

LAN'S LANTERN #4

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WHY YOU ARE RECEIVING THIS

- ☐ Letter of comment
- ☐ Contribution
- ☐ Mentioned
- ☐ You wanted a copy
- ☐ This copy wanted to be sent to you
- ☐ Trade
- ☐ This is your last issue of LAN'S LANTERN unless you do something like write, call, send artwork or an article, etc.

DEDICATION

This issue of LAN'S LANTERN is dedicated to Beth Ollesheimer who has been all too understanding.

ARTWORK:		
Todd Bake -- 11, 13	Carolyn "CD" Doyle -- 7	Lan -- 34
Randy Bathurst -- 15, 22, 42	Greg Frederick -- 8, 13, 14, 18, 19, 21, 23, 25, 33, 44	Al Salyer -- 6, 20, 34, 38, 39
Bill Bryan -- 10	Geoff -- 43	Leanna Trojan -- 36
Pat Byrnes -- 9, 16, 27, 28, 35	Tina Klein-Lebbink -- cover	Steve Trout -- 12, 45
Grant Canfield -- 6, 12	Karl Klingbiel -- back cover	Charlie Wise -- 3, 24, 30, 47
Ed Collins -- 41		

LAN'S LANTERN #4 is produced by Lan (George J Laskowski Jr), who resides at the LanShack, 47 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013, but can also be reached at Kingswood School Cranbrook, 885 Cranbrook Road, Box 805, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013. LL is available for 75¢ or LoC, contribution, editorial whim or some real neat information about almost anything. This is LanHI Publication #60, a division of LanShack Press Unlimited.

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2 FROM THE EDITOR: "WHY LAN?"

"Lan?" asks a fan.

"Yes, or George Laskowski, if you prefer," I reply.

"How do you get 'Lan' from Laskowski?"

"You don't."

"But then, why Lan?"

At least once during a convention a conversation of this type occurs. At first, it was fun relating the long story of how I chose the name Lan as my fan name, but as time went on, it became more a bother than anything else. Thus I ended up taking the person's address, and told the fan that I would be publishing the entire thing as an editorial in my fanzine ... soon.

People have been waiting a long time.
But here it is.

I was a comics fan long before I started reading Science Fiction. This happened way back in grade school. My two favorite comic heroes (this was before the Marvel boom) were Flash and Green Lantern. Green Lantern became my absolute favorite character when I noticed that my initials and his were the same --- G L. (Impressionable young mind in those days, and heroes were easy to find). This phase didn't last very long, owing to the advent of Spiderman and Daredevil, but I remembered.

I graduated to pure SF, reading Tom Swift (?), Nourse, Norton, Heinlein, Wollheim, Asimov, Anderson, and a host of others which were available from the Roseville Public Library. Then I began buying and collecting books. One of the first Ace Doubles I picked up contained a story by Lan Wright (WHO SPEAKS OF CONQUEST?), and I kind of liked the name 'Lan' since it was so unusual. But that's not really where I got it.

At age sixteen or so, I got into Burroughs --- John Carter of Mars, Carson of Venus, Tarzan, David Innes. The adventure story hit me at the right age, and I went bounding through each book with the hero, parrying sword thrusts and killing savage beasts with them. Then I wanted to write and make up my own adventures, be the hero of something I myself imagined. The desire to write is still there, but the time always isn't.

As a college freshman, at the time when the AVENGERS was on TV, I wrote a script for the series, in which a large part involved Emma Peel. I was in love with the woman (who wasn't then?) and I liked the ease with which she vanquished the bad guys. She eventually faded as the series changed, and as I found that having a real girlfriend was more fun than imagining about one.

My reading of SF slacked off because of all the reading I had to do for college, but I continued to collect books, and started on records, especially classical music. In the basement of the Commerce and Finance Building (at the University of Detroit) at that time was a small room known simply as "The Music Room", in which rested a enormous amount of stereo and tape equipment. The people who frequented the room loved classical music, and I learned a tremendous amount of things about music, records, recordings etc., and a few of the people even read Science Fiction. So there were some discussions about SF there, but no one knew about fandom.

About the same time, I started writing poetry. Using my imagination, I thought about how a Martian might write poems describing his own planet. What metaphors would he use? What strange creatures might inhabit the planet? I immediately thought of Burroughs. What would be his name? Since I liked liquid sounds, I rolled several possibilities over on my tongue, and drawing on a few of my past experiences (mentioned above) I chose 'Lan', more from a shortened form of Green Lantern, than from Mr. Wright's name.

Under that guise I wrote a few poems, but it died quickly because my volume of homework (and working at the same time) increased. But the name was not forgotten.

When I joined the Wayne Third Foundation, and fandom, in September of 1975, I thought of resurrecting that Martian persona, for it would fit right in with the semi-insane people of the club. It wasn't until Diane Drutowski and Leah Zeldes thrust a copy of MISHAP into my hands that the idea gelled. Sure, why not? Use the Martian name, and couple it with something really "skiffy" (Sci-Fi ---- although I almost always called it SF prior to my joining fandom). Being a VanVogt fan, the name "Lan from the House of Isher" flowed smoothly, and so I kept it, and used it as the title for my first Apazine.

But it wasn't until I started going to cons, and wearing that coon-skin cap, that I really decided to adopt 'Lan' as my fan name. I wasn't the only George, and Laskowski was too difficult a Polish name for some people to pronounce; and Lan was so much shorter!

Thus I became 'Lan'.
And that's the story.

IN THIS ISSUE:

It has taken some time for me to get this all together. I finished writing up my con reports at the end of March, and did most of the other work by then, but I was waiting for my interview with Joe Haldeman to be returned by him. No, it's not in this issue; I'll be seeing him at MIDWEST-CON about it. Then came a quick digging in for the last quarter at school and I was bogged down with work on that, especially in trying to hit certain topics in both Math and Latin with my students before the end of the year. So this issue is later than I had wanted to get it out, and with less material than I wanted to put in it. Does this mean there will be less time before #5 is published? Maybe. I hope so, anyway.

Mark Leeper returns this time with an article chronicling the film scores of Bernard Herrmann, the composer who died this last year. It is an interesting article which shows his versatility in topics. I received a number of fine comments on his last piece of work, "The Origins of LITTLE FUZZY", and this one shows his wide background in the vast field of SF.

Greg Frederick is here again with a couple more movie reviews, and some artwork. The two Hugo Award-winning songs by Carolyn "CD" Doyle and myself I thought were interesting to put in. It shows two neos diving head-first into fandom and exuding enthusiasm. Who esle but neos write fannish songs like these? And again there is a crossword puzzle.

Mark Bernstein is always interesting to read. I only wish that I could have gotten his review of Robinson's TELEMPATH out sooner. My own review of Bova's MILLENIUM is punctuated with remarks I picked up at MINICON which I didn't cover in the conrepts (gotta save something for the next one). The comes the letter column. It was fun to arrange the letters by topic, but it was also a lot of hard work. I tried to make the letters flow into one another and I believe I only half succeeded. I'm not sure how I'll do the next lettercol---probably the same way. It all depends on the responses I get.

There are a couple addresses I left off at the end of the zine, those of the cover and back-cover artists. How could I do such a thing? I hear you cry. Well, I get forgetful in my old age. So for Tina Klein-Lebbink, who did the marvelous front cover for me, her address is: RR #2 Baily's Beach Rd., Site 8 Box 6, Amherstberg, Ontario CANADA N9U 2Y8. Karl Klingbiel was a student of mine this past year, and his address is 1146 Beaconsfield, Grosse Pointe Park, Michigan 48230. Another artist who did one of the interior illustrations, again whose name and address I left off the roster, is Leanna Trojan, 25611 Parkwood, Huntington Woods, Michigan 48070. I am sure that if you might want some artwork for your own zines (if you publish one), these or any of the artists would probably be happy to contribute, which is why I've provided the addresses.

IN ISSUES TO COME:

Be forewarned: I am teaching in the HUB program this summer again. There will probably be some fiction in a future issue of LAN'S LANTERN. Also, I have conducted interviews with Alan Dean Foster and Jackie Franke. Most of what Alan said in the interview he said in his speech at MARCON (printed here). Jackie's interview was most interesting, especially since we were interrupted about every five minutes. We'll see what happens when I start transcribing. If things work out, the Haldeman interview might be in the next issue, and maybe a short comment or fifty by Gordie Dickson on why SF EXPO failed last year.

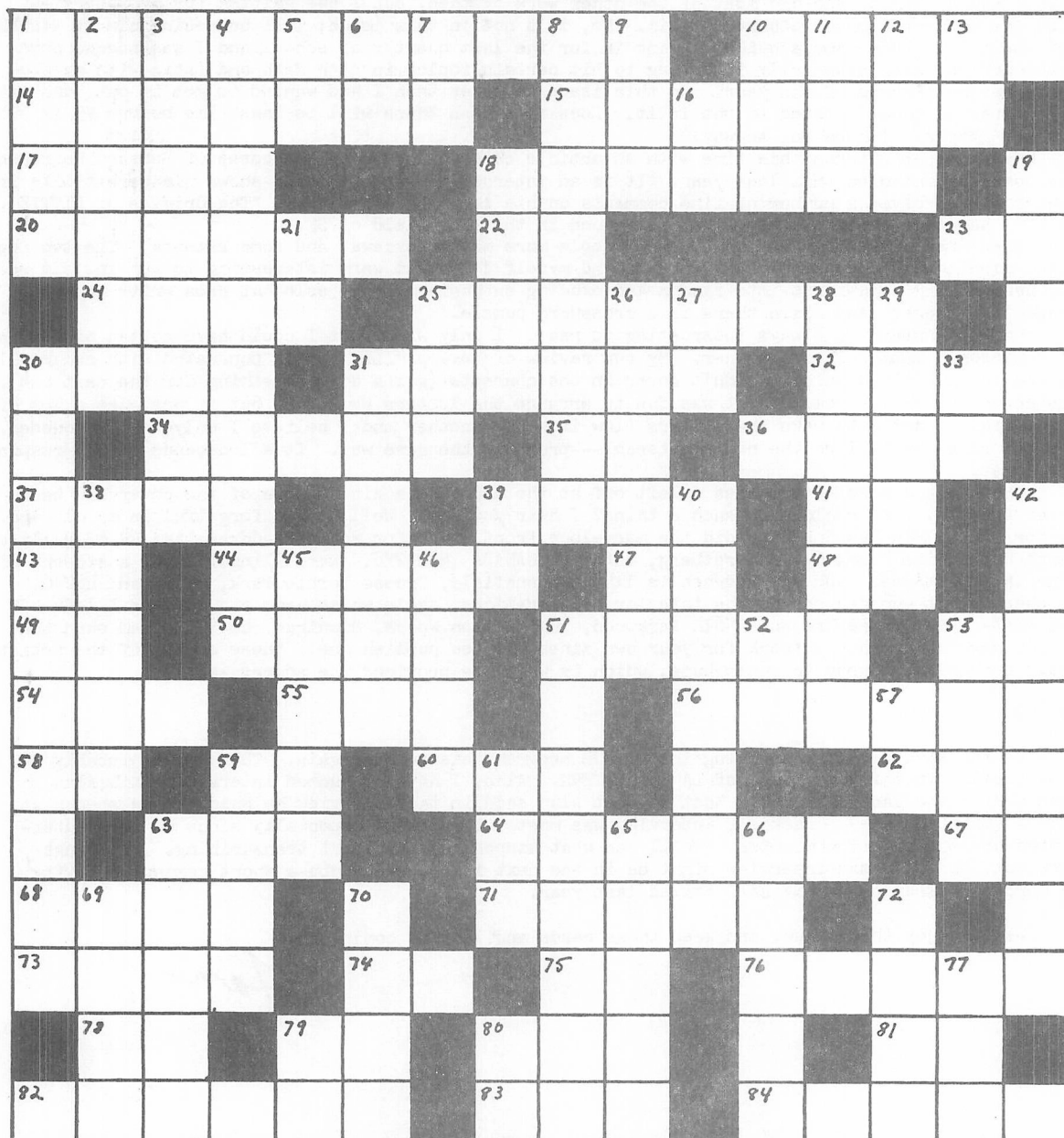
Well, enjoy this issue, and keep those cards and letters comin' in.

Jan



5

CROSSWORD PUZZLE NO. 8



ACROSS:

1. What's Become of ____?
 10. Artist Neal ____
 14. Wrote Mission of Gravity
 15. wrote Android Armageddon
 17. Author of The Godwhale
 18. Creator of Darkover
 20. Superman villain
 22. Home of the Guardians of the Universe
 23. The sun god
 24. ____ Under Fan Fund
 25. Perry Rhodan author
 30. variant spelling of Terry
 31. With My ____ in My I
 32. Das Lied von der ____

34. Wrote At The Seventh Level
 35. Fan Conner's initials
 36. Haldeman's The For-____ War
 37. Cain killed ____
 39. Patron of the ____
 41. that is (abbrev)
 43. Reed's ____ Da V
 44. Tennessee ____ Ford
 47. ____ art
 48. Niven's initials
 49. Combining form for egg or ovum
 50. Kit ____
 51. moon of Uranus
 53. Senior (abbrev)
 54. Soldier, Ask ____
 55. "____, And Gomorrah"

56. Novel by Clement
 58. Touchdown
 59. I am (contract.)
 60. UFO computer name
 62. ____ Wright
 63. Michigan fan ____ Hartman
 64. Wrote Tramontane
 67. National Guard (monogram)
 68. Mention My ____ in Atlantis
 71. I believe (Latin)
 73. Amor, Cupid, or
 74. ____ All the Seas with Oysters
 75. Gordon's initials (wrote One-Eye, Two-Eyes, etc.)
 76. The person with whom someone was in the kitchen.
 78. Fan Trout's initials

79. Norma Jean's stage initials
 80. Edgar Allan ____
 81. Fan Nielson's initials
 82. Williamson's ____ Shock
 83. Hamilton's "The ____ Outside
 the World"
 84. Black, also title of a
 popular Black magazine

DOWN:

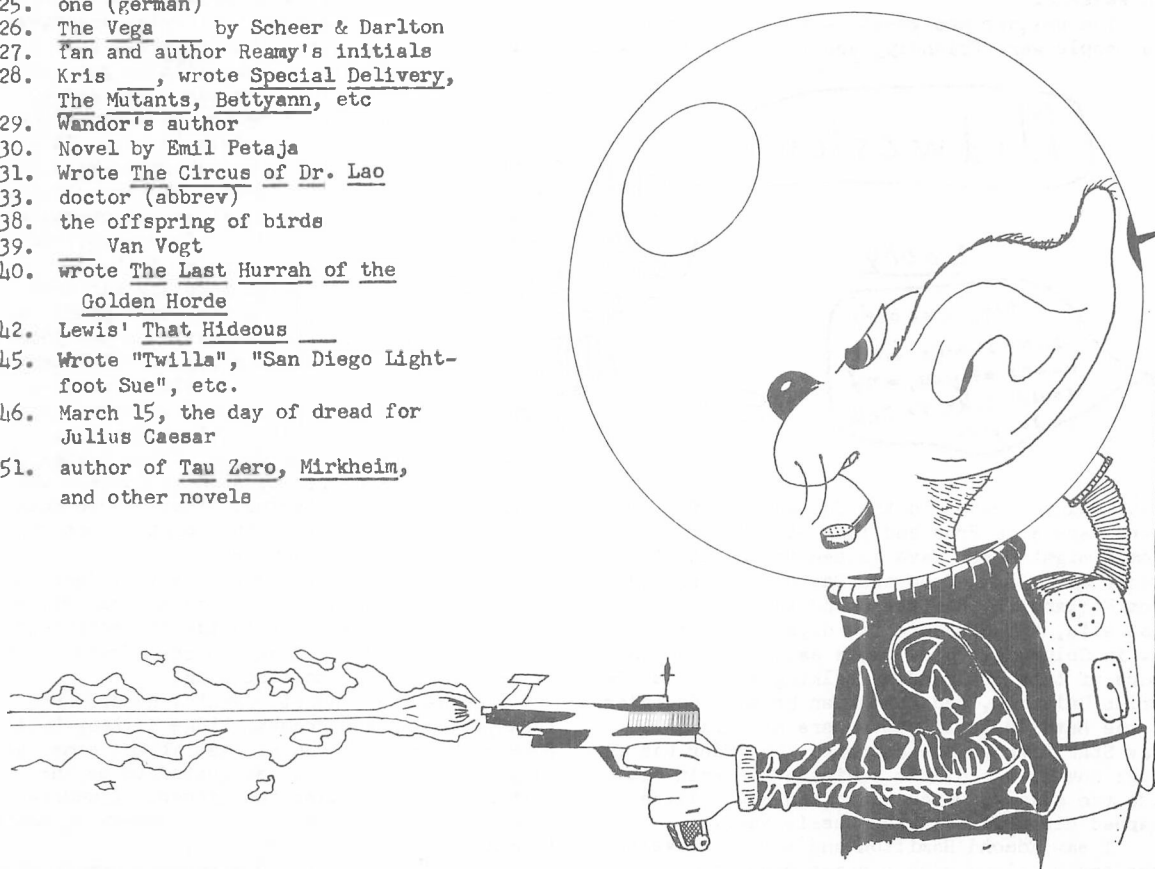
1. Santa Centaurus Bowling
 League
 2. author ____ Nunes
 3. Novel by McCaffrey
 4. Carol ____, wrote "Hunting
 Machine"
 5. ____, The Venusians by
 John Rackham
 6. League of Nations (init.)
 7. overtime (abbrev)
 8. ____ in a Strange Land
 9. age
 10. "____ the Troubles in the
 World" by Asimov
 11. To ____ in Italbar
 12. Rackham's The ____ Thing
 Tree
 13. Manuscript (abbrev)
 16. in the Year of our lord
 (abbrev)
 18. the Hero in Midworld
 19. Bron ____, wrote Juggernaut
 21. Burroughs Lost ____ Venus
 25. one (german)
 26. The Vega ____ by Scheer & Darlton
 27. fan and author Reamy's initials
 28. Kris ____, wrote Special Delivery,
 The Mutants, Bettyann, etc
 29. Wandor's author
 30. Novel by Emil Petaja
 31. Wrote The Circus of Dr. Lao
 33. doctor (abbrev)
 38. the offspring of birds
 39. ____ Van Vogt
 40. wrote The Last Hurrah of the
 Golden Horde
 42. Lewis' That Hideous ____
 45. Wrote "Twilla", "San Diego Light-
 foot Sue", etc.
 46. March 15, the day of dread for
 Julius Caesar
 51. author of Tau Zero, Mirkheim,
 and other novels

52. "Doc" Smith
 53. Van Vogt classic, what
 fans might be
 57. deciliter (abbrev)
 59. Minnesota fan Scott
 61. "Doc" Smith's Spacehounds
 of ____
 63. ____ in God's Eye
 65. Fen Alan and Penny ____,
 cochairfen of CHAMBANACON
 66. ____ Offutt, andy's wife
 69. a variant spelling of ass
 70. Williamson's ____ Around
 America
 72. Silverberg's Windows ____
 Tomorrow
 77. variant spelling of Anne
 79. pronoun
 80. the ratio of the circum-
 ference of a circle to
 its diameter

Crossword Puzzle Key on page 31



 * If the Smithsonian Institution sold the fabulous Hope *
 * Diamond and used the money to build a cemetery for *
 * Science Fiction enthusiasts, thereby creating a new *
 * age for literature, would this new necropolis be *
 * known as --- *
 * *
 * "The Fan-tomb of the Hope Era"???? *
 * George Wagner *



7 CON REPORTS

AND RAMBLINGS 4

This is being written in March, some nine months after the last series of Con Reports I did for my zine. That was back in June when I reported on AUTOCLAVE. Now I am picking it up with MIDWESTCON which was my target date for LL #2. Because of the stretch in time and the number of conventions I've been to since then, you might think that they would all run together in my mind, and that I wouldn't remember any details. I do remember most of the details, and if I push myself, I could give you a complete time sequence of things that I did at all eight of the cons since AUTOCLAVE. But I won't. I want to keep this a reasonable length. So I'll be hitting most of the highlights of each con, throwing in interesting details and personal anecdotes which have crystalized into strong memories.

MIDWESTCON

Six of us crammed into Selena, my Dodge Dart Swinger, and headed for Cincinnati, changing positions in the car at intervals so that the same people would not always have the back and front seat humps. (That sounds obscene). We arrived at the hotel in a decent length of time and at a decent hour, checked in, Mark Bernstein crashing with me, then headed straight for the Con Suite and dig in for a long relaxation weekend.

The weather was great -- sunny and warm. The people were friendly, and the spirits flowed

Biggle. I finally met Kelly Freas. I was still dating Carol Lynn at this time, and I told him that she said hello. "Carol?" he mused. "Oh yeah, the girl with the great legs!" He has a memory for details too.

At the banquet I sat at a table with Vince Tuzzo (from Roseville, MI), George Wagner (from Kentucky), Liz Gross (from Columbus, OH), Margaret Hilt (from Cincy), Steve Bridge and Mark Sharpe (from Indianapolis, IN). I asked Steve and Mark if they knew Carolyn Doyle, and Steve replied: "CD? Oh sure. She's here. If you want to talk to talk to her, I'll go get her", which he promptly did. She was surprised to find out that someone had heard of her and wanted to talk to her. It was an enjoyable but short talk, since she had to leave. CD was bubbling over with enthusiasm and charm, enthralled with her first con, and loving every minute of it.

I also met a fellow fan from Michigan, from the upper peninsula, who was fantastic on the piano. I heard him playing some Tom Lehrer songs, and joined him in singing some of my favorites. He was preparing for the filksing on Saturday night, from which, unfortunately, he was barred by Juanita Coulson who

doesn't like piano playing. That ticked both of us off, but not me to the point of not going and listening in for awhile.

Jackie Franke had a small party in her room and I listened to Randy Reichhart (from Winnipeg, Manitoba) play some fantastic renditions of Beatles and Moody Blues songs. Jodie Offutt joined in singing and listening.

Back at the banquet, Jackie, Randy, Lynn Parks, Stephanie Oberembt, Midge Reiten, Bill Bowers, Mike Glicksohn all sat at the same table, which Lou Tabakow designated to be the last one to be in line for dinner. I understand that they are going to do something nasty to him this year because of it.

The highest point and strongest memory of MIDWESTCON was getting an interview with Joe Haldeman. For an hour and forty minutes we talked about his writing, his feelings on writ-



plentifully. Owing to the failure of SF Expo, there were some Pros and fans at MIDWESTCON whom I might never have gotten to see had I not been there. E.C. Tubb and David Kyle arrived from England; A. Bertram Chandler was in from Australia, and stayed a few days with Ross Pavlav in Columbus, Ohio. Ross said that he has hours of tape of Chandler talking about his Rim Worlds Universe, and that when he took Chandler to the Batelle Institute (where he works) to play Star Trek on the computer, Chandler was the first novice who didn't navigate his ship outside the galaxy, which indicates how well he learned his skills in the Aussie Navy.

I saw Edmond Hamilton and Leigh Brackett once again, along with a dozen other pros: Stan Schmidt, Dean McLaughlin, Gordie Dickson, andy offutt, Joe Haldeman, Phyllis Eisenstein, Bob Tucker, Gardner Dozios, Jack Chalker and Lloyd

ing and other authors and their works, the space program, his experiences in Vlet Nam, and several other things. It was a unique opportunity to get to know an author.

There were many fans there, most of whom I knew, some I met for the first time: Paula Gold, Leo Frankowski, Bea Mahaffey and Barbara Geraud, to name a few. On Friday night there was a collating party for the now-defunct apa, HAPA, ASK NOT. Barbara Geraud and I were the two who did the work. It was a small mailing, and we were both a little tipsy by that time. It turned out that almost everyone did a somewhat obscene contribution, and Barbara and I were just bubbling over with jokes, comments, giggles and laughter.

During one of the pool sessions on Saturday, Randy Bathurst and I showed everyone how to play leap-frog off the diving board.

All in all, it was a relaxing con, like it was supposed to be. I enjoyed myself thoroughly.

RAMBLINGS 4.1

Although I had been teaching for a few years, I still did not have my teaching certification. One of the last things I did need to be certified was, of all things, student teaching. That I finally did during the summer, missing several conventions and parties in the process. To get the full credit I needed I entered a special program through Wayne State University where I would teach a number of inner city kids, boys who have the desire and ability to go on to higher education, but need a little extra help. This is a government funded program called Horizons-Upward Bound, and was housed on the grounds of the Cranbrook Educational Community. I eventually ended up teaching two math classes, two SF classes and a Latin class, as well as lifeguarding during the general swim, taking care of the AV equipment and running movies, giving extra help to students in the evening, and taking all the ID pictures. It was a busy summer.

