

rec'd 4-23-76

I THOUGHT KANSAS CITY WASN'T FOR ANOTHER  
FEW MONTHS.

how time flies



GREETINGS FROM TORNADOCON  
19-21 MARCH 1976

can you think of a group with whom you'd rather share a disaster?



# LAN'S LANTERN #1

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### WHY YOU ARE GETTING THIS

\_\_\_ Letter of Comment  
\_\_\_ Contribution  
\_\_\_ Mentioned  
\_\_\_ You Asked for it  
\_\_\_ It asked for you  
\_\_\_ Trade

### DEDICATION

Dedicated to the members of the Wayne Third Foundation, especially Diane Drutowski, Leah Zeldes and Cy Chauvin who encouraged me, and Carol Lynn, Linda Glasscock and John Benson, who gave me moral support.

LAN'S LANTERN #1. Produced and edited by Lan, who resides in his mundane persona of George J Laskowski Jr at 26081 Marlene, Roseville, Michigan 48066. This is LanHI Publication #20. All loc's are welcome.

# FROM THE EDITOR

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WELCOME TO LAN'S LANTERN.

So what do I say? I guess talk about the contents of this zine. The Article on the Michael Bishop fiction stems from the Wayne Third Literary Discussion group. We had planned to read "The Samurai in the Willows" and get together to discuss it. Well, I read all the Michael Bishop I had on hand (all the F&SF he appeared in) and noticed that he used a lot of contrasting themes in his fiction. That gave me the germ of an idea for the article, and this is the result.

Most of the books in the SPLINTERS AND PULP column are works decided upon, or related to, them, by the Discussion group. Since I knew that Cliff Simak was coming to Eastern Michigan University for CONCLAVE, I read another novel so that I could talk to him about it. Didn't quite get ENCHANTED PILGRIMAGE done by the con, though.

The con reports: yes I did go to as many cons as there were weekends, and this coming weekend is MINICON, to which John Benson and I are going. This zine is going with me, which is why I'm pushing things to get it out by then. I just hope that the ditto machine at school doesn't break down, or I will be in bad shape.

Speaking of ditto, yes, this is ditto. I have no access to mimeo, nor do I really know how to work a mimeograph, although I could learn awfully fast if I had one. I made the covers off-set, because ditto reproduction of that art would be terrible.

Artwork: need I say that I could use some. Just look at my drawings, and I think that the answer will be quite clear. The Cover, by Sarah Prince is in reference to MARCON, where we had the tornado. Pat Eyrnes one of my students, did the back cover.

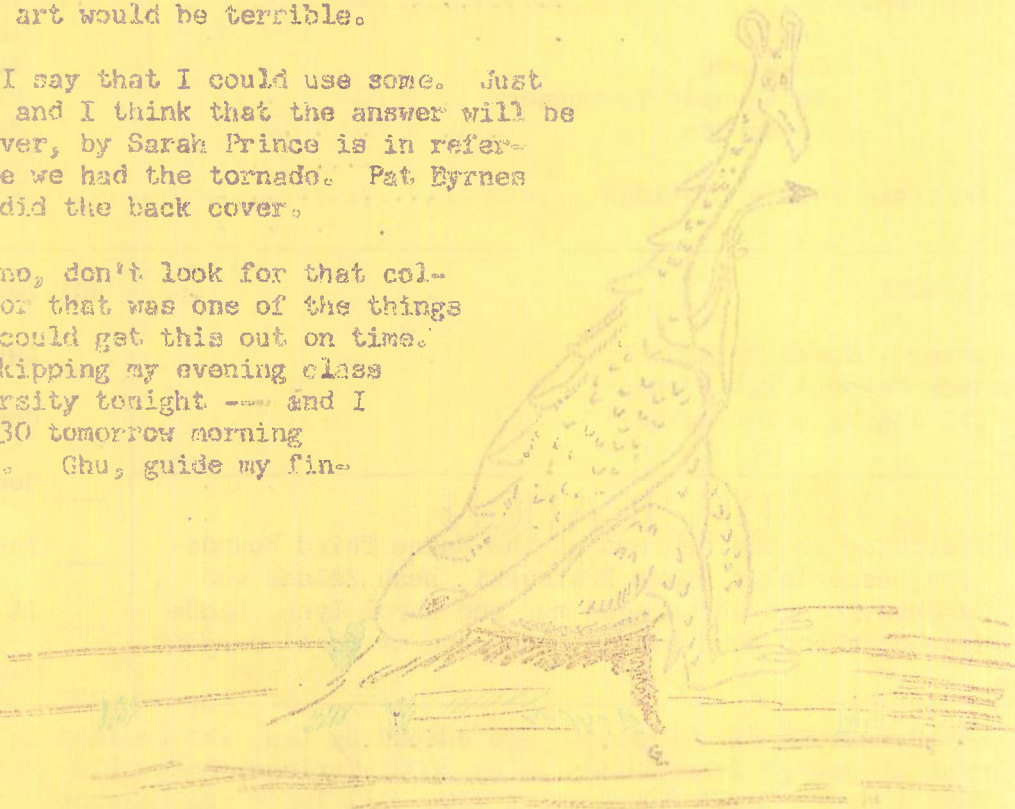
SF ON RECORD; no, don't look for that column in this issue, for that was one of the things I deleted so that I could get this out on time. As it is, I may be skipping my evening class at Wayne State University tonight --- and I have to get up at 4:30 tomorrow morning to leave for MINICON. Chu, guide my fingers....

And send in letters.

Peace,

*Lan*

15 April 76



# A STUDY IN CONTRASTS:

## THE SHORT FICTION OF MICHAEL BISHOP

Contrasts within the the writings of SF are common, mainly when the author shows the difference between the human culture and an alien one. In considering the short fiction of Michael Bishop, however, there is an extra depth of contrast, an antithesis of ideas which lend a greater breadth of interest to his stories.

"Darktree, Darktide" (Fantasy & Science Fiction, April 1971), one of his earliest stories, shows a contrast in age, a theme which he commonly uses in his other works. Jon Dalquist is a young lad whose body is eventually taken over by Chloe --- an ancient woman "who is not a grandmother, but a distant relative." Jon did realize that strange things were happening to him whenever he was with her, for when Chloe told him stories, he could not remember them, a contrast to what he could usually do, to what normal children could do. Another contrast is that of the "hominess" of Jon's room at home (where Chloe spends some time) with the antiseptic quality of Darktree Sanitorium, where the body exchange takes place.

These contrasts may not be recognized as one reads the story, but they are there and give a greater depth of style and imagery to his plots.

The morbid tale of "A Tapestry of Little Murders" (Fantasy & Science Fiction, June 1971) again uses the contrast of age. Peter Mazarak is much younger than his father-in-law, for whom Peter works. A further contrast is in their personalities and attitudes towards business: Peter doesn't care that much about selling the farm equipment which "The Old Man" deals in, so long as enough is sold to make ends meet and to insure a small profit; whereas his father-in-law is the gung-ho, hard-sell businessman. He looks on the farm equipment business as a grim occupation.

In contrast to his usual passiveness, Peter kills his wife in a fit of anger, then goes on to several more "murders" --- toads, mockingbirds, kangaroo rats, all of which get into the way of his car in his panicky flight away from justice. He is also urged on by death in his gut --- appendicitis. The life/death contrast here is very obvious. In the final scene, justice prevails and he is killed by "The Old Man" driving a big yellow harvester. An effective ending, for death is the business of the Grim Reaper.

Age again is a major contrasting theme in "Spaceman and Gypsies" (Fantasy & Science Fiction, September 1971). Lazarescu, and incredibly old gypsy, tells a fantastic tale of his band's wanderings to a young man on whose property they are camped. This turns out to be a tale of insult and revenge, of life and death. Zoga's bear, a magnificent animal, is confiscated by the local officials, and so the gypsies kill the person left to guard them, and, using the tricks they know, flee to the moon. There they meet two astronauts, quite surprised astronauts, for there is the shock of seeing people in gypsy dress while they are clad in silvery spacesuits. In the attempt of the spacemen to capture these strange "inhabitants" of the moon, Rudolfo, another gypsy, is killed; as a result both astronauts meet death.

The young man listening to the story becomes enraged and kills Lazarescu; he also is an astronaut. The next morning the gypsies are gone --- they do not stay where they are not wanted --- but they do not leave without revenge. In contrast to his young age, the gypsies left him an old man.

In 1973, Mr. Bishop wrote "The White Otters of Childhood" (Fantasy & Science Fiction, July 1973), a novella about the survivors of the human race in post-holocaustal days, and after being taken over by an alien race, the Perfects. Several contrasts are presented in the background alone: the aliens, aloof and mysterious, with the humans; pre- and post-holocaustal methods of survival; the island setting, where the remnants of the earthmen lived, herded there by the aliens, with the rest of the world where the Perfects live; the contrast within the human colony --- the main islands where the normal humans live, and the island where the abnormal (humans seriously altered genetically by radiation) humans live.

Within the story plot, the age contrast is again prevalent. Markcrier Rains is considerably older than Marina Prendick, but they do marry. Fearing Serenos, the Navarch of the colony, is the oldest man, having been around when Markcrier was a child, yet he doesn't look his age. A conflict is set up when Markcrier marries Marina, for Fearing Serenos had had that intention. Another conflict between Markcrier and Fearing is Markcrier's refusal to go once again to live with the perfects as representative of the human race. These things come to a head when Fearing rapes Marina, and she dies in labor bearing his children (Markcrier is sterile).

An antithesis to his calm and controlled self, Markcrier plots revenge with Marina's father, who is also the Navarch's physician. Just as Fearing was a devourer of men on land, so would he be in the sea --- they change him into ~~him~~ a shark.

The story is laden with more conflicts and contrasts. It's a fascinating story with much to commend it. The contrasts deepen the plots of the story.

In his short story "The Tigers of Hysteria Feed Only on Themselves" (Fantasy & Science Fiction, January 1974), there is a small age contrast between Trapper Catlow and his son Sunny, and between Sunny and his Joe Luc, who he brings home with him from the Viet Nam war. Joe Luc is Vietnamese, which brings in another contrast with Sunny. But the major contrast is Sunny's transformation from human to tiger form. There is also the antithesis of Trapper's hard work on the farm to keep it going with the laziness of Sunny and Joe Luc.

