

"LOOK, Dear! We're
gonna be on
LAN'S LANTERN!"

LAN'S
LANTERN *2

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Why you are getting this:

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Dedicated to Carol Lynn

FROM THE EDITOR

This is my editorial and it is going to be short.

I have just spent the last few hours typing up the final entries for this thing, and I do not feel like typing much more. And to top it off, I misnumbered some pages, but they do come out right in the end. This is the longest thing I've ever done, and it looks like I'll be collating it by myself as well since there is no one else around, and it is quite late, or it will be by the time I'm finished running the rest of it off. And tomorrow I leave for MIDWESTCON, which is why I'm rushing to get it done tonight. I wonder what happened to all the marvelous plans I had to get it done early??? Too much fanaticism, I guess.

One note about the cover, the back one. Where I teach, I am also in charge of all the AV equipment. Thus the name for me, AV-Man. That is, I presume, a caricature of myself, although on closer look it resembles Curt Stubbs somewhat. Anyway, Pat is my student, so you see what I have to put up with. Oh well, such is life.

I hope you don't mind the ditto this time. If my mailing list increases any more, I will have to go mimeo or off-set.

Anyway, I said that this was going to be short. Enjoy the articles and love 'em.



A REVIEW OF THE LATEST BUG MOVIES

OR

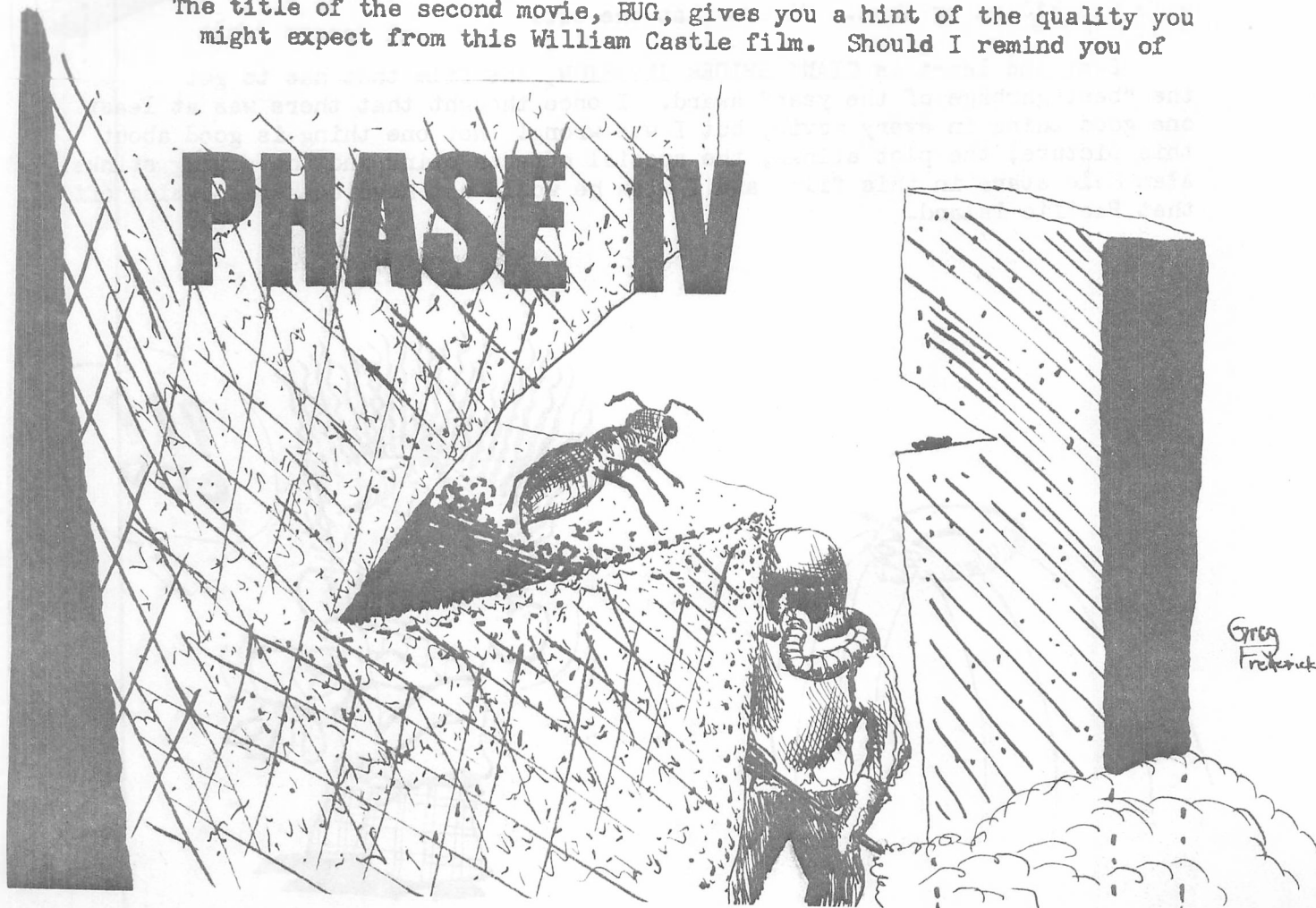
Grab that can of RAID, quick

Movie Reviews
by
Greg Frederick

There has been a small avalanche of Bug movies in this area recently. I am thinking of three in particular: PHASE 4, BUG, and GIANT SPIDER INVASION. The order of the listing is my order of preference. Most of you have probably not heard of PHASE 4. It has had a short and quiet first-run in Detroit years ago and has been playing as a second feature off and on ever since. It is an extraordinary picture. Just as you sit down and view the beginning documentary about ants and think you have wasted your money, an interesting plot develops. This movie is a case of man versus the ants. Only they are not giant ants as in THEM, nor are they mindless destroying ants as in THE NAKED JUNGLE; they are a well organized intelligent group. This group mutates to survive man's greatest weapons, such as poison. Even a computer is useless against them. All in all the alien feeling of this picture makes for a fine two hours of entertainment.

The title of the second movie, BUG, gives you a hint of the quality you might expect from this William Castle film. Should I remind you of

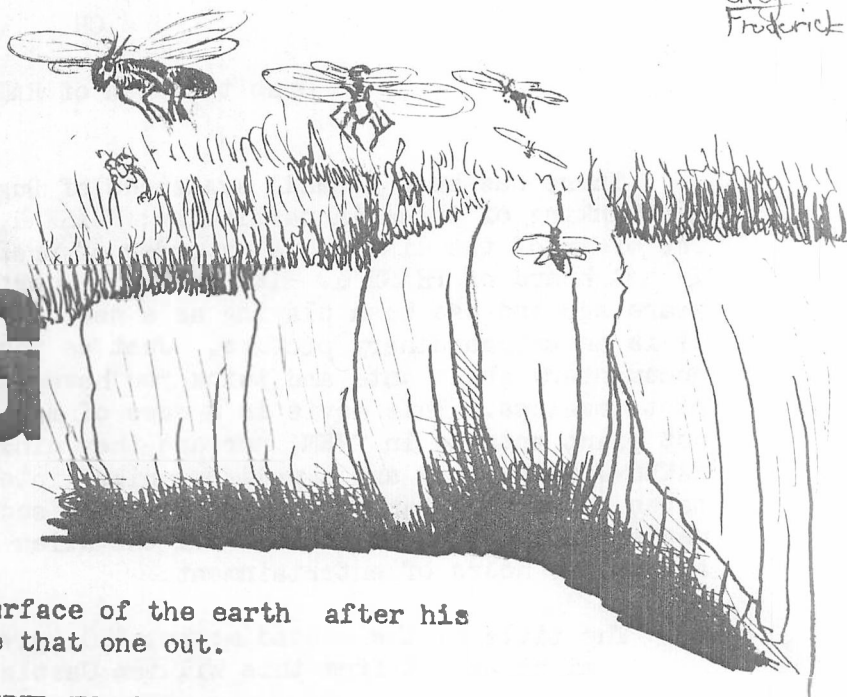
PHASE IV



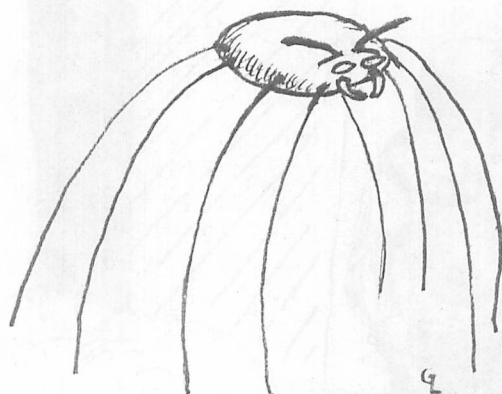
the other films by Castle, or do you want to forget the TIN-GLER and the THIRTEEN GHOSTS like I do? If I were rating a group of mediocre films, I would rate this as the most mediocre of the lot. I believe its main downfall to be a stupid plot, which tries to

make you believe that a teacher would want these cockroaches to survive on the surface of the earth after his wife was killed by them. Figure that one out.

BUG



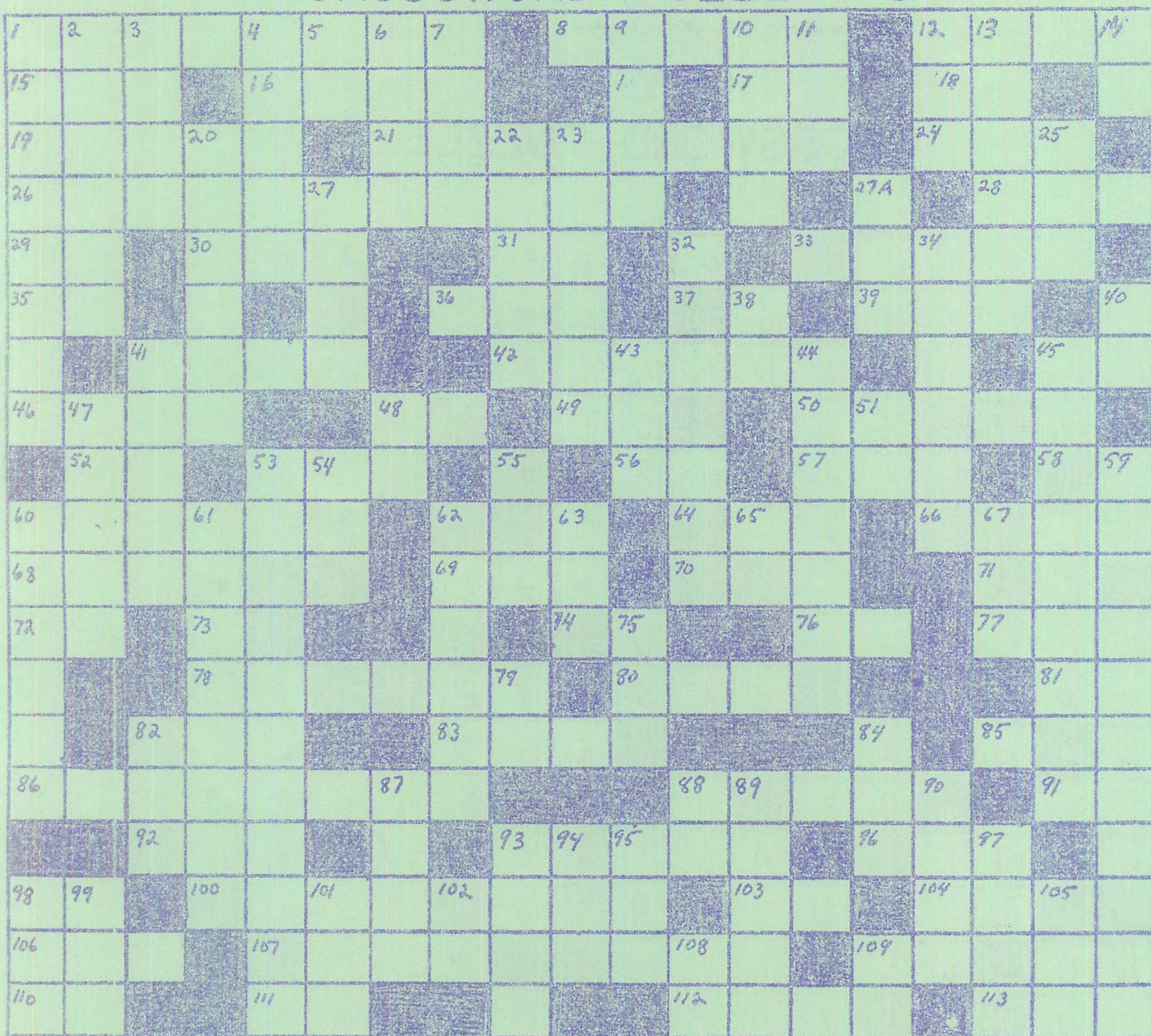
Last and least is GIANT SPIDER INVASION, the film that has to get the "best garbage of the year" award. I once thought that there was at least one good thing in every movie, but I was wrong! Not one thing is good about this picture; the plot stinks, the special effects stink and the acting stinks. Alan Hale stars in this film, and I wish he would not have bothered coming off that Pacific island.



