of lampblack, but we just smile and keep on. If they threaten us we'll sing at them.

FRIDAY, 3/11/83 (1730): We're set up, registration is open and things are flowing well. Those of us with copious amounts of taping equipment and filkbooks are setting up as needed, the freebie table is filling with flyers and garbage, and the second huckster's room is open with Dag Designs and Tobbie Crowe. The Passovovs have returned from Disneyland (with two small kids it couldn't be missed when only two miles from the hotel) and they have assumed their GOH roles.

According to the program this is supposed to be a "Tu-Ning Party". It looks a lot like setting up equipment and wandering around meeting people to the unenlightened, but since that's what we chose to define a "Tu-Ning Party" as, it's all right. Solipsism at work...

FRIDAY, 3/11/83 (1800): Officially the West Coast Version of a Mid-West Style Filksing (WCVMSF) is supposed to start about now, but the "Tu-Ning Party" continues strong since people are still arriving. Also, nobody has bothered to yell "Let's sing!" yet.

Janet has given me a T-shirt proclaiming me "FUDEE-duddy", with the words "FORTRESS OF ULTIMATE DARKNESS IN 88" on the back. Perfect, black with red letters. I wear it proudly.

FRIDAY, 3/11/83 (1845): Somebody finally yelled. Chris Weber talks those who are set up into acting like they're going to sit down and makes an "official" opening to the con, throwing out the first chord, as it were. Bob starts us off with Steve Simmons' "Songs Out Of Tune" (appropriate) and we're off. Our chairman, Eric Gerds, comes in about four songs later to open the con, but since we've already gone ahead without him he leaves well enough alone.

FRIDAY, 3/11/83 (1930): The LA filk crowd takes well to WCVMSF, especially when you consider the passion for bardic circles in this area. Anne and Bob are carrying their weight and more in the melee since they have a lot of stuff that most West Coast fen haven't heard. We've just subjected everyone to a set of filks about disaster cons: "One Hell Of A Streckon", "Three Fans", and "Hotel Room Requiem".

People continue to come in as planes arrive and people get off of work. Registration goes well for the pre-registered attending members, a credit to Tera Mitchel's set-up and our hard work the last week. We

have hit a small snag with supporting members that want to switch over to attending -- we don't have our button maker at the hotel. It's a good thing that we're a small enough con to just say, "Go on in, we know who you are, we'll get your button in a little bit." Let's see a Worldcon try that.

FRIDAY, 3/11/83 (2015): Jane Mailander has us all in awe as she plays "Midsummer Song" on a tin whistle stuck in her nostril. Now *this* is the kind of stuff you come to a filkcon to see and hear! Gary Anderson has arrived and follows with something appropriate, "Aeorta" by Joe Bethencourt. Harold Groot and Cindy McQuillin are now settled in and singing, as are Corey and Lori Cole. Our total crowd is up to sixty-plus already. Our button maker is here and everyone's official.

FRIDAY, 3/11/83 (2045): We get into the "Critters/My Uniform's Green/Chemist's Drinking Song" set. Anne gracefully sits through "Michael O'Meara" without getting violent.

Chris explains to the gathered multitudes that there will be a bunch of daily contests going all weekend for the competitive. For the gamblers in the crowd, the con will be raffling: A) an in-progress copy of "The Filk Index" for 25¢ a shot; B) a 200ml bottle of Tullamore Dew for \$1 a shot, and; C) a liter bottle of Tully for \$5 a ticket with a maximum of twenty-five tickets to be sold.

Arlin Pound is the man that we saw at Westercon last year with all of the exotic instruments (PFNEN #12, page 4). He's brought most of them and he does some great instrumentals on his dulcimer, mandolin, and banjo. At least, I think that's what those instruments are...

FRIDAY, 3/11/83 (2130): The Sandy Ago crowd joins the fray, with Victor O'Rear throwing in the odd selection from Mark Russell and the Fraggles of Home Box Office. At least part of the Off-Centaur crew has arrived; Jordin Kare and Teri Lee join us. Ev Turner is here too. The prize for longest distance traveled to get here has to go to Bill Seney, a Filk Foundation member that has shown up out of the blue from Alberta. *That's* dedication to filk!