I also met a lovely woman who is now my steady. Beth is the head lifeguard at Big Jonah, the pool on the grounds (20' deep by 25' wide by 220' long), but that's another story. I missed RIVERCON and SYMPOSIUM (mainly because I wasn't invited), several parties of the Wayne Third Foundation, a miniconvention party at Sid Altus', and farewell get-togethers for a number of the local fen who were leaving for school elsewhere.

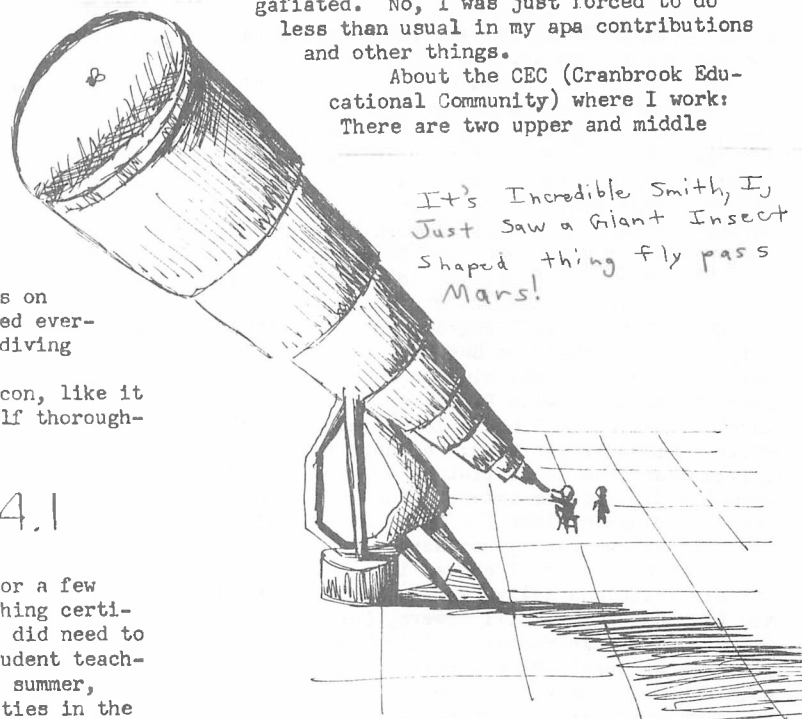
That I missed MIDAMERICON is a whole different matter. I heard that the Kingswood/

Cranbrook schools needed another Math teacher so I applied for the position, never thinking that I would get it. Well I did, much to the delight of Beth, not to mention myself. Along with the contract came reduced rate faculty housing on the Community grounds. With the additional duty of babysitting in Stevens Hall,

the freshmen dorm, I obtained free housing. But there was the work of moving in and setting up and furnishing an apartment. To do that and also hit big MAC was something I could not swing financially, so I missed the Worldcon.

My fanac dropped sharply during the summer, so much so that many fen thought that I had gaffiated. No, I was just forced to do less than usual in my apa contributions and other things.

About the CEC (Cranbrook Educational Community) where I work: There are two upper and middle



schools -- Cranbrook which is all boys, and Kingswood, which is all girls; an elementary school, Brookside; a two year Graduate art program; an Art Museum; and the Science Institute which has a telescope and a planetarium, all on 300 acres of hills, fields and forests, sculptured gardens, rivers and lakes. The place is beautiful.

When school started in the fall, I was part of the Kingswood staff. All I was supposed to teach were five math classes. When the expected enrollment in Latin I doubled, the language department asked if I would take my MA in Latin out of mothballs and teach the extra class (reducing my load by one math class, of course). I did, so I am back teaching in both of my major fields.

One of my Latin students made the fall Tennis Team, so I congratulated her. "Are you going to come to our match this Tuesday?" I considered it and said that I would. Since then I have gone to, not only the tennis matches, the field-hockey games, basketball games, volleyball (the girls won the state regional title, but missed out on getting the state title), and coming this spring is squash and softball. I've become the school athletic supporter, difficult to find in an all girls high school.

But where did this leave my fanac. I'm still very much active, as you can see.

PGLANGE VIII

I kicked off the end of my Fafiation by going to PGLANGE in Pittsburgh. Barbara Ger-
aud was the con Chairfemme, and Joe Haldeman
was the GoH. The con had no real high point,
just a general feeling of having a good time.
There were a number of fen there whom I had on-
ly known through apae and correspondence: the
lovely Wendy Lindboe, the jovial Nick Polak,
the conversational Alyson Abramowitz, a tired
Matthew Schneck, and the chipmunk himself
George Paczolt. I spent time in conversation
with some new people (new to me): Patrick Kelly
and Greg Mayer -- Patrick intriguing me with
thoughts on the space program, and a possible
trip to Cape Kennedy at SUNCON, Greg listening
patiently while I tell him how lucky I've been
over the summer; with D. Potter a tall and
lovely Black woman I had a long conversation
while I massaged her back; a short talk with
Sylvia Starshine, an artist of very high talent
whom I solicited for artwork, for which I'll
have to do again since I didn't get any yet
(through my own fault, not hers).

Many of the usual convention-goers were
there: Jackie and Wally Franke, Ross Pavlac, Ro
and Lin Lutz-Nagey, Bill Bowers, Rusty Hevelin
who was also Toastmaster, F.L.Ahsh snapping
pictures as usual, Mike Harper and Mike Glick-
sohn the hairy pair from Toronto, Victoria
Wayne whose first comment to me was "I thought
you had Gafiated!!!" (nice PR by some friends),
Stephanie Oberembt and a host of others. A-
mong the authors that were there, only
Dozilos had attended, in ad-
dition to the GoH Joe
Haldeman. Rusty
intro-duced



Joe by
telling
everyone
of the
time he
unknowingly spent the night in
the wrong room at a convention.
Joe's speech dealt mainly with
the space program, from which
he launched into a question
and answer session. Among the
topics covered were his new
books, including the Star Trek

novel, his selling of the paperback rights to
MINDERIDGE to Avon for \$100,000, British edi-
tions of books, and his opinion of someauthors.

After we all changed into our playclothes,
the party began and booze flowed freely. Con-
versations were active all over the con suite
and the registration room nearby. An extempor-
aneous fondlecon was held on one of the con-
suite's beds, which lasted, as you could well
imagine, for a few hours.

More people come to mind who were there:
Jon Singer, Gary Farber, Lynn Parkes, Madman
Riley (all the way from Minnesota), Joann Mc-
Bride, John Curlovich (naturally-- he was co-
chairfan, or Barbara's assistant, or something),
Laurie Trask and Jim Mann, Bill Cavin (who came
by himself from Cincinnati) and George Bacher
(also from Cincy), and Derek Carter from Tronna."

As I said, the strongest memory I have of
this con is that of having a very good time.

I had to leave early Sunday because of a
Wedding reception back home, so I left not being
able to say goodbye to a lot of nice people,
especially Barbara for putting on such a good
relaxacon. My trip back to Detroit was made be-
tween stints of pain. Fortunately what I
thought to be appendicitis turned out to be the
passing of a small kidney stone.

OCTOCON

I received an invitation to OCTOCON from
Lou Tabakow, and promptly sent in my reserva-
tion. This was the ultimate relaxacon. No pro-
gramming other than a dinner across the street
at an Italian restaurant, buffet
style. Ross Pavlac and I shared
a room, and spent a lot of time
with Marla and Paula Gold, and
Ric Bergman. It was at this con
that I found out about the break-up
of Jackie and Wally Franke. Jackie
was there with Derek Carter, but I didn't
get a chance to talk to her. Several Mich-
igan fen were there: Leah Zeldes, Steve Cook,
Vince Tuzzo and Leo Frankowski (who introduced
me to the idea behind his red robe -- The Guard-
ians of the Red Gate, a committee whose function
it is to welcome people to conventions, some-
thing regular concons have time to do.

It was here that I admitted to Bob Webber,
a Toronto fan, that I indeed was Lori Carter, a
hoax in AZAPA. I could easily list who was
there because of a free CONFUSION 14 flyer
which I bought for \$1.60 at Rusty's impromptu
DUFF auction which has the autographs of most
of the people who were there, but I won't.
During said auction, Lou Tabakow's shoes were
auctioned off, as well as some people's time
(Bill Bowers, for example). A two dollar bill
went for as high as \$20, all for DUFF.

I must mention that Eric Lindsey was there,
and he was also at PGLANGE (which, if you no-
ticed, I forgot to mention there). We had no-
thing but short snippets of conversation, unfor-
tunately, but I do treasure those casual pass-
ings. He is a good person and an outstanding
fan. I wish that I could have talked to him
more.

Denice (Neicer) Hudspeth and Bill Waldroop chaired this Wayne Third Foundation sponsored affair, and they did a remarkable job on it. The movie slated for showing was the Michigan premiere of DARK STAR, which I did manage to catch and enjoyed thoroughly. There were other trailers, cartoons and shorts scheduled by Bill and his friend Ed Golick. The Guest of Honor was Joan Hunter Holly who is a delightful speaker and an excellent conversationalist. I was asked to sit in on a panel of Teaching SF, which turned out very nicely, only that I ended up being the chairfan of the panel, trying to get some cohesive trains of thought from the other members: Patti Helmer from University of Windsor, Dr. Reid from Wayne State, and Joan Holly herself. They were all great, and in spite of myself, we managed to have a good discussion.

Joan was interviewed by Seth McEvoy and Bill Waldroop, in lieu of a speech. She answered questions on her cats, her work, the job of being treasurer of the Science Fiction Writers of America, and of her upcoming books. As a sequel to KEEPER Joan wrote SHEPHERD which was to be published by Laser Books. Unfortunately Laser has suspended publications, before SHEPHERD was released. No one knows what will happen now. She is also preparing a follow-up book to THE MIND TRADERS, not a sequel, but a story involving the same main characters.

One other panel which was a very nice success was on Computers and SF, which was chaired by Ross Pavlac who works with computers at the Batelle Institute in Columbus, Ohio. Mark and Evelyn Leeper were also on the panel since both work for Burroughs.

This WONDAYCON was not as heavily attended as the previous one held at Wayne State, especially by BNFs. People from out of the Detroit area included: Val Jamin Meyers from E. Lansing Michigan, Brian Earl Brown from Mishawaka Indiana, Tom Barber from Ypsilanti Michigan, Paula Smith from Kalamazoo, Marla Gold and Ric Bergman from Cincinnati Ohio.

It was a good one-day convention, and all who stayed late were invited to the "dead-dog" party at the Madarasz' afterwards.

CHAMBANACON

This was my anniversarycon. Actually the last WONDAYCON was, but one year ago from this convention was the first big con I attended. Again, Ross and I shared a room which turned out to be convenient again. The only incident of importance on the way there was running out of gas on the freeway.

Friday was spent walking through the hotel meeting friends from past conventions, seeing who was there, hearing about who was to arrive, and meeting new fans. I talked briefly with Paula Block from Chicago who wrote a beautiful satire of WESTWORLD called TREKWORLD which appeared in MENAGERIE 10. I talked at length



with Anna Schoppenhorst, a TITLER from Indianapolis, and Melissa Everett from Connecticut. I had several passing conversations with E. Michael Blake, Terry Matz, Marsha Allen, Marcy Lyn, Ken Fickle, George Ewing (who has been published in Analog), Barney Neufeld, John Singleton, Annora, Elizabeth Pearse, Tom Morley and Ben Zuhl.

The regular crew of con attendees was there: General Technics peddled their light-guns (Chip Bestler, Leah Dillon, Steve Johnson, Tullio Proni); Bill Bowers and friends from all over the midwest (Leah Zeldes, Tony Cvetko, Midge Reiten, Lynn Parks (who came very late with Jon Singer), Marla Gold and Ric Bergman); Wally Franke showed with Paula Gold.

As is my bent, I attended and recorded all panels and speeches. Saturday afternoon was full of them. The "Joe and Andy Hour" starring Joe Haldeman and Andy Offutt was filled with laughter and insanity. "Readin' and Rappin' with Andy" was a delightful hour of Andy reading his satire of Conan the Barbarian, and answering questions on his writings. The panel "So What's in a Title, Anyway?" turned out to be a discussion on education, mathematics, research for writing, and an extemporaneous speech by Gordie Dickson on why SF Expo was a failure. The other members of that panel included Joe Haldeman, Juanita Coulson and Mike Glicksohn. Tucker, of course, was in the

audience heckling everyone who spoke.

Gay Haldeman was the Fan Guest of Honor, and her speech was a lovely summary of her fan-nish life, and how fandom has affected her mundane life. It was touching, and she received a standing ovation for it. Andy's speech took some very real but bizarre situations and suggested possible ways of turning them into SF plots.

Eric Lindsey was again in attendance at this Midwestern convention, and confessed that he wanted to stay on the con-circuit in the US, and some fan took to devising ways to keep him here. I talked briefly to Roland Green who, I found out, is ghosting the Richard Blade series.

Rusty, as usual did a fine job in organizing the hucksters room; Penny and Alan Tegen and Jim Hansen put on another fantastic con. A stroke of genius on the concom's part was to supply coffee and donuts on Sunday morning for the fans.

There was a short skinny-dipping party on Saturday night, which was quickly broken up by the guard on duty. I did spend some time in the art show, and even put bids on a couple paintings. I did get a lovely Unicorn painted by De Peterson which I wanted as a Christmas gift for Beth. The other pieces rapidly ran above my budget (what was left after getting the unicorn).

I spent a little time with Carolyn "C.D." Doyle who didn't recognize me at first. I had just gotten out of the shower, and my hair was wet so I did not have my coon-skin cap on. We talked, discussed fanac, and she introduced me into the "Bug Club", to which she was introduced by Bob Tucker.

I left fairly early on Sunday so that I could get back home in time to call Beth before she went to sleep. I went home with happy memories, and a few new friends.

RAMBLINGS 4.2

Members of the Wayne Third Foundation had been after me to have a party at my new apartment, so on the busiest weekend I could have picked (one when quarter grades were due along with comments on every student) I invited everyone over for an apartment-warming. Beth helped me clean the place and get the food ready, for which I was extremely grateful. The party was a success.

I've had two parties since then, each better than the last (so I've been told). One was an early Christmas party for which Bill Bowers attended. Actually he was up in Detroit to give Leah a ride back to his place, and elsewhere to visit fans. The other party was an early New Years event, for which Kathi Schaefer, Tim Kyger and Sarah Prince showed, and spent the night.

Actually, during the Christmas break Beth and I were kept rather busy, between what our two families had, and the parties that the local fans put on. There were celebrations at Gary and Denise Mattingly's, Paul and Alica Madarasz', and a long New Years party at Renée Sieber's. New

Years turned out notto be the luckiest time for me and Selena. On the way over to pick up Beth to go out to dinner before heading to Renée's party, I noticed that my lights were dim and my alternator was discharging. Rather than end up being stranded somewhere between here and there, Beth drove her truck. After a fried scallop dinner, we arrived at Renée's and found a small convention in progress. Fans had come from as far as Chicago: Phil Foglio, Belinda Glasscock, Chip Bestler, Leah Dillon, Steve Johnson, Marcy Lyn, Jim Feurstenberg, and a host of local fan.

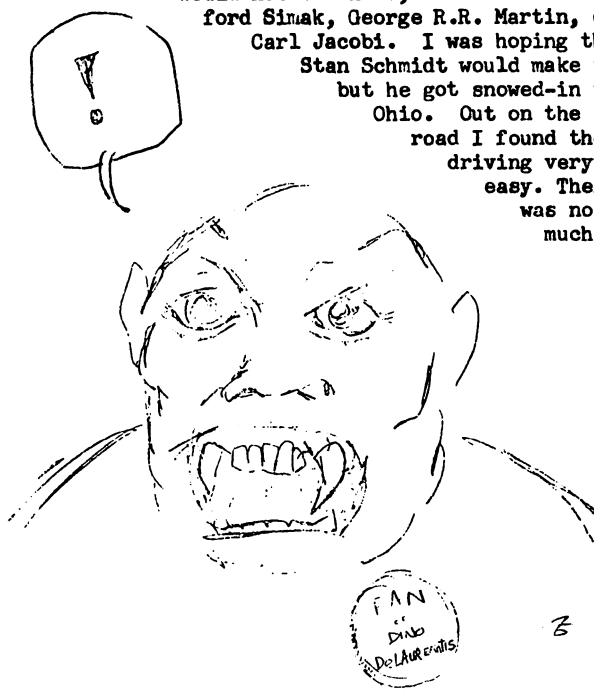
I managed to get a number of illustrations from Bill Bryan, Al Salyer, John Benson and Randy Bathurst. Phil Foglio promised to send me some, for which I gave him postage.

Beth and I left shortly after 1:30 AM; it was about an hours drive back to her place. We survived all the parties, and I got Selena running properly again, although besides getting her regulator replaced, linkage tightened, engine tuned and oil changed, I also got four new radials, a wheel alignment, wheels balanced (on the car, no less) and a new muffler. The cost? Well, I couldn't go to LEPRECON like I had wanted nor anyplace else during my spring break (which is why I'm typing this up during my vacation).

CONFUSION 14

In spite of the snowstorm that gripped the midwest at the end of January, CONFUSION 14 had a record attendance. Since the con coincided with the end of the quarter at school (end of semester, actually), I had Friday off and headed for Ann Arbor Michigan early in the afternoon. It was still snowing slightly, and all the free-ways were reported as being at least hazardous, if not closed. I called Lloyd Biggle before I left to find out about road conditions in the city, and who had arrived, who was not coming.

I was saddened to learn that the delReys would not be there, nor would Clifford Simak, George R.R. Martin, or Carl Jacobi. I was hoping that Stan Schmidt would make it, but he got snowed-in in Ohio. Out on the road I found the driving very easy. There was not much





LUSHABODIA
LIVES!

traffic, and whatever there
was travelled slowly, real-
ly without any reason.
The roads were not
ice-covered, and
the blowing
snow ob-
scured
visi-
bi-
lity

only for
a couple
seconds after
coming from un-
der an underpass.

Anyway, I got there,
checked in, and later
that evening called Beth
to make arrangements as to
what time I would pick her up
on Saturday. It would be her first con.

Fans galore clogged the hallways and lobby.
They came from all over, and I was happy to see
a lot of familiar faces. The usual con-goers
were there, and some surprises. Diane Drutow-
ski, who had been inactive as a fan since she
went to School at University of Michigan, was
there, and sometime during the Saturday night
parties she was instrumental in beginning Q-tip
Fandom (ask her about it). Ken Josenhans, Bar-
bara Jones and Pat Mueller came in from Michi-
gan State in East Lansing, and Mike Harper did
manage to push his car across the border from
Canada.

The weather did hold a few people back.
The Golds, Marla and Paula, and BillCavin got
stuck in the National Guard Armory in Findley
Ohio. Jim Fuerstenberg turned back when the
State Police closed I-94. And some authors
could not make it either (as I mentioned above).

The introductory proceedings on Friday
night were fantastic. Illuminatus put on a
light show, and introduced the Pro GoH, Guest
Pros, and the Fan GoH by showing slides of
their works, cover jackets, or, as in Ro's
case (Ro Lutz*Nagey was the Fan GoH) slides of
his antics when in the Styliagi Air Corps. It
was a delightful and inventive experience. I
congratulated the crew who did it, complement-
ing them on their ingenuity. One of them told
me that this had been done at the Worldcon. Oh
well----

After the light show, Jack Williamson and
Fred Pohl held a discussion on "The Art, Sci-
ence and Combat of Collaboration". Like the
Niven/Pournelle co-authorship, Jack and Fred
fill in for each others weaknesses. They told
us of their new trilogy which deals with the
Dysonsphere, whose first book is entitled WALL
AROUND A STAR.

I had met Jack before: At MINICON we sat
at the same table for the banquet, and next to
each other during THE MIMMO MAN. This was the
first time I've seen Fred Pohl. He was not-at-
all what I had pictured him; instead of a small
old man I saw a tall, handsome, elderly gentle-
man. I talked with him briefly during the con
party, and found out what a Dysonsphere was.

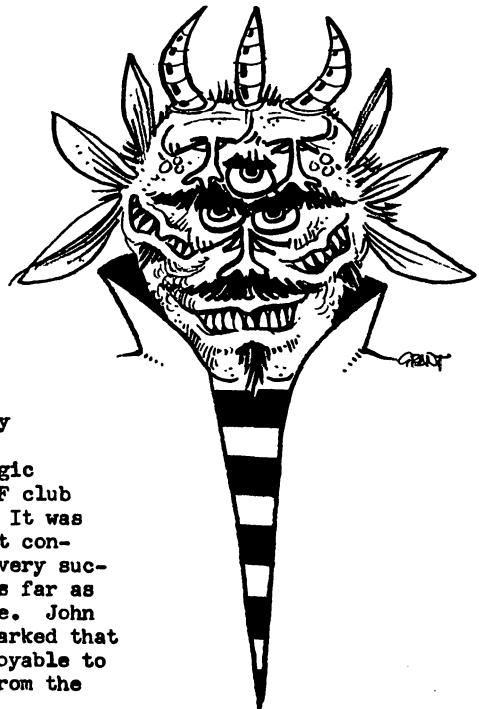
Also, I had never seen Poul Anderson be-
fore, except in pictures. So I did feel fortu-

nate in making his acquaintance. I believe I
started out on the wrong foot with him. During
the con suite get-together, I brought some books
over for him to autograph --- seven hard-covers.
He didn't seem thrilled at having to sign all of
them at once, and I don't blame him. I should
have been thinking, something I do very little
of. But I did talk to him later about some of
his earlier books that affected me when I first
started reading SF. I enjoyed his GoH speech
which talked about energy independence.

Joe Haldeman was there, and I spent all of
Friday night and some of Saturday morning trying
to find him to talk to him about the interview I
had gotten from him at MIDWESTCON. Since I had
not typed it up by then, I wanted to clear some
changes that I would incorporate when I did. I
finally found him in the Chicago suite, singing
and playing guitar along with Mike Wood, Fred
Haskell, Madman Riley, Barbara Jones, Phyllis
Eisenstein and a few other folk. He was not in
any real shape to discuss things, so I waited un-
til the next day to talk to him about it. While
there, I was asked to contribute to the songs and
tried my rendition of "April Come She Will" which
I played much too fast, and sang terribly. I owe
many thanks to Barbara and Joe who empathized
with my mistakes and made me feel much better.

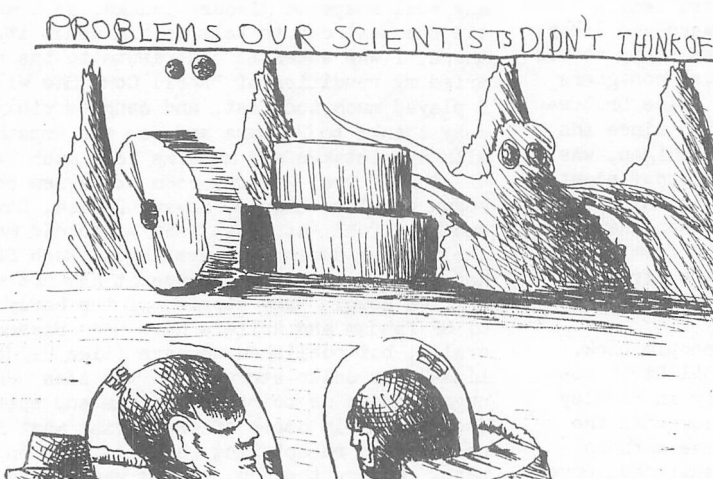
The SF Oral History room was a new concept
begun by Lloyd Biggle, Howard DeVore, David Kyle
and Fred Pohl (at least that's who did most of
the talking during the meeting). Much SF history
has been lost simply because it has not yet been
written down. Many stories of the early days
of SF fandom and writers have been passed down
orally, but published nowhere (Like Haldeman's
Lime-Green Jello story). So the idea behind this
organization is to record panels and speeches at
conventions in hopes of preserving what is going
on now, and recapturing what had gone on in the
past. During the con, a room was rented using
funds
from
Eastern
Michigan
Univers-
ity in
which
tapes
made at
other
conven-
tions
were
played.

There
were re-
freshments
available,
prepared by
members of
Waldo & Magic
Inc, the SF club
from EMU. It was
a brilliant con-
cept, and very suc-
cessful, as far as
I could see. John
Benson remarked that
it was enjoyable to
get away from the



noisy parties of the con and relax in the quiet surroundings of the Oral History room and listen to speeches and panel discussions of past conventions.

The art show was fairly large, but there was nothing in my budget range to fit my taste. The hucksters room was large and filled with dealers from all over the midwest. From Ben Zuhl (from Minneapolis) I bought the number one issue of Fantasy Book (copyright 1947) which has original stories by Andrew North (Andre Norton), Robert Bloch, A.E. Van Vogt and others. I obtained a poster, "Icarus Had a Sister" from John Benson, which I put in my classroom, and one of his Orm Books for Beth. I also got her one of Randy Bathurst's Coloring Books, which he autographed for her (as did John).