Together these contrasts form an involved story about the strange things that can happen to a person in the mysterious east.

"In Rubble, Pleading" (Fantasy & Science Fiction, February 1975) shows two different ideas in contrast. The central idea that tornadoes are intelligent is a fantastic idea may or may not be true, and very much in conflict with what we hope to be true (that they are not). The other contrast is not all that new, but gently and effectively used. Justice Weir, a demented boy, has a strange power. His power, however, is not destructive, nor is it abnormal intelligence. He merely can communicate with the tornadoes. He has no control, but knows what is going to happen.

Age and death contrast again: Mulcusta, the town schoolteacher, went to view the tornado damage in a nearby town. There he met a boy with a board through him. The boy pleads with Mulcusta and with the other adults to pull the ~~board~~ board out. None of them do, and the boy dies.

The older adults knew better than the boy. Just as they think that tornado intelligence is absurd. And the tornado forces begin to stir.

A contrast of human and alien cultures is seen in "Cathadonian Odyssey" (Fantasy & Science Fiction, September 1974). A survey ship crashes on Cathadonia a planet of seas and lakes and trees. Maria Jill Ian is the only survivor of the three surveyors, and after burying her husband and friend (weighing them down and sinking them in a nearby pool), she meets up with an alien, a native inhabitant

of the planet which she names Bracero. Together they make a trek to the sea where there would be hope of rescue when the mother-ship returned in a couple years. But plagued by the loss of her husband, she wishes for his return, and Bracero grants her request: it brings the body to her from its watery grave by telekinesis. Again she buries her husband.

When she desires to see mother earth again, the impossible is granted: Bracero brings Terra into orbit about Cathadonia.

The major contrast is the alien interpretation of the wish as an actual desire for reality. It gives an insight as to how the mind of a Cathadonian works: no idle desire is made known; all feelings are genuine. The question arises as to why Bracero, first of all, takes Maria under his protection, and secondly, grant her wishes? Interesting thoughts --- in contrast to normal human thinking which usually shies away from the unknown and the unfamiliar. The question is never really resolved, but human nature does take its course. In contrast to the kindness of Bracero toward a single person of the human race, the Cathadonians are destroyed by the rest of mankind for moving their planet and killing all those people still living on earth.

A strange and humorous story is Bishop's "Rogue Tomato" (NEW DIMENSIONS 5, Silverberg, ed. 1975). Philip K., an earthman, awakes to find himself a giant red tomato about the size of Mars, orbiting a red star. After a few years he matures, swelling to several times his original size, and is visited by the Myrmidopterans who feast on his pulp. Eventually his sun novas, and twelve of these winged Myrmidopterans move him to earth where he steals the moon and takes up residence in its place as protector of the planet. The story is mainly a parody of Roth's THE BREAST, and Clarke's 2001; A SPACE ODYSSEY.

The major contrast is the feelings of a man with his new role as a planet. Breathing, growth, metabolism, are all blown up to planetary proportions, making the story humorous. In contrast to the pain one would expect to experience in being eaten alive, Philip K experiences ecstasy (a sexual pun here?). Finally, instead of a star-child contemplating what to do next, the new protector is a giant tomato.

Ethan Dedicos, the central character of "Blooded on Arachne" (EPOCH, Silverberg and Elwood, editors. 1975), wants to be a star bearer, an officer of the Martial Arms who would drop probeships into id-space. But to do this he must first be blooded, be tested for survival.

Set out in the middle of the desert by the spider people of Arachne, Ethan must survive and return to them, or die. He manages to catch a ride with a spider (among a group of spiders) that had spun an air-bag by which it is able to float and glide through the air. Only by killing and eating the flesh of this spider, which he named Bucephalus, then hitching a ride with another spider, does he survive and return to the spider people.

The contrast here is a conflict: why learn survival on a planet when the work Ethan will be doing is in space? Why not have a survival test in space?

At the end of his ordeal Ethan feels hurt for Bucephalus, which gives the clue to resolving the conflict. To survive one may have to kill someone or something for which he feels deeply. This may happen anyplace, wherever survival is necessary, on land, sea, air or in space. In space, in a lifeboat, the survival of the majority may demand that a few die. The leader, whoever it is, must make that decision, and even if it hurts he must carry through with that decision. To survive Ethan had to kill Bucephalus; it hurt him to do so, but he followed through on his decision and was "blooded".

The contrast is that of space and planetary environments. It is a contrast which is only implied, but which is the crux of the story.

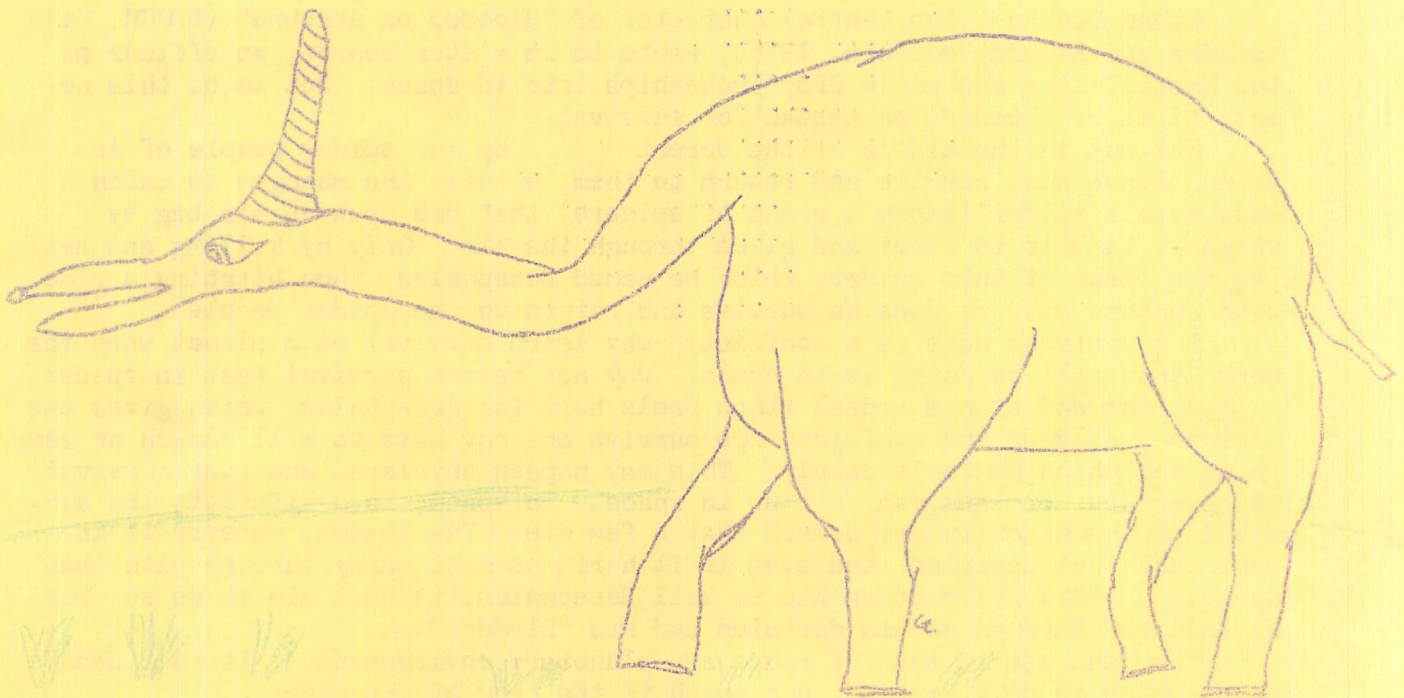
Perhaps the greatest achievement in contrasts was accomplished in "The Samurai and the Willows" (Fantasy & Science Fiction, February 1976). The contrasts within the story are numerous. Within the future city, domed against the polluted air outside, Basenji (Simon Fowler) moves from the highest levels of the city to the lowest. This descent follows closely with the degeneration of his mental state and his will to live. In that lowest level he shares an apartment with Queequeg (Georgia Cawthorn) who is very much his opposite. She is a glissador, a future mailperson-type, very active, whereas Basenji owns and works a Kudzu Shop, where he clips and shapes miniature trees, Bonsai, very delicate and patient work. Queequeg is also much younger than he, and of lesser intelligence. Her tastes run to the modern and fancy, whereas Basenji is reserved and anachronistic.

The age contrast is again expressed with Kuzuko Hudaka Fowler, Basenji's mother. He had committed her to an old-folk's hospital, and there let her die. With her death Basenji's mental state dropped, and likewise his will to live. Thus he began his descent to the lower levels.

He feels for Queequeg, but is too wrought up with his own problems even to attempt to make things work between them. Finally, after she decides to marry Ty Kosturko, a man her own age with the same tastes, Basenji commits Seppuku, ritual suicide (not to be confused with hara kiri, belly cutting, which is not honorable).

Throughout the story Basenji took the passive role; nothing he did was really active, although he liked to see activity in others, which is why he liked Queequeg. This contrast of a passive Basenji with the active people about him sets up the foreshadowing of his death.

These are a few of the contrasting ideas and themes found in "The Samurai and the Willows". When you read through the story a second or third time, the delicate balance of these ideas becomes apparent. Michael Bishop has used contrasting themes not only in this but in all his other stories very effectively. He adds depth of perception and balanced imagery in doing so, and makes his stories all that much more enjoyable.



# SCIENCE FICTION

AND

# PULP

Some of the books reviewed here are old, those which I have finally gotten around to reading, and some are new. I feel that we should not ignore the roots of modern SF and merely concentrated on the newer writings. I hope that there is an interesting cross-section of titles presented.

THIS ISLAND EARTH by Raymond F. Jones. Shasta Publications; originally published in Thrilling Wonder Stories. c. 1952

Cal Meecham, an electronics engineer, receives a strange catalogue of equipment, gear which he has never heard of. He orders the parts for an interocitor and puts it together, not that he knows what he is doing, but Cal works it out with his knowledge of electronics. The interocitor, it turns out, is a communications device for an alien race which needs engineers to produce more of these same devices. Cal accepts the job, and finds that there is more than the production of interocitors: a war between two factions in the galaxy, with the galaxy the prize.