FRIDAY, 3/11/83 (2215): We do a pro-space set: "Planetbound Lovers", "Apollo Lost", and "There She Goes". For a change of pace we do filk love songs: "Liberal Land Of Oz", "When I Was A Young Man", "BEM", "Spacegirl's Lament", "Green Passions", "Zolena", "The Lusty Smith", "The Lusty Fan", and "Phantom Lover Of The Stardrive". Wow!

FRIDAY, 3/11/83 (2300): In a moment of madness we start telling lightbulb jokes. Arlin and Aric Leavitt save us by breaking out into a couple of banjo instrumentals. We foolishly challenge Bob with a couple of silly Dorsai songs. Jane saves us with "Three Kings" done to the tune of "The Teddybear's Picnic".

FRIDAY, 3/11/83 (2330): The rest of Off-Centaur's cadre has arrived from the north and parts east. They've brought Ann Prather from Denver and Julia Ecklar from Ohio in addition to their mob from Berkeley. Ann, a ~~finger~~ professional opera singer, announces her arrival by attempting to shatter glass on a hilarious song ("The Lady In Red"?). We are all astonished.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (0000): Anne and Bob dredge up "The Chicken Song", a bit of exotica which hasn't been seen on the West Coast. We suffer them to live after singing it only because they're GOH's. Bob then inducts a lovely neo-fem-filk-fan (Dinah LeHoven?) into the lewd ritual singing of "Have Some Madiera, M'Dear?". 'Nuff said...

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (0030): Julia swings into action with a truly awful something about Mary O'Meara. If it wasn't so damn funny it would be disgusting. Bob finds out who to kill for writing it. Later, doing "Quest" by Martha Keller, she sincerely thanks Gary Anderson for his G-string. Gary turns the color of his left sock (flourescent red) while Julia matches the color of his right (flourescent green).

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (0100): Leslie Fish starts to put in her two credits worth. The Passovoy's are still on Midwest time and Gillian will be up wanting breakfast in two hours, so they head off to bed. Julia introduces us to a Midwest standard, "Blacksmith Of Brandywine", and I get dressed down by her for referring to "Rainbow Connection" as "that frog song". It's tough not being green.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (0130): The crowd finally starts to thin and die. Most people had to work today before coming, or else they had to travel all day to get here. We pause to move together from all over the room into a more compact group, then press on, fools all.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (0200): Julia, Chris, Harold, and Kim Bethel keep us going with their guitar work. Arlin's pulled out his hammer dulcimer and accompanies everything well. Some mandolin, banjo, and guitar duels get going with Arlin, Corey, and Aric, while Lori does the occasional accordion accompaniment. The crowds continue to thin.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (0315): Everyone's finally given up. Actually, the last two or three have had pity on me and gone to bed so that I can lock up the room. Ben Koslover stays as a guard over all of the sound equipment, not trusting the hotel security (a good move). Day One of Con-Chord is ended.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (1100): By the time I drag myself back to the real world, the con is already hopping. The huckster's rooms are both busy and doing land office business. Off-Centaur has brought down a ton of stuff and it appears to be selling. They've got a new tape by Julia Ecklar, the new Fish/Kipling "Cold Iron" tape (excellent!), a new Cindy McQuillin tape, and finally the "Bayfilk Craziess" tape is finished and available.

Dag Design is pushing the con T-shirts, "Fantastic"'s, PFNEN back issues, the "KFH Songbook #2", and raffle tickets. PFNEN's are going well enough that I have to have Janet bring more from home when she goes to feed the critters. Th sixty I brought are gone by noon. I must admit to being quite pleasantly surprised.

The xeroxing party shown in the program book has gone by the boards. There was a certain amount of interest shown, but Con-Chord couldn't afford to rent a photocopier for the weekend and most people preferred to still be in bed at 10:00 anyway. We did set up a run to a copy shop for those who needed stuff run off, but interest in that was minimal also.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (1130): It's the hotel's coffee shop's turn to get on my bad side. We tried for breakfast/lunch and were fortunate to find the place empty, only two other people in there. After a full half hour of waiting we had not even had our order taken, so we walked out. One strike on the coffee shop, two strikes on the front desk...