KEY TO
CROSSWORD PUZZLE *5

E	S	P	E	R	S		N	O		A	S	T	A	R	O	T	H
L	I	L	I	T	H		O		P	L	A	T	T		L	O	E
L	L	A	N	A		K	U	R	L	A	N	D		M	I	R	I
I	V	Y			L	L	R		U	T	S		N	I	V	E	N
S	E		T	R	E	A	S	U	R	E		R	O	S	E		L
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H	A		G	R	E	E	N			C	R	Y		P	E	L	
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L			S	L	E	U	T	H	A		Y		T	I	L		P
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		S		S	N	Y	D	E	R				R	A	N	N	

CROSSWORD PUZZLE #6



ACROSS

1. Mrs. _____ Hamilton, Leigh _____
 8. prefix meaning "star"
 12. Wrote Beyond the Sealed World
 15. L. _____ Hubbard
 16. an O.E. of MISHAP
 17. All the Seas With Oysters
 18. O'Donnell's "_____ between Generations"
 19. misuse
 21. wrote The Incredible Shrinking Man
 22. The _____ of Space by Chandler
 26. The Stars My _____
 28. Burroughs' The _____ King
 29. Bruce Ronald's initials.
 30. Ribo-Nucleic-Acid
 31. Tom Reamy's initials
 33. I, _____
 35. Universal Translator
 36. VanVogt's "_____ Centaurus"
 37. Norton's _____ initials
 39. Billion Electron Volts
 41. _____ Bowers
 42. Andre _____
 45. _____ Van Vogt
 46. tale, story
 48. same as 17 across
 49. Capek novel
 50. _____ McCann, wrote Preferred Risk
 52. Fee, _____, Foe, fum, ...
 53. Edgar Allen _____

56. Neptunian Industries
57. Unidentified Flying Object
58. Overdose
59. Pardon is a way of life
62. The Forgotten Beasts of
64. Roamy's The Giant
66. Princes in Amber
68. Wrote Lt. Gullivar Jones
69. poem
70. Carr's Warlord of
71. Regional Yell Society
72. Elwood's initials
73. Lieutenant (abbrev.)
74. Fleming's Dr.
76. "Give me liberty ____ give me death"
77. amount (abbrev)
78. Harvard Math prof turned songwriter ("Pollution")
80. McLaughlin
81. Organized Ionians
82. Assoc. of Hybrid Robots
83. Hixby & Fontana "By Any Other ____"
85. With Your New Head
86. apostate, traitor, deserter
88. Ronald's Our Men in
91. Stanley Adams' initials
92. To ____ in Italbar
93. Beckett's Waiting for ____
93. unit of energy
96. Simak's Bright the Vision
100. Alien jungle novel by Foster
103. morning
104. desert in Mongolia
106. automobile
107. Herbert's The ____ Barrier
109. wrote Galaxy 506
110. Alfred Knowles initials
111. Ted White's initials
112. Haldeman's The For- ____ War
113. 2000 lbs.

DOWN

1. Wrote The Martian Chronicles
2. ____ A. Heinlein
3. posterior sphincter
4. wrote The Day Before Tomorrow
5. ____ "Doc" Smith
6. ____ Of the Light Country
7. Morrill's " ____ Only a Mother"
9. VanVogt's Seige of the Un- ____
10. Cat on a Hot Tin
11. book by Peirs Anthony
12. ____ the Stick
13. The good Doctor

14. ____ Hamilton
20. Chrichton's Andromeda
22. Nourse's Trouble on
23. Davis' The Years Past Stories
25. Mechanical Aptitude Test
27. talon, claw
- 27A. ____ Shaw
32. ____ Hayden, edits Thangorindrim
34. Headed art show at Autoclave
36. ____ Room for Man
40. Elwood's ____ initials
41. ____ W. Aldiss
43. Logan's
44. Niven's ____ Star
45. unknown author
47. "In flames"
48. Official Editor
51. ____ Jones, wrote Colossus
53. a mischievous house-haunter
54. Carter's New Worlds for
55. same as 62 across
59. Van Vogt's ____ Universe
60. Author of Flesh
61. wrote The Secret of the Ninth Planet
62. St. Clair's Message of the ____
63. ____ lair
65. home of the Guardians of the Universe (Green Lantern)
67. ____ and George Gershwin
75. poem
79. Egyptian god
82. Simak's Time ____ Again
84. SF book publisher
87. Watership
88. same as 98 across
89. a misspelling of Flavi
90. Cogito ____ sum
93. metric unit of weight
94. Old Latin Readings
95. Doctor of Draconian Obstetrics
97. Kiasu's robot
98. Society for Creative Anachronism
99. The tree sacred in Pagan Pantheism
101. Wollheim's book Company
102. Old Terran
105. brother (abbrev)
108. General Electric
109. Tom Reamy's initials



THE ORIGINS of LITTLE FUZZY
an article by Mark R. Leeper

People who think they have found something good, be it religion, politics, drugs, whatever, like to turn other people on to the same pernicious habit. It is simplt human nature. In me, the habit I like to turn people on to, or at least one of them, is the reading of science fiction. I do not try to defend myself, while in most cases I am against this sort of missionary-ism, I am a repeated offender when it comes to trying to get people to read the same garbage I read. One of the books I have been using for years for this purpose is Little Fuzzy by H. Beam Piper. For ont thing, the book is totally devoid of politics and sex, and nearly devoid of violence. On the positive side, Piper has created a modern classic by inventing a race of small humaniods which is charming and believable. It seems to be a viceless, clever race that embodies all the virtues of man but size. They are about two feet tall and Piper falls just short of calling them "cuddly". Still the glimpses we can get of their mental processes do ring true.

I was then quite pleased to discover a film that it seemed to me was based in part on Little Fuzzy. The film, and do not consider this a recommendation, is an early Burt Reynolds vehicle called SKULLDUGGERY. The plot concerns the discovery of a race of subhumans in Africa, a corporation's plans to enslave it, and a murder trial that must hinge on finding a working definition of the word "human". The film however gives no credit to the book Little Fuzzy and credits instead the book You Shall Know Them by Vercors, a French author whose real name appears to be Jean Bruller. I recently read the two books consecutively in order to compare them, and the similarities are far too plentiful and striking to be coincidental.

At this point if you have read either both or neither of the books, I recommend that you go off and play Parchesi; the rest of the article will be either obvious or meaningless to you. If you have read just one of the books it will almost inevitably be Little Fuzzy as it has recently been reprinted with a sugary-sweet cover that out-cutesy-poops the novel by a mile. You Shall Know Them has only the minor claim to fame that it once was a Book-of-the-Month-Club (not even Science Fiction Book Club) selection some nine years before Fuzzy was copyrighted.

In Vercors' book missing link Paranthropus Erectus, or Tropis for short, is discovered on African territory to which the mining rights are owned by the Takura Development Company. Piper sets his novel on the planet Zarathustra on which the Chartered Zarathustra Company owns the mining rights.

One of the first signs of intelligence of the Tropis is their fascination with nuts and bolts. They are fascinated with the priciple of screwing the nut on and off. Vercors devotes only a sentence or two here, but Piper picks it up and devotes a large piece in the novel to the fuzzy's ability to generalize the principle of nuts and bolts to jar lids.

In Little Fuzzy, the fuzzy's favorite food is the human K-ration XT-3, a sort of distasteful (to humans) canned food product. It seems a logical updating to the canned ham the explorers take with them in You Shall Know Them. The Canned ham is the Tropis favorite food and is used to bribe the Tropis to do minor tasks. The Takura Development company wants to use the canned ham to train the Tropis to work in the industries like mills where they will be used as slave labor. If they are animals, the Takura Company can pretty much do what they want with the Tropis and their land. If the Tropis are human, then they own their own lives and land. Similarly in Fuzzy, the fuzzies' right to their own lives and land depends on whether the fuzzies are sentient.

Vercors has the Takura Company impound fifteen Tropis to set a precedent that the Tropis are property without rights. Piper follows suit and has the Zarathustra company pull the same coup.

In vercors an attempt to determine whether the Tropis are human is inconclusive when it is shown that Tropes can interbreed with both apes and the protagonist Douglas Templemore. Templemore decides to force the issue of Tropis humanity by killing his offspring by a Tropis female and insisting on being tried for murder. Here we come to the major parting of the two novels. The ethics of purposefully killing ones own son, an action that is admittedly a murder, in order to prove that the mother is a human, seem to be a bit strong for a book like Little Fuzzy which is almost a juvenile. In Piper the corresponding trial and the events leading up to it are arranged so that the hero had no part in killing the fuzzies, and the verdict of innocent in his murder trial would indicate that the fuzzies are sentient.

As a result it appears that Piper has taken a powerful novel that raises some interesting questions, watered it down to make it palatable for kiddees, cutsidied it up to make it popular, and had it published without references to the source of many, in fact most, of his ideas. I am told that the sequel, The Other Human Race (soon to be published as Fuzzy Sapiens), owes a rather large debt to Oliver Twist.

There is some question as to what attitude we should take when we see that an author has been borrowing his ideas. There is the inevitable point that Shakespeare rarely employed plots that were not borrowed from someplace. Part of the virtue of science fiction is that it is a literature of ideas, and one author is free to build on the ideas of another. In other cases less common, obvious plagiarism is used for satire or comic intent. John Morressy, in Starbrat, falls into a far future situation that is blatantly stolen from the film MAGNIFICENT SEVEN. The attitude should probably be to measure the value of the results. The book Little Fuzzy has to be rated on the value of Piper's original additions to his borrowed plot.



Con Reports

& RAMBLINGS

MINICON: Ever since I had heard about MINICON, I wanted to go. It was supposed to be the best convention in the Midwest, and within my limited con-going experience, I can say yes, it was. So we went, the "we" being John Benson and myself. Also from the Detroit area were Joe Wesson and Sid Altus, but they flew. Not being very rich, John and I took Selena (my lovely emerald dart) and drove. I picked John up at 5:00 AM Friday morning on the 16th of April. We did a little swing in Detroit to pick up one of my students who needed a ride to Chicago, and we were on our way. John and I had a pleasant conversation, with Paul (my student) chipping in every once and awhile, and the miles rolled swiftly beneath Selena's wheels. By the time we got to Chicago and dropped Paul off, I needed gas, so it worked out nicely.

Back on the road again we took the scenic (?) route through Milwaukee, and John commented, "Nice country around here; even the air pollution smells nice." We were, at that point, passing by the breweries. A few miles farther on we stopped for lunch, and were amazed to find that in Wisconsin, the heart of the Dairy Country, they used non-dairy cream with their coffee. A couple hours later we took a break at a scenic lookout site and climbed a path to a peak which overlooked the countryside. It was a pleasant stop, and we had a snack of chicken breasts and pepsi before starting out again. I should note that John doesn't drive, so yours truly was the pilot all the way.

Finally, about 14 hours after we left Detroit, we rolled into the Parking Lot at the Hotel Leamington.

Walking into the hotel with the first armload of equipment, I saw Joe Haldeman striding across the floor, and heard someone shout, "Hey, How's the Nebula winner?" Immediately I ran up to Joe and asked, "Did you really win the Nebula for THE FOREVER WAR?" He nodded in assent, and I extended my hand in congratulations, saying "Great, good job." Unfortunately, the only hand I had sufficiently free was holding a couple things on hangers. Smiling, Joe clasped it anyway.

After getting the car unpacked, I took a pile of books into the main meeting room where the authors were holding an autograph session. Among the signatures I got were Ben Bova, Lester del Rey, Judi-Lynne del Rey, Jack Williamson, Lloyd Biggle, Gordie Dickson, Leigh Brackett, Ed Hamilton and Clifford Simak (not to mention Joe Haldeman who autographed another copy of the FOREVER WAR for me again --- the first was at MARCON). I was



wanted to be on the first spaceship to Mars. His father thought it was a ridiculous idea. How would the ship in space move? There's no air to push against. If she were young today, Leigh would be in the space program; it is the only hope for the survival of the species. We need the land to produce food so we can live; our arable land is diminishing at an alarming rate, and if we don't do something soon the world will starve. Setting up ecologically balanced space colonies is probably the only answer. But we must get started before we no longer have the technology to do it.

Jackie Franks rose next to introduce "world-wrecker/world-saver" Hamilton. Jackie's father had told her that there were two names in SF which should be spoken in awe, Campbell and Hamilton. In introducing one so mighty as Edmond Hamilton, one should bend her knee, she said. And thus she genuflected as Ed rose to take the speakers platform.

Ed spoke mostly of his personal memories of the five decades that he has been writing SF. He was an experimenter, creating and destroying worlds; some were good, some bad, but he enjoyed every minute of it. He listened to, and still does, his young readers, for they are the ones for whom he writes. Ed has always said, "Never speak rudely to a fan; he may be your editor five years from now." There have been good times, and bad times in the last fifty years for him, but for the most part they have been good. Writing and fandom has been fun and enriching, "not in money, but in the only thing that really counts, friendships."

Jackie returned to say that fandom has been relatively free of sex discrimination, and the next speaker was indicative of that. Norbert Couch takes a backseat to his wife in fanish activities. He tells stories, both clean and indecent, and he is a fanish workhorse (i.e., he gets the liquor supply.). "He has saved more cons from dehydration than Tucker has managed to drink dry."

Norbert Couch, while preparing for his career as a science teacher, found a woman who was more interested in discussing Hamilton than painting a house, so he married Leigh, and they have been doing fanish things ever since. They hold family conferences to decide which con to go to, and he said that he will continue to go to cons until he's too old to carry beer into the hotel.

Rusty introduced Leigh Couch as a woman who works to be a friend to young people and bring them into fandom. She worked also to get the Wordcon bid for St. Louis over Columbus. "Joe Haldeman has said that Fandom is a place for love. Well, Leigh is the personification of that love."

Leigh said that she started out as a "gosh-wow" fan, but jumped head-first into fandom. Because of her running around, a mundane associate remarked that she must not have any close friends. "Did you ever try to explain fandom to a mundane?" For as long as she had been reading, she always wanted to meet the person who made Mars come alive for her; and now she has, Leigh Brackett.