Intrigue builds as the "good guys", the Llannan are slowly falling to the "bad guys", the Guarra, and an attack is forecasted that involves the takeover of earth. The Llannan, trusting to their probability computers, say that any defense of earth would be disastrous. The Guarrans would win. In spite of Cal's appeal to make the attempt to save earth, earth is doomed. The only glimmer of hope is to find a solid logical reason why earth might be saved.

As in most of the space opera type literature, the earthman does come up with the answer. The Llannans were losing because they were predictable; they played with the odds of their probability computers. To make an unpredictable move would destroy the confidence of the enemy. The Llannans accepted this, and earth was saved.

The characters are cardboard; the love interest between Cal Meecham and Ruth Adams, the psychologist who is also working for the Llannans, is barely touched upon, and their relationship seems trite. But the plot is intricate, and there are some decent ideas presented.

For example, when Cal first decides to join the people who made those fantastic electronics parts, he was under the impression that they were an earth organization called the Peace Engineers, who were a group of scientists dedicated to bringing peace to the world. An old-hat idea, but don't we all wish that could happen? Peace and prosperity.

And the idea of alien races cooperating. Again, old-hat, but an example of the idealism in the old SF.

One thing which did permeate the book was the "sense of wonder". True, all the science didn't work out logically, you could punch holes in all the philosophy, the right/wrong, good/bad lines were stiffly drawn, but the thrill of a space battle, the sense of wonder was there, and to me it was a comfortable feeling, returning to the stories I read as a boy. I recommend it, if only for a couple hours escape.

WAY STATION by Clifford Simak. MacFadden Books; c. 1964

Enoch Wallace was like any other man on earth, in appearance, anyway. The

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only difference was that his appearance hadn't changed in the last hundred years. His farmhouse was impervious to any weapon, and a gravestone in his family graveyard was carved in words of an unknown language, beneath which was buried something not born on earth.

Clifford Simak takes a simple setting, a farm in the back woods of Wisconsin, and transforms it into the background for a story of galactic intrigue. The Wallace farmhouse is a way station, a stop-over point in the matter transmission routes which traversed the galaxy. For decades Enoch Wallace remained undisturbed; the inhabitants accepted him as a man who never aged. And he performed his tasks with the utmost diligence, making smooth the passage of those who travelled from star to star.

Suddenly there is turmoil. He is under investigation by an agent from Washington; there is trouble with his neighbors; the alien races are bickering among themselves, and threaten to close down the earth station; and the Galactic Talisman, that strange device which enables a sensitive to communicate with "God", the spirit of the universe, has been stolen. And Enoch finds that the alien body had been exhumed.

Simak intertwines the plots very carefully, almost too intricately, which makes it difficult to unravel one without mentioning another. Suffice it to say that it all works out well in the end.

Enoch's character is well drawn, and Simak uses some alien devices as sounding boards for further character development. The creation of Mary and David, projections of Enoch's own mind, show how he thinks, what he feels. The shooting gallery in the basement reveals his talent with a rifle, but also shows his nervousness, for in the reality of this make-believe hunting world, he missed and would have been killed by the first attacking animal.

Clifford Simak is a master at telling tales of common people who encounter strange circumstances and elevate themselves beyond their common origin. WAY STATION is a prime example, and I can see why he won a Hugo for it.

OUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN by Clifford Simak. Berkley Medallion Books; c. 1974.

Suddenly, all over the world, doorways opened and people from the future began walking out. From the future they fled, trying to escape an enemy that was bred to fight, and adapt to any environment. These time tunnels were rigged for self-destruction at the other end, just in case some of those creatures attempted to get through. And unfortunately, a couple did.

Clifford Simak takes an old idea, fleeing into the past to escape destruction, gives it a little twist here and there, and comes up with a delightful and suspenseful story. Our children's children, many times removed, stop in our time period merely to ask for aid in travelling further back in time, back to a period where the air was good, the soil fertile, and predatory animals were few. All they needed were time tunnels, and if anyone of this time period wished to return with them, they were welcome to come along. But there was no return; travel to the future was impossible.

All problems are eventually taken care of. The creatures which breed like rabbits (they are bisexual), adapt in such a way so as to defeat themselves. A small group of businessmen, who believe that this time travel business is reversible, back the building of the tunnels in hopes of making a quick profit later.

The book is enjoyable to read. The characters are far from static, but aren't deeply explored either. Still, it is a good story, and I would recommend reading it.

ENCHANTED PILGRIMAGE by Clifford Simak. Putnam Books; c.1975.

It's an interesting and beautiful world where elves and faeries and goblins exist, accepted by man. The Catholic church is alive and abounding, and agents of the Inquisition roam far and wide. In this world journey a group of unlikely characters toward the Wasteland, the outer fringes of the civilized world, as it is, where there are only memories of death and destruction. In this group each wanders toward the Wasteland for a different reason: Mark Cornwall in search of knowledge; Snivley the rafter goblin as a companion to Mark; Gib has been entrusted with a quest to give an object to the Older Ones who live in the Wasteland; Oliver the dwarf goes as his friend; Hal travels with his friend Gib as guide and companion, taking his friend Coon, a racoon; Mary joins them, for she believes that she is from there.

The amount of detail with which Simak has drawn this world shows that he is as good a fantasy writer as he is SF. In spite of the slow start, the book sucks you in to its enchanting world, and it leaves you crying for more after you've turned the final page.

Cliff has said that he might write a sequel, set a couple generations after this. I hope that he does.

THE CYBERIAD by Stanislaw Lem. Avon Books; c. (1967) 1976

The sub-title is "Fables for the cybernetic age". How true! The book is a series of short stories about robots and cybernetic organisms. The two heroes are Trurl and Klapaucius, both machines themselves. They are constructors, famous inventors, and they travel the galaxy helping other races with their inventions. And the tales are delightful.

I think that they should be read aloud. Michael Kandel, as the translator from the Polish, has done a fantastic job with the words. The alliteration in some of the stories is unbelievable. They would be great for reading aloud. In fact a couple friends of mine and I did that -- read a portion of "Trurl's Machine" aloud, and it came off beautifully.

My own favorite is "Trurl's Electronic Bard", in which Klapaucius asks the poem producing machine to compose a poem, "a love poem, lyrical, pastoral, and expressed in the language of pure mathematics. Tensor algebra mainly, with a little topology and higher calculus, if need be. But with feeling, you understand, and in the cybernetic spirit."

Trurl objects, but the Machine is already beginning:

Come, let us hasten to a higher plane,  
where dyads tread the fairy fields of Venn,  
their indices bedecked from one to  $n$ ,  
commingled in an endless Markov chain.

...  
Cancel me not -- for what then shall remain?  
Abcissas, some mantissas, modules modes,  
A root or two, a torus and a node:  
the inverse of my verba, a null domain.

...  
I see the eigenvalue in thine eye,  
I hear the tender tensor in thy sigh.  
Bernoulli would have been content to die,  
Had he but known such a  $2 \cos 2 \theta$  !

Stanislaw Lem appears to have a very good background in science, considering all the references made in these stories. The stories are witty, extremely funny in spots, and more often than not, philosophical. When asked to make a particular machine, the asker demands perfection of the machine. There are a myriad of examples: the perfect kingdom, the perfect hiding place, the perfect game. Yet the thing always turns out bad for the person, either by chance or design. These are delightful stories to read, and I urge you to give them a try. You may want to read them to your children, or little brothers and sisters (or even your science and math teachers).

A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA by Ursula K. LeGuin. Ace Books; c. 1968.

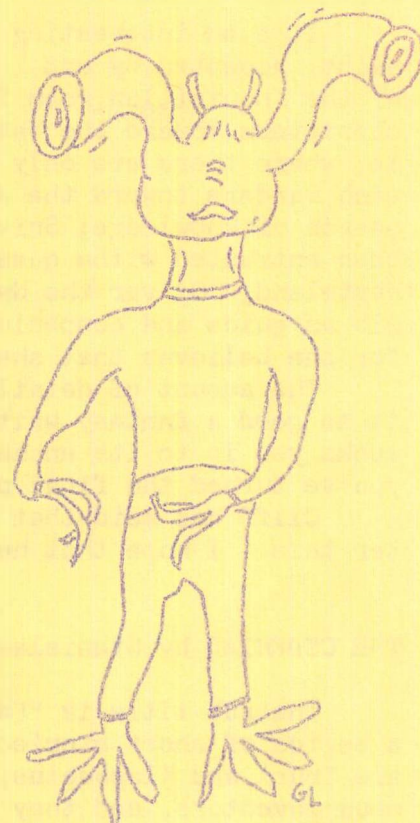
Another world, maybe. Or the Earth in the future or past. It doesn't matter. All you need to know about the world is there, described for you in flowing images and titillating language. Magic is accepted as matter-of-fact, although people still held a wizard in awe. And civilization is comprised of the people living on the islands of this world.

Sparrowhawk stumbles upon his powers by chance, and with the realization of these powers, by himself and by others who had magical skills, he learns what he can from the local wizards first, then travels to Roke, the school for wizards. There, on a dare, he casts a spell which releases an evil shadow on Earthsea, and almost kills him when it escapes from the world in which it had been dwelling. When Sparrowhawk recovers, he slowly regains his magical powers, then is sent away from Roke, never to return until he vanquishes his shadow.

The background and setting are impeccable. LeGuin masterfully draws a world which is lovely and sinister. The characters, especially Sparrowhawk are well developed and deeply explored. Character interrelationships are well done, but not as completely as they should have been. The friendship between Sparrowhawk and Vetch on the island of Roke could have been shown developing through a few more examples and conversations. Still, I found the book one of the best I have read in recent times.

The idea of a shadow chasing a person is an easy one to relate to. Like most of us, Sparrowhawk eventually turns to stalk his shadow, chase him down and defeat him.