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (1200): Our panels start with a copyrighting discussion. Eric Gerds, Teri Lee, Cindy McQuillin, and Doris Robin are all experienced filk publishers and get assigned to the panel. A couple dozen people attend; that's not bad for a con of our size.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (1230): The filkfen continue to come. We have a couple dozen conversions from supporting memberships, including a lot of filkers converting for Saturday only. The surprise is the number of at-the-door memberships being bought. Our total attending membership is up to almost one hundred.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (1300): Anne and Bob sit on the Guest Of Honor panel. Rather than grind an axe or pontificate, they choose to just tell stories of Midwest fandom and filkdom. It's a fine way to run a panel, since most of today's filkers (at least on the West Coast) are fairly new to filkdom, picking it up within the last three years or so.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (1345): Off-Centaur has announced its plans to put on Bayfilk II next year, and they're taking memberships. Tera is

faster than I am and gets membership #1, but Janet and I end up with #2 and #3. There was some confusion over a possible Sandy Ago filkcon for next year. I finally traced that down to some people actually taking seriously a rumor which Eric started for the sole purpose of giving Rilla Parker a hard time. The Sandy Ago filkcon bid is in the same league with the "FUDEE" and "I-5 in 88" worldcon bids. The announcement for Bayfilk II is real and a lot of people are getting in on the special membership rate available at Con-Chord.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (1415): While the "Pagan Influences On Filk" panel is being held we run into a problem at registration. I happen to be the committee member sitting there at the time so it lands on me. A gentleman who appears to be one brick shy of a full load comes in and wants to know about our xeroxing party. He becomes obsessed with the questions, "What was it?", "Was it informal?", and "Was it a failure?" We repeat the answers to these questions twenty or thirty times before he wanders off into the con. We ask him to leave and he becomes nasty.

Rather than causing a scene in the panel we get him out into the hallway where I continue to answer questions. He becomes fixated on the idea of mailing lists; did we get his name from one, did his name get on the one from Loscon, how could he get on ours, etc... We go through this cycle for a while, then he starts asking about future cons; Loscon, Westercon, Worldcon, Crawford cons, etc... I answer all of these repeated questions in turn, figuring that it's good practice for the day when I have two-year-old children. Then we move back to the trio of xeroxing party questions.

After ten or fifteen minutes of this he asks if we want him to leave because we don't like him. I assure him that we like him, we're just sold out of memberships, and he leaves, walking off with what appears to be all of his worldly possessions in a torn up suitcase. Diane Myers has been behind me through all of this. She notes that his eyes were quite dilated and wonders what he was on.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (1500): Jordin, Tera, Chris, and Karen Willson are putting on a workshop in filk writing. Past workshops that Tera's thrown together like this had one song with problems for the group to work on, demonstrating scansion and rhyming problems and solutions. It's a big help for the neofilkers. A public school education doesn't prepare one very well for writing the English language.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (1600): I sit on a panel with Jordin, Chris, Dorothy Fontana, and Lynn Barker. They think that we know something about parodies. We try to avoid boring people too badly. Bob points out from the audience that we on the West Coast appear to have turned "filk" into a verb, a usage unknown in the Midwest. With that fact noted and credited to West Coast fandom, we break for dinner.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (1800): What dinner? Some of us have to set up equipment and get ready for the concert. By the time that we get everyone out of the room and start shoving chairs around, it's after 5:00 and the concert is set to start at 6:00. We now have over 125 attending members and the room is rated at 100 people theatre style, 150 maximum. It's going to be a little tight, but not nearly as tight as it got at Chicon, last year's KFH Maxi-Filk, Bayfilk, or the average big con.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (1815): Ev's done yeoman's duty as our door monitor, keeping people out in the hall while we set up. Shades of the '80 Westercon masquerade! Now all of the sound equipment is ready and the chairs are all arranged, so the crowds are let in.