Judi-Lynne delRey came to the stand next, and presented Joe Haldeman with a leatherbound copy of THE FOREVER WAR in honor of his winning the Nebula. As she handed it to him, she said: "Here's your \$1.50 book with its \$65 cover."

The next item was a production of the fanish musical, THE MIMIC MAN, with Dave Emerson playing the part of A.B. Dick. This was the first time I had seen it, although I have scanned the script before. I took a number of slides of the show, but unfortunately I had forgotten to recharge my flash, so I came up with very poor reproductions. But I enjoyed the play, and had the honor of sitting next to Jack Williamson during the performance.

That night was again spent wandering from room party to con suite; I had fun people watching and conversing with a number of people. Eventually I met up with Ann Casa, and had a delightfully long conversation about various people and things; the Society for Creative Anachronism and my persona therein,

fandom in general, and personal relationships. It was hours later when we parted.

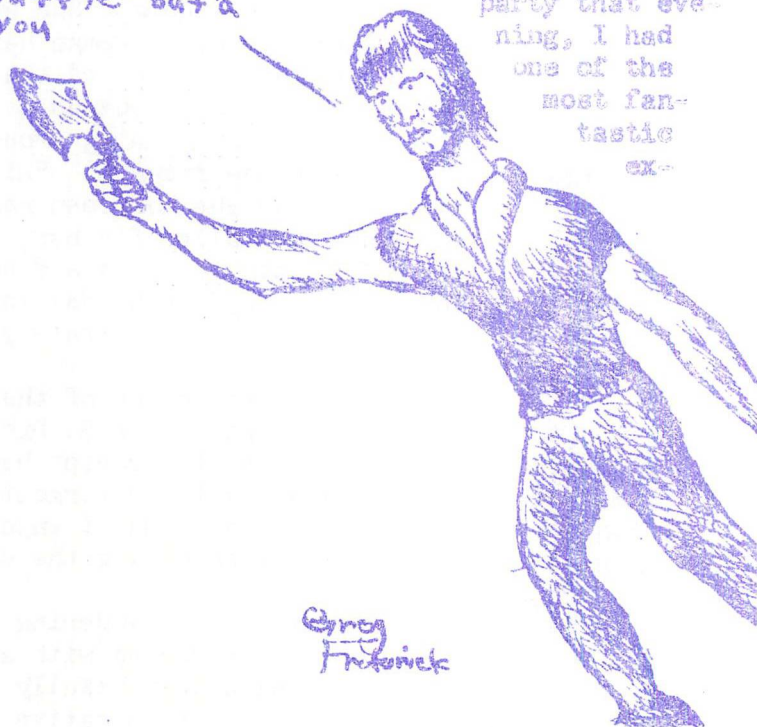
Sunday was kind of a floating day. Not much was scheduled to happen so as usual I spent time talking to fans again. Leah Dillon said that she was going to be moving, but would send me her CoA. Stephane, a companion to Mike Glicksohn, said she would send me information of I-CON. Leigh Brackett and Ed Hamilton invited any fans when drove by in the vicinity of their home to drop in. Lloyd Biggle started spreading tales about Sid Altus who stood him up for a date for breakfast (I think it was on Sunday morning-- but it might be Saturday morning; my mind is a little fuzzy on that).

There were two major things that happened before I left the hotel that I remember clearly. One is that I commissioned Adrienne Thornley to make me a macramé piece on which I could pin my con badges. The other was a number of autographs I got from some beautiful people. Since the concomm had provided everyone with a program book with a page for autographs, I decided to use mine but not for pro-authors. I asked Gay Haldeman for her autograph. Great. Then I walked into the area where Rick Sternbach was giving an airbrush demonstration and, seeing Doug Rice standing there, asked him to autograph the page. He drew a face and signed it. I asked Rick Sternbach for his. He took one look at what Doug did, then with his airbrush drew the curve of a planet with a starry background. De Peterson was next who, after seeing what Doug and Rick had done, drew a complete Unicorn and signed it. Phil Foglio drew a caricature of himself. Fantastic. Finally, I asked Jackie Franke for her signature. She looked at all that had been done, then signed her name and drew a small rectangle after it! I was elated with the whole thing. That page is now sprayed with a fixative and under glass; it's a beautiful piece of conglomerate extemporaneous artwork, and one that I will treasure.

I checked out of the hotel and drove out into St. Paul where I was to meet John and his friend Don Heron. Before going to the dead-dog party that evening, I had one of the most fantastic ex-

Man's 1st
Contact with
an Intelligent
Alien

Stay back,
you alien
Or I'll make a
soufflé out of
you



Gary
Friedrich

periences of my life. I met and talked with Donald Wandrei.

The legend himself lives in a lovely old house, and I was honored to meet him. We talked about all sorts of things from Greek tragedies to violence on the screen, from reading to education. Art, we did talk about, and I saw the most beautiful fantastic art I had ever seen. Don's brother Howard Wandrei had drawn some of the most exquisite pieces of fantastic art that has ever been produced by anyone. And Don has the originals. There are no copies. For one thing, no copies could really be made of them; the lines are drawn too fine for plates to be made, and no photo process could reproduce the subtle colors. One could get lost for hours in them, so much is hidden in those fine lines. And it was too soon that we had to leave. But next year MINICON is a must, if only to see Don Wandrei again.

The dead-dog party was basically that, dead. There were things happening at the Boze Bus Station: a group was being entertained by a fantastic guitar player and his very good singing voice; another was busy talking; a third group requested that Scott Imes replay the videotape he had taken of the BOOZE PANEL during the con, which he did. Things were going on, but the general atmosphere was that of "thank God it's all over for this year". Can't blame them, really. MINICON went off well, and it was only through the efforts of the concomm and the Minnesota fan that it did. They deserved to be tired.

After a quick sleep at Don Herron's place, we were up and away, heading back to Detroit on Monday morning. Even with the added passenger of Joe Wesson, I did the driving. Nothing of interest happened on the trip back, outside of some bad "dell" jokes when passing through the Dells of Wisconsin (Where's a place where they serve Mexican food? Taco Dell --- which gives you an idea of the level of the humor.). We arrived safely, with good memories of a good con.

RAMBLINGS I

Things drifted rather lazily between MINICON and the DECENNIAL. As a member of the Detroit Classical Association, I was invited to attend a Wine-tasting get-together (which turned out to be a wine-drinking party) at the Sacred Heart Seminary. Hesitantly I asked the lovely Carol Lynn to accompany me, and she hesitantly accepted. We had been friends for some time, and had previously gone out only to pick up some fabric for a SCA costume for me. The hesitation on my part stemmed from my own insecurity of being alone with a female, especially one as lovely as Carol; her hesitation came from not knowing what to expect from such a gathering of scholars, especially in a field in which she is not very familiar. I was elated when she accepted, and felt like a starry-eyed adolescent in love. God I must have acted insipid. Imbued with Carol's radiance at the party, I lost all sense of manners and behaved like an ass. I forgot to introduce her to people, especially my former teacher from the University of Detroit, Dr. Kovach. But Carol, poised and dignified, made her own introductions and found something for us to do the following week.

Yes, Carol enjoyed herself and kindly overlooked my faults, and together we went to the Detroit Public Library to sit in on a discussion group of "great books". The author that group had to read was Alfred Lord Whitehead. Joe Eaton whom Carol and I had met at the party introduced us around and we sat in, and even contributed. We had to leave early because an old member of the Wayne Third was in town and having a small party at her place, to which Carol invited me. It was a lovely affair, and again my horizon of past history of the WBF was pushed back further. It's strange to become part of a group that has a long history, and gradually acquire that history as part of your own. Fandom is like that; the WBF is like that. And so is any relationship between people. Through common sharing you become one. In the short time that I've been in

the Wayne third, I have become so involved in it that people take it for granted that I have been in as long as they have. That gives me a sense of belonging that makes my spirit soar.

DECENNIAL

The Decennial: the tenth anniversary of the Society for Creative Anachronism. A day of sunshine and a day of rain graced the celebration and event. I left rather late in the afternoon that Friday, and expected to get there and find our tent set up, and John and Carol lazing around, talking to people. I caught up with them on the freeway, and followed them into Kalamazoo. Carol can, at times, be a frustrating person to follow. She is intent on saving gas, for which I don't blame her, but she vacillates her speed between 50 and 60, depending on the hills. Nevertheless, we arrived in one piece, had dinner, set up the tent, then headed for Sharon Parraro's place where we had a delightful evening talking, doing some schtick, and listening to some of my PDQ Bach tapes. Then we trucked over to Paula Smith's house where we crashed for the night.

After a dubious beginning, the day turned out sunny, and most everybody ended up with red noses, cheeks and necks. The fighting was well done and it was fun watching the mundanes watching us. Paula, as Sister Beatrice of the Order of Liebowitz, looked like a real nun, almost like one I had in grade school (I always thought she looked familiar). There was a Maypole dance in which I participated, as did Carol and Denise, who had driven up that morning. I also met and talked with Twila Orley, Markhs, Liz and Jill, all of whom (except Jill) were at the Northwoods Tournay. Shock upon shock there was Steve Johnson, a friend of mine from Toledo, Ohio. He hadn't fought in about three years, and he was there to try to qualify so he could go back and train others in his area.

The feast that afternoon was good, but a little drawn out. Later Paula, John, Denise and I went back to Paula's house to relax and eat dinner, and prepare for the revels that evening. Carol went to the Holiday Inn, where most of the out-of-towners were staying, to have dinner with friends. At Paula's, after sipping, we laid around the house making puns and jokes, listened to Paula read some Kraith stories, and, not really wanting to get to the revels all that early, watched TV. We were fortunate in arriving late. Carol said that it was very boring. There was also very little dancing, which upset me somewhat since I do like performing the medieval dances. And it broke up early, which was, I guess, a blessing in disguise, since it was boring.

At the Beltane Fires that evening after the revels, I was contracted by Carol to participate in the ceremonies. Basically they needed some people who knew how to dance. Carol said that she knew someone, and sought me out. How flattering to know that she considers me a good dancer. Of course she's the one who taught me along with Belinda Glasscock.

Paula was asleep when we returned to her place, so a quick phone call was in order to get her up and let us in. The next morning we all took Paula out to breakfast in appreciation for her hospitality. I awoke with a headache which clouded my day much more than the actual rain. In the field house, the "cave of last resort" I met and talked with a number of people. The Latin texts I was reading (trying to read) attracted the attention of more than one



person, and conversation stemmed from there. Steve did qualify, after being soundly trounced by his opponent, but he was happy.

An announcement was made that TV cameras would be at the site of yesterday's fighting, and if anyone wanted to help out the society with publicity, to show up there. We showed, but the cameras didn't. After waiting for an hour, John and I went to take down the tent, as well as help a lady in distress, while Denise accompanied Carol who registered for the Medieval Conference which was to begin that evening. Shortly thereafter we departed for Detroit, Denise in her car, John and I in mine. It was an enjoyable weekend, and I am looking forward to the next event....whenever.

I should mention that there were people from all over the country -- New York to Oregon. I met up with Deborah Naffziger, who I had met in Minneapolis at MINICON, who played Mrs. Paroo in THE MINEO MAN.

RAMBLINGS 2

School occupied most of my daylight hours, with fanac filling the rest. There were some school functions which I was required to attend --- well not actually required, but it was better if I did go than not. Again, I asked the lovely and undaunted Carol to accompany me, first to the Academic Awards Banquet, then to the faculty dinner and finally my class reunion.

The Banquet was boring. I had lured her there with the promise of drinks and food, which we had, but the proceedings were less than active. The speaker gave one of the most depressing speeches I had ever heard, and the long line of students receiving academic awards seemed almost intolerable. Carol was a trooper through the entire thing and we had a lovely time talking between ourselves. Afterwards she asked that I not request her presence to that function again. And I don't blame her. Next year I'll ask.... who don't I like.. The next day in class, some students asked, "Who was that lovely woman I saw you with last night." I merely smiled.

There was also a picnic somewhere in this period, thrown and organized by Waldo and Magic Inc., the Eastern Michigan University SF Club. It was wet and cool most of the day so Todd, Carol and I arrived late in the afternoon, ate dinner at Bill Knapps, and headed for the party at Tim Seifeld's in the evening. It was here the my worst trait of possessiveness was made known to Carol and especially to myself. Boy was I an ass. We talked about it afterwards and about many other things, and we came to an understanding. Damn! If only my emotions were ruled more firmly by my intellect. I've had that problem of possessiveness for awhile, and it has broken up a few of my relationships previously, but I was never more aware of it than that night. It is a difficult emotion to break; it takes constant working, but I figure the results will be worth it. Being able to hold a trusting relationship with any girl.

Also in this time period was a special dinner for those who were to do teaching internship at the exclusive Cranbrook Schools. Since I still have to take my student teaching to get my certification, I made the attempt to get into this program, and I did. I was lucky, for they have very few positions open. The dinner was decent, and I met the other student teachers as well as the head of the program, Dr. Snyder. The grounds are the most beautiful I have seen on any campus, and this is a high school, mainly. I am looking forward to teaching there this summer, and as a result my fanac my drop sharply during that time. However, it will return with full strength when the session is over.

AUTOCLAVE

At AUTOCLAVE, the Toastmaster was Mike Glicksohn, Goh was Gene Wolfe, and the FGOH was Donn Brazier. It was a lovely convention. This is one I really don't want to do too much of a detailed report because of all the nice things that happened and the nice people I met. Instead of the usual chronological sequence that I usually use, let me do it by topic.