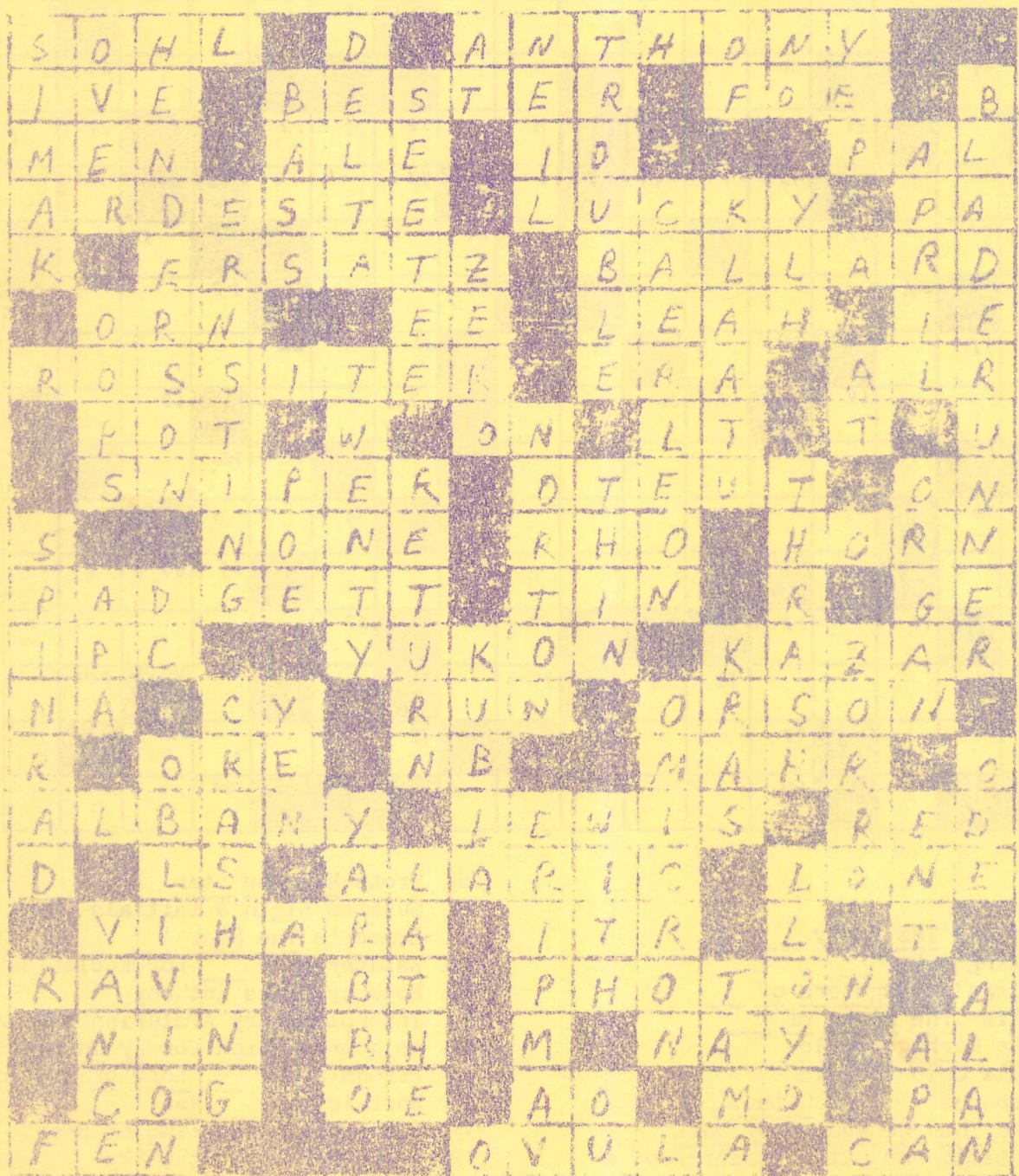
I wonder why I waited so long to read this.



OH NO,  
NOT AGAIN!!

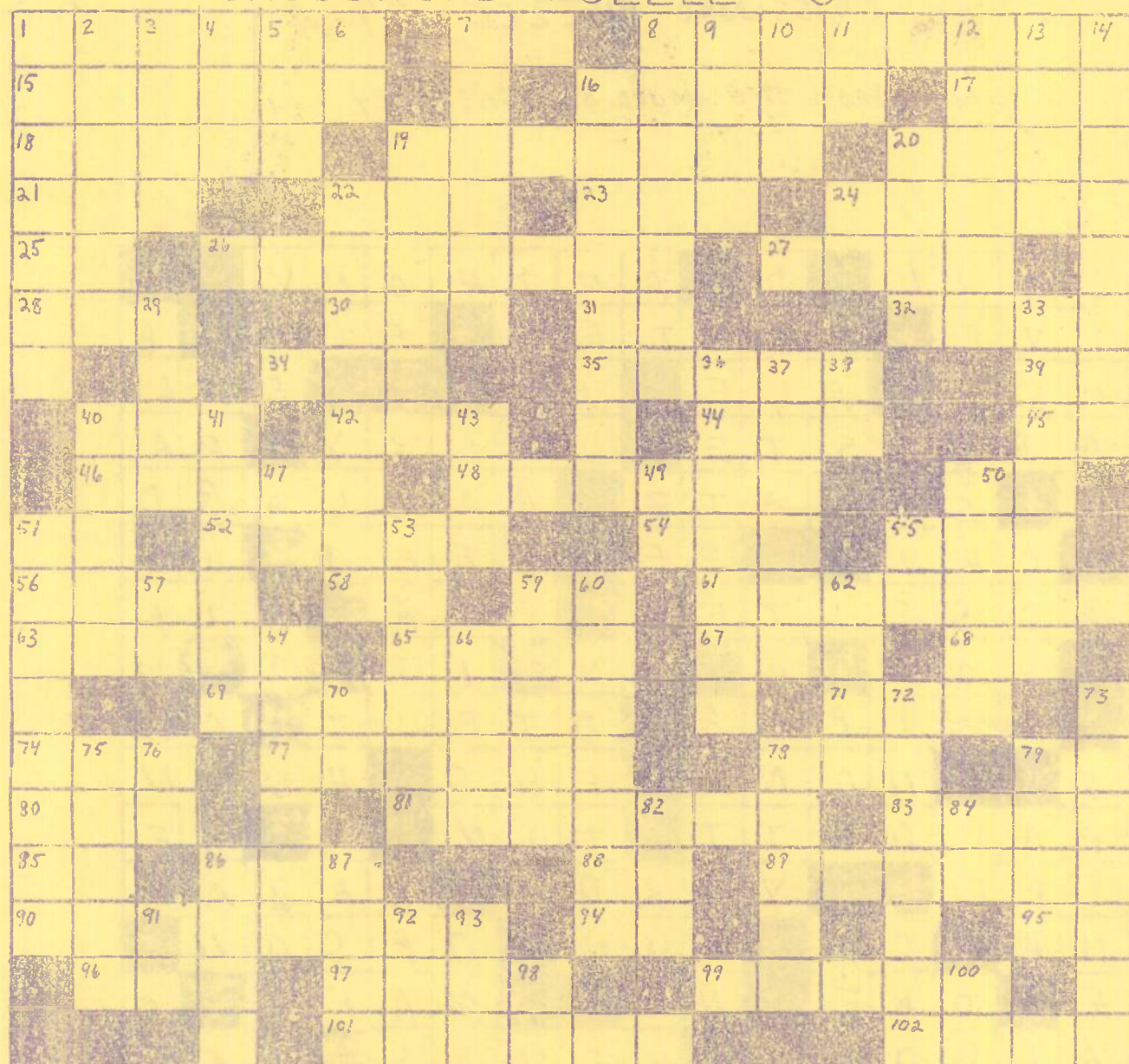
# KEY TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE #4

IN LAN FROM THE HOUSE OF ISHER #4



# CROSSWORD PUZZLE #5

12



## ACROSS

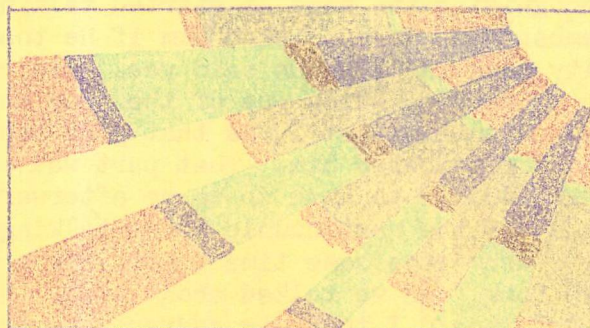
1. Biggle's THE Angry \_\_\_\_
7. Fleming's Dr. \_\_\_\_
8. Shulman's Daughters of \_\_\_\_
15. Wallis' The Light of \_\_\_\_
16. Wrote Garbage World
17. Little Ohio Enclave
18. Burroughs' \_\_\_\_ of Gothol
19. Wrote The Whensabouts of Burr
20. The title and main character of a Star Trek episode
21. a climbing plant
22. Lorician Liberation Revolution
23. University of Tau Serpens

24. Wrote Neutron Star
25. Suzette Elgin's initials
26. Leumer's The Star
27. Zelazny's "A \_\_\_\_ for Ecclesiastes"
28. Book by Piers Anthony
30. Interplanetary Arcturian Espionage
31. an abbreviation for Ay Chingari
32. Purdon's The \_\_\_\_ Lord of Imeten
34. North's The \_\_\_\_ Men
35. The Tannish spelling of beer
39. Brown's "\_\_\_\_ in the Sky"
40. a director of SF films
42. means of transport in Herbert's Under Pressure
44. compass direction