So much for our preconceptions of how the concert would open. We figured that people would be straggling back from dinner so the first act has been scheduled as a throwaway. That is, if people miss the first act they shouldn't have missed anything. So I'm on first.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (1820): Tom Digby's acting as our MC for the concert, reprising his role from the KFH Maxi-Filk. After I'm introduced and get on stage, a forest of microphones descend on me, like the tumbleweeds surrounding Eddie Albert in that old "Outer Limits" episode. I do a diverse group of songs. My two new ones come first, "Let That Cold World Hold Her Gently" and "Revenge Of The Necrophiliac, Lovesick, African, Claw-Toed Frog", followed by "Two Children". Short song titles have never been my strong point.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (1845): Tom's poetry fills between sets as the acts change and set up. After me he reads "Draining The Last Canal" and "Prelude". In between we hear one song from Alison Dayne Frankel. Done to music from "Cats" it's unfamiliar to most of us, but is done very nicely and goes over well.

Cathy Cook comes on now and does four songs, including "Jargoon Pard", "The Incest Song", and Eileen Aitken's "The Land". Tom follows with "Priorities", one of my favorites.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (1900): Due to the late start we're running about twenty minutes late. Ann Prather comes on and does a marvelous set of songs including "Storyteller" and "Lament For A Novice Keeper". Most of the eight songs I didn't catch the titles to, but all sounded great, often dealing with Pern or Darkover. It's just that our room had glass mirrors all over the walls, and with that voice...

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (1935): Tom read "It So Seldom Rains On The Moon", after which Lynn Barker and Dorothy Fontana entertain us. They are accompanied by an electric banjo on most of their songs and by the L.A. Filkharmonic on others. Their eight songs have a noticeable bent toward the movies, including "Indy Is The Man", "Ballad Of Roy Batty", "UFO Ditty", and "Stormtrooper Boogie", rabble rousers all.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (1950): Tom skips his poem in the interest of time, noting that the schedule says it's 7:00 while his watch claims it's 7:50. Karen Willson comes on and cuts her set to three songs, accompanied by Doug Gagliardi on synthesizer and the Filkharmonic. Her songs include "Father Dreamer" and "Dragonsong".

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (2005): We get a treat arranged by Tera, an appearance by Derek Foster. Known as Baldwin of Erebor in the SCA, he isn't seen much in filkdom outside of the SCA, although his music is widely done. Baldwin does "Oh, Pretty Maid", "Talking Melee Blues" (?), "Young Cathan", and "Burden Of the Crown", dressed for the part of a bard. His material was very well received -- I just wish we could see him at a filksing more often.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (2030): After breaking for only five minutes instead of the fifteen we had planned on, Harold Groot is introduced. Harold cuts his set by one song in the interest of time, but still does four good songs, including "Project Mercury", "Men Still Dream", and "Wasn't That A Filksing?". Harold helps the Tully raffle along by enticing the thirsty crowd with his private stock.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (2045): The L.A. Filkharmonic finally gets on stage on their own, following Tom's "Opening Other Eyes". They are not accompanied by Lynn, Dorothy, or Karen. The Filkharmonic does six songs, including "Elliott's Song", "Blast Away", and "The Last Of Grand Moff Tarkin's Crew". Some influence from the wide screen seems to have crept into their act also. We love them anyway.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (2100): We're gaining back some of the time we've lost; we're only forty minutes behind now. This is vital due to the fact that the banquet will be served at 11:00 PM come hell or high water. The concert has to be done by then, period.

We now bring on our GOH's, Anne and Bob Passovoy. They manage to entertain us, tickle our fancys, make us think, make us snicker, make us cry, and make us laugh for thirty-five minutes. We hear "Richter

Scale", "Starship Unity" (including a verse new to the West Coast), "Juan Henry", "Bantam Cock", "Harbors", "Dangerous Color", "There She Goes", "Have Some Madiera, M'Dear?" (with Becky Darrow), "Shoshenu", "Hushabye Lullabye", and "Mary O'Meara". *That's* entertainment!

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (2140): After another fifteen minute break is shortened to five minutes, Jordin dashes up and does "Dissertaion Blues" and "The Press" as his reasons for not writing more new stuff, then "Fire In The Sky". Tom follows with a short-short, "R?X?".