The People: From all over the country they came. The usual troupe from Canada: Patrick Hayden, Victoria Wayne, Phil Paine, Wayne MacDonald, Janet Small, plus Karen Pearlston, Zilch and his wife Genny, Mike Harper, and Elizabeth Pearse. Don Ayres flew in from California, and he was a delight to talk to. I now wish I had spent more time with him. Andy Addruschak was also here from Cal, and was pleasant to converse with after you got past his initial overbearing manner. Don and Carolyn Thompson were there from Colorado. Gary Farber and Andy Porter came in from New York. Bill Bowers, Ro and Lin Lutz-Nagey, Ross Pavlae, and Sarah Prince rolled in from Ohio. Numerous people were in from the Chicago area of Illinois: Jackie Franke, Midge Reitan, Chip Bestler, Doug Rice, Jim Feurstenberg, and many others. From Kansas City came Jeff May, Bill Fesselmayer, Sarah and Allan Wilde. Brian Earl Brown drove in from Indiana. The beautiful people from Arizona, throwing a party for the '78 Worldcon bid, were Curt Stubbs, Captain Coors himself, and Greg Brown. Then, the late arrival, Kathi Schaefer, from New Haven Connecticut. There are more that I've missed, I know, especially those from the immediate area, but who can name every one?

The Dorasai were there, more to enjoy the con than anything else. Unfortunately very few if any are oriented toward Fanzines, and so most were bored.

Barbara Nagey and I had a pleasant talk about herself and her art. She desires to go into art-psycho-therapy, which sounds like a fascinating subject.

Lee Darrow (Jubai) and I had a good talk in the pool. I had met him at the Decennial, and was very much taken with him. I like him, and he says that he will be moving back to the Ann Arbor area from Chicago. Great. I'd like to see him again.

ART AHOW: John Benson sent out numerous requests for artwork. The response he got was unbelievable. The art show was better than any I have ever seen. The paintings were beautiful, many out of the price range of too many fans, but still lovely to look at. Denise Stokes, a local artist, but unknown till this con, saw the ad in ANALOG, and walked into the hotel with a couple paintings. "Is this good enough to display?" she asked John, showing him a lovely martian landscape. After picking his jaw up off the floor he nodded. She was praised from one end of the con to the other. She will no longer be an unknown. John has offered to be her agent at coming conventions.

A stroke of genius was the extemporaneous BADGECON. Some of the local artists were fooling around and started making name badges. John kept them supplied with materials, and about 50 were produced for auction. Randy Bethusat, Todd Bake, Wayne MacDonald, Charlie Wise were involved, as well as the new fan-artists who sold their badges in the auction: Jeff May, Brian Earl Brown, and Tom Barber.

THE PANELS: I attended very few of the panels; I was too busy talking to fans and discussing everything under the Gnu's sun. I did attend the Sax panel (Who Me???) and the seminar for fan publishers held by Donn Brazier. It was interesting, but a little too basic. There was also a seminar held by Gene Wolfe which I thought was delightful. In attendance were a number of new

aquaintances: Leo Frankowski, Sandy Heist, Nikki Ballard, Vince Turzo, Rick Wilber, Steve Mueller and Janet Small. It was enlightening. Gene's hints on how to budget time time write were/are helpful. We discussed points of view, plot, characterization --- a lot of time on that ---, speech patterns and ethnic backgrounds and viewpoints.

MEALS: Yes, I ate, as well as drank. I think that Curt Stubbs may have drunk most of his meals, but I'm sure I did see him go out a couple times for solid food. At varying times I ate with . . . Donn Brazier, Linda Bushyager, Wayne Jones, Dave Romm, Wally Franke, Chip Bestler, etc. Again, my mind reels in trying to remember everyone.

Parties: The con suite was open continuously. That was great. Phoenix in '78 was another lovely get-together. Let us all vote for Phoenix for the Worldcon in '78. Who wants to be in LA then? That's the year the Manson is up for parole!!! Donn Brazier held a TITLE party and I dropped in and out. They were all fun. The Dorsai filkaing was enjoyable, what I heard of it. Gordie Dickson even sang one... solo.

The Pool: There were two lifeguards who volunteered to keep the pool open for the con people after hours: Patty Peters and myself. The first night not too many people took advantage of it. The second night was better, but the third night was great. At 1:00 AM we had a skinny-dipping party, and about 25 people showed up, only 3 females (darn). It went off well --- either people came in and participated, or they stayed out. Mike Glicksohn was probably the funniest: it took him about 15 minutes to undress, and he only stayed in for about 2 minutes.

The BANQUET: The meal was a turkey --- that's what we had, turkey. The speeches were the best part. While Jim Hansen and I and other photographers stumbled about the banquet hall attempting to get a good shot of Mike Glicksohn standing behind that tall speakers stand, Mike gave his intro speech and heralded the two guests. Here is the speech he typed up, which differs slightly from the one he gave since he ad libbed a little.

"Addressing an audience that has just eaten a meal like that and is about to have to listen to Wolfe and Brazier is somewhat like trying to placate the Egyptians between two of the plagues; but they gave me a free banquet ticket so I'll try to repay that amount." At this point he sat down. Everyone chuckled, so he got up and continued. "Oh... sorry. Well they did arrange for me to share a room with Bowers so I guess I owe you a line or two more... I've been a fan for almost a decade, and in that time I've done just about everything a fan can expect to do, both high and low. I've been awarded a Hugo... and also a Bill Bowers Official Groupie Button. I've been a Fan GoH at a worldcon... and also an unpaid guest at a WONDAYCON. I've amassed a collection of thousands of the best fanzines around... and also have a complete set of AY CHINGAR. And I've appeared in all the very best fanzines... KILLER QUEEN, MITWIT, DRACO NEWSLETTER and AMAZING STORIES. But until tonight I'd never been a toastperson.

"I'm a fannish fan, and I believe in the fannish adage 'Death shall not release you.' Last year I took a trip to Australia with sixty odd --- and I do mean odd --- North American fan and we'd hardly headed out into the Pacific for what I thought was a delightful respite from fannish obligations I'm usually tied up with when Denny Lien materialized at my side with the latest hot-off-the-presses 60 page issue of Rune, and asked for a loc by the time we got to Auckland. When the guy across the aisle pulled out a portable typewriter, and a quire of stencils and started putting out a one-shot I knew I'd never escape.

"Ausiecon was a blast, and RealSoonNow I'm going to publish my trip report (about the time Bowers puts out the all-letters issue of OUTWORLDS), but midway through that antipodal extravaganza I had an experience I've only known twice before. Wipe that silly smile off your face, Barb, I'm talking about getting a telegram. Picture this: I'm enjoying the unique honor of having hundreds of Australian fans and dozens of media people coming up and asking me "Who the hell are you?" when this jolt of egoboo arrives: WILL YOU BE AUTOCLAVE TOASTMASTER MEMORIAL DAY 1976 GUEST BRAZIER AND WOLFE REPLY YES OR NO. I mean, wow! So I tell my friends about it, and ask for their advice. And one of my friends is DUFF winner Rusty Hevelin: I rush up to him all excited and say "Rusty, Rusty, they want me as toastmaster at AUTOCLAVE! Goshowowboy!!" And Rusty says, "Oh yeah, Cagle and I already turned them down," Shattered like a glass loomsmith.

"You may have noticed that I am not Rusty Hevelin nor am I Ed Cagle. I'm younger than both of them and soberer than them too, and that's not a comparison I can make easily! But Rusty is busy selling books in DC and Ed is indoctrinating Boy Scouts into the wonders of Tequila in Oklahoma so you're stuck with me.

"The committee had prepaid an answer, and they got back CAGLE HEVELIN SAY YES. JOHNNY WALKER SAYS NO. GLICKSOHN SAYS MAYBE. PONDER. I figured any committee that can make any sense out of that deserves anything they get stuck with. Sure enough, a day or two later comes back CAN'T ADVERTISE MYSTERY TOASTMASTER. DEFINITE ANSWER NEEDED SOON. JOHNNY WALKER WILL ATTEND AUTOCLAVE. CONCOMM SAYS PRETTY PLEASE. ZELDES FOR CONCOMM. This managed to capture my heart, in its nauseating fashion, so I thought about it seriously.

"Now I am not a confident or calm public speaker. Only Bowers and Bathurst shake more than I do in these situations, although they send out gale warnings and touch off seismographs when they do so. So it took me a very fannish impetus to get me to accept. It was the night of the Hugo Banquet, and, faced with having to address the massed attendance of Aussiecon, I was preparing in my usual fashion. I was in the washroom taking a leak. And as I stood there quivering I glanced across and standing a few urinals down from me was Aussiecon Toastmaster John Bangsund shaking even more than I was! I figured right there that if a fan I'd number among the most talented ever to grace fandom could master his toasts despite his fear, then the least I could do was try to do likewise.

"So! Welcom to AUTOCLAVE! It was originally going to be called De-Con, until someone observed this was a brand name for a cockroach spray. Seems rather appropriate really... Instead Leah Zeldes conceived the name AUTOCLAVE in the middle of the Mattingly's wedding ceremony and that discovery he purported to have woken up the entire groom's side of the church!

"Let me introduce your committee, briefly...

"There is Gary Mattingly, Michigan's foremost expert in animal husbandry and the only applicant ever turned down by Tom Reamy because there were no consenting moose in Kansas City...

"Joe Wesson, co-author of many songs likely to get him arrested at any moment, and the only fan I know who looks stoned even when fast asleep...

"And Leah Zeldes, who blazoned her neofannish excesses across the pages of AMAZING and is currently President of the Sheryl Smith Appreciation Society. She is reported to be the only person ever to believe it when Linda Bushyager told her she was no longer a neo.

"But enough of this Robert Bloch repartee. We all know why you are here... to get to the free booze parties later tonight! So let's turn on...er...to the featured guests of the evening..."

I believe that it was about this point that people started filing up to where

Mike was standing and covered the table with bottles of Scotch. The occasion was his birthday, which had been a few days previous to the convention. He almost started weeping then -- "I can only take 40 ounces across the border with me!" Someone said, "Well, you better start drinking."

"I touched earlier on the addictive and possessive nature of fandom and few fans show that aspect better than our FGOH. In the last four years few names have been quite so well known among fanzine fans as that of Donn Brazier, yet this is Don's third period of fan activity, culminating a career that dates back to 1938. Don was active for a second time between 1946 and 1950, then followed two decades of inactivity. Two Decades! That's as long as it's been since Bow-ers had a consistent editorial policy...or Dave Locke was seen sober.

"It's a sign of Donn's remarkable mind that after being away from fandom for longer than many people in this room have been alive, he returned to establish himself as one of the most influential fanzine fans of this decade. Through his Fanzine TITLE, and his numerous appearances in other fanzines, Donn easily built up a reputation for having perhaps the most inventive and imaginative mind in fandom, although he'd be the first to give that honour to several of the people he re-introduced to fandom through his pages. For Donn is truly an exceptional fan.

"Until this weekend I was one of the relatively few fans who'd ever met Donn and even visited him at his place of work and his home. (It isn't everyone who gets served rat-pie by a fan of Donn's stature.) It was at his home that I first encountered in person his fabled passion for keeping records. I'd heard about his little black book, but until he actually showed it to me, I had no idea he was so demanding with himself. I'd been travelling with Sheryl Birkhead, and we'd sent Donn a postcard saying we might be in the area, then phoned the night before to confirm a visit. Sure enough, there in Donn's book it said, "Such and such a date: Postcard, shared with Sheryl Birkhead", and under Sheryl, "Postcard, shared with Mike Clicksohn" and "Phonecall from Mike Clicksohn". It was a delightful visit, but it inspired me to think evil thoughts! At FANFAIR in August a few days later, I rounded up more than 20 Brazier-people and sent Donn a postcard saying "To your filing system with love", and we all signed it! Since then he has not spoken to me...

"But remarkable though Donn's idiosyncrasies are, it's his mind that makes him so fascinating. In TITLE #1, in April 1972, he introduced the response oriented features that make TITLE unique, a status it enjoys even today. He posed questions that stretched the imagination, set up situations to reveal one's interests and ideas, and quoted from seemingly hundreds of sources the ideas that had stimulated him, asking of his readers THE IDEA HERE IS TO SHARE YOUR "PREGNANT PARAGRAPHS" WITH OTHERS...ANYTHING THAT STIRRED YOUR IMAGINATION. In the fifty issues of TITLE that have appeared since then, Donn has built on and refined this basic idea, producing a unique fanzine that mirrors his quick silver intellect to perfection.

"And of course, Donn has always been that way. From July 1940 to January 1942, in his neofannish appearance, Donn published FRONTIER and in 1959 Harry Warner remembered it and its editor this way "DONN WAS ONE OF THE MOST INTENTLY SERIOUS FANS IN HISTORY..." Well, our Donn has added a sense of humor to his Sense of Wonder and the results have been delightful for all of us lucky enough to be a part of his fandom. Not that there weren't valid reasons for thinking of these Halcyon times as The Good Old Days: In TITLE #1 Donn recalls, "There once was a Frontier going about eight issues in the early 40's. Rather Seriously pretentious, but fun for Brazier... who sold all 70 copies of #2 at the CHICON for 5¢ each." What this fandom needs is a good five cent fanzine!