At the banquet Beth and I sat with master punsters Gene Wolfe and Mark Bernstein. With me there, the puns got so bad that by mutual agreement we ceased and desisted. The meal was delicious, and each table was serenaded individually by the Eastern Michigan Madrigals. When the Madrigals were done singing at our table (they surrounded us and sang in impeccable harmony), Adam Indyck said, "Sure beats the hell out of stereo!" We could only agree. They were excellent.

Two awards were given at the banquet, in addition to the usual gifts to the Pro Goh and the Fan Goh (Poul receiving a cast salamander, Ro getting a Fantasy Magic Kit), the pros in attendance voted on giving the Nebulous Citation for promoting the most Confusion in Fandom to Rusty Hevelin. It brought tears to his eyes and caused a few other people to choke up a little. Randy Bathurst, who had been making the FAAN awards for the past couple years, was given a special plaque, made by Jim Schol, in recognition of his work. This too brought tears to the eyes of many, especially Randy.

Lee "Jubai" Darrow entertained a few fen with magic tricks on Friday night. Because I was standing off to one side, I saw the way that he did most of his tricks, how he palmed coins, balls and other things. Lee was fasci-

nating to watch.

Ross Pavlac and I shared a room again, and other fen crashed with us. Val Jamin Meyers mentioned that she needed a story to put into the magazine she edits, Helios (a new one just getting off the ground), so when I went to pick up Beth, I swung around home and brought Val a few of the stories I had written some three or four years ago. She has, since then, returned them to me with some good critical comments. Ross, in trying to promote MARCON, had some T-shirts which he and some of the MARCON staff wore. His had BOSS written on it; the rest had MOTLY CREW. At one point during the insanity on Saturday night, the MOTLY CREW cleared the way in the con suite for the BOSS, just like in the old gangster movies (guess you had to be there).

Part of the insanity included a very large circle of people semi-organized by Joe Haldeman that did wierd things like jump in unison (and come down the same way); tell a story by each person saying one word around the circle; sway and sing, among other things, the Wiffin-Poof song; dance. It was a wild group.

Beth enjoyed her first con. This one, for me, was good, but not the best. I had a pleasant time, talking with many fans, and introducing Beth to many friends. I hope to be able to take her to more conventions in the future.

MARCON

It was snowing the Thursday evening and Friday morning before MARCON. With a call to Beth to say goodbye, I headed for Columbus, traversing ice and snow covered freeways. 4 1/2 hours later I checked in at the hotel for the convention. I arrived early purposely; since I had done graduate work at Ohio State University, I wanted to stop in the Classics office and say hello to some of the profs. Even though they had moved from the rooms I remembered, I still found them. I spent about an hour and a half talking with my former colleagues. From there I went to the Paperbook Gallery where George and Nita Hill still conducted their pleasant business of book selling. Anytime I am in Columbus, I stop at that store. George and Nita are good people to know and talk to.



When I got back to the Ho Jo Mo Lo Colo Oh (Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge, Columbus, Ohio), as some fen called it, I started mixing with the fen there. For some reason the Chicago people seem to get there early; I've noticed this at most conventions. They must schedule their classes so that they have nothing on Friday. I talked briefly with them, asked Phil Foglio where my artwork was, and asked Chip about WINDYCON. I hope to make it there this year. I registered, conversed with Sarah Prince, then had dinner with Ross Pavlac, Mike Glycer (the Toastmaster) and George Paczolt. After a bout with fried clams and a general run down on what would be happening at the con, I

up a piece of his called BATTLE SPACE for which I had to battle it out with BOSS. Jackie Franke was represented by three works, all of them lovely, one of them added to my collection (not that I didn't try for one of the other two).

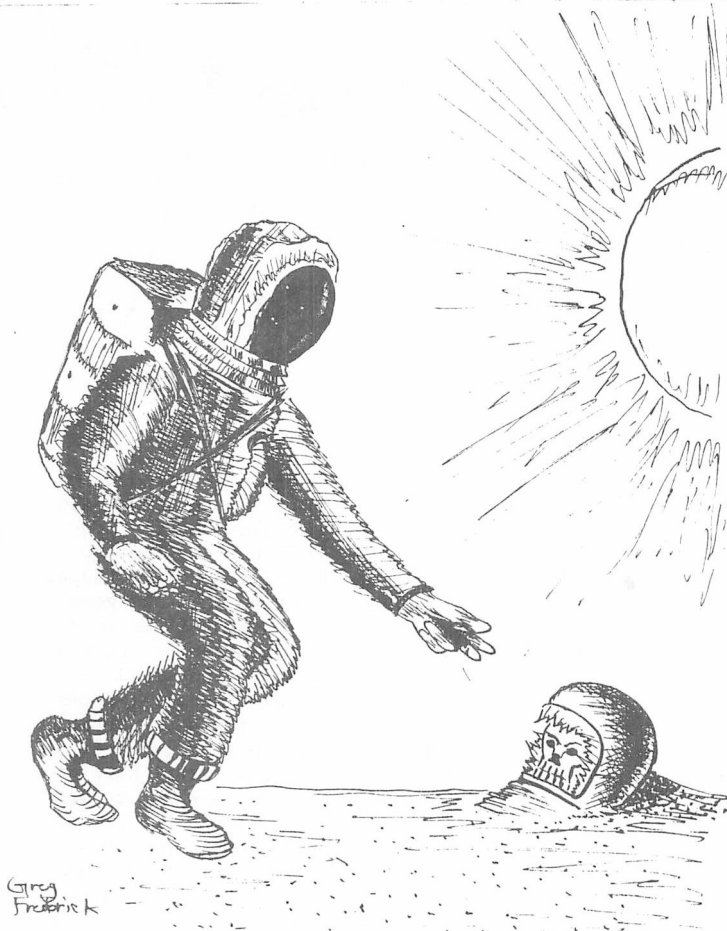
In the hucksters room I spent far more than I should have. I bought a good number of books from Rusty Hevelin, Howard DeVore (the Fan Guest of Honor), George Bacher, Alex Berman and others (whose names I didn't get). I also expanded my record collection with several recordings both from Rusty and the huckster who ran the Nostalgia Records table (my memory fails me here-- a mark of old age). I finally got my own copy of THIS ISLAND EARTH by Raymond F Jones; I liked

the movie, and finally read the book when I borrowed a copy from Mark and Evelyn Leeper. Now it's in my collection. While looking over a few things at Alex Berman's table, I exchanged remarks with a gentleman who later I found out was Alan Dean Foster.

Soon after the opening ceremony and Bill Bowers first practice speech for his Fan Goh speech at IGUANACON, the Worldcon in Phoenix Arizona in 78, the con suite opened and I went on duty to earn my right in wearing a MOTLY CREW t-shirt. From 9:00 to 1:00 I sat, stood, swam and generally lazed around as lifeguard at the pool. There was practically no one in the water between nine and ten. Everyone was too busy partying. Diane Drutowski came by several times and "woooooo-ooooo" -ed at my legs. Vince Tuzzo and Steve Cook eventually showed up in their suits, to be joined later by other fen, femfens, which made the job much more enjoyable. The sauna was hot, and singles, couples and triples disappeared in there at various times. General Technics came through with their latest creation, Joe the Robot, and I was killed several times with light-pistols.

As soon as I got off duty at one, I changed and headed for the con suite to begin my partying. What happened at the pool after I left, I don't know. Of the 135 rooms in the lodge, the con took 105. There were some mundanes near the con suite, who were told earlier what was going to happen in the evening, and were asked to move to the "quiet section" of the motel. They, poor things, opted to stay where they were.

Naturally it was noisy, and they complained to the night manager, who asked Ross to have the halls cleared. Ross asked him to call the general manager. As Ross prepared a little speech about how well MARCON had filled the hotel, how no other place in that area (there were four other lodges in the area that I counted) was doing any business, the general manager told the night manager to tell the complainers "Tough cookies." It was a convention hotel, and they had been warned beforehand. Everyone was pleased with the outcome of the incident (for it was the first time in Ross' memory that the hotel, any hotel, had, of its own volition, come to the defense of a con), except the mundanes. MARCON



retired with Ross to his room to get my MOTLY CREW t-shirt (I had to give mine back from CONFUSION). He had his BOSS one on, and told me, "If you want to keep it, give three bucks to Mark Evans", to whom I was introduced. Mark is a fan whom I had seen at several cons, but never really met. He had NO I AM on his shirt. Later, while walking through the art show, Liz Gross who was in charge sported a shirt saying THEY'RE BOTH WRONG. A little humor from the concomm.

I found the Art Show superior to most that I had been to since AUTOCLAVE last Memorial Day Weekend. Present was a new local artist, Mark Sullivan, whose work was excellent. I picked

will be there again next year. And I'm sure the hotel wants us back: in spite of the numbers that were there, no damage was done, as is common with our cons, and a delight to any hotel; we filled up a dead weekend; we helped with the restaurant business; everything was organized so that the hotel had little to worry about. In short, we were the kind of people that they liked doing business with.

But on with the conrept.

I wandered through the main halls and the con suite, dropping in on conversations here and there, talking to various folk. I was surprised to see Kathi Schaefer there; apparently she was home from New Haven Connecticut on break. Ken Josenhans, Renée Seiber, Leah Zeldes, Cy Chauvin, Neicer, Brian Earl Brown, Lou Tabakow, Bea Mahaffey, Bill Cavin, Marla Gold, Paula Gold, Wally Franke, Derek Carter, Lori Carter (she was even mentioned in the program book), Bob Gaines, Mike Banks, E. Michael Blake, Margaret Hilt, Diane DeVorn, John Stingley, Margaret Henry, Tom Andrews, and George Wagner were all there, to name a few in addition to those I've already mentioned. It was nice to sit and talk, for a little while anyway, with Ann Weiser who I first met at (and forgot to mention) at MIDWESTCON.

I retired about 3:30 or so, after taking a couple "stout" rum 'n cokes. Staggering back to my room (just a couple doors from the con suite, fortunately) I laid down and the next thing I recalled was the sun shining through the drapes, and cotton in my mouth.

I breakfasted with Lee Carroll and his son Sean, after which I got together with Alan Dean Foster who was getting ready to see WIZARDS at theatre just up the road. He autographed one of the books I had of his, and we arranged for an interview that afternoon, along with Mary Mueller and Bill Cavin who would be recording for the SF Oral History Association. I wandered through the hucksters room and cornered Jackie Franke for an interview. It was fun. We were interrupted a few times by various people, but I got several nice and interesting things on tape.

With Brian Earl Brown in attendance, Bill, Mary and I conducted an hour and one half interview with Alan Dean Foster. It was exciting to do it with the others because they thought of questions other than I could think of. Brian was especially helpful there. I missed most of Howard DeVore's fan GoH speech, but I caught enough to know what his general themes were. He related many of the incidents which he remembered since becoming a fan that molded him as a fan; some of the jokes that were played in the early days of fandom which he repeated for the second or third generations of fans; some of the hoaxes that were pulled. He showed off the largest propellor beanie I've ever seen: it consisted of a plastic helmet with a wooden airplane propellor on it (which did actually rotate, though not of its own volition).

Following Howard was a trailer for and a slide show of THE STAR WARS, a new SF space opera to be released this summer in the theatres. Alan went through the whole story and plot of the movie and added a lot of background material along with the slides of the production of



the film. He said to disregard the promotion and the ads; just go see it. George Lucas who is producing the movie, who also did the book for it, is a long time SF reader and fan, so he used all of the twelve million dollar budget to make a first class SF movie. If this goes over big, there will be a sequel. I can only give my endorsement to this; after seeing what has been done in the slides and the trailer, I want to see it, maybe several times. It appears to be the FORBIDDEN PLANET of the seventies.

While taping his talk, I made a terrible mistake and destroyed part of the last half-hour of the Foster interview. Fortunately I copied the tape that Bill Cavin had made. But I really felt stupid when I realized what I had done.

The banquet meal was decent; there's really not too many ways to destroy roast beef, although those who ordered the stuffed pork chop could have ended up with a surprise. Fortunately everything turned out fine. As to the speeches, see the MARCON BANQUET ANTICS elsewhere in this fanzine.

After the speeches I changed, got a small drink from the con suite and headed to lifeguard the pool. I swam a bit with Vince Tuzzo, Mike Farinelli and two girls named Paula and Mary, then resumed my stance on shore (pool deck, actually) as other people arrived. At one I chased everyone out of the pool and made a short night of it.

Breakfast the next morning was spent with Ric Bergman, Bill Bowers and Derek Carter. Soon afterwards was the art auction, during which Rusty ran the DUFF auction. Most of the bidding was quite normal, until he brought out a six-pack of six ounce cans of COORS beer. The bidding ran high with several people until the price went above \$50. Then it see-sawed back and forth between Jon Singer and Mike Glicksohn. Mike finally outbid Jon and purchased the beer

for \$117.00, American. Rusty had very little to do or say about it; he just let Mike and Jon do all the work.

As soon as I got BATTLE SPACE by Mark Sullivan and PAN AND LADY by Jackie Franke, and had each personally sign the backs of their respective works, I sought out Ross to say good bye. I left poorer financially, but richer in being with friends and in going to a good convention. I can't wait until MARCON next year. With Ross "Boss" Pavlac at the helm, we should have smooth sailing.

WONDAYCON 10

By all rights this convention should be inserted before MARCON, but I forgot back there when I was intent of describing the events of the major cons. WONDAYCON 10 was my first con across the Canadian border. It was held in Windsor, Ontario, by the Star Science Fiction group at the University of Windsor. Paula Smith was the Guest of Honor, and she read a poem she had written called, I believe, "The Ballad of Doc McCoy". It was really funny, especially the way she did it, in dialect. There was another hilarious Star Trek spoof done by Paula, Carol Lynn, Roberta Brown, Patti Helmer and Mona Irwin.

The convention was very small and relaxing. There was one panel, actually more an impromptu discussion on costumes and costume designing. Pictures were passed around of various costumes that were worn at different conventions. Carol and Patti explained how different uses of common jewelry could make an effective costume. An example was using an earring as a nose-ring. An effective way of winning a costume contest was to add schtick, especially with a partner; or to live your part as fully as you can. At one con a fellow was Dracula, and went around soliciting for necks. Carol got her picture in TV Guide as the "Gorged Vampire Cloud".

A group of us went out to dinner, and I left soon after that, mainly to drop by at a party that was to be at the Madarasz's. I got there early so I went next door to where Cy was living (he has since moved from

there) and visit with him, Bill Waldroop and Sarah Prince who was up visiting. We went back to Paul's and Alica's as more people showed up. Brian Earl Brown had come from Indiana, mainly to visit with Neicer.

As with the convention, I didn't stay very late. I was a little tired and wanted to call Beth before it got too late.

RAMBLINGS 4.3

On the way back from MARCON I stopped in Toledo to visit one of my closest friends, Terry Tressler, and his wife Pat. This was one of the reasons I left the convention early. It was nice to see him and Pat again. We talked for hours about nothing and everything, what his plans were for the future, since he was tired of working at Woolco's where there wasn't much of a future for him. We talked a bit about what my future plans were, besides at least another year here at Kingswood (I did get a contract and signed it quickly). "When are you getting married?" is the question, in one form or another, that fellow teachers, close friends and relatives have been asking me. I ignore it.

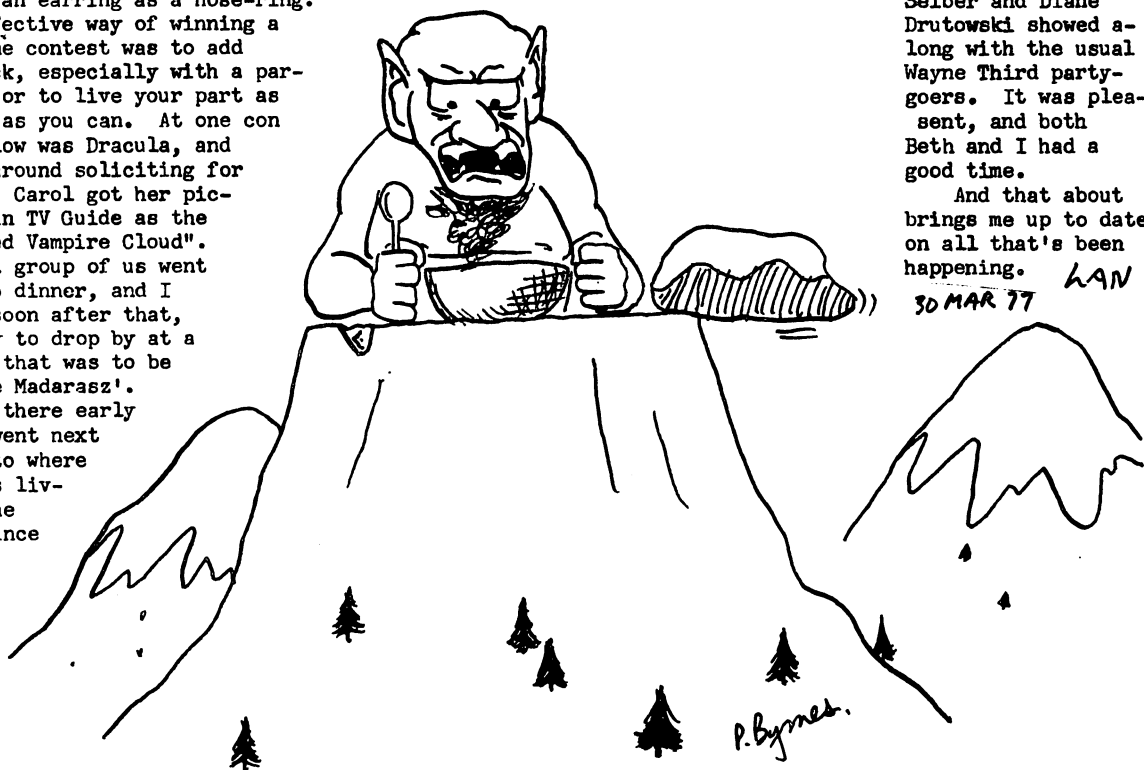
Cy gave a party which I missed, because of the quarter grades which were due the Monday following, including comments on every student. But I did manage to make a party, which almost turned into a convention, at Paul's on March 26. Brian Earl Brown, Sarah Prince, Seth McEvoy, Gary Far-

ber, Larry Downes, Phil Paine, Patrick Hayden (who ignored me completely), Ken Josenhans, Renée Seiber and Diane Drutowski showed along with the usual Wayne Third party-goers. It was pleasant, and both Beth and I had a good time.

And that about brings me up to date on all that's been happening.

LAN
30 MAR 77

THERE'S A HUMAN
IN MY SOUP!!



17

TWO SONGS

HOGU WINNERS FOR 1976

When the song "I write the Songs" hit the airwaves, two fans, neos no less, each wrote a fanish version of Barry Manilow's classic. Neither knew about the other person's rendition until such songs were mentioned in the pages of SDNY, an apa edited by John Robinson. Eventually Lan and Carolyn "C.D." Doyle exchanged lyrics and thought nothing more of it till the nominations of the Hogu Awards. On the ballot under "Best Fannish Song" was "I write the Zines". No one knew which one, Lan's or CD's, was the version nominated until the publication of the Hogu Ranquet Proceedings by Steve Beatty ((303 Welch #6, Ames, IA 50010: contact him if you wish a copy -- it is hilarious)). In the account of the Hogu Ranquet, CD sang her version, while Lan's lyrics netted him the Hogu for the best Fannish Song of 1976. Since no one knew for sure which was the one nominated, here are the lyrics to both of them. Should CD have gotten the nomination? Should she have won? And what about "Little Larry"?

I WRITE THE ZINES
by Lan

I was alive in the twenties,
And I wrote the very first zine.
I put the art and the articles together,
I'm a faned, and I write the zines.

Ch. I write the zines that make all fandom read.
I write for pros and fans and similar
breeds.
I write the words that make young neos cry;
I write the zines, I write the zines.

I type up the masters
For ditto or mimeo;
And now and then I try my hand
At off-set, even though I'm very poor.

Chorus:

Middle:

Oh my writing makes you laugh,
Or sometimes makes you Gaf,
Or gives some sercon so you can think.

Feelings fill your mind,
And so you loc me all the time.
Argue you, argue me,
And sometimes we agree,
Then we go on a drinking spreeee....

Chorus:

Last line:

I'm a faned, and I write the zines!

I WRITE THE ZINES
by CD

I've been around forever,
And I wrote the very first zine.
I put the locs and the lins together ----
I am Fandom, and I write the zines.

I write the zines that make the mimeo break.
I write the zines that make you yell "For
Yugoth's Sake!"
I write the zines that make Buck Coulson cry;
I write the zines, I write the zines.

I've been to every con that ever was;
And I've drank the bad blog and the good.
I've seen the way the neo looks at things;
Then again, I've seen the way it really is....

Chorus:

Middle:

As I fill your life;
You forget about your kids and wife.
I even wrote some crudzines -- Just so you could
groan.
I'm a hobby, not a life,
(though I make you suffer through pain and strife).
I'm from me, I'm for you!
I'm from you, I'm for me?!
What sense this makes, I sure can't seeeee....

Chorus:

Last line:

I am Fandom, and I write the zines!

FILM COMMENTS

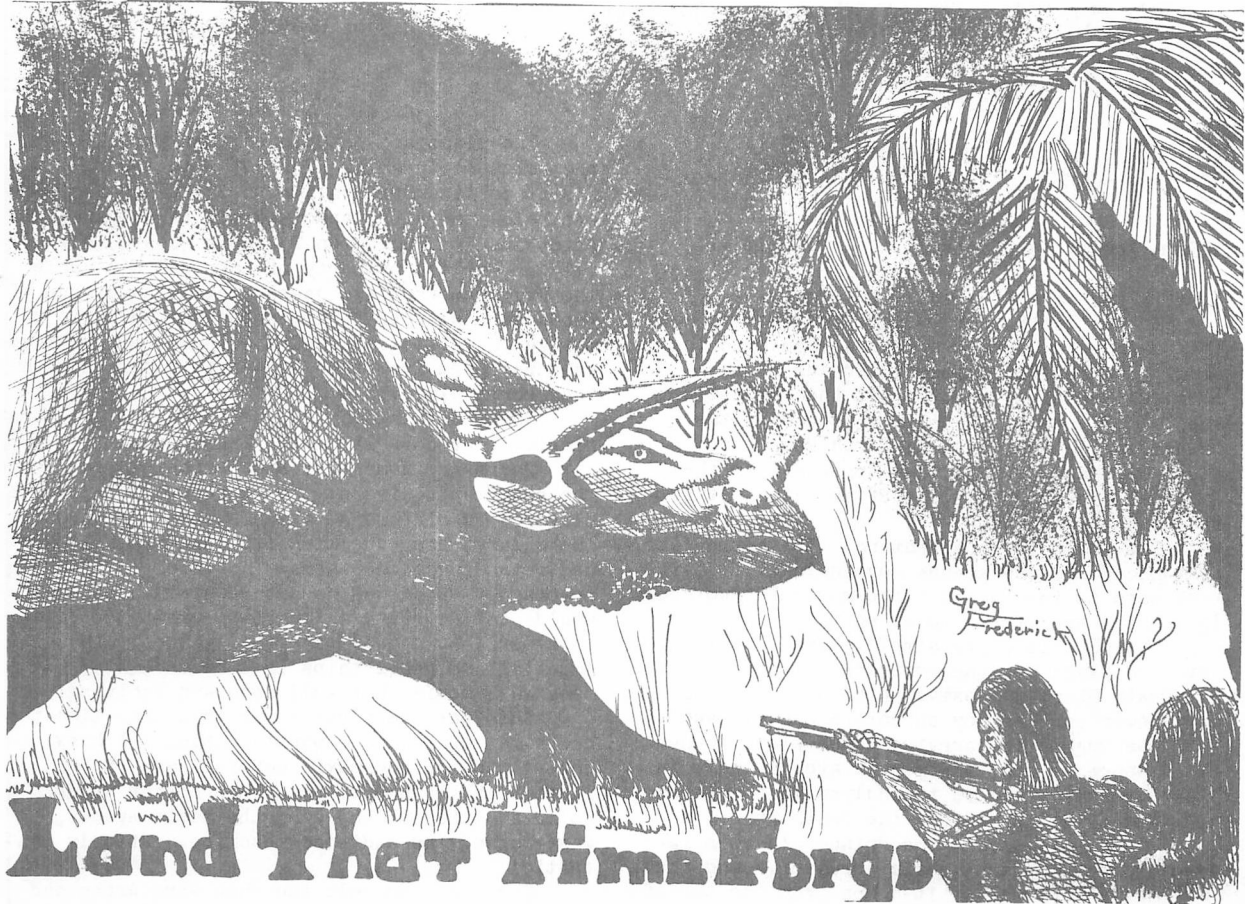
BY GREG FREDERICK

Many people wish that Edgar Rice Burroughs had not died, but continued to write more Tarzan, John Carter and Venus books. There is, however, one who is glad he is not around today to see the transition of his books into movies, namely this reviewer. Now there are two movies I refer to specifically; one being *THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT*, and the other being *AT THE EARTH'S CORE*.