45. Steve Norbert's initials  
 46. Wrote Venus on the Half-Shell  
 48. Van Vogt's "\_\_\_\_ Eternal"  
 50. same as 39 across  
 51. sound of a laugh  
 52. wrote Star Probe  
 54. \_\_\_\_ the Beloved  
 55. \_\_\_\_ Torro, wrote Galaxy 666  
 56. Bellamy's ant novel  
 58. Robert Koszlov's initials  
 59. be  
 61. Weech's "\_\_\_\_ Ceti Three"  
 63. Bell's invention  
 65. Norton's The \_\_\_\_ Planet  
 67. Van Vogt's "\_\_\_\_ Pal"  
 68. Heinlein's "Revolt \_\_\_\_ 2100"  
 69. The way an Italian would pronounce a word meaning detective  
 71. a sesame seed plant  
 74. When Harlie was \_\_\_\_  
 77. Swann's Wolf-\_\_\_\_  
 78. Dick's The Galactic \_\_\_\_ Healer  
 79. Where the '72 Worldcon was held  
 80. charged particle  
 81. a Rhodan author  
 83. anonymous (abbrev.)  
 85. Asimov, or Linebarger, or Smith (title)  
 86. Association of Organized Plutonians  
 88. moon of Jupiter  
 89. except, on condition, lest  
 90. Jones's The Year When \_\_\_\_ Fell  
 94. Transcendental Meditation  
 95. Tom Harmon's initials  
 96. The Sea is Boiling \_\_\_\_  
 97. an inert gas  
 99. book title by E.C. Tubb  
 101. Wrote Testament XXI  
 102. adopted planet of Adam Strange  
 13. past tense of tear  
 14. CoH at MidAmeriCon  
 16. "E \_\_\_\_ Unicorn"  
 19. Gort's master  
 20. "Of \_\_\_\_ and Sand and Grass"  
 22. Will Jenkins  
 24. \_\_\_\_ Room for Man by Dickson  
 29. close by  
 33. Greek letter  
 36. In Asimov's "Last Question": "Can \_\_\_\_ be reversed?"  
 37. a catalytic organic substance  
 38. Elwood's initials  
 40. Van Vogt's The Book of \_\_\_\_  
 41. Nolan's \_\_\_\_ Run  
 43. \_\_\_\_ Bova  
 47. Ancient Mid-Eastern Civilization  
 49. \_\_\_\_ or DC  
 50. Kline's Planet of \_\_\_\_  
 51. Jerry Sohl's The \_\_\_\_  
 53. Wrote Eclipse of Dawn  
 55. Paul Carter's initials  
 57. Tucker's \_\_\_\_ The Tombaugh Station  
 59. Van Vogt's The Weapon Shops of \_\_\_\_  
 60. Mansfield's The \_\_\_\_ Corridor  
 62. Leinster's Men \_\_\_\_ Space  
 64. editor of Laser books  
 66. Bellamy's ant novel  
 70. Enclave of Ionians  
 72. To Die in \_\_\_\_  
 73. Wrote Rite of Passage  
 75. Norton pen name  
 76. "in" (Greek)  
 79. Doyle's The \_\_\_\_ World  
 82. \_\_\_\_ Purdom  
 84. Neptunian enterprises  
 86. Rotsler's Patron of the \_\_\_\_  
 87. These are supposedly the lowest forms of humor.  
 91. Association of Ostriches  
 92. Japanese coin  
 93. Schmitz' The Telzey \_\_\_\_  
 98. North Dakota (postal abbrev.)  
 100. Ironian Association

## DOWN

1. Harlan  
 2. Bulmer's Beyond the \_\_\_\_ Sky  
 3. Parbet's Games Psychorgs \_\_\_\_  
 4. one (german)  
 5. Royal Terran Association  
 6. Stanley Holloway's initials  
 7. wrote The Bladerunner  
 8. with carte it's "ala carte", with tech, it's "\_\_\_\_"  
 9. without (French)  
 10. Technical Touch Down  
 11. "\_\_\_\_ the Core" by Niven  
 12. Wrote Shadows in the Sun





# CON REPORTS

## MARCON

Leah Zeldes, Diane Drutowski and I managed to leave the Detroit suburbs by 4:00 PM, and thereby missed most of the rush-hour traffic. The trip to the "All American City" of Columbus, Ohio went smoothly, and except for a near accident because of gawkers watching a fire on the side of the road in Toledo, nothing of interest happened. About 7:30 we rolled into the parking garage behind the Neil House Motor Hotel in downtown Columbus, unpacked our things, turned the key over to the attendant, and trekked into the hotel. Thus began a fascinating weekend for me at Marcon.

I registered quickly and took my things to my closet which the hotel called a room. It was a small place with the bed doubling as a couch (you pull the sofa part out from under the backboard and it becomes a bed, sideways). As soon as my gear was stored, I headed for registration, got my name badge and wandered into the hucksters room. There among the tables I recieved the first of many shocks that weekend. Georgia Mase, a former student of mine when I taught in Columbus a few years ago was attempting to sell copies of STARWIND, a locally produced fanzine, of which she is art director. We gaped at each other in mutual stupefaction for a few seconds, then reverted to the usual routine of hi, how are ya, whatcha been doin', and so forth. It was nice to see and talk with her again. Georgia was the best Latin student I ever had.

Out in the registration area I happened upon the Chicago fan. I invited Chip Bestler to my room to pick up his copy of MISHAP, the Michigan apa (I'm his agent), and the rest of them to see the slides I had taken of NOTACON, the New Years con at Chip's place. Jim Furstenberg, Steve Johnson and Leah Dillon came along. While passing the slides around, Lloyd Biggle passed by the room and dropped in for a few minutes. He had to leave because of prior commitments.

We then moved to the suite which the Chicago people had rented, and were having a party. My second shock was seeing the lovely Susan Phillips again. I had not seen her since Chambanaccon last November, and I was thrilled to renew our relationship. We spent a considerable amount of time talking.

In the con suite later, I chanced upon a fellow by the name of Jim Honnager. Recognizing the name, I started talking to him. It was obvious he didn't remember me. I asked him if he took a mythology course at Ohio State University back in '72. He said yes. Did he remember the slide/lecture on comic book heroes, which one of the grad assistants delivered? Yes. It still hadn't dawned on him that I was that grad assistant, so I told him. He was amazed that I had remembered him. That part was easy, especially since he was one of the few students to come up to me afterwards and ask about my comic collection. So we spent the next couple hours talking about comics and various other things.

About the same time I got into a conversation with Neil Belsky, a fan from New York, and we talked about apae. He invited me to join APA-Q, which is a bi-weekly apa. I took his address and said that I would consider it. I also told him about MISHAP, and invited him to join. He too said that he would consider it.

Not too long after that I met up with Sarah Prince, snook number three. I was hoping that she would be there, because she lived in the Columbus area, but I wasn't sure that she knew about it, and I had forgotten to get her address when I first met her at NOTACON. While discussing what had been going on (and inviting her to join NISNAP, with me as her agent), Tullio Proni joined in with a fake laser pistol which he had invented. Tullio is one of the electronics geniuses (genii) from Chicago who makes "blinkies", similar to the ones advertised in ANALOG. Andy offutt came by while we were playing with it and made a comment about it making people sterile, which set off a series of jokes.

Later in the evening (actually early in the morning) a group was getting together to play Dungeons and Dragons. Having heard so much about the game I decided to sit in and watch. Sarah Prince, Susan Philips and Tullio decided to join in and play, even though they knew nothing about how to play it. The people who knew the game did a poor job of teaching the newcomers. After about 2½ hours, they had not even begun to play, Susan left, for which I don't blame her. She was tired (it was a long drive from Kentucky) and I walked her to her room. From there I went to the con suite, and found out that the Toronto fen had arrived. I received a copy of SIMULACRUM 2A from Victoria Vayne and CALCIUM LIGHT NIGHTS from Phil Paine, and talked with both of them for awhile. Jackie Franke was there playing cards with her husband (?) (I'm not sure, I wasn't introduced around) Hidge Reiten and another person (Hidge's husband?), and we exchanged pleasantries.

I checked once more with the Dungeons and Dragons players, and found that they had indeed started, but were still on the first floor. So, the time being after 5:00 AM (my god, I had forgotten to eat dinner -- oh well, there's always breakfast), I sauntered back to my room and slept.

#### SATURDAY:

My internal alarm clock got me up at 8:00. Forget it, I said, and slept in until 9:00. I got up, jumped down to the hotel restaurant for breakfast and sat with Jan Cruickshank. We talked about various things, especially what was going to happen that afternoon. After breakfast I wandered about the Registration area, and talked to Patrick Hayden, who had come in with the rest of the Toronto fen. We cleared up a few things about our differences in NISNAP, and talked about things in general.

A little bit late I grabbed my coat and coon-skin cap (which I wore during most of the con), and my book catalogues, and made for the PaperBook Gallery, my favorite bookstore in Columbus, whose proprietors, George and Nita Hill, save books for me. I walked in and they were delighted to see me. \$60.00 worth later I walked out with many volumes under my arms. After storing them safely in my room, I headed for the hucksters once again.

Inside I saw the usual fair as is expected at any con: Bill Powers had a table for his OUTWORLDS; Dean McLaughlin had his tables laden with books; Bill the Galactic Fesselmeyer and Allan Wilde both had volumes spread on a number of tables. I saw a couple first edition Van Vogt's (my favorite author), but cringed at the prices. Bill said that the person he is agenting for set the price, and he had very little leeway in bargaining.

About 1:00 in the afternoon, I settled myself down in the lecture room with paper, pencil and camera. Andy offutt and Joe Haldeman took the speakers



platform and began their discussion on "Future War and Future Sex". Joe asked if there will be a future for war. If you consider that with the little amount of nuclear energy we are employing right now, there is approximately 110kg of fissionable uranium lost in transit at the present time, what will happen if the terrorist groups get hold of this free uranium and start making nuclear bombs? Also consider that it takes very little plutonium "fallout" to poison our atmosphere. Will we still be around to have a war?

andy then asked Joe about space warfare. Joe replied that his book THE FOREVER WAR was meant as a satire. He does not believe that a war in space would or could be economically feasible; the expenditures in energy are too great. In discussing this, Joe also mentioned, as well as andy, that they, like most fans, started reading SF in the back of classrooms, and never took their studies in earnest. However, now that they are both writers, they study harder than they ever did in school, especially the heavy stuff like science. Joe mentioned that he had done extensive studies for the background of his book (and from reading it I can see that he did), and is continuing to do so for his coming books. andy, who is interested in the Society for Creative Anachronism (an organization which attempts to recreate the middle ages, not as they were, but as they should have been), asked those in the audience to consider what it would be like to do things in chain mail, which would add around 20 pounds to a persons weight. And how would you get it off? It is a little heavy to lift directly over your head like a t-shirt. He mentioned this as part of the research he is doing for a historical romance which he is planning to write (or is writing now).

Now it was andy's turn to expound on "future sex".