"I could easily spend several hours quoting to you the clever and witty things that Donn Brazier has given Fandom in the last five years, but let me settle for a single quote from EN GARDE 17, April 1946... more than 30 years ago... In re-

viewing a book in which an alcoholic hero waxes eloquent over the insight he feels while drinking (a theme I am in sympathy with) Donn wrote, "Does one need the stimulation of a drink to feel that way? Try it cold sober in a train, at a baseball game, or in a night club. Watching others, you pull your shoulders back, your head up. Don't you?"

"Donn Brazier is a man intoxicated with life, with people, and with ideas, and that spirit has made him unique as a force in fandom today. More than just about anyone I can think of Donn epitomizes that old Sense of Wonder. I can't think of anyone as a better choice for a Fan Guest of Honor at this convention. Ladies and gentlemen, Ole Bone... Donn Brazier."

Donn talked about his first conventions. He hasn't gone to too many of them, but has enjoyed those that he's been to. He amused us with a few anecdotes about those cons, and his life in general. I managed to get a few shots of him with my camera, for which I am glad I had. Whenever I talked with him throughout the con, he was always warm and kind. Those qualities in themselves would make me remember him, but the added strength of the pictures imbeds the memory deeper. Donn was graciously applauded when he finished.

"I mentioned previously that I had been a fan for almost ten years, a reader of science fiction for close to twenty-three years, and a fanzine fan for the last seven years of that career. So of course I know practically nothing about Gene Wolfe's credentials as a professional Guest of Honor.

"Traditionally the introduction of the ProGoH consists of a laudatory recounting of his or her outstanding contributions to the field, complete with dates and figures, and an imposing array of facts. I have no such data to thrill you with. This is in part due to the fact that I haven't read a lot of Gene's professional output; in part due to the fact that what I have read I usually don't understand; and in part due to the fact that he really hasn't done all that much...

"Oh, to be sure, he'd inventive and there's no denying that. It was Gene Wolfe who noticed that the hottest recent science fiction property, James Tiptree Jr., had become famous by selecting long and obscure and complicated titles for his stories. Like "And I awoke and found me here on the cold hill side," or "Love is the plan, the plan is death." So Gene went Tiptree one better and invented the title cubes (not to be mistaken for typical readers of our other guest's fanzine). These are a series of dice with certain evocative key words on them: all Gene has to do is toss them out and instantly has a story title, and we all know that after that, the thing practically writes itself. We've already enjoyed THE DEATH OF DOCTOR ISLAND and THE ISLAND OF DOCTOR DEATH, and I understand that there's a Laser book coming out called THE DOCTOR OF DEATH ISLAND and on an ABC movie of the week ISLAND DOCTOR OF THE DEATH. Like I said, a smart thinker.

"As further evidence of Gene's acumen, note that he's chosen a name that could be either male or female depending on how he spells it, so he is assured of a good paying market at both PLAYBOY and CHATELAIN!

"And of course Gene has the rather unique honor of being the only science fiction writer ever to lose a Nebula to that obscure writer Noah Ward..."

"But all things considered it isn't because of Gene's real professional career that he is here tonight. It's because all the leading professional writers in the science fiction field, none has taken a more active role in the actual production of fanzines, and none has shown a greater enjoyment of the fan community than Gene has. And that's what AUTOCLAVE is all about. Other pros may write letters, or diatribes, or the occasional review, and their speeches are usually available to the first twenty fanzines that ask for them, but name one other writer who could have written as deft a CONFUSION report as Gene did in TITLE 49, filled with affectionate and knowledgeable jokes and jibes at fandom's expense. And I dare you to name another fan anywhere who ever wrote a con report from the viewpoint of a chunk of chicken on a banquet plate! These are the reasons we honor Gene tonight.

"As with most thing vaguely legendary, I can't quite recall when I first encountered the name Gene Wolfe. I do know that in the dim and distant days when I published a fanzine, Gene was a paid subscriber to ENERGUMEN. Some day I'm going to buy one of his books just to even out that score. And I was aware that he wrote and wrote well, because it said so in the fanzines, and fanzines never report mistruths!!! But I do recall clearly the first time I really had cause to note his illustrious name, and appropriately it was in the pages of a fanzine: TALKING STOCK #12, July 1973 to be exact. I was reading Loren MacGregor's highly entertaining personalzine when I encountered ..."

Here Mike read the comment directly from the fanzine, and unfortunately I do not have a copy of it with me (I never heard of that zine anyway). The remark was about Mike's smashed in hat and his growth of hair.

"Now that hit home! I don't mind a guy setting the world of science fiction abuzz with his stories, but when he starts to dabble in my world, well, look out. My answer in the next issue ran as follows, "It was ingenious of you..."

Again Mike quoted from the zine, where he does score points against Gene.

"... And since that day I've followed Gene's very productive fan career with considerable enjoyment! It's an honor to be here today to introduce him to you...as one chicken to another.

"But I don't want to completely overlook Gene's professional career, so let me sum up his talent with a quote from Dick Lupoff, a critic with a reputation for being rather hard to please. In ALBOL, Lupoff wrote "And that son of a bitch..."

"For several years, Gene Wolfe has given generously of his time and talent and enriched the world of fanzines. It is fitting that tonight we say thank you. Ladies and gentlemen, one hell of a fine writer, but what's more important, one hell of a fine fan, Mr. Gene Wolfe."

Gene had his speech all typed out, but he said it got mixed up with some lectures that he gives to schools while he and Mike and a few other intoxicated fans were collating it the night before. Then he began reading one of the most hilarious speeches I've ever heard. He got a standing ovation from everybody. I tried to get hold of it to publish it, but Gary Farber was ahead of me, and Ro Lutz-Nagey got it first. It will be published in the next CAPTAIN RO'S WHIZ BANG, as well as the fall issue of RUNE.

Bill Bowers got up and introduced himself as a Suburban Femme-fan Groupie, including a T shirt saying so. Then he presented Mike Glicksohn with a special present, a book put together by many of his friends, including a short piece by Harlan Ellison which Bill read. It was a beautiful gift and it brought tears to his eyes. It was a Happy Birthday for him.

More peoples: As I type this more names come to mind, people with whom I had delightful talks. George Hunt and Marty Coady were near the registration table when I was on duty Sunday morning. I was playing some classical music on my cassette player and we all had a nice talk about music, with other fans like Andy Adruschak adding comments.

Phil Stevens is coming along nicely with his production pilot for a new SF show. He says it should be done by the end of the summer. Again I wished him luck.

The con ended and there was a very dead deaddog party at Pauls place. It was a success, and I came away with good feelings.

RAMBLINGS 3

June 2 was Carol's birthday, and I really couldn't find anything nice to get her until I stumbled upon a Medieval coloring book. That and a card was nice, but I thought about doing more. That day we went to the Faculty dinner at my school, in being introduced around, Carol mentioned that it was her birthday, and since I had promised to take her out to dinner for that occasion, I brought her there. Fr. McKernan laughed and said, "But it's not costin' him anything." Replied Carol, "I know!" I'm not sure how many shades of red my face turned, but I was embarrassed. The dinner was good, and we went to Paul's afterwards for the usual party after the Wayne third meetings/

After proctoring final exams and correcting them, I was ready for some rest and a good time. My class reunion was that next Saturday, and Carol graced my arm as we walked into the Detroit Yacht Club. With an open bar, a good dinner and a fantastic band (except for it being too loud), there was little chance for boredom which would be the rule for me since I have kept no contact with any of my high school buddies. The standard formula for the evening became, "Hi, what have you been doing?" Of all the people there, I guess there were two un married couples: Carol and I were one. Still, conversations were pleasant, and I did get to know Carol better, as she did me.

EMPATHIC POST SCRIPTINGS

I was surprised to have received as much mail as I have on LAN'S LANTERN #1, but I am delighted. So here are some of the letters (most of them actually -- well, if you really want to get technical, all of them). As most faneds who don't have selectric typers, the double parentheses ((...)) will indicate my remarks.

Jackie Franke

Box 51-A

NR 2

Beecher, IL 60011

Dear Ian,

I'm rather unsure whether you want to be called Ian or George; care to clear that up? It makes me a mite uncomfortable not knowing how to address someone. ((You can call me either one;

I answer to both, but in intimate moments, I like George, so call me George.))

As you notice, I didn't get to LfthOI (any way to shorten that title?) as quickly this time as I did last -- I too could use the excuse that putting out a zine took up all my time, but that wouldn't be quite honest. I had a case of Procrastinations to add to it. MINICON seems to have the opposite effect on me that most cons do -- instead of putting things off even longer, I've got a burst of energy, so decided to tackle the zine stack while it's still in effect.

... It's really odd, reading all this stuff on the Dorsai. I find myself defending them, especially from Patrick ((Hayden)) who seems quite paranoid about the group, when ... I find them rather "silly" ... ((... but no sillier than wasting one's money buying mimeos, selectrics and stuff for SF fanac!)). Many of the group are friends of mine, and when they first discussed actually doing Fob Real security work at conventions, I thought "Why not?" That way they get to run around in their uniforms--which they get a big kick out of-- help out with the hassled consoms--who generally have trouble finding reliable people who will show up for rather boring duty like that anyhow (I know we did at WINDYCON), and, since they are fans, will be able to differentiate between a "weird-looking person" who may be just a fan and a "sneaky looking person" who may be a crook--something professional security people aren't able to do (to them we all look suspicious!)

It seemed an ideal situation--fans protecting fandom's things. But instead other fan took it as a personal affront, as if they were the ones who were being guarded against--SUCH WAS NOT THE CASE!!! Complicating matters, some of the newer Dorsai apparently went on Ego Trips and threw more weight around than they possessed (at least, so I assume--no one has yet to explain the "horreddous" things that were done at ANONYCON that--again, I assume--triggered this whole mess). Patrick and his cohorts began slinging words and name-calling around in a most unwise manner, and then when harsh words were rumored to have been said by some of the Dorsai, went into stark, raving hysterics...calling people long-distance and saying they were being "watched" by the Canadian equivalent of the CIA and FBI. *sigh* So much furor over something so damned trivial. Yes, I know it's fannish, but it's also silly, childish, and all that other stuff.

There is no need to "defend" the Dorsai. I've finally realized that. They have as much right to be there at a con as anyone else. They are performing a job that the committee has asked them to do-- they impose themselves on no one. If someone gets a bug up their rear and chooses to boycott a con because of their presence, then T.S.--for the boycotter. I sure as heck won't miss them. And I'm reasonably sure the committee won't either.

... Yes, Yang is a gentle man. He does have a knack, however, of getting in

the middle of controversy just because he likes being different and is charismatic enough to attract like-minded people around him. But Trouble is not what he aims for. ((Yang is the leader of the Security force known as the Dorsai)) Personally, I don't think it is Patrick's nor anyone else's business who provides Security at a con--as long as the security is not somehow infringing on their rights and prerogatives--in which case the people to gripe to are the committee. If some people in fandom enjoy wearing costumes, is it really any skin off anyone else's teeth? I told Patrick in my last letter to him that I would not discuss the Dorsai with him as long as he was going to be so emotional and unreasonable about it--comparing them to Mao and Hitler and all that sort of stuff is so unreasonable as to border on the insane. I feel sorry for Patrick; he obviously is trying to find his way in this world, and is honestly expressing his feelings, but he goes off half-cocked! He turns off most reasonable people, and if fans can't reason together, then why the hell are we here at all?

I think your comments were extremely sensible, and I bet Patrick et al ignore them entirely. ((Thank you))

Enjoyed your NOTACON report. It's always nice to know what those Crazy Chicago Fan are up to; thanks for ~~letting us know~~ for letting us in, vicariously, on the fun. I'd report on our New Year's Eve party at the Stops's, but it's not for publication, and probably not fit to go through the mails, for that matter.

((I'll publish it through these pages, if you write it up -- use a pen name.))

Someone else who typos "convention" as "convention"! Bless you, sir. I thought I was alone in that. ((No not alone at all. I make lots of typos, can't you tell?))

I would imagine that Rusty ((Hevelin)) already pointed out that he doesn't handle CHAMBANACON, that's the job for Jim Hansen and Penny Tegen (formerly married; now she is married to the former member of their semi-official menage a trois, Al Tegen, who also helps out tremendously at these cons). You have no idea what a kick it is to correct someone else's boobies in con reports! I get plenty of them, believe me! ((Rusty didn't actually point it out to me, but I did get the correct information from him. I asked him about it at MARCON and he set me straight))

You write good con reports--mistakes aside, and I find them extremely readable and interesting--so don't let us nit-pickers get you down! ~~Just let it go!~~

Re: your gripe about crashers. I see what you mean, and I don't particularly like it myself, but I see little to be gained in griping too loudly about it. I have crashed on occasion, but always with advance notice ("Hey, I'm broke and want to go to such-n-such con! Can I grab some floor space?"). However, I do not think it entirely beyond the realm of possibility that someday I may need a crash site without notice. I don't approve of fen who make it a practice to attend con after con, broke and without room or food and expect everyone else to feed and house them. That irks me to no end, but I think it really none of my business. It's a matter between them and the people they're cadging space from. I've put up crashers more than once or twice, but it was always an emergency or foreplanned. (Well, I was suckered once, but never again!) People will sponge off others just as long as people will let themselves be sponged off of, and once I've said that I won't be part of either group, I guess that's all the say I'm entitled to. ((I tried letting a couple people share my room at MINICON and it worked out better than I had expected, which makes me want to try it again. But this was planned in advance, so I really didn't expect any problems. As for unplanned crashers, like you say, it would have to be an emergency).)