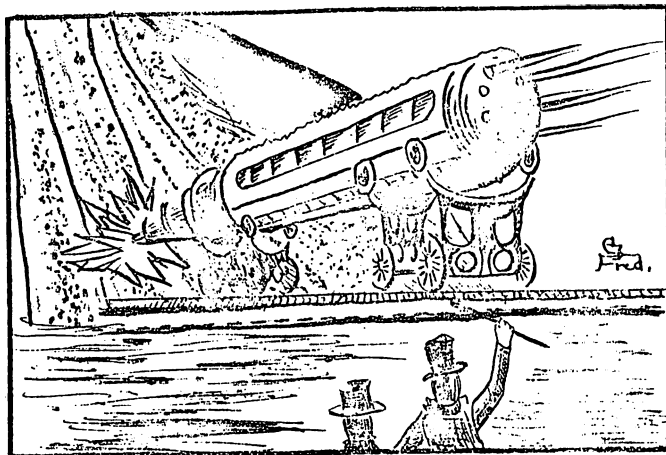
I must admit that there are some good adventure elements in *THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT*, such as the submarine warfare scene in the beginning of the film. In this scene a WW I sub sinks a merchant ship that Doug McClure is on.

McClure and other survivors board the sub and the control of the U-boat changes hands many times until they stumble upon a lost continent. This lost world has all the usual trappings: dinosaurs and cavemen, plus an interesting ingredient added to the plot in the form of an evolutionary river. The farther north you travel on the river, the farther into prehistory are the creatures along the river. The rest of the picture gets pretty well bogged down in its petty rivalries.

All of the effects are carried out by the use of mechanical models. Most people think that only stop-motion techniques can create a



credible dinosaur, but actually there are times when mechanical models are effective. For instance, did you know that a mechanical brontosaurus head was used in the original KING KONG during the scene when Denham's party crossed the Skull Island river? There is a scene in THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT where the sub is attacked by a prehistoric aquatic monster, and this is done quite nicely. Mechanical models cannot be used for every effect though, as is



~ At The Earth's Core ~

clearly evident in the flying reptile sequence of the film.

Generally, this movie is a bad interpretation of a Burroughs' book, but it has some of its own interesting action moments.

I am not going to talk much about the second movie, AT THE EARTH'S CORE, because there is not much to talk about in the film. Actually it has been reduced to nothing more than a kiddie matinee film. Peter Cushing is an absent-minded

professor, and he plays this role for laughs. A good portion of this film comes off as a comedy, and although some of it is done intentionally, most is not. Boring down to the world in the center of the earth to meet absurd-looking monsters and help the local populace overcome equally absurd-looking monsters controlling them is carried off in a ridiculous manner.

The effects in this movie are mechanical models and rubber-suited men. Both techniques are used in very unconvincing ways.

Generally, this is a poorly made film in every aspect.

NOTE: There are plans by the same company, Amicus, who made both these films, to make one about John Carter on Mars.

((Can we protest????))

STAR WARS

A Film Review by Lan

If you haven't seen it yet, go.

If you don't want to pay the money to see the best Space Opera ever made, then read the book. It is a very close following of the script. But then you miss all the fantastic special effects of the movie. You miss the chance to boo the villain, Darth Vader, or cheer on the good-guys, and applaud when the Imperial Tie-Wings explode after being hit by the Rebel X-Wings.

The movie is an adventure. The action is fast-paced and the scenes move quickly. It is very hard to imagine that the movie is two hours in length, everything moves so fast.

The plot is quite simple. The rebels have obtained plans for the Empire's secret weapon, the Death Star, a massive space station whose fire-power can destroy an entire planet, and the Princess Organa is carrying those plans to her world where some of the rebels are hiding. The object, eventually, is to analyze those plans and find a way to destroy the Death Star.

The opening scene the Princess's ship is being pursued by an Imperial Cruiser. And that cruiser is not small. It comes from the top of the screen chasing the large diplomatic craft, and keeps on coming, and coming. Yes, it is huge. That sets the stage for all the special effects that follow. The viewer knows he/she is in for a very exciting time.

The plans are jettisoned from the ship by the princess in an R2-D2 robot with instructions for it to find Obi-Wan Kenobi living on the planet below where the space battle takes place. Artoo and its companion Threepio (C-3PO) eventually become the property of Luke and his uncle who buy them from the jawas, metal scavengers of the desert planet. Luke, Artoo and Threepio do manage to get together with Obi-Wan, and more adventures stem from that to get to Alderaan with the secret plans.

Come to think of it, the plot isn't all that simple. But does it move. The subplots are complex.

There are some fantastic scenes in the movie. The spaceman's dive at the spaceport will become classic: a mixture of alien races from across the galaxy, each speaking its own language, yet understanding each other. The effect of jumping into hyper-space was done the way it probably would be: the stars elongating when they shift to hyperlight speed. The dogfight between the Imperial and Rebel ships is like something out of a WW I movie, but well done and exciting.

This was the first movie in a long time that had a lot of audience participation. I knew the entire plot of the movie before I saw it the first time, thanks to Alan Dean Foster at MARCON, so in addition to enjoying the movie myself, I was gauging the audience reaction. Utterly fantastic!

The ones who stole the show were Artoo and Threepio, in that order. Even though no one could really understand the electronic sounds of Artoo, it was easy to approximate what it meant.

This review is very disjoint, but trust me when I say it's an excellent movie. For next year at IGUANACON, it has the Hugo for best film.

THE FANTASTIC FILM SCORES OF BERNARD HERRMANN

by Mark R. Leeper

It's Monday night, March 28, which if you think back was the night of the night of the Academy Awards. I usually do not pay a whole lot of attention to these awards, but tonight I may make an exception. I want to see a man honored by the Academy, a man who spent 35 years contributing, contributing greatly, in a position to films which I feel all too often is under-acknowledged. The position is film-composer, and the man is Bernard Herrmann, who died this past year at the height of his popularity.

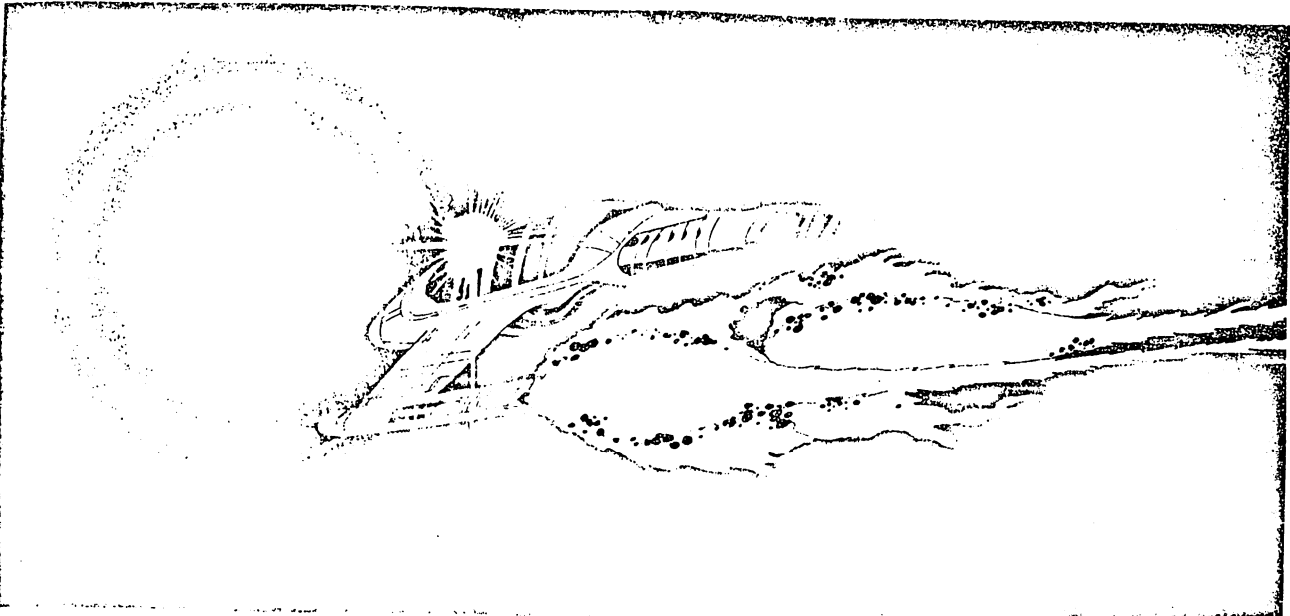
The contribution that a composer makes to a film is really a little short of extraordinary. It is his job to create the emotion of a scene. While the actors play their parts, the composer, if he is good, plays the audience. He can add humor, or excitement, or fear to a scene that if played without music can seem dull and lifeless. Herrmann was good. In fact he was in a class with Max Steiner, Miklos Rozsa, Aaron Copland, Dimitri Toimkin and very few others. While he did not specialize in fantastic films, it seems that in these films he was his most brilliant, and the dozen or so of his fantastic films are among his most memorable scores. In fact, at the time of his death London Records had in release three records of his film scores listed among their classical selections. Two of these records were scores from his science fiction and fantasy films, the third was scores from Hitchcock films.

Having come to films in 1941 after scoring in radio, notably Orson Welles' Mercury Theatre, Herrmann scored two films in his first year. The first, *ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY* (*THE DEVIL*

AND *DANIEL WEBSTER*) was a rich combination of American folk music and something somehow malignant. It was a disturbing score and it netted Herrmann his only Academy Award, but his other score of the year, *CITIZEN KANE*, was closer to a style which would come to be associated with him. Although *CITIZEN KANE* was not a film of the fantastic, Herrmann had to create the somber and brooding moods to match the Kitsch-Gothic mansion Xanadu. To do this he used the deeper instruments that played in the lower registers. It was an effect that he would often use later.

In the next decade he scored only one other film of the fantastic, a mainstream comedy, *THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR*. In 1951, however, while he was still not closely associated with genre films, he was chosen by 20th Century Fox to compose the score for *THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL*. The score was tense, fast-paced, to convey the tension of a world facing its first alien contact. Along with conventional instruments Herrmann employed two theremins to create wierd electronic effects, not blatantly as would be done later by others, but subtly. The effect was to add an uneartliness to the score without it being obvious what the cause of the effect was. The subtle use of electronic music was to become a permanent part of his repertoire. Again, Herrmann used low registers to underscore the power of the monstrous robot, Gort.

It was another seven years before he would score another fantasy film, but in that time he would write the music for his first two films for Alfred Hitchcock, *THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY* and *THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH*. He was to become an established part of the Hitchcock formula, scor-



ing several of Hitchcock's best known thrillers including VERTIGO, NORTH BY NORTHWEST, PSYCHO and MARNIE.

1958 found Herrmann at Columbia scoring the first of four special effects films with visual spectaculars by Ray Harrihausen. Again it was a formula in the forming. This film was THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD, and Herrmann used percussion instruments to create the primitive feel that the Arabian Nights film required.

The next year he created what is very probably his most impressive score. The film was 20th Century Fox's JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH. Herrmann's musical painting of the world at the center of the earth was a classic of visually evocative scoring. He used strings for subterranean lakes, reeds for mountain-climbing music, cymbals for geysers in boiling lava pools. But to portray the immense underground caverns and especially the mammoth dinosaurs of the deep he stocked his orchestra with instruments of deep registers, particularly organs. The overture is cleverly constructed of a six-note theme repeated deeper and deeper with cymbals clashing to represent lava geysers. This score could well be the showpiece of Herrmann's career.

The following year, 1960, found Herrmann scoring a fantasy with Ray Harrihausen special effects. The film was THREE WORLDS OF GULLIVER. Most of the music for this film was in the higher registers, with a great deal of string music. Herrmann chose not to play up the horror effect of differences of scale. Instead he chose to give the film a fairy-tale effect. While Herrmann was impressed with the results, particularly as they were so uncharacteristic of his previous work, the score is not one of his best or his most interesting.

At this same time Herrmann was composing for television. He frequently contributed to TWILIGHT ZONE, and often when listening to FARENHEIT 451 or THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL one is reminded of these tense scores Herrmann wrote for that program.

1961 saw Herrmann in another joint venture with Harrihausen. This time the story was Jules Verne's THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND, with a plot just slightly stretched to fit Harrihausen's effects. Herrmann overstocked his orchestra with horns, tubas, winds and percussion. He opens the film with a musical portrait of a stormy sea. A repeated eight-note theme suggests either the rolling of the sea or the rocking of the gondola of the wind-buffed balloon. His portrait of the giant crab uses disjoint but rhythmic oboe blasts to suggest the uneven insect-like movements of the crab.

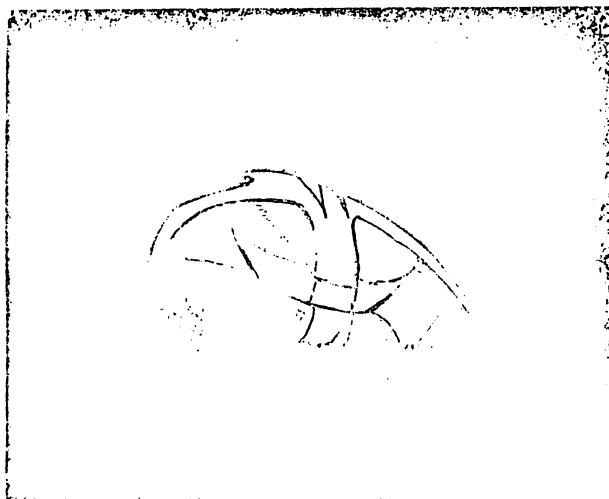
The last and the best of the Herrmann-Harrihausen cooperations, and probably the high watermark in Harrihausen's career, was the 1963 JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS. For this mythical fantasy Herrmann used particularly percussion and brass. Much of the music is measured out by the rhythmic beats of a drum, evocative of the beat used to keep the oarsmen in synchronization. Again the characteristic deep registers were used to imply the size and power of the bronze giant Talos.

Herrmann's last exploit into science fiction was for Truffaut's FARENHEIT 451. The story is one of interfaces and contrasts. Montag, the professional book-burner, must deal with the emotionless power structure and his own awakening sense of self and emotion. For the brassiness of his fire engine, Herrmann fashioned a stiff, tense, brassy theme. But to represent Montag's softer emotions, his inner conflicts, and finally his discovery of the passive book people, Herrmann used a large string orchestra playing in slow melancholic rhythm, often using a single violin to represent Montag himself.

Herrmann's next two fantastic scores were for Brian DePalma's pseudo-Hitchcock mysteries. With Hitchcock's newer films somehow missing the stature of his previous work, DePalma decided he could imitate some of the master's better work, and proved it with two impressive mystery-thrillers: SISTERS and OBSESSION. The imitations were complete down to the choice of Herrmann for the musical score. Particularly for OBSESSION, Herrmann wrote a beautiful melodic score in the best Hitchcock tradition. The overture regular slips from being loud and brassy to soft with choral voices in time with a slide projector.

The last film of Herrmann's career was TAXI DRIVER. Once again Herrmann infused horror elements into the score of a non-horror story. His music combines with the camera-work to give an essentially hell-like quality to the streets of New York City. Herrmann uses a single saxophone to show the alienation and solitude of the film's main character.

Well, the Academy Awards are over now. No award for Herrmann. He was nominated for his scores for OBSESSION and TAXI DRIVER, but the award went to Jerry Goldsmith for OMEN. That's not what I would call even one of Goldsmith's better scores, although it was impressive at times. It's sad, however, that a man who contributed so much to so many films for so long did not get at least a word of thanks from the Academy.



MARCON

BANQUET ANTICS

By way of introduction, these antics and proceedings were transcribed from tapes made at MARCON XII during the Banquet speeches. Included in the antics and proceedings are the results of the Krang joke contest (No King Krang or Krang Kong jokes were allowed), judged by the Guest of Honor Alan Dean Foster; the conferring of gifts on the Toastmaster Mike Glycer, the Fan Guest of Honor Howard DeVore, and the Pro Guest of Honor Alan Dean Foster by the Con Chairfan Ross Pavlac; and the Goh speech by Mr. Foster. These transcriptions are essentially the same as the recordings, with merely extremely minor revisions in grammar (or fudging when I could hear the exact word because of audience noise, or when changing tapes). Please forgive inconsistencies and misspellings (the speakers did not pronounce the words wrong; I heard them wrong.).



Now, one of the moments that you've all been waiting for, the winners of the Krang Joke contest. Third place, which wins an autographed copy of STAR TREK: LOG NINE by Alan Dean Foster who, by strange coincidence, is at this convention.

"Krang: the breakfast drink that went with the astronauts to the moon."

((Boos, hisses, groans and some laughter accompanied a small spattering of applause.))

For obvious reasons, the author of this prefers to remain anonymous, ((uproarious laughter)) and said person is donating this book which has been autographed by Mr. Foster to Rusty for the DUFF auction.

In second place, which wins a copy of DARK STAR:

Captain Kirk: Nurse Chapel, how in blazes did the Tar-Aiym make you pregnant?

Nurse Chapel: Sir, I was out-numbered six to one. I guess it was a Krang-Bang.

((More boos, hisses, etc.)) Jeff Tolliver, here is your prize.

In first place ((And winner of two weeks in Philadelphia, suggested someone in the audience)) who wins a copy of ORPHAN STAR which is Mr. Foster's brand new book out this month from Ballantine, and they bought an ad in our program book so buy it, --- Okay:

The Answer is: Tar-Aiym Krang.

The Question: How did Krang introduce himself to Tarzan.

((You could not imagine the groans this received from the listeners)). The winner is Jerry Robin-et.

It was not an easy contest to judge, as Mr. Foster can attest. My personal stock of Pepto-Bismal, antacid and anacin was used up. All the other entries to the contest are going to be BURNED, and the ashes scattered over Kansas City.

Alan Wilde: ((from the audience)) See how long it takes you to get your program book!



Ross Pavlac: As has been a Marcon tradition for some time we try to give our various guests a token of our esteem and thanks at each convention. Most concerns of Marcon in the past tended to give things like engraved silver trays and things like that. This year we decided to be a little more imaginative about it, and the various things that we are going to be presenting to our guests are ceramic masterpieces by Sarah Prince. Mike Glycer, step forward please.

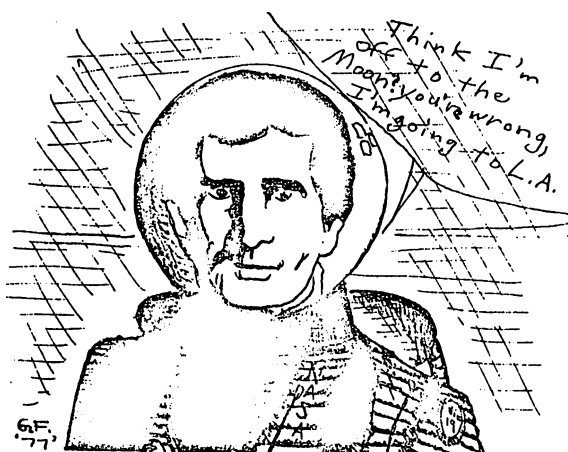
Mike: Yes, mighty Oz. ((chuckles))

Ross: In recognition of all that you've done for Fandom... ((Ross struggles with the wrapping))

Mike: It's going to explode!

Ross: I wouldn't be opening it if it would explode. ((laughs from the peanut gallery)) In view of the fact that in the many fanzines that you've written you've bemoaned that nobody considers you to be a true SMOF, we give you a mug proclaiming that to all the world.

Mike: I knew I was going to get mugged. ((uproarious applause))



Ross: Howard DeVore, for many years you have been known as Big-Hearted Howard, and in like manner it's Robert Bloch I believe who said that he keeps the heart of a ten-year-old in a jar on his desk. Well, in order that you may show Mr. Bloch that he can't be the only person to show such things around, we present you with a heart.

Howard: The last time I got something like this it was about this big ((holds his hands about a foot apart)) and was painted black, and they claimed that was my heart.

Ross: Alan, we have two things for you. One of them is something donated by the Columbus Convention Bureau, a statuette of, who else, Christopher Columbus, which on the back of it has engraved "Alan Dean Foster, March 1977".

Alan: "Columbus, Ohio, All American City." But I don't understand this slot on the back and the sign over it: "First Eagle Savings". ((Laughter))

Ross: We thought long and hard over this special gift for you, and we know that being an author you like to tackle impossible feats, at least in literature. We are providing you with a tool...

Alan: A shoehorn.

Ross: No, better than that, ... with which you can perform one of the most impossible feats of all time. You can now cut down the tallest tree in the forest with a KRANG.

Alan: Gosh Ross, I don't quite know what to say. Which is probably fortunate.

Ross: Those people who like scientific accuracy will note that this Krang roughly corresponds to the dimensions of the Krang mentioned in Alan's books, however this is much smaller due to the fact that large scale integrated circuitry has not been used...

Alan: A micro-processed Krang.

Ross: Yes. You also note that the top is glazed over, just as described in the book.

Alan: Thank you. I, I'm overwhelmed.

Ross: Now Mike Glycer will make a few introductory remarks to Mr. Foster's speech.

Mike: Can I bring my mug?

Ross: Yes, you can bring your mug with you.

Howard: Hey Mike, I'm set. I can put mine in a sock and go out and make money tonight.

Mike: Naturally the first thing you would think of.

Right after California agreed to send billions of cubic yards of natural gas to Ohio I was asked to deliver this speech. But I don't want anybody to get confused or get the wrong idea. What are my qualifications to give this speech? It probably has to do with yet another one I gave about four weeks ago. It was one of the acceptance speeches delivered by the three of us who tied for the coveted Fughead of the Year award. Past Fugheads of the Year include Bruce Pelz, Jerry Pournelle, Bill Warren, Tom Digby, George Cinda. You see, the way it works is that in the annual contest you can nominate any member of LASFS for Fughead of the Year for fifty cents. This usually leads to a lot of people throwing five dollars a pop to buy memberships for the likes of Edie Armein ((sp?)), Flexy Jerkoff, and Franz Kafka, so they all get nominated too. Then we set up a cup for each nominee and pitch pennies into them: one cent for a positive vote, two cents take away a vote. Now it doesn't work quite the way you think.

The Fughead of the Year does not make an acceptance speech. After all, if we sat there and listened to the Fughead of the Year make a speech, what would that make us? So it's the runner-up who basically makes the acceptance speech on behalf of the winner, and he makes various and subtle comments about the winner's qualifications. Now oddly enough this year all the winners automatically became runners up, because it was an arranged tie. All of us received approximately 4639 votes, and if you add that up per penny, you see that this contest is not a poor man's affair. It's not even federally funded. Anyway, I tied with Ed Bookman, the leading advocate of Nuclear pickle, and the mysterious Oogle Google. And I got up and made my speech.

One thing I discovered while writing my Fughead of the Year speech, which cropped up while working on this speech, was the problem of contin-

uity. You start thinking of all the things you might like to say in the speech and try to relate them to the theme, but I came up with a lot of things that don't have anything to do with the theme of this introduction.

For instance, Milt Stevens, a fan who works for the Los Angeles Police Department, presently tends jail at the Van Heis ((sp?)) division headquarters, says: "Police brutality? I know about police brutality. That's when I go back in the jail and read Laser books to the prisoners."

But far more relevant to Marcon's Pro Guest of Honor, Alan Dean Foster, are some other things. Did you know that he is in charge of having the Nebula Award manufactured? I'm taking orders -- make checks payable to me. And Howard DeVore, I understand, has a corner on the leftover Hugo market if you need some of those too. Actually I found out that Hugos have turned up in a lot of different hands than the people who are supposed to have them. They get damaged, or lost in the mail, or they don't get turned in.

There's another way to get them too, I hear. Like in 1975 at NASFIC, Harlan Ellison's Guest of Honor speech consisted of an announcement that he no longer wished to be categorized as merely a Science Fiction writer and to see his books ghetto-ized in that corner of the store known as "Sci-Fi". He abandoned the idea of the fan awards like the Hugo because they tended to perpetuate the idea that he was a genre writer.

Now Larry Niven heard that talk, and he sets great store by the Hugos he's won, and he had just come back from Aussiecon. He was sitting in the audience listening to the speech with one under his arm. That evening after the banquet while going up to his room in the elevator, several kids ran onto the elevator, didn't recognize him, but saw the Hugo in his arms and said: "Wow, see! That's a Hugo. Harlan Ellison has a whole bunch of them on display. Hey mister, where'd ya get that?"

Well Larry looked around, and said: "Well Harlan isn't going to take any more Hugos, and he's giving the ones he's got away. I think he still has a couple left." The kids hit the elevator button and were last seen pounding down the hallways in search of Harlan Ellison.