Joe asked him: "Are you for sex? How did you get started writing porn?"

andy said that he had bought about 20 books of pornography, and read them all in the space of 7 or 8 days. When he got done, he said, "I can do better than that!"

Joe interjected: "Is that writing or...."

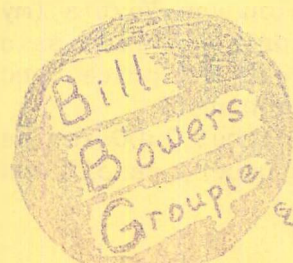
He said that there are two main things which will keep the readers' interest in porn: the number of sexual encounters in the story, and the semblance of a plot. What andy tries to do is to have a decent type plot to carry the interest of the reader between sexual encounters. And he uses his pseudonyms depending on the quality of his work: John Cleve for his best porn, then Jeff Morehead, and others. (I myself have read some of the Jeff Morehead books, and have found them superior to most of the other porn I have read.)

The panel ended with both Joe and andy fielding questions from the floor.

I stayed in my seat with pencil, paper and camera for the next speaker, one of the main reasons I had made the trip: Randy Bathurst, a local Detroit fan, was the Fan Guest of Honor. Bill Bowers made the introduction; but before he introduced Randy, he instituted the order of the Bill Bowers Groupies.

Jodie Offutt had written Bill, saying that he had a following, a groupie. So, at the next convention, Bill said, he looked for his following, expecting a number of young feminine bodies, but all he could see were Larry Downes and Patrick Hayden. Jodie suggested that he choose a leader for his groupie, and present that person with a pin (made either by her or Jackie Franke, I didn't catch who). Under the criteria for making the choice, Bill said the the person had to be cuddly, "and, of course, someone I had slept with." Then he called Mike Glicksohn to the platform, just as he was trying to sneak out of the lecture room. Bill presented Mike with the pin, then went on to introduce Randy.

Bill, who is in excess of six feet in height, is hard pressed to find people in fandom to look up to.



Randy, said Bill, is not a person he finds difficulty in looking up to, but in looking around. Randy is big, but in more ways than the physical. With genuine love and affection, Bill turned the microphone over to Randy Bathurst.

Randy started out with a history of himself in fandom. His first con was the St. Louis Con, where (I believe) he was introduced to Mike Glicksorn (at this point he shows a picture of Mike which he had drawn, pointing to the top of it, where Mike is not, since he is not the tallest person; "Sorry about that Mike," he said, moving his finger halfway down the page), who in turn introduced him to fandom. Randy held up another sign saying "FANDUME". "That's how I was told it was spelled!" he shouted. Mike asked Randy for some artwork for his zine, and that started the ball rolling.

About this point Randy started to ramble. He talked about his experiences inside and outside fandom, and how the two related. He attends few cons, owing mainly to the job that he has. He works in his parent's florists shop and arranges flowers. Thus his Saturdays are not always free. Prior to that he worked in a hospital as an X-ray technician. He used to do things like doctor up some X-rays, put flyers in everyone's mailboxes saying that he was having a special on gall-bladder X-rays that week, and things like that. Under strange circumstances (like insulting his boss's son) he was forced to leave.

Joe Maldeman asked if he had ever studied art. Randy said yes, then related an incident when he first went into studio art, with a live model. He was so nervous that he didn't even look at the model -- couldn't tell anyone what color her hair was, or what she looked like.

Someone else asked him to do Kermit the Frog, which he did, admirably. Where did he get his ideas? From all over, like any artist. But Randy said that he works slow, that he never sends things out which he thinks are not good, and so he has reams of paper covered with his not-so-good artwork. Another fan asked about his dragon suit, which, Randy said, had been made for him by Tim Kirk. He said that it was fun to wear, but hot.

About three times Randy lamented the fact that he had spent five hours typing up his speech, and had read barely a quarter of it. It didn't matter. His warmth, his bigness (much greater than the physical) pervaded the entire speech. Everyone was touched by his kindness.

After this, Rust Hevelin presented a slide show about the last Worldcon, Aussiecon. And following that he had the auction for the Down Under Fan Fund (DUFF), which he won last year to go to Aussiecon, and which he is raising money for this year so that an Australian fan can come to this years Worldcon, Mid-American.

I drifted around the registration area, talking to various people, especially Ross Pavlec, the vice-chairman of the con, and his girlfriend Diana Sainsbury (both of whom I had met at Confusion 12). I asked Ross about the rumor going around that he is going to be Chairman next year for MARCON. He said that it's a rumor. (I have found out since that he will be, and that plans are under way already). I also purchased a banquet ticket, so I didn't have to worry about dinner. When I got up to my room to shower and get ready for the banquet, the message light was flashing. I cursed myself: I had forgotten to call Mary, one of my very good friends in Columbus. When I checked out the message, sure enough, it was from her. I returned the call, and we talked about getting together that evening, setting the time at 8:00, after Joe Maldeman's GOF speech. I then walked around near the banquet room in good clothes, tie, and without my coon-skin cap. Everyone looked at me strangely, some not believing me to be Lan for the cap was missing. I myself did not feel famish. Finally, after about 15 minutes, I ripped off my tie, went back to my room and got my cap. Then I felt like a fan again.

The banquet was a buffet of Chinese food. Everything looked good. And since the Goh and FGoh had first crack at the food, all were wondering if anything would be left after Randy got through the line. Our fears were assuaged when we saw Randy come by with plate laden, and there was still food in the trays and serving dishes. The table at which I sat held a lively group of people, including Mike Glicksohn, the famous Toronto BNF (and winner of a half a Hugo award for Fanzine editing). Soon after everyone had settled down to eat, Mike noticed that one of the chefs had put a bottle of ketchup on the serving table. With Chinese food? No one was gauche enough to use it.

Mike Glicksohn was the person who introduced the Goh Joe Haldeman. He made references to the ketchup bottle, and to that substance which Joe is associated with, without actually mentioning lime-green jello. He also mentioned some of the more astute accomplishments of the Goh, tongue in cheek of course, like he being the author of the Attar series. Finally the man himself took the mike.

Ro had asked Joe once (Ro being Ro Nagay, the former head of Styliagi Air Corps SF Club in Ann Arbor, Michigan who now resides in Ohio, and attempted to kidnap Randy Bathurst and hold him for ransom --- all of Ann Arbor, which the Michiganders would gladly have given up for Randy, but we weren't too sure how Ohio State would take to having its greatest rival, Michigan, in the same state.) what will you be doing in 30 years from now? Joe's reply was that he would be in a space colony. Which brought up the question, how feasible is it to have space colonies?



While doing research for a story, Joe was at the Library of Congress in Washington DC, and he saw a copy of a project called "Project Independence", which was a plan to make the US energy independent in 20 years. But this would entail the cost of 600 BILLION dollars, the rape of our ecology, and the construction of fission nuclear reactors. Meanwhile, consider the O'Neill plan. By taking ore from the moon as a starting base, build space colonies, wheels a mile in diameter, trap energy from the sun and beam it back to earth. In the space of 12 years, and at the cost of 27.4 BILLION dollars, we could have 15 space colonies in orbit, all of them receiving energy from approximately 20 solar energy satellites which would also be beaming energy back to earth.

Compare both the time and the costs: 600 billion as opposed to 27.4 billion; 20 years as opposed to 12 years. Why hasn't the O'Neill plan been adopted? For two basic reasons, says Joe: 1) politics, and 2) the cheap energy. What politician is going to commit himself to a lengthy plan which goes beyond the term of his office. He has to do things which will be recognized immediately so that he will be re-elected. And with the cheap energy which would be pouring down from the heavens, do you think that the energy producing businesses are going to take it lying down? They will fight any attempt to cut into their own profits.

The problems are posed. So what do we do? Write our congressmen, I guess, support the O'Neill Plan. Let's get our space colonies in operation. It can be done, and I for one would like to be on one of these colonies in less than 30 years. That is one of my own dreams, just like Joe's.

I couldn't stay for the end of the speech, unfortunately. It was running late, and Mary and her boyfriend Kevin were waiting for me when I got down to the lobby. We took off in Mary's new car, and went to her place where we talked about all that had happened since I saw her last year. It was a wonderful evening spent, even if there was a tornado. Nestled in her basement and watching TV, we listened to all the weather reports, and the lonely wail of the emergency siren which warned everyone of an approaching tornado. Fortunately it was only a

sighting, north of Columbus proper at that, and no damage was done. Back at the hotel I found out that everyone had been herded into the Arkade, the lowest area of the hotel. Mary Kevin and I, along with Mary's sister Annie and her mother, ordered a pizza, soon after which it had arrived and had been devoured, they took me back to the hotel. I brought them up to my room, and we chatted for a little while again, drinking rum 'n' cokes, until Kevin announced that he had to get up at 5:00 AM because he had reserve training. So I walked them back to the car and saw them off.

Back in the hotel I ran up to the con suite and got into a group talking to Joe Haldeman. We discussed his up and coming book about Charles Manson, Delany's DAHLGREN, and other topics which were SF related. So long as we kept feeding him beers, he kept talking, stopping only once to hit the john. Before we knew it, about 3½ hours were gone, so enthralled were we (at least I was) by Joe's conversing. And the only reason it did break up was because Bill Fesselmeyer came by announcing a Sleazy-Con in one of the other rooms. The first room it was in turned out to be too small, the next one better, until the filksinging began. It wasn't that I was against the sing, just those who were doing it. The voices weren't the best. So I left and found an anti-Sleazy-Con party going on in the hallway near the elevators. Bill Bowers, Leah Zeldes, Jackie Franke, Midge Reitan and others were just sitting and talking. Others joined as I sat down -- Diane Drutowski, Tim Seefeld, and Sid Altus, among others. Since it was Sid's room in which the Sleazy-Con party was being held, he went in and chased everyone else out, then invited the rest of us in. I talked with Midge for awhile, and asked her about MINICON, if she knew where I should write to make reservations and to register. She didn't have any information at that time, but took my address and promised to send me the information (which she did, and I'm going).

After about a half hour in Sid's room, the smoke got to me, so I left. I figured that it would be better to leave, than to barf on his bed (my body reacts violently to smoke of any kind). And since it was about 5:00, I thought it might be nice to sleep a little, especially since I had to drive home the next day.