I skimmed the book reports (as my usual habit. Reading them builds up guilt feelings with which I cannot cope, nor do I see any need to ask for more trouble than I've already got by whetting my appetite for yet more books which I also will

not have time to read), but you seem a good, competent reviewer. ((Cy Chuvin says I need a more critical view of what I read, and I agree with him (see his letter below); but thanks for the ego-boo)) If you have any spare ones, I'd be pleased to run them in Dilemma (which is rapidly changing into a genuine in any case--why not go whole hog and put in a few book reviews too?).

Goodie--another con report! Nit-picking time again! (I've already told you about them, but why not ~~add a little salt into those wounds~~ make it "official"? Reading of Chip and Jim and Phil et al referred to as "the Chicago fen" still gives me pause-- I hurriedly rush to assure you that they have a perfect right to the name too; it just falls strangely to mine eye--but I will get used to it. I will, I will, I will! RealSoonNow!!!

Since Wally wasn't at MARCON, you could've gotten me into a lot of hot water referring to people as "my husband", I really don't recall you coming into the con suite when we were playing Reject (an ersatz form of bridge), but it was quite late (Larry Smith, one of the MARCON concon commented on the fact that it was past five a.m. at the time--which it was--and chortled about "certain people being unable to gripe about what time the suite closed down this year!" which I treated with the ignoring it deserved). ((I remember that episode, and he did say that; I think all cons should have the suite open all the time, like at AUTOCLAVE, don't you??)) I was playing with (at various times) Jim Fuerstenberg--who you do know--Bill Vesselsmeyer--one of the KC people--Martha Beck-- one of my Best Friends-- Fale Ediken--one of the Chicago fen--and the aforementioned Larry (*yuck*) Smith. Midge was not even there, nor does she know how to play Bridge or Reject. ((She said that she was there, sitting on the couch with Bill Bowers)). ((But anyway, I hope you didn't get into hot water (except to bathe, of course)))

Les Smoira made the groupie pins, not me or Jodie. 'Twas her idea and hers alone, though I had known about it a few weeks beforehand. Except for Jodie mentioning that Bowers seemed to have attracted a bunch of Groupies, the whole idea and its execution was Les's. She's gonna feel mighty bad about her bright idea being "credited" to someone else...I'll point her out at the next con you're both at so you can run. She's a militant Feminist, and MEAN!!! ((*gulp* You wouldn't do that to a friend, ... would ya??))

Glad it was someone nice like you who got FROTH MAIDEN. ((*blush, blush* I have it hanging above my desk now)). It's not my usual type of drawing style, and I'd put quite a bit of work into it. Appreciate that it was appreciated, and all that...

I sympathize with your inability to recall Ross' name. I have had that happen more times than I care to remember. Names and faces--which goes with which as well as recalling them all-- throw me completely. Just muddle on through, making apologies where necessary. If anyone complains, smile toothily and call it a personal eccentricity-- fans are supposed to understand/forgive those!

A ghoud issue of a Ghoud Zine from a Ghoud Person. I'm glad you're in Fandom!

((Thanks much Jackie, for a beautiful letter. I'm glad I'm in fandom too.))

Steven R Trout
19407 Trinity
Detroit, MI 48219

Loccing Lan's Lantern; Laughably... la la la

Well, Lan, I haven't read all of this thing yet, but then I'm not sure I will... I read the editorial, one or two of the book reviews, and the con reports. Ego-scanning, I found I almost didn't make it, but on the last page before the letters I found a nice reference to my name, so that's all right. Ego-boo/ego-boo/ego-boo/ That's the only thing I want from you.... Ghod, poetry even!

Well, the cover was nice, tho I didn't go to Marcon, I'd heard the tornado story so I figured it out.

You can ditto if you want, I don't care. (~~Chickadee/Chickadee~~)

Actually, there's not much I want to comment on, except to say I'd be glad to ~~draw up some artwork~~ do some ~~artwork~~ artwork for you if you'd like. ((I would like more artwork from you Steve. The Illo on page was great, consider you hadn't read the story)).

Sincerely,

((Signed)) Steven R. Trout

Mundane persona: Kilgore Trout

Ian Moulton
8 Hillcroft Crescent
Belling,
London W5 2DU,
United Kingdom

Your editorial is the first reference I've seen in an American fanzine to a fan security force, or Dorsai as they seem to be called. At first I was shocked, literally, to discover that such an organization existed for American cons. Of course I can only go by what I've

seen at British cons and here any such idea would be quickly stamped on as soon as it became known. At the 1971 Easter convention in Worcester the con chairman, Pete Weston, worrying about the amount of dope being openly smoked, announced to the assembled attendees that he intended setting up a vigilanti group to route out the offenders and eject them from the convention. The instant this was announced the majority of fans present voiced their protests in no uncertain words.



THIS GUY COULD
STILL USE MORE
ILLOS!!

Many people become involved in fandom because they don't find the same restrictions on thought and action that arise in the mundane world; they are free to express themselves without fear of recrimination, say things as they should be said, and above all enjoy themselves. If every convention had security guards, be they fan or not, in evidence this important enjoyment of fandom may fade slightly and make fans more closed and receptive to ideas.

Again going by British cons, I don't think there's ever been a real need for any security in 6 years. As far as I can recall only two events have caused any bother, and slight at that. The first was at Tynecon '74 where we had a couple of gatecrashers walk into the disco we were running at the time. When we the committee discovered this it was a simple matter of rounding up a couple of our rather larger friends and asking the crashers politely to leave, quietly. The second was this Easter when someone had their lunch tickets stolen.

((As I wrote you earlier, the Dorsai were organized after a Kelly Freas painting was stolen at Torcon, and the idea behind this organization, as Jackie Franke points out, is to guard things like art shows and hucksters rooms, not fans. Usually the Dorsai are contracted as body-guards for the stars at the large Star Trek cons, and usually do not work the small cons at all (hoo people or less), unless asked. I have asked Yang (Bob Asprin) the leader of the Dorsai to write an article about the origins of the Dorsai, which I hope he will do, hopefully for the next Ian's Lantern.

I would add that if you only have an attendance of hoo or so at a con (as you state below) there really isn't any need for a contracted security force; gofers and concomm should be able to handle any problems (as you mentioned.))

Now freelordding at a convention is standard practice here for those not able to afford their own room. Don't forget that up to a few years ago we only had one convention a year and anyone missing that was out in the cold for a

long time until the next one. It's almost a tradition these days that 30-40 fans out of a possible attendance of 400 will be freeloading in some way. There are two degrees of freeloading, one of which I approve, the other of which I don't. Here the convention hotel is generally fully booked so anyone sleeping on a friend's floor isn't effectively ripping anyone off, so that's ok. The second variety of freeloading goes one further whereby the person doesn't even register for the convention but still nevertheless attends and uses the facilities provided by the concom for which the attendees are subsidizing. These people I do not approve of. As I've said previously, Fandom is an honest and open organization. If we start ripping off each other then we might as well say that fandom doesn't exist -- it's yet another mundane offshoot -- with all the human failings that involves.

((Your first form of freeloading I can agree with, and like you I do not approve of the second form. My main point, which seemed to have gotten lost in my words (my apology, I'm still working on my writing style), is those people who come to cons without making arrangements of any kind, and expect to be put up. At MINICON I had two other people in my room; we shared expenses and everything worked out fine. But yes, let not one fan rip off another. I've only recently joined fandom, and I would hate to have it fall apart now.))

Mention of SF on record, how about Close to the Edge by Yes. The whole lp is laced with references to SF; the most explicit being:

As a foundation left to create the spiral rim,
a movement regained and regarded just the same...

((Close to the Edge is on my list along with the albums by the Moody Blues, and several others which I have been collecting for some time. The one reviewed in this issue was one I picked up about seven years ago. I'm always on the lookout for more, and friends keep pointing other out to me, for which I'm grateful. Now all I need is money to buy them all!!))

Maurita Livingston
PO Box 221
Oak Park, IL 60303

Thanks for the zines. They arrived today in good shape -- though the postal system tried, it really did; there's a size 11½ E footprint on the envelope ... with what looks like a retreaded sole.

((Good ole Post Awful strikes again; you should see what it did to the one I sent Mike Glicksohn. Looked like it was set on fire.))

Our next meeting is indeterminate -- MAC almost certainly -- but I'm not sure what before then. ((How about MIDWESTCON? Or sometime this summer when our mutual friend Belinda moves there from here?))

Minor gripe -- yes, dammit, I can cook (the Stopa's offered me a job as same at Wilmot), and I haven't lived in a dorm in 4 years. You pushed the button that had PRIDE marked on it. Really. I like my rep as a fantastic cook. (And it wasn't earned "scraping up decently" in dorms!) When you're next in Chicago, come over for cheese muffins and I'll prove it! ((Sorry about that. No slight intended; another case of toe-nibbling on my part. Be delighted to drop by to taste your muffins, or anything else you happen to be cooking. Maybe when Belinda moves...))

Steve Heller
119 Willow Bend Drive
Apt. 3A
Oving Mills, MD 21117

Thanks for Lan's Lantern #1. Sorry I don't have anything to trade right now--Paper Plane #2 is still RSN proposition. I liked your con reports--but someone (me) wonders how it is to go to so many cons so soon

--the sense of reality must get very stretched. ((It's not so much the sense of reality that gets stretched as the pocketbook. I never did total my bills for those cons--afraid to.)) Disclave? No, Guess you'll hit Autoclave. I'll send you something as soon as PP gets pubbed again. ((I'm looking forward to seeing it))

Tullio From
1309 Wells Pl
Kalamazoo MI 49001

This is just a short note to thank you for your zine which I received at MINICON but (unfortunately) didn't read until today. However I must make a correction.

I'm often seen with Steve Johnson and the Chicago bunch because of our association in the Technical Guild and General Technics (among other reasons) but I dwell in Kalamazoo. Also, while we do make "things that go blink in the night", that's not all we make. I think you saw some of our other goodies at MINICON ((I presume that you mean the light guns, pistols and rifles, and the blinking pendants, belt buckles and ashtrays. Tullio and his crew have now added a sonic blaster to their arsenal, which they showed me at AUTOCLAVE)), and those are only the ones safe enough to bring to cons. ((I'd hate to see the "dangerous" ones))

I have only one small criticism of your zine -- does it have to be done on yellow paper? Maybe it's just me, but yellow doesn't improve readability and has some unfortunate connotations. Well I suppose it really doesn't make a difference. ((I used yellow paper because that's what the store had a lot of when I was running the zine off. I hope you like this mixture of green and white this issue. As I type this, that's the only colors I plan to use, unless this runs longer than anticipated and I am forced to add another color. But I admit that yellow was a bit garish.))

Oy Chauvin
17829 Peters
Rossville, Michigan 48066

Thanks for your zine. It wasn't bad for a first effort; I should show you a copy of the first fanzine I ever did, which was 4 pages long, printed on one side of a page, and exactly as Larry described it in the Memorial fanzine. And I had a co-editor to help me besides!

Your reviews are rather like the ones I wrote: heavy on the plot synopsis, low on opinion. I've found that I write the best reviews about books on which I have a very strong opinion, either pro or con. Negative reviews are often easier and more interesting to write since the flaws in the story or novel are usually more obvious than its good points. You know the cliché: the squeaking wheel gets the grease. I say this because I noticed you didn't say a negative word about any of the books you reviewed, which seemed to surprise me. You don't strike me as that uncritical a reader. ((It just so happened that I reviewed books that I really liked and enjoyed reading. Some of the books I've read of late weren't so hot, and if I review them, you'll see the difference. Thanks for the prodding; I should read more critically than I do))

The conreports weren't bad; I thought they could be improved if there was more of you in them, and fewer names of other people, however. Your personal viewpoint is desired, your emotional reaction. For a personalzine, Lan's Lantern does not seem particularly personal. But: no one gets there overnight. Look at AY CHINGAR. It will take more time than people are usually willing to admit for you to evolve into the sort of writer (or person, as far as that goes) you want to be. Sometimes I think people are too impatient; I really don't understand some of the negative attitudes people have of others.

Sometimes fanzines can be time machines, journeys to your own past, where

you capture the moods and feelings you had months or years ago. I know that one of my greatest longings is to visit my own past, particularly the first convention I attended; so many lost opportunities. Another thing that I enjoy doing is remembering/recounting the first time I have had contact with a person I got to know much better, and how my attitude/opinion of them at the first meeting changed from the one I formed later on. Think of our first meeting-- I must admit that you must be among the most outgoing/extroverted of the people in the Wayne Third Foundation, since no one ever visited my house on the first encounter, and I was very surprised. (One fan whom I've never met did drop one of his fanzines by, though.) I often wish that I had that ability; perhaps, someday.

Thanks again for your zine.

((I am trying to turn from my dispassionate style of writing in the con reports to a more personal one, but it is difficult to break that particular habit of merely reporting what has gone and not putting in my emotional reactions. But I'm working on it. Within my conreports, you notice, I have inserted the "ramblings" which are very personal. As you say, it takes time.

Yes, I remember our first meeting very well. Carol Lynn, John Benson and the keepers had encouraged me to see you, since we did live close. Imagine that-- two and a half hours gone by in what seemed like moments. It was lovely time spent together, and I'm glad that I had summoned up the courage to do it. Don't be shocked, Cy. I am also a shy person; I try not to be so, which is probably why I seem so outgoing. Overcompensation, I believe is the technical term. And now that I am in fandom, I guess I'm trying to make up for lost time--Ghu, what I have been missing!

Thanks for a beautiful letter.))

Michael N. Harper
P.O. Box 105
Bond Head,
Ontario L0G 1B0
CANADA

Some comments on Lan's Lantern #1.