Another thing I found out about Alan and his wife Joann is that they took a census and they find that they have two cats, a dog, over a hundred house plants, and all these details lead into another future story, of course. A friend of mine named Mike Forcash has copyrighted a comparison chart. Now there are the fans who think that cats are the most ideal pet in the universe, and the fans who prefer dogs. So Forcash took the idea and said that we ought to have a chart to compare all the advantages and disadvantages of each. For instance, under category "God spelled backwards: Cat, no; dog, yes." "Cleanliness: Cats wash in cat-spit; dogs roll in mud." "Will save children from on-rushing trains: cats, no; dogs, yes, if star of own syndicated TV show." And it went on like that.

I've been listening to some of the talk here at Marcon, and I've been hearing some of the same comparisons. You see, nobody likes to listen to a cat story, but everybody likes to tell them. So the logical thing to do at this point is to have thirty seconds of silence and each one of you



tells your favorite cat story, and then we just forget that and go on with the speech. But that would be too simple.

Did you know that old pulp magazines are the leading cause of death of cats owned by fans? I found this out when Ed Cox discovered that his cat would scratch and chew his valuable Startling Stories magazines. And one day he finally caught his cat sharpening its claws on said magazines, took that cat by the tail and sent it through the roof. Cats are supposedly more clever than people, but not always. The SAT tests are inconclusive.

Dave Locke said that his cat has discovered a great source of amusement which is unrolling a toilet paper roll after him. And after Locke got tired of re-rolling the tissue roll every evening, he despaired. It wasn't convenient to leave it in the closet until he needed it. But he found out that if he reversed the roll, if the cat kept pawing it, it would just flap at the loose end. He finally got the cat beat. He came home from work that night and checked into the bathroom and found that, no the toilet paper had not been unrolled, it had been bitten clean through the middle.

So what happens now that I have exhausted these details of Alan's private life? I also found out some serious things, like the ten weeks he spent in Tahiti, and the enviable opportunity he had to correspond with John W. Campbell while trying to sell him TAR-ALYM KRANG. I found out that his "With Friends like These" was picked by Wollheim as one of the best for his 1972 World's Best SF collection, and that he is now working on a book called COMES THE SCREAMER, which is also part of the Commonwealth background, which he is now going to describe in his Guest of Honor speech. So this screamer will sit down, and let the writer take over and give his talk.

Those of you who have seen the STAR WARS trailer know that one of the ad lines in it goes something like: this is the story of a boy, a girl and a universe. What I'm going to tell you a little about tonight is the story of a boy and a universe. Universe Building is an old and respected tradition in Science Fiction, and you have such well-thought-out, carefully prepared universes as Robert Heinlein's Future History, Larry Niven's Known Space, Poul Anderson's Future History, which, although it hasn't been charted the way that Heinlein's has, or documented by any fans (I think that here's a great fan project, by the way), is every bit as intricate and thorough as anything any other science fiction writer has ever done.

Then, on the other hand, we have the Universe By Accident, where, as opposed to the big bang theory of creation, we have what I call the brain-storm belch. This is the universe that occurs in spite of itself, in spite of any plans that the author has, and in spite of anything that he intends to do. The first novel I ever tried writing after I had sold a couple short stories was the TAR-AIYM KRANG. At the time I wrote that book I had no intention whatsoever of ever doing anything even vaguely related to it again. I didn't intend to write any more books in the series, I didn't intend to write a sequel to it, and as far as I was concerned, it was a one-shot, and if I ever did write another book, which at that time was entirely uncertain, then it would be set in a completely different universe, different background, different set of characters, different circumstances. But something happened.



Betty Ballantine, who at that time was still head of Ballantine Books, after buying the book asked me for a sequel. Generally I don't like sequels; I like to read them, but I don't like to write them. I like to read series books, I like to read books that tell a generally continuing story. When I sat down to try to write one I found that I hadn't prepared anything, I didn't have anything. On the other hand I had sold the magnificent total of one book, and at that point, having just gotten out of my public relations job which I languished in for two years, mostly writing descriptions for restaurant -- that was what our firm handled -- to get out of writing anything about how good Prime Rib was for the 463rd time -- there are only so many ways to describe prime rib, a slab of beef that sits there, although tonight's roast beef might engender a 464th description -- to get out of doing that again, I would have tried anything. So I sat down to attempt a sequel to the TAR-AIYM KRANG. I put Flinx in it -- Flinx is my young adolescent hero of the TAR-AIYM KRANG -- and a funny thing happened: he grew up instantly in the book. He was sixteen years old in the TAR-AIYM KRANG, and I suddenly envisioned him as being twenty-two.

Well, okay, we still have a sequel possible here. So I set about creating a background story to put Flinx in, and a series of subsidiary characters. The first subsidiary character I thought of was a six-foot two-inch secret agent type operative who's half-Mongolian and half-Swedish. Her name is Kitten Kai-sung and she runs around in a flaming yellow, skin-tight jump-suit all the time, with a character named Porsupah who's something like an oversized racoon with a case of the figits. I found them so interesting at the time that they overwhelmed Flinx, at least as far as BLOODHYPE went, which was the name of the book eventually. So I finished the book and I looked back and realized what had happened, in spite of my original plans to write a sequel, and I got very nervous because this wasn't quite what Betty Ballantine had asked for. She wanted a direct sequel. But I sent it in anyway and she liked it, and she bought it. Flinx is still in the book, but as a background character, or a background mover. So I said, Okay, I got the sequel out of the way, even though it turned out to be a semi-sequel, both books set against the same general background which is called the Universe of the Commonwealth. And I said to myself, well that's it. It's all done. I don't have to worry about this any more. And I settled down to write a book which would break with the Commonwealth background completely.

Originally I sat down and I said I'm tired of this and I need to make a lot of money in a hurry, and I was going to write a combination Jackie Suzanne, Harold Robbins Irving Wallace novel. It took me four days to do three paragraphs, at which point I vomited mentally, threw away what I had written and started out with a book called ICERIGGER. A very interesting thing happened while I was working on ICERIGGER: it's set on a completely different planet, again, dif-

ferent situations, different characters, but I found that the Commonwealth background that I had created in the TAR-AIYM KRANG kept creeping into it, and made things very easy. I would be running along in the story and I would have to say that the ship went from here to here, and instead of creating an entirely new type of space-drive, or design of ship, I found it convenient to use the same details, as far as ship construction, background government, that I had used in the TAR-AIYM KRANG and BLOODHYPE. So ICERIGGER became a book in the Commonwealth Universe, entirely by accident.

By this time I was getting a little disgusted with myself and my own inability to break with this background that I had set up. I decided that my fourth original novel, when I got through writing STAR TREK LOGS for awhile, would have nothing whatsoever to do with the Commonwealth. In order to do that I set it on as isolated a world as I could possibly think of which hopefully would have no involvement with the Commonwealth. And I called it MIDWORLD. What do you think happened? The same thing happened again.

At this point I have no control any more; I am not responsible for anything that happens. I realize that. In the background of MIDWORLD, there is a company of exploiters which land on the planet, and in the description a reference to the Commonwealth crept in. It's just barely mentioned in the book, but it does tie the book in with the Commonwealth universe. So I've kind of given up on the possibility of writing a Science Fiction novel which is not set in this universe, at least for awhile, because in spite of itself it seems to happen.

Over at Ballantine books, Betty Ballantine and Eve Ballantine had left to indulge in their true publishing desire which is to publish large size format paperbacks full of beautiful illustrations, and they call it Peacock Press -- and it's distributed by Bantam --, and Judy-Lynn del Rey who had been at Galaxy had taken over the Ballantine Science Fiction line. I got this very interesting letter from Judy-Lynn in between STAR TREK LOG FIVE or SIX -- somewhere in there, they all tend to run together in my mind -- saying, Gee Alan, I found this old letter from Betty Ballantine asking you for a sequel to the TAR-AIYM KRANG. Where is it?

So after all those years -- we're talking now of a space of about five, six years -- Judy-Lynn decided that she still wanted a sequel to that book. I didn't know if I could do it. That is a long time to be away from a series of characters in a specific situation and write your own sequel to it. But I looked at the contract she sent me along with the letter, and I sat down to see what I could come up with, and I put Flinx into it several months later. The way that I got the idea for the book, which is called ORPHAN STAR, the book that just came out from Ballantine, is, at the end of BLOODHYPE the character Flinx takes off in the last two pages in a supership which supposedly violates all the laws of space-ship drives at the time that I had set up, which is crewed by a bunch of large hairy Ursanoid creatures, sort of half-tarsier, half-bear, and they disappear. Now I put that into BLOODHYPE because I wanted a smash conclusion to the book, and that was the most interesting thing that I could think of. I had already destroyed the monster, but I wanted some kind of conclusion. I

never thought that I would ever have to get around to explaining that conclusion. It was only two pages long, and nobody bothered with it.

So I thought to myself, well I've left this thing hanging here, I have Flinx taking off on a supership with this unknown race of creatures, why don't I take a whole book and explain that. So that's where ORPHAN STAR came from, explaining a book I had written four years earlier, and never intended to have to explain, but I tied them all together. It also has to do with the fact that Flinx is an orphan, and in ORPHAN STAR, I had him searching for his natural parents, and he finds out about his mother. Well this automatically left me open for what I expected was coming, and it did. Very shortly thereafter Judy-Lynn wrote me a nice letter saying, Gee, it would be nice if this were a trilogy.

Well I had no intentions of writing a trilogy. Remember, when I wrote the TAR-AIYM KRANG I had no intentions of writing any thing else, of novel length, anyway, which came out years previously. But I had written ORPHAN STAR, and I had half-expected Judy-Lynn to come back with something like this, so I left myself some sort of opening. I sent Flinx looking for his natural parents in ORPHAN STAR, and I only had him find out about his mother. So what do I do in COMES THE SCREAMER which is the title which may be changed, which supposedly concludes this trilogy --- hopefully --- for awhile, anyway --- ?? I have him go looking for his father. Yes. And I think you will all be surprised when you find out who his father might be, because I tie that into another book. Certainly! Purely by accident. I was sitting down thinking as to whom I could make Flinx' natural father to be, and he was just there. This is the great thrill of writing, you understand, when the characters take over and write themselves. There is a very famous book called TYPEWRITER IN THE SKY by L. Ron Hubbard, who unfortunately left writing science fiction and went off to fool around with something called Scientology, which deals with the subject of the author as god, but the author really isn't god: the characters take over and they write the story themselves. That's what happens to a large extent in COMES THE SCREAMER. I also get rid of a black hole, but that's just kind of incidental. I also talk about the ursanoids that were in BLOODHYPE in COMES THE SCREAMER. Everything is starting to tie together in spite of itself.

Then I ended up drawing maps of the Commonwealth, which are reproduced, sorta, in your program books. And lo and behold I have created a universe with government, an adversary race, a history, a pre-history, and methods of communication, different types of interstellar drive, -- I had a lot of fun in COMES THE SCREAMER working out a deep space communications beam which relies on a beam of charmed, positively-charged quarks, which I don't think anyone can refute for a little while anyway, because nobody knows anything about charmed, positively-charged quarks -- and it's all sort of happening in spite of itself. I am particularly worried about the creatures in ORPHAN STAR, the Ulru-Ujurrians, the furry race who crewed the ship that Flinx took off in at the end of BLOODHYPE, because they're a race of people I've speculated about for a long time. They are innocent geniuses, and they have enormous IQs and abilities, but they are totally innocent. Flinx is teaching them the game of civilization, at

least he starts to in ORPHAN STAR. Here am I, a poor normal author, and I don't know what the old Ulru-Ujurrians are going to do next. But once in awhile I do get a little bit bored with the Commonwealth Universe, and so I write a short story.

I've never written a short story set in the Commonwealth Universe, and I've never written an original novel not set in the Commonwealth Universe. I never intended to do it that way; it just that it's the way it worked out. In my short stories I get to play around with a lot of other ideas. I don't write as many short stories as I'd like to because Judy-Lynn keeps sending me contracts, but hopefully I can do some more in the future. So I wrote "Why Johnny Can't Speed" which is all about offensive driving -- Offensive driving, that's just been optioned to an outfit called Dimension Pictures and maybe we'll get a movie out of that. Then I felt that rock music was one of the most important phenomena of the last several decades, so I wrote a story called "Wolfstroker" which appeared in a magazine called COQ, -- "coke", that's how they politely pronounced it in the office in Chicago, from where everybody politely disappeared without paying any of their contributors. That's why you will never see it, but it will be in an anthology of my short stories that Ballantine is going to publish later this year or early '78. I had a fan in Maryland write me and say that her two favorite types of stories were science fiction stories and horse stories, but she hadn't read any really decent science fiction horse stories. So I said okay, I thought it was really a neat idea --- people always ask writers where they get their ideas, and in this case I can point to a specific letter. I sat down and wrote a story called "Dream Done Green" which was in FELLOWSHIP OF THE STARS a Terry Carr collection, and Lester del Rey's Best of the Year for 75 or 74 or something, which is a science fiction horse story.

I wrote a story which appeared in the second issue of Galileo called "Ye Who Would Sing" because I am interested in classical music as well as rock music. It's interesting in a strange sort of way because "Ye Who Would Sing" relates to the TAR-AIYM KRANG in that the weapon itself, the Krang, came about because of my interest in classical music -- I like organ music. So you see how things develop, sometimes intentionally, sometimes in spite of themselves, in spite of

yourself.

I would have to say that the Universe of the Commonwealth is probably based more on my imagination and my dreams and what I would like to read about than it is on present-day reality, that is I am not really extrapolating from 1977. It is not as solidly based on present-day technology, necessarily, as is Niven's Known Space, but it's less fanciful, I think, than Doc Smith's universe for example.

The basic premise behind the TAR-AIYM KRANG and the Commonwealth itself is the Thranx. I hope that some of you are familiar with the Thranx. I always like to root for the underdog, so what I decided that what mankind really needs is an equal but admiring partner before he is ever going to relax spiritually. I also wanted to do a little rooting for the underdog so I decided that the Bug-Eyed-Monsters had been getting in the end for too many years in Science fiction, and the Thranx became large insects. Theoretically they are ugly and hideous, but I made them as lovely as I could without not making them true insects. For example, their body odor is sort of like Chanel No. 5, and it's hard to resist a creature who smells like perfume, has beautiful aquamarine chiton which is like a deep rich enamel color, and compound eyes with rainbow-colored ommatidia -- the ommatidia are the individual components in the insects compound eye. And the Thranx admire mankind for the things they're not: we are very emotional and have very fluid bodies whereas the insect's body is very stiff; and we admire the Thranx for all the things we're not: they are very rational and they keep good control of themselves. So the two races complement each other very well. From Human and Thranx I got the Humanx Commonwealth.

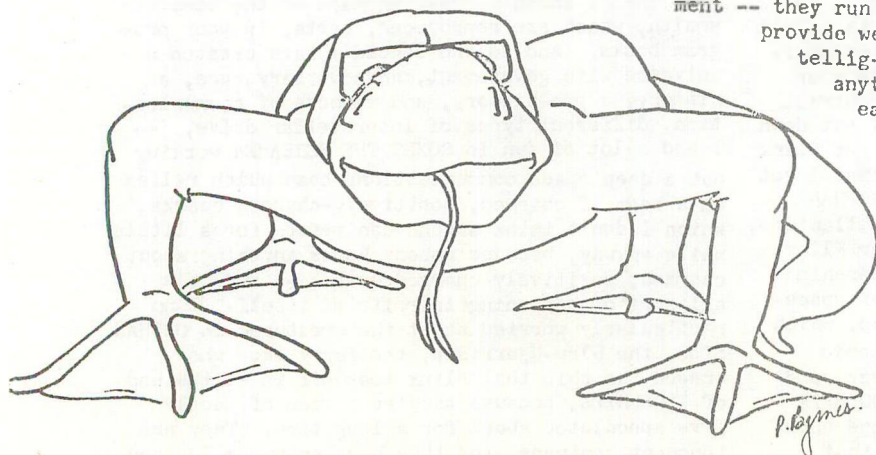
I also had to create a race of adversaries, and I turned to the reptiles -- I was running out of phylums by now -- I turned to the AAnn who were reptilian, but warm-blooded.

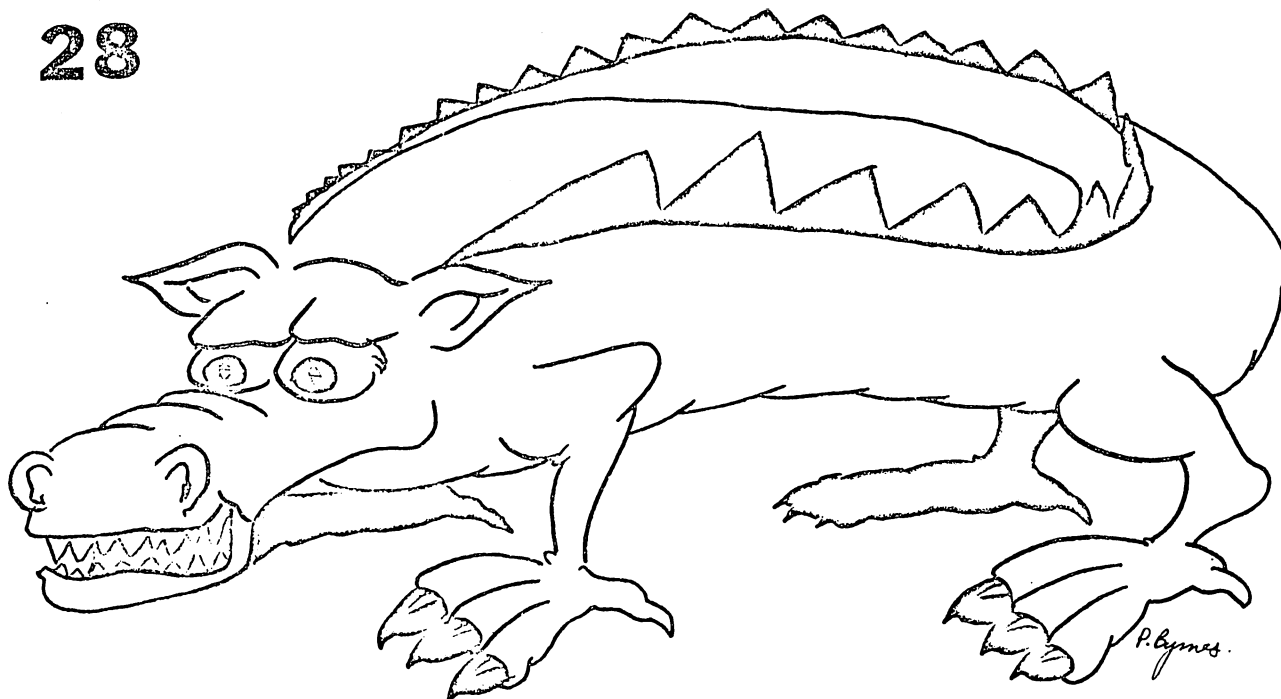
The Thranx are very sensible people, and they admire us and mankind more than anything else who needs his ego boosted, like everybody does. I created the Thranx to admire us, and us to admire the Thranx. It all works out very well. I am very interested in symbiosis in all its aspects as you can probably tell from MIDWORLD.

In the Commonwealth you have a regular government, the Commonwealth Government which handles the normal activities of a normal government -- they run the post office, collect taxes, provide welfare for people who aren't intelligent -- uh, creative enough to do

anything else so they become bureaucrats. And behind the Commonwealth government is an

outfit called the United Church, which is a spiritual organization, interracial, does not require a belief in god, a god of any kind, but is open to anyone who has a belief in any type of god, which I always thought would be an interesting church. The United Church keeps an





eye on a corruption-prone government, rather like the catholic church in the middle ages only not quite as powerful.

I had a little fun with one thing, but I didn't see why not: the head of the United Church is named The Last Resort, that's his official title of office, and the ruling council is called The Court of Last Resort.

As far as future books, without doing a sequel to COMES THE SCREAMER, -- again I don't know --- I'd like to do a sequel to ICERIGGER. Judy-Lynn wants me to do a book entirely about Pip. Pip is Flinx' minidrag pet. That would be a very tough book to do since Pip is not an intelligent creature. He doesn't think the way we do; it would be like doing a book from the dog's point of view. But I think that would be very interesting. I'd like to do a book explaining the Amalgamation which is the joining together of the two races, human and insect; a book about the founding of the United Church, possibly mentioning an insect messiah which would be kind of interesting considering all the insects we've massacred in the last several thousand years.

There is a fantasy novel I'd like to do, which I would like to have Tim Kirk illustrate, which I have several characters blocked out for. One of them is a Marxist dragon. I'd like to do a Chthulu Mythos novel, because I like H.P. Lovecraft very much. I taught a class in Lovecraft at UCLA which is very strange because half the people in the class had read everything by Lovecraft and were devoted fanatics, and the other half were just English majors who saw the item listed in the catalogue and thought that it would be an interesting class and they were dazed for several weeks.

So that's my universe, the universe that came about entirely by accident, which I had no intention of creating. It's a universe which derives emotionally, at least, from books like THE SHIP UNDER THE APPLE TREE, THE PIRATES OF ZAN, and everything Eric Frank Russell ever wrote.

It's a universe that's full of adventure, a certain amount of excitement, I hope, where things happen, and once in awhile, just incidentally, in spite of myself, I try to say something. But I always try to keep that secondary to the adventure. The dedication to George Lucas' book THE STAR WARS is a quote from the dedication of my favorite book of all time, which is A. Conan Doyle's THE LOST WORLD. It says:

I've done my simple plan
If I give one hour of joy
To the boy who's half a man
Or the man who's half a boy.

That's my philosophy of writing, such as it is. I'd much rather be remembered along with Edgar Rice Burroughs, Alexandre Dumas, than Jean Paul Sartre. I try not to preach when I'm saying something; that's the surest way to do in science fiction, I think, more than anything else. If you read something preachy, it's also true in movies, forget it. There's no reason to bother with it. These things all came out without my intending them to, because they're in me like I'm in my characters: like there's a little of me in Skua September, Kitten Kai-sung, in Flinx, Pip, Born, Willie White Horse who's the character in "Wolfstroker", and in Pericles, the horse who is the hero in "Dream Done Green", who was also a poet and a genius; and because it's fun sharing it with those of you who might smile a little bit more for having read some of the things; just like it's fun to come to the exotic faraway galactic port of Columbus, which, in the Commonwealth, lies somewhere between Hivehom and Catchalot and Twosky Bright, and share some of that fun with you. I would like to thank you all for letting me share some of the daydreams that use to get me unsatisfactory in cooperation in elementary school, and which I always thought were unjust because I thought daydreaming was part of the curriculum. Thank you.

SPLINTERS & PULP

MINDBRIDGE by Joe Haldeman, St. Martins Press, 1976.

No, it's not as good as THE FOREVER WAR. Now that that's out of the way, I'll move on to the book at hand.

I have a tendency to try figuring out why I like/dislike the work of a certain author. Lately, when I've turned this introspection toward Joe Haldeman, I've found that I keep coming up with the phrase I decided upon years ago to explain my liking for Heinlein. The Phrase is "intensely readable". I get so thoroughly caught up in the smooth flow of his story-telling that it becomes almost impossible to put whatever I'm reading down. MINDBRIDGE is Joe at his smoothflowingest (Ghod, the things I come up with when I'm searching for the right word). The narration pulls you along from chapter to chapter without a moment to catch a cynical breath. With Joe, not only does SensaWonder live (Hi George -- pardon me, esoteric message to the editor), it's in very robust health. The characterization is also most enjoyable, with a few nice scenes between the romantic leads, and a couple of excellent minor character portraits.

What I'm trying to say here is that MINDBRIDGE is a top quality book. It does, however, have a couple flaws.

The first of these is something which may or may not bother you. It just sets my teeth slightly on edge when the climactic scene of a book, the scene in which Humanity is saved, depends on a fairly unlikely coincidence. The fact that the discovery of the bridge, Jacque's sensitization to it, and the first encounter with the L'vrai (read the book if you want an explanation) all occur within the time-span of a few years is hard for me to swallow. The essay follow-up to IMPERIAL EARTH (slight digression here) is quite interesting and logical, but what Clarke has neglected to consider is that the intellectual knowledge that wild coincidences occur does not really make the use of one as an important turning point in a story any easier to accept emotionally.

My second and more major complaint is that MINDBRIDGE is too bloody short! There's so much more I still want to know now that I've finished it. What does a Tamer's training involve? What was said and by whom during the negotiations with the L'vrai? Did Jacque develop any sort of feeling toward the L'vrai, or was he just a mindless communication device? (Again, read the book.) And I want to see more, more, more of the relationships between Jacque and his father, between the people in the Tamer team, between Arnold Bates and his subordinates.... I'd best cut off, I'm babbling.