#### SUNDAY:

Again my internal alarm clock woke me early, 9:00 this time, and I rolled out of bed by 9:30, showered, and headed down to breakfast. Since it was time to make a car payment, and my car was funded through a bank in Ohio, I decided to save myself 13¢ postage and deposit the check while there. When I returned from the bank, I hit the art show, and checked up on all the three paintings which I had bid on. None had changed. There was a mix-up earlier on Saturday. I put down the minimum on a pastel work by Carol Schmidt, which was called INCANTATION, which had griffens pictured. Carol was pointed out to me, and she thanked me for my bid. A little bit later she sought me out, saying that she or someone had mis-labelled the art, and the one with the griffens was a little more for the minimum bid. I went back to the art room, and checked out the two paintings. I decided to keep the bid on the one that should have been titled INCANTATION. I was glad I did. I got the painting at the auction, outbidding Andy Offutt for it. I also got the two other paintings: FROTH MAIDEN by Jackie Franke (for the minimum bid, no less -- I was expecting a fight for that one since it is exceptionally well done), and A STUDY IN URALIAN ARMOR by Phil Foglio.

After the auction there wasn't much else to do. I got into conversations again with various different people. When I had qTHE FOREVER WAR autographed by Joe Haldeman, we talked a bit, and I got his address so I could send him a copy of this zine. I had a short conversation with Rusty Hevelan about books, Chamacon and Midwestcon.

I had a long talk with the Toronto fen, Victoria Wayne, Bob Wilson, Phil Paine and Patrick Hayden. Most of them said that they would be coming to Detroit for WonDayCon. I also had a deep discussion with Diana Sainsbury, and another with Sarah Prince. Sarah said that she really hated to see the con end because she had had such a great time. I didn't blame her for feeling that way, for I felt the same.

I almost had Mike Glickson riding back to the Detroit area with me, but he found a later ride going all the way to Toronto. Diane Drutowski informed me that she was going to ride to Detroit with Victoria Wayne, who was taking the rest of the Toronto fen there to stay overnight, before making the mad dash across Canada to Toronto.

Leah Zeldes and I left about 4:30, stopped for dinner in Bowling Green, and arrived back home about 9:30. We both agreed it was a good con. I look forward to the next MARCON. With Ross Pavlas at the helm, it should be a good one.

## CONCLAVE

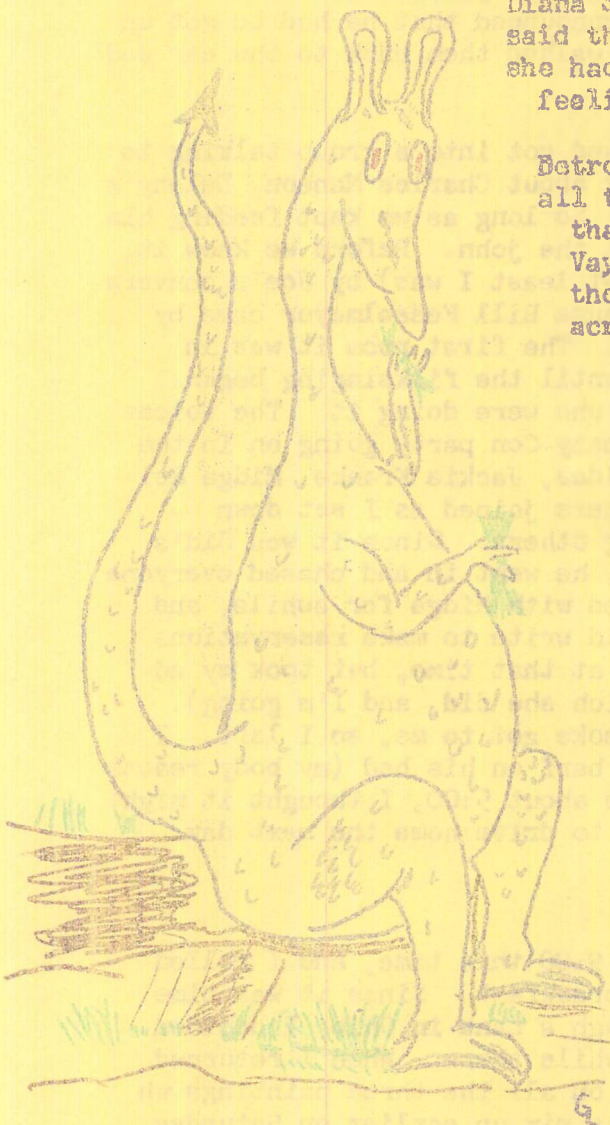
Conclave was a convention headed by Tom Barber, running concurrently with a Teacher's Conference organized by Marshall Tynn at Eastern Michigan University. The Guests of Honor were James Gunn and Clifford Simak.

When I arrived there Tom was getting the things set up, and Marshall Tynn was just getting his stuff organized. I was there primarily for the Conference, since I have been trying to get an SF course in my high school for as long as I have been teaching there, and I figured that any training I can acquire will

be an asset when I try again next year. Still I managed to attend most of the scheduled activities of Conclave.

Jim Gunn talked about "SF in the Media", telling of the death of his own show (that is, the show based on one of his books), THE IMMORTAL. He also mentioned that his other book, THE LISTENERS has again been opted for a possible SF series on TV. And another idea he had, which he did not detail, is under consideration for TV.

When asked about SF on radio, Jim replied that it is at its best there, because radio employs the use of the imagination, something which is lost in movies and TV. Again referring to TV, the only real successes in SF were obtained by Rod Serling and Gene Roddenberry, with minor accomplishment by OUTER LIMITS. About the new Star Trek movie, Jim said that three people had submitted scripts: Gene Roddenberry, which did not come out right; Harlan Ellison, whose idea fell through; and Robert Silverberg, which was good enough, but only for an episode, not the entire movie.



I caught up with Jim after the lecture, and asked him to autograph a copy of THE LISTENERS which I had with me. When reading my name, he said that it sounded familiar. I told him that I was one of the people who had written to him about his SF Teachers Seminar which he is holding this June at the University of Kansas. I told him that I would unfortunately be unable to make it, both because of school, and financial reasons. I managed to talk to him later, at the party thrown by the Conclave concon, and I introduced him to Cy Chauvin, whom he was interested in meeting, mainly because he enjoyed Cy's book reviews in DELAFS.

In the Hucksters room, Howard DeVore and Dean McLaughlin again were selling their books, and the Wayne Third Foundation had a few tables also. The W3F was well represented: Cy Chauvin, John Benson, Paul Madarasz, Todd Bake, Don Hall, Malcolm Cleveland, Michael Beemer, and the beautiful femme-fen Carol Lynn, Neicer, Anne Shoup, Patty Peters Marge Parmenter, and Debbie Goldstein. (Did I miss anybody? Probably!) Clifford Simak walked in, and John Benson asked him about his book, ENCHANTED PILGRIMAGE, if he was going to write a sequel, mainly because it was such a beautiful world. Cliff said that he was thinking about it, but he couldn't use the same characters, and would probably set it about three generations in the future. But he had to finish the two novels he was working on at the time.

I asked Cliff to autograph my copy of ENCHANTED PILGRIMAGE, which he did with pleasure. Then I talked with him for about 15 minutes about some of his other books. It was a most enjoyable experience, and as John told me earlier, he was, and is, a perfect gentleman.

Clifford Simak, as guest of honor, was subjected to an interview style lecture, with Thomas Clareson, Howard DeVore and the audience asking the questions. When asked about writing in general, his in particular, Cliff said that the label Science Fiction was a misnomer; it is actually fantasy, as is all fiction. But it is too late to change it now, so we'll keep it. In his early writing days, the emphasis was on Science, but as time went by, Cliff realized that mankind was the center of the stories, not science, so he turned more philosophical in his writings. Campbell was an influence, but not as much on him as on others.

Others, in describing Cliff's style have used terms such as "grass roots", "compassionate" and "pastoral". On these Cliff said that he writes about people, common ordinary people who usually live in the country. He writes what he knows and what he has experienced. He dislikes the city and the crowded avenues; he likes the open sky and open countryside. This is all reflected in his writing. In his works Cliff works to establish a purpose and a status for mankind in the universe. He wonders if we are using our survival instincts that way we are supposed to, to their proper ends. He wants to establish a plan for mankind through which we may become great, in spite of our faults.

Compassion is the basic tool which we humans have to accomplish this (he hates to use the word "tolerance"). In his story WAY STATION he shows this by having Enoch Wallace bury the dead alien, and going to the trouble of carving an appropriate epitaph on the tombstone. In his short story, "A Death in the Family", again an alien, being taken care of by an old farmer, dies, and is buried with all the respect and decency the farmer would accord his own kin.

Cliff said much more about his works, his feelings toward his own writings and others' writings. But the unique quality of Simak himself, that quality of being and living as a gentleman, and a gentle man, shone through. I doubt that anyone was not affected by this man. His interview ended with a standing ovation.

Back at the Conference, I learned much; techniques in teaching, sources and materials for teaching, the importance of themes and historical settings in presenting stories. The last activity for the conference was "Meet the Authors"

during which the teachers could ask questions of the Guests of Honor, and all the local authors: T.L. Sherred, Lloyd Biggle, Joan Hunter Holly, Dean McLaughlin, Stanley Schmitz, and special guest Thomas Clareson. I managed to plug Cy Chauvin's book, A MULTITUDE OF VISIONS, and I asked Jim Gunn to tell the other teachers about his seminar.

After the session was over, I approached Joan Hunter Holly and asked if she would autograph her book THE GRAY ALIENS for me. She did, gladly, and I talked with her for awhile before she had to leave for dinner. She said that that particular book had not been released in paperback in the US because the publishing company had thought it "too cerebral". I relayed this information to John Benson later, and he differed; he had just bought a copy of it the other day in a bookstore. Later, at the party, I told this to Joan, and she said that she would look into it. Hopefully it would mean a check for her.