Unfortunately I have an aversion to ditto, since it conjures up bad memories of Prep school in England when I, and the rest of my class, had to hand-scribble about 20 hymns each on ditto masters and our teacher used them to compare the male student's penmanship with the girls'. Our's was atrocious and it made us feel very low. A petty peeve no doubt, but one I do have. Try, TRY to obtain the use of a mimeo-- besides, I'm wondering how you would include internal illos in LL; a fellow Torontonian tried it by tracing over submitted art and made a very bad hash of it. ((As you can see, still no luck with mimeo; but you may notice some photo-offset in this issue. I'm investigating reduced off-set, and the next issue may be as such. Then again, I may have access to mimeo in the next few weeks. I've got plans for LL #3, but I want to finish #2 first. Internal illos in a ditto zine can be done several ways. Tracing, leaving a space for the artist to do them on the master, use a thermo-fax transfer process and paste in place on the text master, or run off sheets with the illo, then run them through again for the text.))

Your reviews obviously shows your preference for Simak. I agree with you he is an excellent writer but in recent years he has failed to live up to the standards he set with WAY STATION and CITY. His latest, ENCHANTED PILGRIMAGE, is good, but still lacks the brilliance of the previously mentioned tones. A pity, since he is such a superb writer. ((The reason I had read so many of Cliff's books was that I knew he was going to be Goh at Conclave, and I wanted to read some of the ones which I hadn't previously read. Those in the WFF discussion group agreed that we should read some Simak, and the title we

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came up with was WAISTATION. But, since we were supposed to bring in other books by the same author in the discussion, I read a couple more.))

What can I say about THE WIZARD OF EARTHSEAT? Very little except to prod you to read the further adventures of Ged in THE TOMBS OF ATTUAN and THE FAR*THEST SHORE.....They are BEAUTIFUL!!! Ursula K. LeGuin is a superlative authoress and I consider these books to be the best in S&S since THE LORD OF THE RINGS. Need I say more?

I tend not to comment on con reports as they are usually a personal view; but yours seem very coherent though a trifle bit long -- some editing and interjection of humor would make the easier on the eye. Every single one you mentioned were ones I missed... and on reading various reports on MARCON, I am pounding my head against a brick wall for letting it elude me -- Mike Glickachn the "Official Bill Bowers Groupie". hee, hee, hee.....

In summation: LL#1 is a very reasonable effort -- it needs some improvement but then so do most (especially my own) and it is not a bad start.

((Thanks for the kind words. I'll be reading your zines RealSoonNow so I can compare our zines. Maybe you could loan me your mimeo??))

David Singer
5501 Old Richmond Avenue
Richmond, VA 23226

You have been chosen to receive what is probably the last loc ever to bear the above address! No, I'm not gaffiating; I'm just getting ready to move three times in the next seven weeks. In fact, I

should be packing tonight, but I've decided to clear up at least some of my backlog (although there are four or five OUTWORLDS lying on the desk...). Anyhow, if, by some chance, you should publish the next Lantern before you get my permanent CoA (sometime in June), please send it to my permanent forwarding address. ((which is what I typed above, instead of your old address.))

I liked the cover, but not as a cover. When I was looking for the zine, I passed over it several times, since it didn't show any real connection to the title of the zine. Maybe next time?

This is not going to be a very long loc; I haven't read that much of the Bishop, so I can't comment on that article. "Splinters and Pulp": well in general I don't comment about book reviews unless they're uncommonly fuggheaded. These weren't. I remember seeing a movie made from THIS ISLAND EARTH on the Late Show one night; it was pretty bad. Have you read the rest of the Earthsea Trilogy yet? ((No, but I'm planning to.))

The crossword puzzle: unkeyed letters, still! Grrr..... Might I suggest that you ease up on the SF and work a bit more on eliminating unkeyed letters and "clues" like "Technical Touch Down"? I speak as a crossword nut here, not as a fan. But, as a trufan, how about making a faasnish puzzle, instead of all this SF-stuff. Books...what a ridiculous idea! ((I'm working on one dealing with fannish stuff and MidAmeriCon for Chip Bestler. However, when I'll get it done is the question; I've been promising him a crossword puzzle since Confusion XII.))

And, con reports. Again, I can't say anything, since I wasn't at any of the cons you mentioned.

I'll be looking forward to the next Lantern, and to LftHoI in MISHAP. I should be in the next issue...my project killed any chances of making this issue, though the mailing made it in plenty of time.

((Hurry back to MISHAP. We've much to say to each other in those pages.))

Harry Warner Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, MD 21740

This might not be an up-to-average loc, because it's been a long exasperating work day, I have a sick headache, and the ribbon on this typewriter is on the verge of fissioning into at least two shorter ribbons. But I wanted you to know that I enjoyed the first issue of Ian's Lantern, and to express my hope that it is just the first of an interminable series of issues appearing regularly at least until 2001: A Space Odyssey changes from science fiction to recent history. ((I should live so long, but I'm with you.))

There's no need to talk as if you're somehow a second-class fan because you dittoed this issue instead of mimeographing it. The reproduction is quite good, much more legible than if you'd used a mimeograph and put blue ink on dark green paper or some similar combination which some fans are wont to do after going mimeograph in order to secure clear reproduction. ((Thanks for the confidence; I hope that purple on green doesn't hurt your eyes.))

I have read quite a bit of Simak's fiction. I can second all your praise of his novels. It's good to see fanzines paying more attention to Simak in recent months. I think that this is about the fourth time I've received one which features him in one way or another since last fall or winter. I can also understand the pleasure you found in being around him. I don't know him well, but at Noreascon I had one meal with him, sat at the same table with him for the Hugo ceremonies, and ran into him while awaiting my plane at the airport, finding him one of the very few famous pros who doesn't put on some kind of disguise or act to hide his real personality when around fans. A recent letter from him indicates that he may be writing more science fiction soon, since he is on the verge of retiring from his newspaper job. That is more good news. ((I found out at MINICON that he is working on something like three books right now. Yes, good news indeed.))

Your crossword puzzle looks near-professional in size and in the comparative scarcity of letters which are used only in one direction. It's an awful confession to make, after you went to all that work, but I haven't tried to solve it. So many depressing things happen to me nowadays that I've begun to shy away from any sort of fanzine puzzles based on the knowledge of science fiction. When I try to work those puzzles, I grow gloomier than ever at the revelations of how scrappy my knowledge of the field has become over the years.

I liked the con reports. You frightened me somewhat at the outset, because hardly any of the names you dropped on the first page were familiar to me and I began to suspect that I'm losing track of fannish matters as rapidly as I'm getting out of touch with the professional side of science fiction. But then you began to write about fans I know and relaxed. But I still couldn't forget all those new & vaguely familiar names as a symbol of how much fandom has grown and how many new people are entering into it, mainly as congoers. Maybe the time will come when the last link between the fandom that publishes fanzines and the fandom that goes to cons will snap. ((That day may come, but not while I'm around. I enjoy pubbing as well as congoing (as you can tell). Yes, there are many new people, including me. I'm sure that you've never heard of me before I sent you my zine, but like I mentioned before, I am trying to make up for lost time. Fandom is great; I only wish I had found it sooner.))

It's particularly good to read about Randy Bathurst's good reception at MARCON. If there were an award for favorite unsung fan, he might win in a landslide because he never seems to get the ego boost he deserves, even though he's so thoroughly liked.

I've heard one other objection to the O'Neill plan, in addition to the stupid ones which Joe Haldeman putlined. Some people seem to fear the long-range

effects on the planet if solar energy should be directed to the earth in such quantity. They theorize that acquiring more energy than now reaches the globe would eventually upset Earth's natural balance somehow. It seems to a non-scientific person like me a shaky theory. For nearly two centuries now we've had a similar situation in operation through the burning of fossil fuels, without catastrophic effects on the ecology. The O'Neill plan could be abandoned with no more difficulty than involved in adopting it, if the planet should suddenly begin to heat up alarmingly or otherwise be found suffering from this tampering with natural balances. ((If this influx of solar energy does add more heat to the earth, it may stem the approach of the coming ice age, which seems to be a popular theory with some scientists nowadays.))

Maybe the same problem could throw some light on the hotel crashers whom you seem to have written about in another fanzine. Maybe it's wrong in theory. But the way the hotel business is operated nowadays, I can't get too alarmed. If the hotel rooms were never used by mundanes for immoral purposes, maybe it would be more wrong for fans to occupy rooms someone else paid for. Looking at it another way, many hotels are in a sense subsidized by you and me: so much of their business comes from trade conventions, guests who are on expense accounts, and other sources whose finances trace back in the end to the zums fans and all the rest of us plunk down when we buy phonograph records or automobiles or a thousand other products whose salesmen and executives and retailers are financed at hotels as part of their jobs. ((Humm. More food for thought. Thanks.))

Joan Hunter Holly
923 West Shiasawassee
Lansing, Michigan 48915

Thanks so much for sending me a copy of Lan's Lantern. I enjoyed it tremendously -- especially your running accounts of the conventions. And the time and effort you put into adding those colors on pages such as 13 shows real heart put into the production.

I remember the part at CONCLAVE very well indeed. It was a happy time and the company was grand. You and Jim Gunn and I did have a good talk, didn't we. I'm only sorry I didn't manage to meet you at CONFUSION, too, since I see by your article that you were there.

What you said about Simak's being a gentleman and a gentle man was absolutely true. He is practically the incarnation of his writings and is just exactly the man you expect to meet after you read his work. If Ypsilanti can possibly be dear to me for any reason, it will be because I met Clifford Simak there, shared tea, exchanged cigarettes, smiles, and empathy. Plus a two-way kiss on the cheek. ((Yes. I can see where those would be nice memories. And believe me, I cherish our meeting and conversations, too.))

I haven't found any evidence that THE GREY ALIENS is out in paperback in this country. But my hounds aren't through with their search. If you happen to know John Benson's address, I would appreciate having it. If he actually bought a copy of the book, then I need no further proof of its existence, right? ((John said that he was going to write you. In case he got bogged down with his other work, here's his address: 21675 Beaconsfield, Detroit, MI, 48224))

Again, thanks for the zine and good luck with all your future issues. ((And thank you for writing, Joan. Please let me know what happens with your search for the paperback publication of THE GREY ALIENS.))



Ken Josephans
373 E. Holmes
Michigan State University
E. Lansing, MI 48824

Renee's copy is delivered. Most of the Lantern reviewed books I've not read or discussed cons which I didn't go to, so I can't have too many comments on the content. Stinson's first name is Stuart, not Ron. ((Correction noted.))

Your ditto is very legible, and there's no need for you to switch to another medium of repro. Your work with the lettering guides on pages 1-3 is very good; why switch to handwritten headings later, as well as handwritten page numbers? ((I had done most of the headings by hand before I got the lettering guides. As for the page numbers, I didn't feel like lining up each master on my drafting table just to put down a page number.))

Fink! Next time you com to E. Lansing for a SCA thingie, stop by and visit. I live less than a mile from Old World Mall. And Renee, of course, is in the same dorm. ((I will, next time I'm at MSU. Glad to see Renee, anytime.))

See you in MISHAP, which I've rejoined, and maybe at AUTOCLAVE if I'm dragged there by Renee and Stu.

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

They say a picture is worth a thousand words. Here's a thousand word loc on all the fanzines you've sent me which I've enjoyed, but lack the time to loc. Your con reports are the most fascinating conglomeration of mistruths, errors and inaccurate guess I've ever encountered! Keep it up!!

((With this short letter cam a picture of Gordie Dickson and me conversing, which Mike had taken at MINICON. Thanks much, mike. Wait till you see the pix I got for you!!!))

Ben Indick
428 Sagamore Ave
Teaneck, NJ 07666

It seems to me you're a fellow Rapper -- the mailing arrived the other day, and I think you were amongst the assembled. ((You bat I was.)) Welcome, in any event.

However, it is hard to complain about such a nice zine as LL #1, neat, colorful, varied, attractive, inviting. Golly, sounds like a Miss America Con.

The covers were nice, although the fron cover manages wholly to avoid mention of the zine it is covering; maybe Sarah forgot. ((No she didn't. I received a copy of that little flyer in the mail after the con, and I asked her if I could use it as a cover, to which she consented. My fault, not hers.))

The back cover, being a back cover needs no title and is a darn good drawing. Otherwise not too much to say. I've completely neglected the writings of Michael Bishop, through inertia more than choice; the books you reviewed afterward present a nice collection of old and new. I have yet to read the second and third Earthsea novels, and should; I found some cause for cavil with the first, in spite of general admiration overall (e.g., it is scarcely a children's book, so far as I am concerned, and yet it is aimed for that market, or initially was.)

Crossword puzzle noted and, like all of them I encounter, resolutely ignored. And by golly you have taught at OSU, my beloved Pharmacy School Alma Mater, for which I run the Alumni column...you do not indicate where you teach now-- one of the Michigan universities? Your lecture on comics must have been good; they are certainly an important part of American popcult, and in my pharmacy, Hudson's Vitamins struck on a good thing when they tagged a chewable kidvitamin "Spiderman" vitamins. We have some window posters, and I occasionally get adults

and older kids trying to weasel a poster out of me. I can tell who's a comic fan! Regrettably, I do not have time to chat with them about it. I am not a BIG comic fan, but I am fond of the stuff anyway. ~~Am~~ APA-Q is a group I sometimes submit to, when I get to a Fanoclst meeting in Brooklyn. Last time I brought 30 copies along -- and discovered they needed 50. Next time there'll be enough. It is a very nice bunch of folks, age averaging 24 but some of them almost as hoary as myself...SIXTY DOLLARS WORTH OF PAPERBACKS???? ARE YOU MAD??? \$60... what're they paying graduate instructors nowadays...?