Definitely get MINDBRIDGE and read it; the time and money spent will be far from wasted. Perhaps its only real flaw is that it heeds too well the old adage: "Leave 'em wanting more".

Mark Bernstein

PATTERNMASTER by Octavia E. Butler, Doubleday Science Fiction, 1976.

The time is in the future, and some members of society have telepathic powers. These psionic people form the ruling class, and protect those with lesser or no esp powers from the Clayarks, mutated creatures resembling the sphinx. Those with the highest psionic powers form part of a network known as the Pattern, the head of which is called the PATTERNMASTER. Rayal, the pattern-master, is dying, and his position will fall to either of his two sons: Coransee or Teray. But as to which one is the crux of the story.

Ms. Butler has put a lot of careful work into this her first novel. The background is drawn carefully, and the characters strongly delineated, especially Coransee, Teray and Amber. She makes the idea of telepathy and a telepathically controlled society a viable reality. The style is smooth, and the background is filled in in patches like brush-strokes hinting at far more than what they represent.

Unfortunately it ends too soon. Like Mark said about MINDBRIDGE, it leaves the reader wanting more. I hope that Ms. Butler does write more; she appears to have talent more so than much of what I read in SF today. I'd like to read more of her.

PATTERNMASTER does deserve more recognition than what it has received thus far. Compared with what I've read this past year, it deserves a Hugo nomination, or at least a John W. Campbell Award nomination for new writer. Read the book, and see if you don't agree with me. A trip to the library might be in order, for it hasn't been offered through the SF Book Club, nor have I seen it in Paperback, which is a shame.

Get it, read it, and spread the word around. Octavia Butler has something to offer. Let others know about it.

Lan

TELEMPATH by Spider Robinson, Berkley-Putnam, 1976.

This book is the best example of bad timing on the part of a publisher I've ever seen. Why? With the hardcover edition just out, the paperback not due out until late this year, and (so Spider has told me) no chance of a Book Club pickup, it's probably going to be completely passed over in the '76 Hugo nominations. And it's the best novel my somewhat limited reading list has included so far this year.

Those of you who read Analog probably saw the first seven chapters (plus a later one) in the November '76 issue under the title "By Any Other Name". If your tastes are anywhere near mine, you thought it was an above-average adventure tale. Well, folks, the book gets better and better as it goes along, until it reaches a point where each successive chapter contained some new revelation that made my jaw drop a little farther.

For those unfamiliar with the story, its "What If" postulates are as follows: 1) researchers discover that the human sense of smell is potentially far more acute than that of any other species, but we've evolved a suppressor mechanism to make our sensory environment tolerable; 2) a researcher named Wendell Carlson develops a Hyperosmic Virus which is capable of covering the earth in 48 hours and wiping out the suppressor mechanism; and 3) the virus, when released, a) forces a third of the population into autism through sensory overload, b) causes widespread rioting and suicides, c) makes polluted cities uninhabitable, d) does various other nasty things, and e) makes humanity aware of, and plunges them into war with, a gaseous form of life referred to as the Muskies. The narrator, Isham Stone, is the son of a former colleague of Carlson's who has been trained all his life as an assassin so that he can go back into a deserted New York, find Carlson and kill him. All of the above, by the way, is in the first two chapters.

I've been thinking about this book for a while now, and I can't really find anything negative to say about it. Spider is a longtime reader of SF, and he's learned well from his predecessors. This novel is as crammed full of ideas as a Van Vogt story, and a lot more coherent. He's filled it with living, three (or more) dimensional characters that Sturgeon or Pangborn probably would have been proud to create. He's even satisfied the Campbellian demand for creatures that "think as well as a man, but not like a man". True, I would have liked to see more of the world he's created, but that's a common gripe from me.

So I'm asking you all, somehow, to get hold of TELEMPATH. Scrape together the eight bucks. Form a buying coalition. Do one of the things I did, and either talk your local library into getting it (mention that Spider was the 1974 John Campbell Award winner -- libraries like awards), or mention it over and over to a friend until you get it as a Christmas/Chanukah/birthday/ Valentine's Day/Easter/ Passover/ whenever present. Give TELEMPATH some circulation. If nothing else, I'll find out if my *ahem* critical judgement is shared by other fan. (This review is a bit biased, since I've been a fan of Spider's for some time and greatly enjoyed my one meeting with him).

Final note, for whatever it's worth: I've come to the conclusion that one of the reasons TELEMPATH impressed me so much is that it happens to be very much the kind of novel I'd want to write if I had the talent.

* * * * *

This paragraph is being written a few days after all of the preceeding. During the interim a friend has read TELEMPATH, and pointed out that there is one major flaw, and on consideration I've realized she's right. Spider has tied everything up with an ending so idealistic and starry-eyed (at least in its implication that everything will be just grand soon) that I had to pull a couple grains out of the proverbial salt shaker to take it with. The reason I had to have it pointed out to me is that it

it hardly bothered me at all on first reading, since I was so caught up in the situation and the characters. The strength of my recommendation holds. Just be prepared to shift your suspension of disbelief into high gear when you reach the last twenty pages or so.

Mark Bernstein

THE TAR-AIYM KRANG, ORPHAN STAR, DARK STAR, ICERIGGER, MIDWORLD, STAR TREK: LOG ONE, all by Alan Dean Foster.

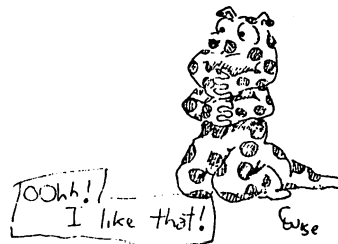
Drop all your prejudices against someone who writes "Star Trek stuff", and just read his books. You will find, as I did, the Alan Dean Foster is a marvelous story-teller, a fantastic descriptive writer, and loves the hell out of SF adventure.

In preparation for MARCON where Alan Dean Foster was to be the Pro GoH I went on an orgy of his writings and managed the above list (minus MIDWORLD, which I read late last year). I was surprised and very much delighted to find out how masterful a writer he really is. He is a world-builder; he is careful plotter; he fleshes out his characters into real people.

The hero in THE TAR-AIYM KRANG and its sequel ORPHAN STAR is Flinx, a young boy (16-18 years old, spanning the two books) with some telepathic ability. His faithful companion and protector is Pip, a minidrag (a snake with wings), and together with his master they venture from Moth (Flinx' home planet) into the galaxy to find the Krang of the Tar-Aiym, a weapon/musical instrument created by that ancient race in THE TAR-AIYM KRANG, and flitting from planet to star to find Flinx's real mother in ORPHAN STAR. The background of the Commonwealth and the United Church are extremely well done and laid out, in spite of the fact that much of its inclusion in Alan's novels came about completely by accident (see his MARCON banquet speech for full details of his Universe by Accident).

MIDWORLD and ICERIGGER both take place in the same universe, but on remote and separate worlds. Both books show the enormous planet-building powers of Mr. Foster. ICERIGGER takes place on a planet whose temperature, on a hot day, reaches barely freezing. A lifeboat crashes there (a complete story in the background of just that) and the native inhabitants help the survivors make the cross planet trek to the Commonwealth colony/station, Brass Monkey (yes, there are a lot of tongue-in-cheek references and comments made in all Alan's books -- part of his own personality). The trip is packed with adventures all the way.

In MIDWORLD, Alan's interest in symbiosis is evident. It is a jungle world splitting into seven levels, where only the middle ones are "safely" habitable. The colony ship which crashed



KEY TO PUZZLE #6 LL#2

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KEY TO PUZZLE #8
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there in ages past left survivors who adapted to the environment and learned to live with the beautiful and sometimes deadly flora, and the native Furcots, huge, three-eyed furry beasts who serve as protective pets.

The story revolves around Born and his assistance of two people whose survey craft crashes near his home tree. He takes them back to where their Company has established a base to exploit the resources of the planet. When Born realizes the Company's purpose he fights back and with the help of the jungle destroys the exploiters.

DARK STAR was the most difficult to write of the novels Alan has written. He admitted this at MARCON in an interview I did of him (with Mary Mueller, Bill Kavin and Brian Earl Brown). The script was short, and it was very difficult to show how bored the four astronauts were without boring the reader. The book fell short for me, mainly because I did see the movie first. However, Alan's approach -- getting into the heads of each of the main characters -- was well done, and, by ghu, you knew how each one thought and why by the end of the novelization.

Instead of paring the scripts of the cartoon series like Blish did with the syndicated Star Trek scripts, Alan expanded the plots and added far greater depth and imagination. In STAR TREK: LOG ONE he took three episodes of the Saturday cartoons and turned them into real and believable novellas, good enough to be re-scripted for the live series. Alan treats the characters both lightly and seriously. The point of view shifts from character to character, and with each person are psychological insights which are sometimes humorous, sometimes not, but always fitting in with the reader's concept of that character.

The writing is concise and descriptive, concentrating on action. In spite of his expansion of the plots, they are still tightly knit. I am looking forward to reading the rest of the series.

I think that Alan Dean Foster's writing should be examined by more fans more closely. He emphasizes adventure and action with a good plot and flowing descriptions. Read him for pleasure; something profound is said, but that's an extra from his writing. He's a story-teller and a world-smith first.

Lan

FORWARD IN TIME, Walker and Company, 1973.
MILLENNIUM, Random House, 1976.

by Ben Bova

FORWARD IN TIME is a collection of short stories arranged so that the first ones in the book could happen today, with the rest following in chronological order into the future. Hence the title. But within the pages of this anthology are three stories whose main character is Chester A. Kinsman, the Air Force

Astronaut who is the main character of MILLENIUM. But I'll get to that a little later.

Each of the stories is an interesting bit of speculation. What if the military built a computer which could simulate war strategies in a person's mind, and all the Generals who used the machine came out as mindless vegetables? How about a computer that predicts that California will not slide into the sea, but the scientist who originated the program doesn't believe it? Or street-gang leaders who are educated by the government, then go back to their old gangs and organize the takeover of the city? These are only a few of the plots, the ones that could happen just around the corner, temporally speaking. Some future probabilities include: a moonbase which is bombarded by bullets every month; a duelling machine built to work out arguments between individuals harmlessly suddenly starts killing one of the duellers; a group of scientists who suddenly realize that they can completely control the nation's weather, not merely incapacitate a few hurricanes; the flight of the last member of the human race across the cosmos, trying to escape death. If the ideas sound intriguing, they're meant to be. This is a good collection of stories. Bova knows what makes a good short story (why else would he be editor of Analog?), and is able to implement that knowledge into exciting fiction. Get the book (it's available through the Book Club); it's well worth reading.

Which brings us to MILLENIUM.

I had read the first couple "chapters" (the arrangement is actually in days, the last month of 1999) before I went to MINICON over Easter weekend and met Bova who was Goll. I told him then that if he continued the story in the same manner in which he started it, it would be a Hugo Nominee. I finished the book quickly when I returned from the con, and nominated it for the Hugo. The book impressed me that much.

Kinsman is the leader of the American side of the joint US/USSR moonbase. Together with Leonov, the commander of the Russian side, Kinsman declares the moon a free country and applies for membership in the UN. That's the story in a nutshell, a very thin nutshell. The detail that Bova puts in, the balanced ecology of the moonbase, the cooperation of the two politically different sides, the planning of the takeover of the spy satellites (both the US and USSR had been putting up a network of spy satellites, but neither had enough for a complete array for world-wide coverage. Together they did, which is what the moonbase Selenites took over and used them as the punch they needed to keep their independence), and a myriad of other things which make the story believable, all work together to create a tense and fast-moving novel.

At MINICON I spent some time talking with Ben and his lovely wife Barbara about a number of things, including this book. Barbara said that Ben had lived with Kinsman for over 25 years, and the novel for almost as long. What had stopped him from writing it earlier was the threat of McCarthyism, since the base would be run by both the Russians and Americans, and the drive for independence a joint effort. Whether the novel would have been better written then

or now is academic. I feel that his powers of plotting have probably improved, so that the story is better than it would have been twenty years or so ago.

In FORWARD IN TIME Bova said that Kinsman had been with him from birth to death. Does he die at the end of MILLENIUM? Possibly. The reader is left hanging. At MINICON Suzi Stefl waged a one-woman campaign to bring Kinsman back. At the GoH speech, Ben said that he would write another Kinsman story. Many fans were very happy.

Back to the story again; one threat which the Selenites use to make their drive for independence, besides blasting any rocket sent against them, was the possibility of weather control. On the main satellite that Kinsman took over was Ted Marrett, a scientist working on worldwide weather control. If you read FORWARD IN TIME, yes, this is the same Ted Marrett in "The Weathermakers". Ben doesn't seem to like to let characters alone if he can use them elsewhere.

I nominated the novel, as did many others whom I know. If it doesn't make the final ballot, I'd say that fans aren't reading the right things.

Lan

THE END OF THE DREAM by Philip Wylie, Doubleday & Company, 1972.

For his last book before he died, Philip Wylie chose the topic of pollution, and extrapolated this novel. It is a grim look of the future that he fashions, drawing on all the fears each one has of our polluted environment. His complex recreations of the problems we might face are frightening. Consider an algae which chokes off the life of rivers; a blight set off from a government test lab destroys all rice, setting off a world-wide famine; a small worm-like "vibe", a blood-sucker which attacks all warmblooded living things. A very grim future is portrayed.

The book reads as a history text, one man telling the history of how things came to be in 2023. I read it not expecting that particular format, which took me by surprise; the other novels I read of Wylie were straightforward stories. Once over that initial surprise I settled down to enjoy the book.

I say that I enjoyed reading it, but the implications of the plot were terrifying. I've always enjoyed intricate descriptions of things, and Wylie did a magnificent job in that department, but it is very believable. We are dumping an enormous number of pollutants into our ecosystem, which may have the same or similar effects that Wylie described. Indeed, frightening.

But that's what SF writers do; consider possible alternate futures. I do hope that this future does not come to pass.

I recommend the book, and don't get too depressed while reading it. Remember, it is only a story, and can't happen. Or can it? Is it?

Lan

EMPATHIC POST SCRIPTINGS

Since the publication of LAN'S LANTERN #2, I have seen several different fanzines, and noticed how some faneds have arranged their letter columns. Following what I've seen Don D'Amassa do in MYTHOLOGIES, Donn Brazier in TITLE and Stephen Dorneman in WELTAN-SCHAUUNG, I've arranged the lettercol by topics. In preparing all the mail I received in this manner, it appears that I have sufficient material and responses to make it work. I hope that it does. Let me know what you think of it.

ON THE TITLE:

Jeff May: While reading the title of your zine, it occurred to me to wonder if you were perhaps seeking an honest man.

((Isn't everybody? Seriously, I chose the title for two reasons: one, I wanted to incorporate my fan name in it; two, something with a rhythm in it. LAN'S LANTERN was what I came up with. That it has any relation to Diones might be a sub-conscious slip of my Classical background, but more I think it might come from the name of the school paper where I did Grad work in Classics, the Ohio State LANTERN.))

ARTWORK, COVERS, ILLOS, REPRO:

Jodie Offutt: Pat Byrnes' cover looks Seuss-influenced.

Cathy McGuire: The art was good and I loved the cover. It was so cute! (And a novel idea).

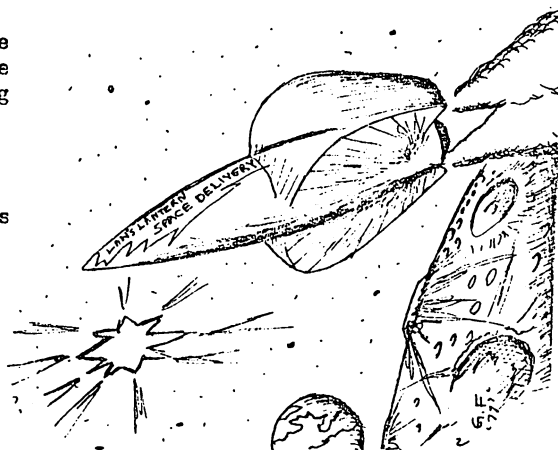
Dave Wixon: Few faneds, I must add, have enough chutzpah (however it's pronounced) to put their mugs on both front and back covers.... I do recognize the arrangement of hair from MINICON encounters -- but I don't recall quite such a paunch as that back cover shows -- have you been nibbling?

((At the time Pat drew that back cover, I was slim. His brand of humour tends to outrageous caricature. However it does resemble me back a couple months; in the space of six weeks or so of first working at Kingswood I gained 25 pounds, pushing my weight to 175. I have lost a little, and pushing for more. Gotta get in shape for summer when I'll be running around in my bathing suit.))

Kathi Schaefer: I close the cover and note, yes, A-V Man does look very much like Captain Coors ((Curt Stubbs)). He might look a little like you if he were skinny, or you were fat, but I fear Mr. Byrnes has not yet found the Magic Pencil which produces Perfect Caricatures.

John Robinson: AV Man looks a lot like Albany Fandom's Monocle Magan. I wrote to Pat asking him to redraw AV Man with 15 percent less girth a shorter beard and hair around the corners of his mouth -- to look more like Magan. ((You have just described me. Didn't know I had a twin.)) I need a cover ((for SDNY)), and I'm grateful to you for discovering Pat for me.

Neicer Hudspeth: Say, Pat Byrnes is a pretty good artist. Why not have him do more fillo-



illos for you.

Pat Byrnes: Enclosed are the requested illustrations (illoes?). If they are not enclosed, we have been robbed, or my memory fails me. Don't worry if they look professional (do they really?), they'll fit your publication. You really go all out, don't you? It is truly my pleasure to supply you and fandom with these drawings since I am getting far-reaching exposure. To any reading "ziners", if you want illustrations for your zine or other publication, feel free -- the word is there for a purpose -- repeat-- feel free to write to me, or get in touch with me through Lan. Should you want a specialized request for a specific type of drawing (pen and black ink is the best I can offer) please indicate so. That was a Reg. U.S. Pat Office (get it?).

Incidentally, keep practicing your drawing, Lan, that's how I've done it and so will you. You've got age on your side ((??????)) to the point that once you find your style, you'll be able to stick to it.

((I hope that faneds do take advantage of your offer; you deserve more exposure than my poor zine can give you. I've enjoyed your work in SDNY.))

Mark Blackman: Idea: next time get the artists to autograph and draw little scribbles on a ditto master. Then you can share it with us.

((Now that I've switched to off-set, I'll have little trouble repro-ing illos. Regarding the Green Lantern cover you sent me: I want to use it for #5, but in at least two colors, like the cover to this one. Can I do the re-tracing for the color separation?))

CD Doyle: No need to go off-set. I think mimeo is cheaper, and, if it's done right, looks just as nice. The Coulsons have always done YANDRO in mimeo, and the artwork, etc, all comes out looking fine. It takes practice, I think.

((I did try mimeo once; too much work, too much waste. I've found off-set appropriate for me now. All I need is the money.))

Dave Wixon: I note that you checked the "It asked for you" box on the ToC page: does your ditto machine have some sort of crush on me? ((No, just the zine itself, that particular

copy.)) This is embarrassing! But I should say that you have no reason to worry about using ditto, as long as you can get good repro and enough copies (your circulation is likely to boom). ((Oy, it has)) Before I forget: a question about the Warner letter on page 35, bottom line: what means "putlined?" ((uh, well, would you believe, "outlined?"))

Neicer Hudspeth: All was totally readable, so no basis (actually) for any complaints! And hardly any typos. No complaints from me on repro. ((Ignore Dave's question above.))

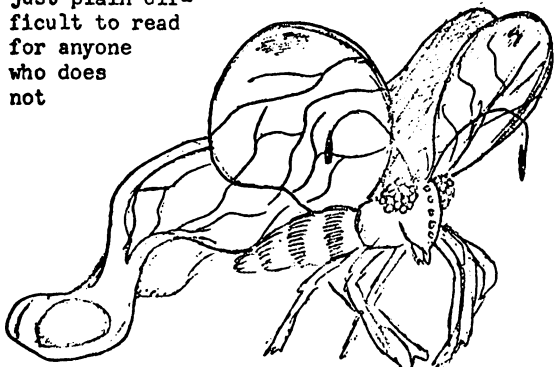
Jeff May: Tullio Proni must be grinding his teeth at you; as you recall he complained about ditto on yellow paper. So what color paper is his loc printed on...? ((That was unintentional. I merely wanted to spread the different colors of paper I had around.)) Actually ditto on yellow is quite visible. I wish you didn't use green paper, which is harder on the eyes. Generally your printing is nothing to be ashamed of, and unless your print run is getting so long that ditto isn't adequate you have no reason to switch to mimeo, Michael Harper to the contrary.

Andrew Sigel: I don't mind ditto. As long as I can read it without straining, it's fine. Yours is pretty good. Besides, the zine is good enough so I wouldn't mind a little strain. ((Thanks, ye editor appreciates the ego-boo.))

Steve Bridge: When you want to cross out words so they can still be read, try using --- instead of ///. ((It's called a "slash-out")). The slashes are hard to read on ditto. Maybe dashes would be too, though. ((It is.))

The yellow is garish and the green is too dark. Any other choices? My eyes implore you. ((Is off-set better??))

Harry Warner Jr: The dittoing was legible enough on most pages of this issue, although it became a bit of a trial on some of the purple-on-blue pages. At least I think the paper was blue; I'm not color-blind in the normal sense but I have some trouble distinguishing between blue and green when the hue and intensity of one color or the other aren't strong. ((I think you can tell from the other remarks that the paper was green.)) The pica type you used on a few pages made an immense difference for ease of reading. Normally, I prefer reasonably good mimeographing or ditto work to sharply reduced photo offset production. An occasional fanzine can do magnificent work with miniaturized type and an offset press, like AMRA, but many of them become just plain difficult to read for anyone who does not



have 20/20 vision. And the nature of fandom almost guarantees that nobody stays a fan very long without losing that quality of eyesight, if he had it when he was a neofan. ((I hope that this 25% reduced photo offset isn't hard on your eyes. It was the best compromise I could find considering the money, size and print run. Donn Brazier is taking a poll of his TITLERS, and most wear glasses constantly, being nearsighted. Lately skinny-dipping is almost a waste since most fen are nearsighted, and have to take off their glasses to swim --- can't see a thing without being very blatant about it.))

Ben Indick: I had no sooner finished the editorial about offset than there it was! Ditto is nice, and certainly adequate, but offset is easiest on aging eyes. I hope your circulation forces you to all offset soon, and that your wallet is equal to the task. ((Circulation certainly has pushed me to offset; my print run this issue is 450. My wallet --- well, my savings account will just about be drained when I get finished.))

Paula Gold: I always love the ditto vs. mimeo vs. offset argument. Consider yourself fortunate that you at least have access to a ditto. An old-time Cincinnati fan, Dale Tarr, used to make copies for his fanzine by using a coffee can. You'll have to talk to Dale for any sordid details, but I would imagine it was a very messy and time-consuming job. How many fans today would be willing to go that route? As long as a zine is readable and interesting, I wouldn't care if it were scribbled on a piece of birch-bark. (Omigod! What am I letting myself in for?) About the only complaint I have for your ditto repro is on the green pages where the ink wasn't very dark, but in very bright light there isn't too much of a problem. ((A local fan did a drawing for MISHAP, copy count fifty. It had four different colors, if I remember correctly, and he hand colored every one. Dedication!))

THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE:

David Cohen: Your crossword was impossible (for a neo). ((Yes, I would have to admit that's true.))

CD Doyle: A fanish crossword! Wow, I'd forgotten how much fun they are to do! There were a few answers I couldn't come up with.... I doubt if I'd like this sort of thing in every zine, but I like it here, and I certainly hope you continue it. I may even do one myself. ((If you do, let me see it. I'd like to see how other people fare with the limited field of SF and Fandom.))

Steve Bridge: I actually did most of the crossword puzzle. It was fair, except for 49 across: R.U.R. was a play by Capek, not a novel. ((Correction noted. Thanks.))

Stephanie Oberemba: I tried the crossword puzzle and if 93 down "a metric unit of weight" is gram, then you made a mistake. Grams are mass units, whereas newtons are the proper units for weight, since weight is a measure of force. It is just a nitpicky point. ((So it's nitpicky. I glad for the correction; I try to be as accurate as I can with these things. Thanks.))

Patrick Hayden: I've never been in a crossword puzzle before. I do notice that I seem to be rather, ahem, outnumbered by Tom Reamy's initials. Can't one of those be Teddy Roosevelt's initials, just for variety? ((I tried to keep it as fanish as possible. I go outside of the SF/Fandom area only when I can't think of anything else. Actually, Teddy didn't even occur to me. I'll keep it in mind.))

Dave Wixon: I just gotta comment on the crossword puzzle: I haven't worked it yet, and I probably won't -- for the reason that it looks too simple. I mean, really: there have to be more challenging clues than "Tom Reamy's initials!" And twice yet! Reminds me of that six-foot crossword puzzle I got for a friend several years ago -- it would've been great if not inane simple.