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (2155): Julia Ecklar gets back to the con just in time for her set after visiting the sights of Southern California and doing other tourist things. The story of the beach as seen by a tourist from Ohio ("Seagulls!...and I thought pigeons were bad!") was followed by a new song ("When I Fly"?). Leslie Fish and Arlin Pound assist on "Rest Stop", a new song off of Julia's new tape, and Julia finished with "Daddy's Little Girl", the scariest song I've ever heard. We would like to have Julia go longer, but her twenty minutes has gone to twenty-five and we're still thirty minutes behind...

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (2225): Cindy McQuillin comes on and does some new material, three songs that I hadn't yet heard. I don't even know the titles of any of them. One is obviously something like "The Son Of Green Passions Meets The Daughter Of Gilda And The Dragon", but I assume that it's got a saner title.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (2235): Leslie Fish is our next performer, doing "Funeral March" (a great new Keller), "Lightship" (?), "Weapon Shops Of Isher", and "No High Ground", a good rabble rouser. We're feeling pretty much like rabble at that point, so it's fitting.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (2255): The banquet is set in the ballroom across the hall from our main filking room, so Chris Weber and Gary Anderson scratch themselves from the concert program. Gary had been put last just in case we ran late (similiar to the reason I was put on first), but it's a pity that Chris had to get cut. I can appreciate the reasoning behind his sacrifice, but I don't have to like it.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (2305): The banquet has been set up with style, a credit to the hotel's banquet department. The room is crowded, but that's a standard for hotel banquets. The food is what was advertised in advance, a cold cut and salad buffet. We get seated and then start sending people past the buffet one table at a time. There's a bit of chaos at first (where's Maxwell Smart when you need him?) but then we hit our stride and everyone gets food within fifteen minutes or so.

After playing crowd control I'm one of the last through the line and there appears to be adequate food for the crowd. Due to some attending member no-shows we're even able to get the interested oneday members into the banquet. Everyone appears quite satisfied.

SATURDAY, 3/12/83 (2330): This appears to be the birthday season in filkdom and it's been planned for by some. Rilla, Julia, Scott Prout, and I (plus a couple others I can't remember) are all dragged up before the crowd to be subjected to the appropriate rituals. For an extra dessert the cake is sliced and passed about.

The usual banquet speeches are made. Eric thanks all those who have come, the dozens who have helped out to make this possible, the committee, etc... I am shocked to receive a beautiful wall-hanging of the Con-Chord logo, done completely by hand by the other committee members. It's things like this that make it all worthwhile and make me proud to call these people my friends.

The raffle is held with our GOH's doing the selection. The rough draft of "The Filk Index" goes to Corey. I was surprised at the large show of interest in it. Perhaps I should see about getting it printed up for real and marketing it. The bottles of Tully also got a good response in the raffle with the liter bottle going to Jeff Rebholz.

SUNDAY, 3/13/83 (0015): We finally finish the banquet and wander back across the hall to continue the filking festivities. Chris gets a semi-bardic circle running. It starts off slowly with a lot of paper shuffling and looking up of songs in between songs, but then picks up momentum. Such is the inherent problem with a bardic circle in any group of more than twenty or thirty people, but there is no perfect solution.

SUNDAY, 3/13/83 (0100): The circle is giving us a wide spectrum of songs. We've gotten an ose or two despite howls of protest, we've done the standards like "Lord Of The Dance", and we've gotten some unusual stuff like Jim Dana's "Riddlemaster Of Hed". Variety!

SUNDAY, 3/13/83 (0145): I find that with the circle the most popular singers still do as much stuff as they do in the Midwest free-for-all style, they just do the stuff that other people are requesting rather than picking their own material every time. We also do a *lot* more group songs in the bardic circle. We do a lot fewer new songs in a bardic circle. Statistically we're doing about fifteen songs per hour as compared to about twenty songs per hour at the same time last night in the WCVWWSF. Still, not bad at all for a bardic circle in such a large crowd. We still have seventy to eighty people present.

SUNDAY, 3/13/83 (0230): We're finally almost halfway around the room, the other disadvantage to a bardic circle. The Passovoy's died about 2:15 after subjecting us all to "The Limerick Song" in all of its myriad variations and permutations. I'm quite pleased to hear a number of Martha Keller poems newly put to music by Jordin and Leslie.