Andy Offutt (forgive the capitals) is a lot of fun, even if porn isn't for me. At the Fantasy Con he presented copies of a straight yarn, an offshoot of REHoward, which I have failed to finish. I shall, as it wasn't bad. Jackie Franke wrote up this con ((Marcon)), and it is nice to fill in all the spaces by recalling hers and reading your excellently chatty and warm account. You have a skinskin cap, and I, well if I should ever go conning again, I have a schtick in mind...

Well, I see you're teaching in high school, inculcating the ideals of Fandom into young minds. Could do worse. I like Cliff Simak's redefining SF, and generally I'd agree with him. However, the name SCIENCE FICTION is stuck on it, and is no worse and is easier to write than ~~spec~~ SPECULATIVE FICTION. Mostly what hurts me is to see newspaper TV lineups refer to every hogwash monster flick as "science fiction", when in reality they are simply MONSTER FLIX..... You do get around, cons and SCA stuff (no comment there, really, ... no...no comment...nope...none...oh well, if you MUST know...no...no comment). And, interestingly, you were able to relate some of the conresults to your professional life.

Looks fine. Very nice issue on the whole, Lan. Your conreports, things I usually avoid made me feel part of the scene.

((Bill Waldroop, a friend of mine, writes reviews for the Detroit Monitor, and in spite of him telling the copy editor to use SF, they titled his article with SCI-FI. Grrrrr. Uh, no comment on the SCA? Peel free, this is fandom. The worse you'll get is a spear through the front window of your Pharmacy. Seriously, any comment is welcome.))

Karen Pearlinton
132 Hove St.
Downsview, Ontario
CANADA M3H 4Z7

I've always liked the name "George" so is it all right if I call you it? If not, Lan will do. ((George will do just fine, Karen.))

But Thanks for Lan's Lantern. It's always nice to come home after a hard day's "education" and have something nice in the mail. Sorry but I have nothing to trade. ((At the time you wrote this you didn't; but a couple days after I received this letter, I got your zine. Sometimes it is nice to do things impulsive like that (as you said), and even more of a joy when it works out right. Good luck with your zine.))

What is the Wayne Third Foundation? ((It's the science fiction club I belong to out of Wayne State University in Detroit.))

I very muchly liked the cover.

How come you can have nice ditto, with colour and good repro? Don't I deserve it (you haven't seen my rapazine yet.)? ((Yes I did. I guess I'm lucky))

I always thought of THE WIZARD OF EARTHSEA as being on a fantasy world. The conreps were interesting and fun, as conreps usually are, but there's nothing much one can say about them.

There really isn't much to say except that I enjoyed LL and hope that you keep sending it to me. Sorry I'm such an unsatisfactory loccer. Just remember that in my opinion you deserve egoboo for a fine zine. ((*blush* thanks))

COMMENTS ON:

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS

THE SHORT FICTION OF MICHAEL BISHOP

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((Since I received several comments on the article I wrote on the short fiction of Michael Bishop, I decided to lump them all together into one section. I was quite surprised to see that I missed many of Mr. Bishop's short stories, even though I tried to get hold of as many as I could. Most of the first draft was written when someone said, "Did you read 'Rogue Tomato' in NEW DIMENSIONS 5?" Another added, "What about 'Blooded on Arachne' in EPOCH?" I groaned, dug out those books, and added them into my scheme of things. Needless to say, I did and still do enjoy reading his work. I've started A FUNERAL FOR THE EYES OF FIRE, and his second novel, AND STRANGE AT EGBATAN THE TREES, I have sitting on my dresser. Maybe I'll have them both done and reviewed for the next issue.))

Harry Warner Jr.: I've read very little of Michael Bishop's fiction (how could anyone expect me to find time to read science fiction with all these fanzines to be read and loosed?) but I liked your article on his short stories. You don't seem to search out examples of your theme where they aren't clearly presented and you don't make it all sound pedantic. If I ever do find time to read Bishop's fiction, I'd better stay away from "Rogue Tomato". A long time ago when I was adolescent, I was terrified by Jack Williamson's "Born of the Sun", a story in Astounding which I think was the first use of this general theme. Even if "Rogue Tomato" is funny, even if Bishop's planets are complete creatures rather than eggs which the sun is hatching, I don't want to risk a new set of nightmares.

Gy Chauvin: You mentioned that Bishop's "Rogue Tomato" was influenced by Roth's THE BREAST. Yes, I read the Roth book recently, and it's pretty obvious. But Kafka's "Metamorphosis" also played a part-- note the title character's name, Philip K. "K" was the main character in THE TRIAL -- also, of course, it immediately reminds one of Philip K. Dick, who writes surrealistic SF. Obvious, but neat. There is also a Bishop story in ORBITAL (one of his best in fact) ((I dug it out from my library; it's called "Windows in Dante's Hell")) in which two men find an old woman's apartment redesigned so that it is a replica of a Starship's Bridge, with hints of Star Trek throughout the story. But SF is never specifically mentioned, and the story is set in the same future world as "The Samurai and the Willows". A good effort about obsession and destruction. (The woman has died, and the man must destroy all the furnishings.)

Don D'Amessa
19 Angell Drive
Eli, Providence, RI 02930

Enjoyed your piece on Michael Bishop, though I feel constrained to point out that the Perfects in "White Otters of Childhood" are not aliens, but an evolved form of humanity. ((I read the story three times, and that is not the impression I got.)) Bishop's new novel, AND STRANGE AT EGBATAN THE TREES, is a sequel to "Otters", and considerably better in some ways.

((Maybe this is where he mentions that the Parfects are an evolved form of humanity. Since I haven't read it yet, I don't know.))

I noticed also that you failed to discuss his Urban Nucleas stories, other than "The Samurai and the Willows", which include "If a Flower Could Eclipse", "Allegiances", and "Windows in Dante's Hell", as well as his novella "On the Street of Serpents". ((If I had known they existed, I would have read them. I feel badly that I didn't. I think that in some cases I am spreading my fanacing a little thin, trying to do too much in too little time. Ah, FIAWOL.))

Nika Harper: Your article "A STUDY IN CONTRASTS: The Short Fiction of Michael Bishop" was interesting, especially since I have not read any of his works and it urges me to do so; but, it appears to me that there seemed to be something missing. You present the contrasts well, but then fail to do anything with them. They're there and that's it....

((You have put your finger on the exact reason why I was struck with a perpetual "B" in my English classes. After stating arguments and presenting beautiful examples, I fail to come up with strong conclusions. I thought that saying these contrasts added depth to his stories would be enough. Apparently you don't think so. Well, maybe next time I'll do better...))

Jackie Franke: I enjoyed your analysis of Bishop's stories. I don't read much SF any more--compared to what I did (the typical Old Fan and Tired complaint...)--but I had read several of these and my views pretty well agree with yours. One point I think warrants discussion: do you see the same Fear of Old Age in Bishop's stories that I do? He almost always depicts elderly people as ugly, or sick, or hateful and mean, or other unpleasant things. I've heard that writing is a cathartic action; perhaps Bishop intends to purge himself of this fear by writing about it. ((It could very well be, Jackie. I hadn't really noticed it until you pointed it out. True, a writer can purge himself of certain fears by writing about them (also other emotions and I have done that myself in some short stories I've written), but if this was Bishop's intention, I really don't know. Maybe he can tell us.))

Michael Bishop
Box 646
Fire Mountain, GA 31522

I appreciated receiving Lan's Lantern #1 and reading your article on my short fiction. It's flattering to see a piece in a fanzine devoted to one's own work, but the real reward is simply in knowing that some degree of intelligent attention is being paid to the short stories we struggle alone with and then send out in the idiot hope of securing a small audience. It is sometimes surprising how little feedback a writer usually receives.

Don't know exactly what to say about your examination of the contrasts in my work, except that you are probably correct in singling out the conflict between age and youth as one of my recurring themes. You might be interested in examining two other stories on just this point, "If a Flower Could Eclipse" in the now defunct WORLDS OF FANTASY (this magazine is probably rather difficult to find) and "The Windows in Dante's Hell" in Damon Knight's ORBIT 12. At any rate, contrast of one sort or another is common in all fiction because conflict embodies contrast, and conflict may well be the soul of story-telling, Homer (and before) to Doctorow (and beyond).

Permit me one criticism: "The Tigers of Hysteria..." was intended as an oblique commentary on the Vietnam war rather than a tale "about the strange

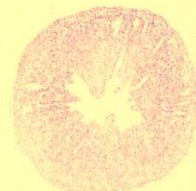
thing that can happen to a person in the mysterious east"--but the story isn't totally successful and I can understand, quite easily, your and any other reader's confusion as to its intended theme. Nevertheless I enjoyed your article and learned a few things from it myself. Thanks for thinking to send it to me.

((I'm delighted that you enjoyed the article. I was happy to receive your letter, and find where I can locate some of your other work. I have ORBIT 12, but as you said, WORLDS OF FANTASY is difficult to find.

How about Jackie's query: Are you trying to purge yourself of the Fear of Old Age by writing about it?))

LOGAN'S RUN

A movie review by Lan



Finally, after years of promise, LOGAN'S RUN, a novel by William Nolan and George Clayton Johnson, has been released as a movie through MGM studios. In the 23rd century, all the citizens, kept in touch with the master computer of the domed city through electronic gizmos imbedded in their palms at birth, enjoy a life of peace and pleasure, until they reach the age of 30. At that time they either undergo a ritual known as Carousel, where they are either killed or renewed, or they run. Logan is a Sandman whose job it is to kill runners. And it is Logan whom the computer chooses to investigate the rumored refuge of the runners, the Sanctuary, inducing him by shaving four years off his allotted life-span and making him a runner. Thus begins LOGAN'S RUN, his adventures in search of the Sanctuary and his eventual return to the city to tell of all the things he discovered.

Michael York plays Logan, and Jenny Agutter is Jessica, his female companion who helps him in his initial steps to find Sanctuary and eventually becomes Logan's wife. The acting is mediocre, and Miss Agutter's facial expressions are quite reminiscent of Barbara Bain in SPACE:1999, but the background is superb. Many of the sets used are actual places--hotels, airports, shopping malls--and they are lovely.

The plot is thin. There are holes you can drive spaceships through, and some of the faults are very obvious. The scene where Jessica convinces the other runners that Logan has really defected is very poorly done. In the opening sequences we see the city from the outside, but it is not till the end that we find out it is situated near the sea. There is no indication as to how the two runners managed to feed themselves while outside in their search for Sanctuary. But most of these and the other discrepancies would be picked out by the discriminating SF reader and critic, rather than the average person. And the movie does give the credit of intelligence to the audience by not bothering to explain some things: how the city got there, what happened to the people outside, how the prostitution "circuit" works (a form of matter transmission).

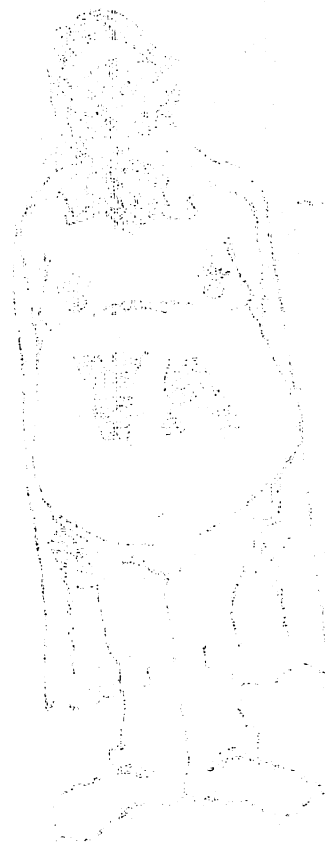
The special effects are fantastic. The use of holograms was good, and the model sets very realistic. The music was superbly adapted to the story.

Probably the best performance was that of the Old Man which Logan and Jessica meet, played by Peter Ustinov. Comical, yet stately, he added touches of true class to the film.

I would think that most reviewers will compare this to 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, but I won't because there is no comparison. The only similarity is that they both deal with a future society of sorts. LOGAN'S RUN will stand on its own. In spite of the flaws, I would recommend everyone's seeing it; I want to see it again. Although the plot may be worn and battered to the regular SF reader the production is good, and is a big step forward in SF films. Maybe now we will get better quality SF pictures.

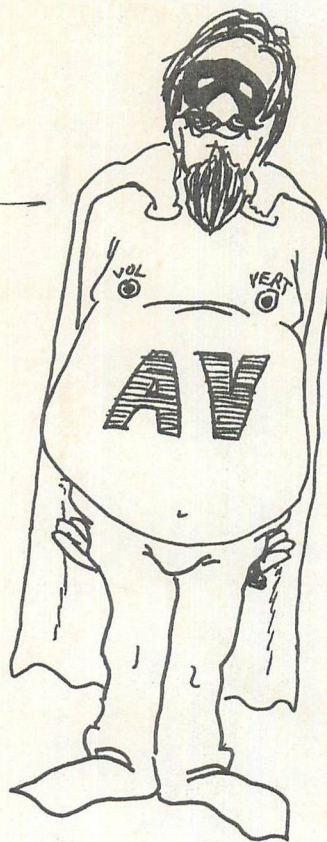
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Whenever, on this earth, an audio-visual machine is rendered
neatly-irreparable, the cry goes out for the technically
superior savior of audio-visual machines —

A.V.-MAN !!



Look, dear!
It's A.V.-MAN!



P. Bygones.