((It is a little more challenging than you might think, though I do tend to fall back on easy devices to help me out of rough spots. See what Steve Miller says about it below.))

Steve Miller: I was struck by the high quality of your crossword puzzle this time, my only qualm being with the number of times you used the initials to help you over a bad spot. I was surprised by the depth (obscurity?) of some of your clues, particularly the OUR MAN IN SPACE one (by Bruce W. Ronald)....

((I have been reading SF since the early 60's and I have an excellent memory of the books that were/have been put out since then, and I as many different things as I possibly can. It seems to get easier as I do more -- well not actually. I'm getting more selective with the words I use and hopefully more creative with the clues. Let me know how you like the latest one.))

S. F. ON RECORD:

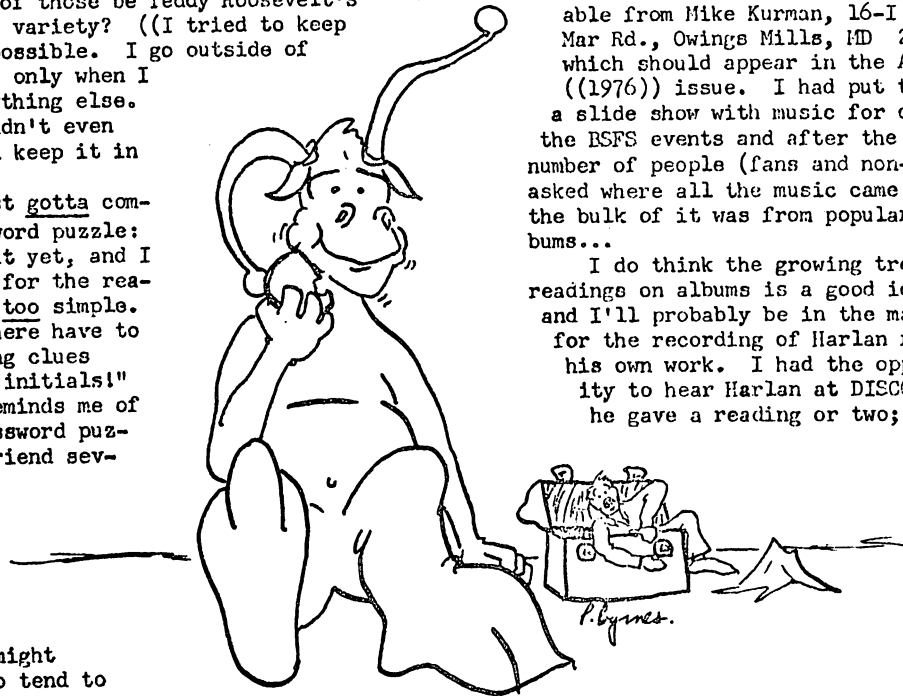
Ben Indick: That Bradbury record sounds interesting, and is new to me. The "Lovecraft" group, after all, scarcely even tried to do HPL, whereas Jacobs seems to want to capture the great Ray Bradbury. Thanks for the tip.

Dave Wixon: I have not thus far gotten into such things as the subject of your "SF on Record" column, but one comment comes to mind regarding "The Homecoming", which you say is the story of a normal boy in a ghoulish family.... But wasn't that the title for the pilot of the Waltons series? Hmmm. Puts a whole new complexion on John-Boy... ((Yep. Same title, but different author.))

Steve Miller: "SF on Record" was interesting. I have a bit of an antipathy to someone as anti-technological and machine-paranoid as Bradbury, or at least to Bradbury's fiction, which means I would probably not be in the market for such a record...however I am interested in SF as it appears on contemporary records ((so am I, which is why I instituted the column)), and I did

an article on that for BSFAN (available from Mike Kurman, 16-I Rich Mar Rd., Owings Mills, MD 21117) which should appear in the August ((1976)) issue. I had put together a slide show with music for one of the BSFS events and after the show a number of people (fans and non-fans) asked where all the music came from. the bulk of it was from popular albums....

I do think the growing trend to readings on albums is a good idea, and I'll probably be in the market for the recording of Harlan reading his own work. I had the opportunity to hear Harlan at DISCON when he gave a reading or two; I also



had the opportunity to hear him in Seattle in 1973 when he was giving a lecture/reading that lasted more than four hours! His show business background stands him in good stead at times: Harlan reads quite impressively, both his own work and the work of others. ((I heard Harlan when he spoke at Ohio State University in 1973, and was very impressed by his abilities. I am also beginning to collect albums of readings. My poor pocketbook...))

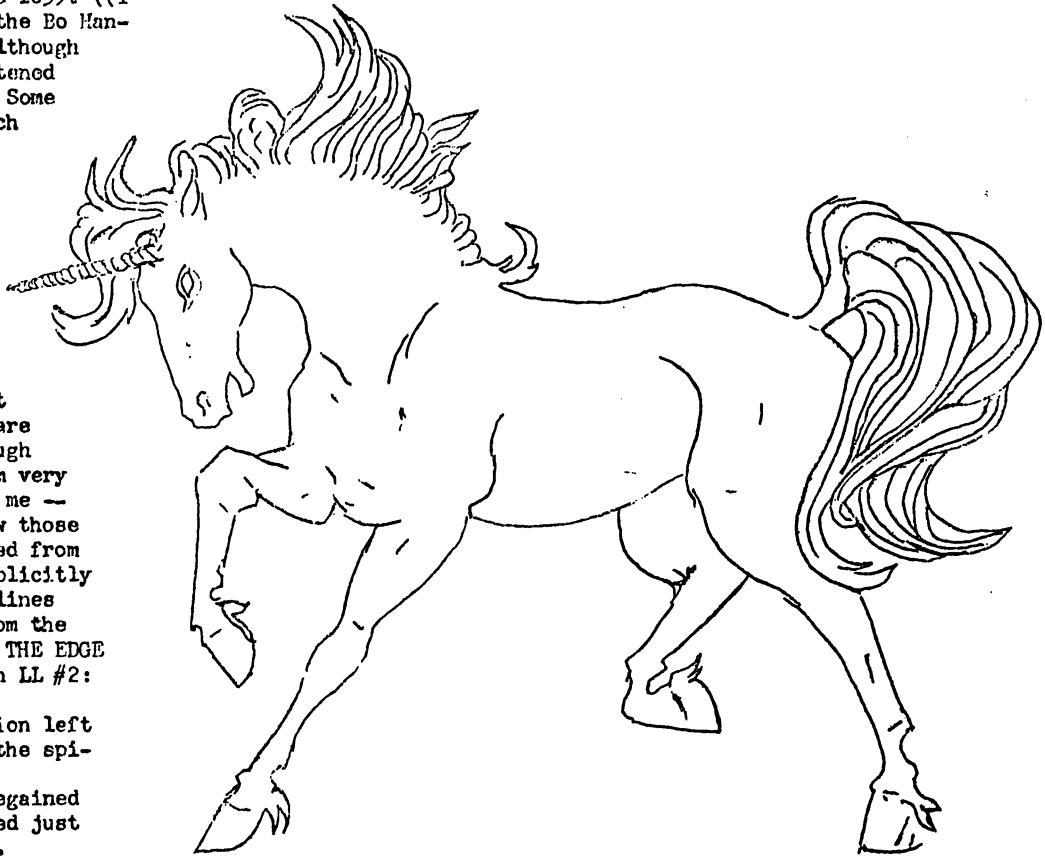
Steve Bridge: Fantasy on record to consider if you haven't yet: 1) Tolkien reading his own works on three records from Caedmon, which you likely already know about ((yes I do)); 2) Bo Hansson's LORD OF THE RINGS musical interpretation. Fairly interesting, if a bit esoteric. Buddah Rec-

ords, 1972, CAS 1059. ((I have heard of the Bo Hansson record, although I have not listened to it myself. Some day I'll be rich enough to afford all the things I would like to get.))

Jodie Offutt:

I'm a big Moodies fan. We have all their records. I don't particularly care for YES, although Andy likes them very much. Forgive me -- I don't see how those two lines quoted from YES pertain explicitly to SF. ((The lines were quoted from the album CLOSE TO THE EDGE by Ian Maule in LL #2:

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



The reference is to one of the classics in SF, the Foundation Trilogy by Doctor Asimov. As for the Moody Blues, I am terribly fond of their music. I've heard a rumor that the members of the original group will be getting together to make another album in the future. But it's only a rumor.))

BOOKS AND BOOK REVIEWS:

Jodie Offutt: Well, I'm not so sure that Cy Chauvin's words about your not being critical enough in reviews should be taken too seriously. It's refreshing to read plain old enthusiasm for a book. Too many reviewers take themselves too seriously and think they've not done a successful review unless they've criticized the writer and his work. It isn't always necessary. I think some reviewers get juice from finding fault with books and stories; it somehow builds them up in their minds to put down the writers. Personally, I wouldn't bother reviewing a book I didn't like. Why waste time on it and give it any more publicity?

C D Doyle: I agree with Cy; negative reviews of a real doggyish book are almost fun to do because of all the cute insults you can throw at the writer. ((I do agree with you, CD, that it can be lots of fun to pan a book, but I agree more with Jodie: why bother? Why waste time in a detailed account of how bad a book is when you could put the time to better use in pushing a good one? For variety I don't mind writing a scathing review, but usually I try to

point out the good books, tell why I think they are good, and maybe mention the ones to avoid.))

I have a fondness for Simak and wanted to purchase OUT OF THEIR MINDS at MIDWESTCON, but the table it was located on didn't seem to have an owner. His WEREWOLF PRINCIPLE was good, except for the ending; DESTINY DOLL had the makings of a good story, but the ending kinda smashed it too. I didn't care for CEMETARY WORLD. A friend of mine bought CITY for me at MIDWESTCON, and someday... I'm going to read WAY STATION. ((For a good space opera, try COSMIC ENGINEERS. I liked it so much the first time I read it that I re-read it immediately.))

Mark Blackman: Your synopsis of Simak's ENCHANTED PILGRIMAGE differs somewhat from the book of the same name. Oliver is the rafter goblin, not a dwarf and not Snively; Snively is a gnome. The misidentification of Snively as a rafter goblin is right off the inside book jacket blurb. George, you didn't! ((No, I didn't. I read the book, but I took no notes on it as I read it. In writing up the review I relied on the dust jacket for help in refreshing my memory -- only to get trapped by an eagle-eyed fan. Thanks for the correct information.)) You're right; the book was enchanting and screams for a sequel. Like THE HOBBIT, it seems like the introduction to a world, a bare scraping of the surface with so much more lore to draw from. What of Mary's world? for example. Incidentally, speaking of THE HOBBIT, it is almost unsettling at first to see Simak redefining the creatures: e.g., here gnomes not dwarves are the miners and (horrors!)

a goblin (orc to Tolkien) is a good guy!

Your review in LL #1 of THIS ISLAND EARTH brought back memories. I never read the book. My memories in this case are of the time five years ago when the Brooklyn College Science Fiction and Fantasy Society (BCSFFS, pronounced "Bixiffis") showed the flick (one of the earliest full color SF Movies) and the three of us in the projection booth took turns joining the girlfriend of one of the guys to double our audience. Yes, she was our whole audience. And she left early. The book sounds quite different from the movie. ((The first half of the book and the film are quite close. It's in the second half that both differ.))

Barbara Geraud: Enjoyed the book reviews -- none of the books have been bought yet, except the LeGuin one ((A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA)), since I wanted to have the trilogy, but I think there are a couple there I'm definitely interested in, especially the Lem CYBERIAD. ((Hope you've had a chance to get some of those books by now.))

Amy Hartman: Have you seen Judy-Lynn delRey's STELLAR anthologies? ((Yes)) They are my favorite of the anthologies put out in the last five years, I think. I love the Hildebrandt cover on #2.

I think I'm being gaslighted. I read SLAN some years ago from the library and remember a paragraph where a jealous human attempted to pull out a slan's tendrils. I re-read the book recently in paperback form, and that paragraph was missing. I went to the library to check it and the hardcover was no longer there. ((I vaguely recall something similar --- possibly it was a report on the atrocities committed against the slans when they were being persecuted; or when Jommy was on Mars, the authorities did suspend him by his hair to see if he were human or tendrillless slan rather than true-slans.)) But if you compare "The Weapon Shop" with THE WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER you'll see that VanVogt has no qualms about having two versions of the same story running around, thereby driving people buggy. ((VanVogt's method of writing -- changing the scene every 800 to 1000 words --- makes it very easy for him to interweave several stories by lacing them with central characters. He took a couple of his short stories and inter-wove them with additional material to complete the novel form of "The Weapon Shop" known as THE WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER. In THE VOYAGE OF THE SPACE BEAGLE, VanVogt used some of his first short stories, introducing Grosvenor and the Nexialist philosophy as the unifying element (as well as the exploration ship Space Beagle). THE BEAST, THE WIZARD OF LINN, and THE SILKIE are other examples of this same thing.))

Jeff May: I guess Ben Indick hasn't bought any new paperbacks lately. \$60 worth could be as few as 25 or 30, depending on which company you bought them from. Clavell's SHOGUN from Dell, the leader (?) in overpriced paperbacks, costs \$2.75. It's the thickest book I've ever seen, but Dell has had high prices long before anybody else was dreaming of charging \$1.75 or \$1.95. ((The way prices of paperbacks have been climbing, I'm glad I belong to the SF Book Club. Their hardback prices for some books are

the same, if not better, than the paperback prices.))

THE ORIGINS OF LITTLE FUZZY ARTICLE:

David Cohen: I now own a copy of LITTLE FUZZY and FUZZY SAPIENS, thanks to Mark Leeper.

Bill Cavin: The H. Beam Piper article was interesting though somewhat perturbing. I have always liked Piper's stories and it bothers me when someone I like doesn't quite come up to my expectations.

Renée Sieber: Mark Leeper's article was illuminating. I always was a fan of H. Beam Piper; He had created an alien that was small and cuddly, yet intelligent and humanoid so that I could identify with it. Now that I know that it is quite probably a plagiarism, I will have to read Vercors' book and re-evaluate my opinion.

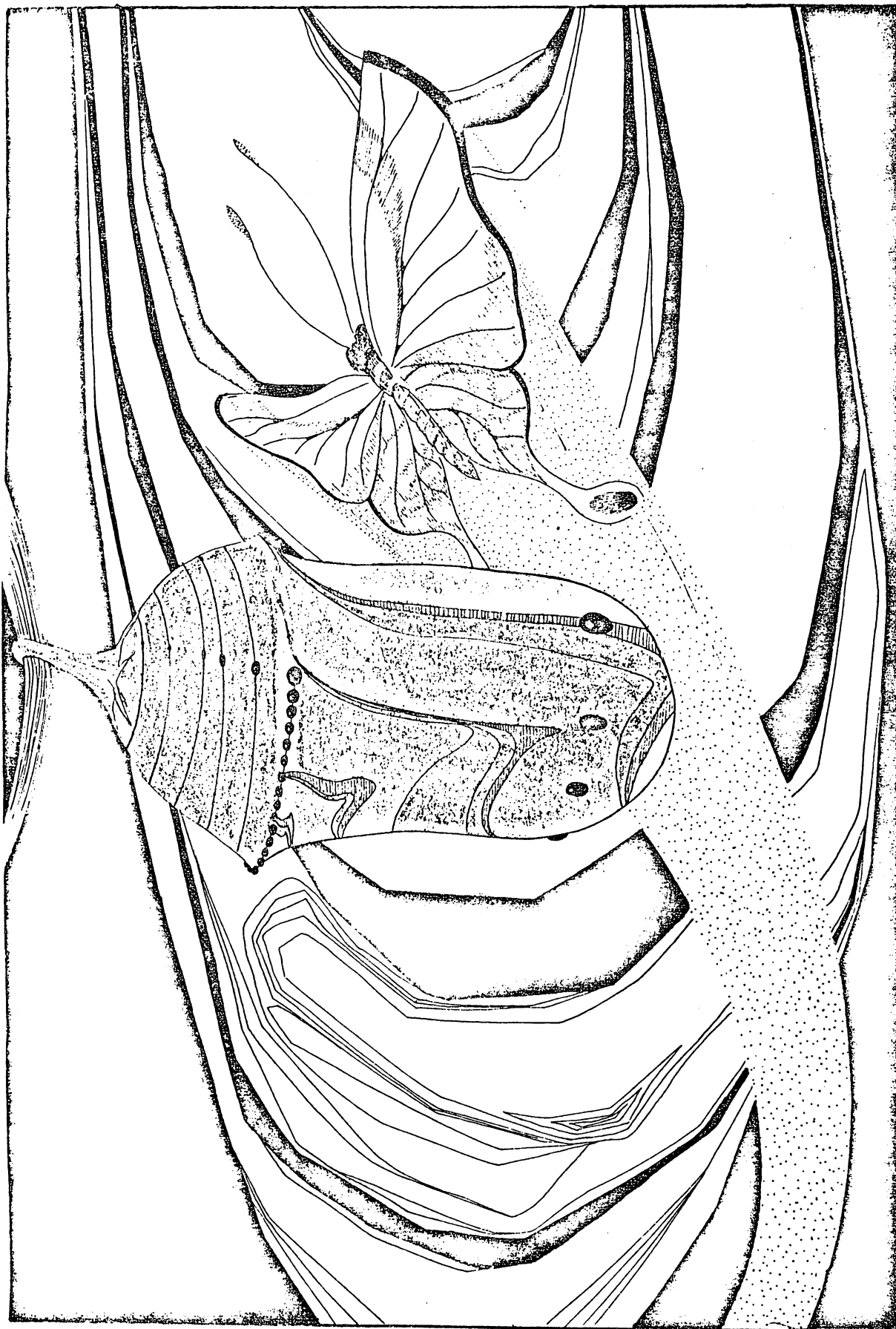
Brian Earl Brown: Mark has found too many parallels for his thesis to be easily overlooked. It would be something if Piper were charged with plagiarism? I found LITTLE FUZZY too Shirley Temple simple to be good.

Dave Wixon: LITTLE FUZZY does indeed seem to be a classic, sort of, and is held in reverence by many of my fannish friends. I dunno. It's a pleasant, entertaining story, but no big deal to me. As to the question of "paraphrasing..." I suppose we cannot point any fingers at Piper, for he did no more than many have done before. Probably there aren't that many truly original stories left to do (notice I did not say "none") and so it's more important to see if an author does a good job.

It's a very different thing, this usage of the same plot, from usage of the same wording or phraseology-- that is plagiarism, and may be illegal. Garth Danielson, in BOOWATT, has just reported finding two examples of rather explicit plagiarism in a recently-issued SF/Fantasy book....

Harry Warner: Mark Leeper's revelations about the apparent source for LITTLE FUZZY were a surprise, but I don't think that plagiarism should be thought of in this situation. One thing in Piper's favor is the fact that Vercors is a widely read author and the way the Book of the Month Club distributed YOU SHALL KNOW THEM guaranteed it a good many readers. If Piper were still alive, he could argue that it was unnecessary for him to acknowledge his source because it would be obvious to the well-read person. If the similarity existed with an obscure book which had sold poorly long ago and had been forgotten by everyone else, then there would be cause for suspecting a deliberate case of literary deceit.

Steve Miller: I do think that Mark should be careful about blanket statements such as "... STARBRAT falls into a far future situation that is blatantly stolen from the film MAGNIFICENT SEVEN". Two problems here: one of which is trying to find a single source for any booklength work (unless it is a total steal on a concept as LITTLE FUZZY may have been), and the second of which is trying to ascribe and appoint any movie as a source for a book unless the book is a treatment of the script. Movies themselves are highly derivative, especially making use of myths, national stereotypes, etc, and to say



that Morressy was stealing from the film may simply indicate that you haven't read the right books yet. When I read STAREBRAT it already seemed familiar to me--and I hadn't seen the movie in question! There are several older books with similar conceits... this is a caution though, not a complaint. I'd like to see more from Mark. ((Indeed, I do too. He has a critical mind and some good insight into several things. I hope you enjoy his article this issue.))

Lynne Holdom: There was a third Fuzzy novel that never saw print. ((Do you know anything else about it? Is it a rumor, or does the manuscript actually exist? Will it ever see print at all?))

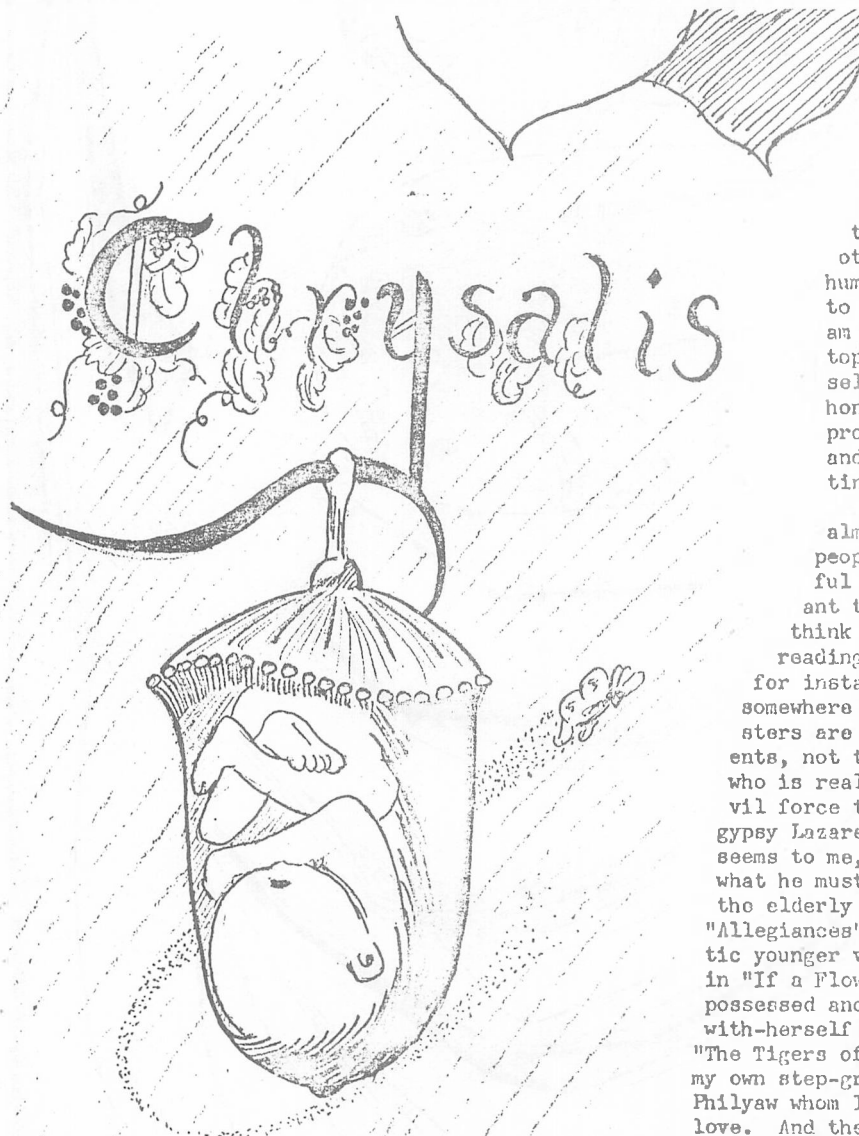
ON MICHAEL BISHOP'S STORIES:

Lynne Holdom: Not having read the article on his shorts, there isn't much I can say. (I've

only read two short stories of his that I can recall: "The White Otters of Childhood" and "Death and Designation among the Assadi", plus A FUNERAL FOR THE EYES OF FIRE) I haven't read AND STRANGE AT ECBATAN THE TREES either. ((I still haven't gotten around to reading either of Mike's novels, nor his latest short fiction or the other short stories I didn't include in my article. Oh time, wherest thou go?)) I did think that the Perfects were an evolved form of humanity as does Don D'Amassa and so I am on his side in that feud. ((They are, as Mike says at the end of his letter below.)) I did hear (but I can't remember where) that Otters was a sequel to A CANTICLE FOR LIEBOWITZ or was set in a sequel world. This I don't see at all. ((Mike opens the story with a quote from Miller's CANTICLE which does relate to the story, but certainly does not imply a sequel.)) Bishop's fascination with anthropology certainly shows through.

Michael Bishop: In response to Jackie Franke's feelings that I may be trying to purge my fear of old age by writing about it, let me say simply that she may well be on target. But let me quickly add that I sincerely believe my fear of old age (which in reality is, for all of us, a fear of death) is no more acute than hers, or yours, or any other reasonably well-adjusted human being's. What I'm trying to say is that I don't think I am peculiarly obsessive on the topic. (Am I? Look into yourself on this one and evaluate honestly your own secret approach, if any, to growing old and confronting personal extinction.)