I managed short conversations with other people. Betty Klein-Lebbink, her sister Tina and friend Mike, arrived from Amherstburg Canada, and I went to dinner with them, Dave Roach, Candice Massey and Mark Bernstein. I talked with Bob Aprin about his book, which is going to be published in ANALOG in early '77. I conversed slightly with Michael Beemer, and was sorry I couldn't talk with him longer. Mike is one of the newer members of MISHAP, the Michigan apa, and is one of the brighter spots therein.

The dinner, mentioned above, was at the Four Seas restaurant. The food was Chinese in general, including other oriental cuisines as well as American. I had the shrimp, and it was the best I ever had. After dinner we all met at the Crystal House, the motel where a room had been reserved for a party. It was delightful, and pleasant, in spite of being forced to abandon my coon-skin cap by Patty Peters and Marge Parmenter (I didn't want it destroyed). I talked for hours with Jim Gunn and Joan Holly. I also talked for awhile with Roger Schlobin, the SF Prof from Purdue U, whom I met at Confusion, and had the pleasure of meeting once more. I left about 2:00 AM, taking John with me. We were both tired. On the way back we both agreed that it was a fantastic one day convention. So much was packed into it that it felt like a whole weekend had passed.

## NORTHWOODS TOURNAMENT

The Northwoods Tournament was my first SCA event. With John Benson, Carol Lynn and Denise Borung, we drove Selena (my car) to East Lansing, Michigan and took part in the festivities. I was awed by the fighting, thrilled by the costuming. My 15th century coathardie, which was made by Carol Lynn, was commented upon by several people. After the fighting, there was a lull until someone began the cloak-fighting for possession of the field, then the pillow-fighting.

I met several nice people: Jan Skidmore from Illinois; Twilla Oxley, Martha and Liz, all from Adrian College in Michigan.

During the two hour lay-over between the tournament and the feast, we visited OLD WORLD, a mall with all sorts of little shops. I was a big hit with my blue tights. While there, I met one of my best friends, Ken Adams, and his wife Linda. We talked for about 15 minutes and promised to get together in the near future. The feast was delicious, and there was lots of food for everyone. After that came the revel, during which was a lot of dancing, and I dance my feet off. My left knee is still sore. There was a post-revel party, to which we did not go, mainly because I as driver was quite tired. We sang songs all the way home, and my mind just drifted with the happenings of the day. I loved it.

# WONDAYCON

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It was such a beautiful morning for the con, and it was the first con for which I was chairfan --- well co-chairfan, co-ing with Leah A Zeldes, I being more of a hinderance than a help. In spite of the lovely weather, there was a sense of foreboding, that things were not going to turn out correctly. It started when I forgot my camera, and when I found out on the day before that the film 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA had not arrived yet. And true to my feelings the day turned out to be not-so-hot.

The film did not arrive on Saturday, so we were out our advertised feature. One of the moderators of the panels did not show, so we threw in our substitute panel on SF in the CINEMA, which I heard was very well done (thank you), but which threw us a little off schedule. The Art-A-Thon, different artists contributing to the same picture, did not materialize. And by the time it came to put on the SF FANDOM EXPLAINED panel, there were so few people around that we let it go.

In the hucksters room, usually a lively place, there were three dealers. And two of them were from the Wayne Third! Besides the very successful SEQUEST\* ERCON held in Kalamazoo that same weekend, there was a ComicCon held in Jackson, a surprise to all of us. And the comiccon took most of the dealers.

But there were some bright spots. In spite of the lack of a special feature, Bill Walldroop came up with a number of decent shorts which seemed to satisfy everybody. His friend Ed had a number of decent ones which he showed using his own 8mm projector. The interview with Mike Glicksohn, our guest of honor, chaired by Gary Hubbard, was excellent. And Larry's Auction was delightful.

The list of other SMOFs was impressive: from Toronto came Victoria Wayne, Phil Paine, Patrick Hayden, and Wayne MacDonald; from Ohio came Bill Bowers and Ro Lutz-Nagey with his wife Lin; Brian Earl Brown came in from Indiana; Betty Klein-Lebbink and company arrived from Amhurstberg Canada; then from scattered parts of Michigan came Tom Barber, Randy Bathurst, Dave Zurich, the lovely Renee Sieber, Ron Stinson, and others.

So, looking back on the con, it didn't seem to have gone so badly, but going through it was a horrible experience. No more for me; I'll chair a panel, but not a con.

The party afterwards at Paul Madarasz' house was much better. Everything was more relaxed, and the drinks seemed to smooth things over. Needless to say I was depressed about the con, but thanks to Denise Mattingly, Linda Glasscock,

Steve Trout, Bill Walldroop and his friend Nelson, I was pulled out of it and could enjoy the party.

I talked with Jim Stanley for a bit about writing and some SF books I had read recently. Jim was one of the founding fathers of the Wayne Third Foundation, and he had been writing for a long time. In fact, he said, the story which was printed in MISMAP was written a few years ago. Nevertheless it is a good story.

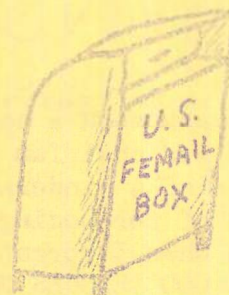
I conversed with other people, notably Tom Barber, Victoria Wayne (about accents), Wayne MacDonald, Betty Klein-Lebbink (about various things, especially the party she wants to have, and Lanterns for my zine cover), and Denise Mattingly. Long about 2:30 I left, quite contented, taking Nelson and John Benson home, as well.



I THINK THIS GUY  
COULD USE SOME  
DECENT ILLOES

# Empathic Post Scriptings

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The letters in this column refer to the personalzine I sent out around two months ago titled LAN FROM THE HOUSE OF ISHER #4. In that issue I made comments on the Dorsai, crashers, made some con reports, and a few other things. Here are the locs I received, with the personal parts edited out.

FROM: Amy Hartman  
6215 South Quad  
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48109

... lan, the light show was too long, and you know it. I don't mind the Dorsai; and they've never bothered me, though nobody's going to convince me that races with interstellar travel will use foot soldiers. (Dune doesn't work for me for the same reason -- in the latest chunks of it, seems like Herbert's upgrading the Sardukas to catch some Dorsai fans).

I think I make the Continental qualifications for being educated: I have French, German, English, some Latin, and Esperanto I'm working on, which is a hash of all of them. I go for crossword puzzles too, and once made up a symmetric one with English-style clues -- you know:

"Oh, owl, give me a lamb's coat" = wool

I don't know if I can make it to MARCON. You folks have an absolute talent for scheduling cons the weekend before my physics tests.

I'm happy to see this zine; I bought a whole stack of MISHAPS at a con for about 35¢, and decided I liked the apa; so it's nice to see another piece of it.

Elen sila lumenn amentilmo,  
Amy Hartman

I agree, the light show at CONFUSION 12 was a little long, but it was pleasant. ### I've yet to read CHILDREN OF DUNE. Someday, maybe, when I have time.... ### Fortunately for me, the cons have been falling on the weekends immediately after I get paid, so I blow my money then, and starve the next week and a half. Thanks for the kind words; hope you like this one.

FROM: Ross Pavlac  
Apt. C-2  
4654 Tamarack Blvd  
Columbus, Ohio 43229

Sir:

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The correct spelling is Diana Sainsbury.

I am her boyfriend.

"We exchanged occupations and interests, until her boyfriend came up and sat with us." -- UNTIL?

glrk:

Rosa Pavlac

Rosa, I realized that her name was spelled with a "y" not a "g". Both a mental and physical (finger on the keys) slip. When I first met Diana, reading her name badge I said Sainsburg, which she corrected immediately. ### Admittedly I could not remember your name even though I had seen you several times during CONFUSION. I could have described you to a tee, even tell exactly what you were wearing, but I couldn't remember your name. ### I guess that it was a bad choice of words to use "until". We did continue the conversation when you arrived, including you in it. I remember you telling me you worked for Battelle as a programmer, and I asked if you a friend of mine who was also working there, last I heard. Anyway, no offense was meant.

FROM: Lloyd Biggle Jr  
569 Dubie Avenue  
Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197

Dear George,

My thanks for the copy of LAN and your kind words. Bill Cavin just sent a tape of my speech, and I listened to it yesterday -- the first time I'd ever heard myself speak. It turned out not to be as bad as I'd expected!

(But the piano was every bit as bad as I'd expected; And we learned afterward that there are a number of pianos in the hotel and that was the one the management considered the best!)

Best wishes,

Lloyd Biggle

It usually happens that I never think to bring blank tapes with me to cons, or I leave my tape recorder at home. One of these days I'll get all that together. ### The piano didn't sound all that bad to me; you should hear the one I play on at home!

FROM: Penny Tegen  
1602 Linden  
Urbana, Illinois 61801

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Dear George,

Seeing your zine gets me itchy for putting my own out again. I only managed three issues of ANANT (Hindu for "The Cosmic All") which were always about a year late.

For your new logo --- do a take-off on Green Lantern charging his ring --- something suitably fannishly altered, of course.

I enjoyed your con reports, and despite the things you've indicated I don't think that anyone should take violent exception to the ideas you have in them. Sure, some things you say are opinionated, but they're not out of bounds or offensive, and the rest of the zine is nicely done. I enjoy hearing some honest opinions and new ways of seeing fandom, rather than the pabulum that pleases everyone and offends none.

Another zine I enjoy is Jackie's DILEMMA --- which I'd better tell her as I'm a rotten "loc"er, as you can tell.

Anyhow, keep on writing and I'll keep on reading --- maybe I can even say "Hi" at Kubla Kwandry, or somewhere.

Penny

I will be considering the Green Lantern take-off for a future issue. I've had to rush to get this one out, but it is a good idea, and I will use it. Thanks much. ### In my statements about crashers, I was shocked when it was revealed to me that 90% of fandom does this. But this crashing is not quite the same as I meant it: Those who make no prior arrangements, or strangers who ask me for space. Anyway, I have been chastized. ### Your Locs are fine. I really enjoy the egoboo. If you keep on reading, I'll keep on writing. Hope you enjoy this issue.

Most of the verbal comments I received said the same thing: I took four pages to say something I could have said in one or less. I thank you Betty Klein-Lebbink, Ken Adams, Carol Lynn, Linda Glasscock, John Benson and others who made comments.