SUNDAY, 3/13/83 (0315): The circle passes through a gaggle of Sandy Ago fen. They have some marvelously original music from "down under", such as "Breeze", "Lost Souls", and "The Mystic's Song". They also manage to crack up Gary. While he's singing his ose, they spring their plot and surround him barefooted, displaying their array of wild, mismatching, bizzare, fluorescent socks. Gary appreciates the show, being a connoisseur of disgustingly mismatching and colorful socks.

SUNDAY, 3/13/83 (0415): The circle is getting harder to keep going. We're finally all the way around the room, due in large part to people on the far side of the room dropping out and going to bed before their turn came. At this point we throw the circle out and go back to WCVWWSF, all moving together from the far corners of the room. The crowd is down to twenty or so, not surprising considering the hour.

SUNDAY, 3/13/83 (0430): Jordin's just done "Ninja & Samurai Sam" with Harold doing a great schtick to go along with it. Gross, but effective. That's enough for me -- I closed the sing last night.

SUNDAY, 3/13/83 (0945): I've been woken out of a sound sleep by Carolyn Clemans. The hotel front desk is trying for strike three and doing a damn good job of it. For reasons which are beyond my ken they have taken it into their heads that our con is over and they won't unlock the two huckster's rooms for us. As hotel liason, I'm called.

Understandably grumpy, I take my copy of our hotel contract down to the front desk. Why am I unsurprised to see the same "lady" giving us problems for the third straight day, still without a name tag? I show her that we do have our rooms reserved and paid for today and that we're scheduled to open them in ten minutes. I'm told that they will be opened.

Five minutes later they still haven't been, so I check back, only to be told that they are open. I run back and try the doors myself; they're quite solidly locked. I go to the front desk a third time and after a phone call I'm told that they've just been unlocked. I get to the people still standing outside the huckster's rooms and it's quite obvious that we've been given a line again. I make a fourth trip to the front desk.



Finally some progress is made. The doors from the huckster's rooms to the outside courtyard are opened so we can at least get in. But one of the doors leading back into the main filk room is still locked, and the houseman who opened the outside doors says that only the boss has a key to that door. I make a fifth trip to the front desk and I'm told that it will be taken care of.

A half hour later we still haven't heard back about the door to the main room, so a sixth trip to the front desk is taken. I'm now told that the man with the key won't be in today, Sunday being his day off! Since I don't want to accuse people of outright lying (at least, not until I have more solid evidence), I simply assume that the error was due to incompetence at the front desk. We spend the rest of the day with the door locked. Strike three!

SUNDAY, 3/13/83 (1015): While this has not done anything great for my Sunday or that of a couple other committee members, the rest of the con is going great. I am amazed at the crowd that has shown up at this ungodly hour for our "REAL Old Time Religion Festival". It's appropriate for Sunday morning at a filkcon, a chance to sing *all* of the verses. A hardcore group of fifteen or twenty has started in and proceeds to do a few hundred verses. As people wander through the room they contribute one or two then stagger off, so the number of verses sung keeps growing even though the group member fluctuate.

SUNDAY, 3/13/83 (1100): A great idea came up at a committee meeting two weeks ago. We all reminded ourselves to remind each other about it before the con, so we all forgot, of course. Now I remember and we quickly get to work. Ron Bounds is in exile in France for a year, so we whip together a big card for him and get everyone at the con to start signing it. We missed the Saturday-only members, but we've still got eighty or ninety people at the con.

Our total attending membership is now at 124.

SUNDAY, 3/13/83 (1130): The OTR group continues but they're now down to writing their own verses since they've sung all of the old ones that they can scrounge. Many of us are scrambling to get packed and checked out since the front desk isn't being too pleasant about giving extensions to the 1:00 check-out time. (Strike four?) Since Janet and I are on a panel at noon, we have to get out now. We get breakfast but are insulted by the coffee shop hostess. Oh, well...

SUNDAY, 3/13/83 (1205): Checked out and running late, Janet and I charge into the panel I'm supposed to be chairing on "Running and Recovering From A Filksing". Teri Lee and Cathy Cook are on the panel with us and we're still getting a couple dozen people in attendance. Anne and Bob tell us about the way filks are handled in the Midwest. Teri and I try to convince people that we are *not* SMOF's and that we aren't the filk czars of Northern and Southern California, but I don't think that people believe us. We're NOT!

SUNDAY, 3/13/83 (1300): The idea of a pool party goes down the drain because it's raining, and people who go have nowhere to change clothes or dry off since they have to be checked out by now. Ooops! Instead, the bardic circle starts early. Again I'm surprised by the number of people still here, alive, and participating. There must be thirty-five or forty people still singing!

SUNDAY, 3/13/83 (1500): Gobs of running around things to do, so I'm not getting to participate much in the singing. They look to be still going strong in a small bardic circle.

In the huckster's room the final sales are being made. I know that Dag Designs did well and according to Teri, Off-Centaur did *very* well. The larger than expected number of at-the-door memberships and raffle tickets sold means that Con-Chord will break even (barely!). That was one of our main goals when we got ourselves into this.

SUNDAY, 3/13/83 (1630): The filkers are starting to depart in droves. Also in cars. All seem hoarse and marvelously dazed, but we're gratified to hear everyone's compliments on how well things went. It would appear that all of that work paid off. The bardic circle is down to a couple dozen people, and they want me to do my wretched, sicko frog song. I comply and then close down the circle.

SUNDAY, 3/13/83 (1730): Technically we were supposed to be out of the room at 5:00, but nobody's coming in after us so we take the extra time to make sure that we've gotten everything out. It's been pointed out to me that many assume that there will be a Con-Chord II in 1985 and that people assume that I'll be chairing it. They're probably all correct in those assumptions, but the next year's work belongs to Teri, Jordin, Cathy, Jeff, Bob, Stacy, Robyn, and Eileen. I'll be damned if I'm going to even start thinking about Con-Chord II until at least January!

POST-MORTEM: For almost all of us on the Con-Chord committee (Eric, Carolyn, Chris, Karen, Tera, Janet, and myself) it was our first experience on a con committee. Bob is right. *STAGE IV-B!*

Throughout our planning we always wanted to do things better than they had ever been done at a filkcon before, not because we wanted to show anyone up, but rather because we wanted filkers to remember Con-Chord as a smoothly run, enjoyable, fun con. To this extent I think that we succeeded marvelously.

Granted, I'm biased. But looking at everything as honestly as I can from my viewpoint, the only negative comments that I've heard about Con-Chord concerned themselves with the choices we made on some of the inevitable compromises which had to be made. You can't please all of the filkers all of the time.

Several people said that our concert was too long, but none of them could say who should have been cut out or how we should decide who to exclude. Some thought that we should have had group songs in the concert, but many more were pleased with Tom's poetry. Some hated the bardic circle after the concert but others felt the same way about the WCVWWSF on Friday. All of these are valid opinions and I respect them, but they all just go to show that no matter *what* you do, somebody will say, "I would have done it different".

As for outright complaints about any aspect of the con -- I have never heard a single one. On the other hand, if compliments are the coin with which we as a committee are paid for our labors, we have all been adequately compensated. A lot of people have gone out of their way to let us know that they had a good time at Con-Chord.

As a member of the committee I want to thank the people who were vital in helping us pull it off. Ev Turner, who did the cover art for our program book and helped us in dozens of small ways at the con. Gary Anderson, for his advice over the last year and for giving us our name. Jeff Rebholz, who manned reservations and made buttons. Teri Lee and Off-Centaur for their advice. Diane Myers for handling our security needs. Paula Green and Valerie Richardson, who sat long hours at registration.

Special thanks go to our Guests Of Honor, Anne and Bob Passovoy, for finding the time and effort to join us and make it all work out.

Con-Chord was not without its problems in either the planning or in its execution. But while those problems gave ulcers to committee members, very few other con members were affected or aware of them. Con-Chord went very smoothly from an attending member's point of view.

Now there's "From The Cockpit" and we'll finally be done. We had hoped to get it out in May, but mid-June is more likely. Send us your best and worst and look for it at the June 18th SCFA filksing. The bigger the songbook the better, then on to Bayfilk II!