Then there is this: "He almost always depicts elderly people as ugly or sick, or hateful and mean, or other unpleasant things." Jackie, I don't think the stories support this reading. In "Darktree, Darktide," for instance--as Don D'Amassa has somewhere pointed out--the real monsters are young Jon Dahlquist's parents, not the archetypal crone Chloe, who is really, after all, more of an evil force than a human being. The aged gypsy Lazarescu in "Spacemen and Gypsies" seems to me, still, a noble figure, doing what he must to survive; and certainly the elderly Fiona Bitler in the novella "Allegiances", as opposed to the sympathetic younger version of this same character in "If a Flower Could Eclipse," is a self-possessed and almost alarmingly at-peace-with-herself woman. Trapper Catlaw in "The Tigers of Hysteria" is patterned after my own step-grandfather, a man named Cody Philyaw whom I deeply albeit bemusedly love. And the two archetypal oldsters in "Blooded on Arachne," the hag-sage and the Widows' Dreadwife, are hardly maleficent sorts, despite their oddities of appearance



and speech. So where does your characterization of my old people as "ugly, or sick, or hateful and mean" come from?

I have a feeling it derives from two stories, "The Windows in Dante's Hell," wherein Elmira Longhope's obsession with the stars is detailed critically after her death, as her corpse sits at the center of the picture, and "The Samurai and the Willows", wherein Simon Hadaka Fowler speaks to Georgia Cawthorn a long monologue outlining his own inability to come to grips with the institutionalization and death of his aged mother. Although I intended in the first case to point out the results of a petty compulsion, taken to the extreme of an entire lifetime, other readers have noted that in the insular context of Almira Longhope's society she becomes almost a heroic figure, an individual with strength enough to look outside herself even when everyone else is turning inward. OK. This wasn't my principle intention in writing the story, but the reading has legitimacy and I submit that it gives as good a description of my subconscious feelings toward the elderly as does the other, more critical one.

In "The Samurai and the Willows," it is not Fowler's mother who is ugly and mean, even though he gives a vivid account of her bed sores and the pouches under her eyes--but Fowler himself, who has difficulty accepting the fact that aging is a part of the human experience. Too, he has guilt feelings about the way he has treated his mother. My sympathy in this novella lies as strongly with Kazuko as it does with the wrong-headed Fowler and the strong-willed Georgia Cawthorn. And if you see Kazuko as either ugly or mean, you've adopted Fowler's viewpoint, not my own.

This dequisition gets out of hand. Let me conclude by saying that my obsession with time gets further play in the story "Dogs' Lives," which will appear in THE LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS if Ellison ever decides to release the book, and my concerns for the problems of the old and the discarded is conspicuously apparent in the novella "Old Folks at Home," which Terry Carr has purchased for UNIVERSE 8. The protagonist in this story is the grandmother of Clio Noble of "Allegiances," and all the other principal characters -- a total of six -- are people beyond the age of sixty-five. Each one is presented as an individual rather than as a type, and it's my belief that "Old Folks at Home" is the best single story I have ever written. I will be quite interested to see what others think of it.

Is this more than you bargained for, George? If it is, I apologize. Just remember, though, you were the one who solicited the response. Nevertheless, congratulations on another interesting issue of LAN'S LANTERN, which looks to be becoming quite a healthy-sized project for you. Forgive me for not commenting further. Talking about one's own work is as time-consuming and exhausting as it is gratifying.

P.S. As Don says in his response to your article, the Perfects in "White Otters of Childhood" are "not aliens, but an evolved form of humanity." They are described early (on page 6 of the July '73 issue of F&SF) as "transcen-

ental human beings", and the name itself is meant to suggest their prefectural authority and perfection as evolutionarily advanced brothers and sisters of humanity.

((I am delighted by the extent of your comments, and I'm sure that the readers, as well as myself, are interested in the background of some of your stories. Thank you very much.

((Indeed this is becoming a very large project and I hope that I can keep up with it.))

MOVIE REVIEWS, LOGAN'S RUN:

Malcolm Cleveland: The movie reviews were quite enjoyable because they show (through tones of cynicism) what the poor movie critic must go through to help keep fen from experiencing bad examples of fandom.

David Cohen: The Bug Movie review was short enough to be interesting, and informative to save me \$3.50 when BUG played near me.

Harry Warner: It looks as if I won't see a real live movie this year, so I must rely on things like Greg Frederick's roundup of Bug Films to keep me informed about what's happening on the silver screen. (Normally I go to the movies on trick or treat night here, to preserve my sanity. But nothing was shown in this area that night which I could imagine myself attending, so I fled instead to the only other sanctuary, the one shopping center around Hagerstown which forbids all forms of solicitation, from the most exciting type to the Hallowe'en variety. After wandering around for two hours, I'm probably labeled by the security people as a definite shoplifting suspect who was casing the joints thoroughly.) After what has been happening in Cincinnati, I imagine that someone in Hollywood will rush into production with a film about giant lice who can no longer find enough nourishment on heads and begin to run wild over the mountains.

Kathi Schaefer: Movie Reviews probably ought not to be quite so succinct. An analysis of WHY the film was worthwhile or WHY NOT is more valuable than saying that a film "stinks". A few relatively objective as well as subjective comments on the film can tell fen why they ought to spend or save their money. Your review of LOGAN'S RUN is specific in its analysis of good and bad points about the film. I have heard tell that LOGAN'S RUN was made worse by the fact that Michael York was contemptuous of the whole idea and only took the part because famous actors must eat too. ((I had heard things along the same lines.))

Renee Sieber: I ran across a quote in an article awhile back (of which origin I have forgotten) that succinctly describes the difference between 2001 and LOGAN'S RUN. Roughly paraphrased it is: The problem with today's SF movies is that they are written in the present rather than the movies' future. LR is fine as far as a "sci-fi" movie for mundanes is concerned, but for those of us who know something about that stuff, LR fails. On the other hand, 2001 succeeds because it carries across the mood of the period, paying attention to those details a writer, director, etc. would miss if he was thinking in this age's frame-work. Someday people who actually know something about SF will be allowed near the movie cameras (dream on...).

((Renée, I am hoping that STAR WARS will be that movie, the good break that today's SF movies need. At Alan Dean Foster's slide show and commentary of the film at MARCON it sure seemed as though it is going to be the 2001 of the seventies. Let's hope so.))

Tony Cvetko: I was extremely disappointed with LOGAN'S RUN.

Aside from Ustinov's performance and a few individual scenes, it was a little more than an \$8,000,000 "B" movie pretending to be class status. Although I hear it's making money, and that's all MGM cares about.

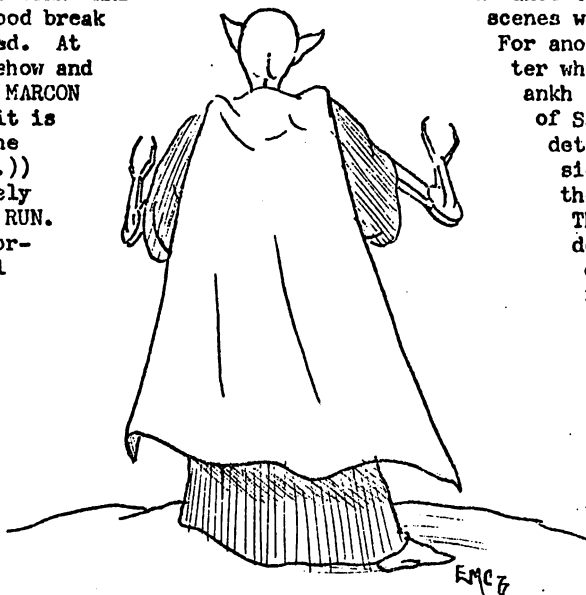
Karen Pearlston: My capsule review of LOGAN'S RUN: the costumes stink, the plot is shallow, the acting is bad, the soundtrack is

too loud, but the sets are terrific, and so is Peter Ustinov and the cats. How come Jenny Agutter's eye makeup stayed perfect throughout all that? Movie magic, I guess. However, with all its faults it's still an enjoyable movie, certainly an improvement on THE THING WITH TWO HEADS, DESTROY ALL PLANETS or MARS NEEDS WOMEN, just a few of the movies available on TV lately.

Steve Bridge: I very much agree with your review of LOGAN'S RUN. In spite of some plot flaws, it is probably in the upper 10% of SF films. Actually the film is worth seeing for Ustinov alone. Incidentally, LOCUS recently reported that the holograms didn't work properly, so they finally gave up and did the effect by conventional means.

I hope you get a chance to see THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH starring David Bowie. It is based on a novel by Walter Tevis and concerns an extra-terrestrial visitor who gets stranded on Earth. Some of the special effects are overdone, but the overall effect is pretty good. David Bowie is good in a very wierd role, but then there are rumors that Bowie really is from another planet. I would believe it. ((I've heard mention that THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH was a very sensuous movie, very erotic without being obscene or pornographic, but I haven't seen it myself.))

Jeff May: I don't agree with you on parts of your review of LOGAN'S RUN. It is a stone bummer turkey of a film, especially considered as science fiction. Your plaint that we don't find out the city sits on the coast until the last minute is only one example. It is a requisite in fiction that major bits of information be introduced beforehand; if Logan and Jessica are to re-enter the city via the intakes for water it should be made clearer that the city draws its water from the sea. Too much of the plot is simply haphazard events and scenes thrown in to look pretty and take up time. The robot sculptor is just thrown in to take up space. Nothing seems to be there to



advance the plot, not even the scenes which advance the plot.

For another gripe, if the computer which runs the city has the ankh symbol indexed as a sign of Sanctuary, why doesn't it detect the ankh worn by Jessica when she goes through the matter transmitter?

There must be surveillance devices allowing the city computer to keep an eye on its subjects. Then there was the matter of that swim into the city. If even one of those screens had been bolted into place Logan and Jessica would have been up shit creek. It certainly looked as if the inward suction was too strong to swim against. How did they hold their breaths as long as

they did and still swim? Then there were the unanswered questions... I wonder how many of those kids survived the first winter? Hell, if it took Logan and Jessica so much trouble to get in and out, how come all those people had no trouble? And my biggest peeve of all: Logan and Jessica have been caught, and obviously they aren't long for this world. First, though, the computer wants to ask Logan one little question. The answer isn't acceptable, so what happens? The computer blows up! George, if *deus ex machina* is Latin for "god from the machine", what's the Latin for "bullshit from the machine"? When you find out, let me know. I'd like to review LOGAN'S RUN myself, and I'll need the term. ((It's coming around to a year since LR has been released, so I doubt if you'd still want to write a review of it, but you could still use the expression to describe other films and books: *tauristercus ex machina*))

Fair is fair, though, and I should give credit where credit is due. The movie is a turkey, but there were all these good bits. The sets were mostly good, and a lot of the special effects. You didn't like Jenny Agutter's acting, but I thought it was good, and I especially liked the scene where they met the old man: her reactions were clear without speaking a word. Similarly, the single scene where the city people find the old man was good, taken by itself. But despite the tidbits I thought my \$3.00 was wasted.

Harry Warner: LOGAN'S RUN seems to be inspiring more and longer reviews than any movie since A BOY AND HIS DOG. One curious matter is the contradictory opinions that they reveal on the Ustinov performance. Some fans love it, others think it was the weak point in the film.

((In some of the apae to which I contribute there was the same divided opinion you mention, but as you see from the letters I've received, the people liked the Ustinov performance whereas other differences were mentioned. I wrote that review the day after I saw it, without letting the whole impact of the film settle in. Now I'd say it's not as good as I thought at first.))

Malcolm Cleveland: Oh what's a fanzine without a con report? More often than not, almost worthless! I say congratulations for I know what you have to go through to get one of your LANTERNS out, and it causes me to ask questions knowing all that you do in fandom and otherwise. The question?..... Do you ever sleep? ((I try that every once in awhile. I don't want it to become habit forming.))

David Cohen: I haven't been to any cons yet, but your conreps are helping to prepare me for my first cons, which should be ANONYCON and PgHLANGE. Either of them to be glorified in IL (will you be there)? ((I hit PgHLANGE, but missed the other.)) I was chagrined to find I may not be working for Worldcon, and that I still won't have the money. Shucks all get-out. ((I missed MAC for financial reasons myself; I am looking for a parttime summer job so that I can go to DEEPSOUTHCON and SUNCON this August.))

Cathy McGuire: I loved the con reports, but I am very jealous that you got to meet so many pros. How did you do it? I never meet pros. (Well, I shouldn't say that. I met Dr. Asimov, Lin Carter and a couple others briefly as the one con I went to.) I hope you go to more cons and report on them. ((If you happen to know which pros are going to be at a convention, take some of their books along for autographs. It may help if you have actually read some of the books, and comment on them to the authors. I haven't met a writer yet who didn't like talking about his own work.))

Andrew Sigel: Your conreps are the best I've yet read in my limited exposure to fanzine fandom. Every time I read one, I'm convinced I've missed another fabulous con (The DECENNIAL is the only one I haven't minded missing). I almost went to AUTOCLAVE, didn't, and have been regretting it for quite awhile. And this zine didn't help matters. For a self-proclaimed neo, you sure know a lot of fen. ((I myself am very surprised at how many new friends I've

made since joining the ranks of fandom. I hope that I will be able to keep track of all of them.))

Mark Blackman: Keep up the conreports. I'm notorious in NY Fandom for never going to cons. (This creates a problem for them as they must classify me as something. After 3 years they can't call me a neo, and with four apas and numerous fanzine locs to my credit or disgrace, I'm not exactly a fringe-fan.) This situation should change after I start working. Realsoon, now, I hope. Meanwhile I keep up on cons vicariously. ((If you can, try to make it to AUTOCLAVE this year. After last year, it promises to be an even greater success.))

Jodie Offutt: Your con reports are marvelous. Pay no attention to Mike Harper. Con reports should be long, detailed, and filled with names. About the only thing I object to in conreps are mile-by-mile description of trips and mouthful-by-mouthful descriptions of meals. Oh, I suppose accuracy might be appreciated, but what the hell, don't worry about it. Just so you spell the names properly.

Gil Gaier: My favorite piece by far was the lengthy MARCON report. You wrote with an eye to the interesting detail but didn't bore. Fine one.

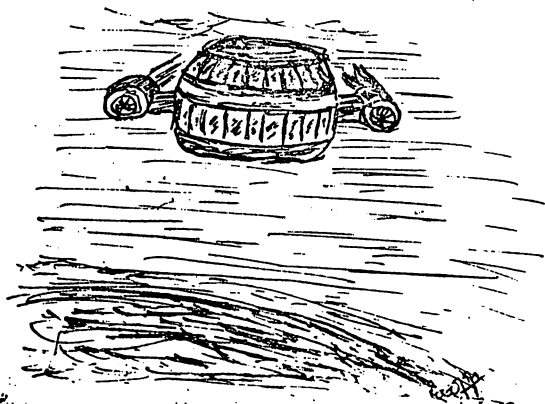
Renee Sieber: I'll add to the egoboo you've been getting about your con reports. Writing conreps are difficult: many have a tendency to sound pompous and drop names. They often end up a dry recapitulation of the events.

Yours, however, are casual recollections of the people you've met, conversations with them, and the special moments you've experienced there. They make for pleasurable reading, and I'll be looking forward ~~with/bated/breath~~ to more. ((In doing all the con reports at once for this issue, I may have tended to listing names once too often. Still, I hope that they do not bore.))

Patrick Hayden: I must confess that I haven't found LAN'S LANTERN to be the most engrossing reading around, but your style seems to be on the upswing, and if you can find some way to get around the tendency for your conreps to be somewhat repetitive and predictable (for that matter, if you can, include something other than conreps! Tell us about life as a Latin teacher ...), you'll be on the way to producing a half-decent personalzine. I do want to continue getting it, no doubt about that. The conreps are invaluable from a fanhistorical standpoint, and I can well imagine myself at some far-flung future date poring over back issues of the zine for details for a history of the '70's, or somesuch lunacy. Keep it up. ((I hop that there is enough variety in this issue for you.))

Harry Warner: Your long series of conreports made me wish that I could get the same sort of almost unalloyed bliss from con-going that you and so many others experience. And you really shouldn't worry about the occasional inaccuracies which seem to creep into your descriptions of con events. You go into more specific detail than most people do when writing about cons, so you're in greater danger of being caught in blunders. Detailed accounts of cons nowadays should prove very valuable at some future date when people are writing histories





of fandom in the 70's. Nobody can possibly attend all the cons being staged nowadays to collect material personally for such a manuscript. Only the biggest cons publish any kind of official records of what happened. My experience with writing about the 1940's and 1950's is that people who try to remember what happened at cons years later will more often remember things which didn't occur, or will attribute events to the wrong con, than they will come up with helpful real facts. That leaves your type of narrating the smaller cons as the only means of preserving for the future most things that happen there. ((I didn't realize that my little bit of writing could be that valuable. I will try to do an accurate job from now on.))

Amy Hartman: I missed MINICON and only got to AUTOCLAVE for half a day, so I was comforted by your fine con reports. It would have been nice to hear about the Wolfe seminar, but Glicksohn's speech looks just priceless!

Steve Mueller: When Glicksohn got his booze he said (roughly), "I'm only allowed to take forty ounces across the border and I've got ninety-eight. Will someone help drink the remaining eight?" ((I do happen to recall that line, now that you mention it. Thanks for the help in accuracy.))

I agree completely that AUTOCLAVE was an excellent con. The hucksters room could have been bigger and the art auction didn't have to be scheduled during the Wolfe writing seminar, but the con was really good. ((According to what I've heard from the AUTOCLAVE concomm, the hucksters room will be larger this year, as will be the art show room. I'm not sure, but I think that there will be more alternate programming to accommodate the non-fanzine oriented fan.))

Cy Chauvin: Con reports are hard to comment on, unless you can remember a funny incident at the con which is worth retelling. Well there are a couple I can think of for AUTOCLAVE: I had the keys for a room adjacent to the con suite, where Gary and Denise Mattingly were staying. The mimeograph had been put in there for safekeeping, but the Fanzine Seminar needed it immediately. So I ran up to the room, put my key in the door, and a voice said, "Who's there?" It was Gary; I blushed when I realized what I was disturbing. But Gary opened the door anyway (the con must go on and all), and half-dressed, helped me move the mimeo next door. He flashed me a funny grin when I returned the

keys to Denise later.

The other incident I recall also involved the Mattingly's, only just Denise this time. You see, Gary bought Mike Glicksohn some Johnny Walker as a gift for being toastmaster--only when he gave it to Denise for safekeeping (?), she thought it was meant as a gift for her! So he had to rush out and buy another bottle. (I just realized that you were at the table with us when it happened--oh well, your readers should find it amusing.) It would be impossible to write a formal con report about AUTOCLAVE--I don't think you could capture the flavor in words. Your fragmented survey is understandable.

Kathi Schaefer: Your con reports were entertaining. I am beginning to piece together the events of AUTOCLAVE, both when I was there and when I wasn't, and I do wish I could have been there for the whole thing. I also wish I had been sober while I was there. Having had as little sleep as I had had (oh, those had's and had had's) for the previous two weeks, it was sheer folly to drink that last Scotch, and the one before it, and the one before it. I am vastly surprised that I didn't drown Patrick Hayden or Greg Brown or Steve Gregory or anyone else I tried to dunk when we went swimming...or myself, for that matter. ((I was lifeguarding; I wouldn't let you drown anyone, let alone yourself, although you did look funny dunking yourself....)) I, too, was amused at Mike Glicksohn; I was nearly convinced he was going to keep his camera on when he got into the pool. Skinny dipping is not as much fun in a civilized chlorinated pool as it is in a dark, murky swimming hole in the middle of nowhere, however. ((I don't mind the old swimmin' hole, 'cept for the leeches, which could be a might painful on certain areas of the body.))

Dennis Jarog: All that you mentioned about the AUTOCLAVE speeches is true. Wolfe's was a marvel of pretentious absurdity but I thought he planned it that way. ((Actually he did, but his story about miscollating a Board of Directors speech, a High School guest lecture and the AUTOCLAVE G&H speech was a good enough reason, and funnier, than merely to say that he planned it that way.))

Tony Cvetko: Interesting issue, especially the reprinting of Glicksohn's speech, interspersed with your comments. It brought back some more very pleasant memories of AUTOCLAVE.

Paula Gold: Many thanks for printing Mike Glicksohn's AUTOCLAVE speech. The rest of the Cincinnati Kids managed to make it to AUTOCLAVE, leaving me to fight with a broken door lock on the house and a car that couldn't decide from one minute to the next whether it was going to want to go anywhere. The worst part of all was when the gang came back. All I could get out of them was, "Gee, you missed a great con." There are some really nasty people living in this city.

As to your MINICON opposed to AUTOCLAVE con reports, I'm not too sure which form I like better. The MINICON report was much like a long newsy letter -- something to be read in one sitting with no interruptions. The AUTOCLAVE report was probably easier to write, but not as much fun to read, as it seemed to lack the anecdotes and personal touch. Doing a con report by topic does tend to squelch rambling on, which is a fine idea when there's a lack of space or time

to get it done. Hmmm-- I guess I like the MINICON type better after all. ((The problem with all con reports is as Patrick Hayden stated above: they tend to sound the same after awhile with little to distinguish them. Reporting on them as a newsy letter, as you say, does allow for anecdotes and special happenings which distinguish one con from another. I hope that I can do that.))

Stephanie Oberembt: Your con report of MINICON brought back some good memories. I was surprised to find myself mentioned. Is this what happens when ~~you're friends~~ you hang around with a BNF? (Someone's got to make Glicksohn feel tall!) ((Indeed, if I see you at a con, I try to work your name into the report. It is very easy to do if you are hanging around a Big Name Fan or a Pro. Or if you sidle up to me with your sensuous body....))

Dennis Jarog: MINICON will remain fond in my memory--I spent the better part of Friday eve and Saturday morn getting to know Bob Tucker very well. In his room at the con I did more smooths than I care to tell--I think about 15 but if someone said 20 I couldn't argue. He told lots of fannish stories--I even heard some of Rosebud and met the charming lady therein involved. Someone took a pic of Bob and I with him doing the two finger routine on me--I would dearly love to have a print but at that time I didn't have room for more than one thought at a time (if that much) and I didn't ask. We must have run into each other not knowing. I sat in for part of the five-finger volleyball outside the con suite. ((Yes, we missed then, but we have met at other cons, remembering, though. I hope you can make it to AUTOCLAVE this year.))

Gene Wolfe: Odd that you should mention the Wisconsin Dells--we just spent a very pleasant weekend there, riding excursion boats and DUKWs. Nothing awe-inspiring, but a beautiful, cool river bordered with cliffs and pines. One of our guides was an Indian (Lance Little Eagle) of about twenty who was studying to be a radio and television announcer. You have no idea what a kick it is to listen to an Indian who sounds like Ted Baxter. ((Ted lost his job at WJM in Minneapolis???? Seriously, what's a DUKW?))



Brian Earl Brown: I'd like to have seen Leigh Brackett and Edmund Hamilton at MINICON, but had to choose between that and the Living Spanish Inquisition. ((I know, nobody expected it.))
Ann Weiser: My favorite part was the con reports, which made me feel like I'd really been there. I'm looking forward to reading a report of MIDWESTCON, partly because I can't imagine what you'll say. Since there was no programming, the con seemed to me like one neat person after another. And some fine music --- did you hear Fred Haskell and his Golden Guitar? Or Mike Wood singing "The Queen's Gambit Decline"? ((I have heard Fred several times and like his stuff. I've never heard Mike sing that song. You can read about MIDWESTCON in this issue. Unfortunately I had forgotten I met you there *shame* when I wrote up that report. However, I didn't forget you in this year's MARCON report.))

Jeff May: I was struck by your responses--you spent your whole time at cons or with Carol Lynn being embarrassed or honored, mostly the former. Don't you have any other reactions? ((Uh, well, yeah...but I must consider the age of my readers; I wouldn't want them to get coronaries over some spicy stuff I could put in....))

Ben Indick: I was enjoying your accounts of being with the lovely Carol -- best fannish writing since Jackie Hilles clammed up! But your gentlemanly reticence dampened my fun. Uh, Lan, friend, tell the old Redhead about this bad, old possessiveness. Hell, a nice night, a nice girl, it calls for a little energy. Darn, being discreet when you should have given her the old OOT treatment. ((Don't get a coronary, Ben; I don't want to be the cause of losing a member of First-and-a-Half Fandom! Hope you can make it to AUTOCLAVE this year.))

Bill Cavin: LAN'S LANTERN seems to be part genzine, part personalzine, if my understanding of those two terms are correct. ((They are.)) No doubt some personalzines are totally and unreservedly personal. I think I've heard mention of a few, but I've never read one. ((Jackie Hilles used to put one out, very personal, but she stopped publishing it because, I believe, she got some bad reactions from a few fen. A pity, since it was the best I had seen.)) Revealing oneself so totally is something I am not prepared to do. Even reading something like "Ramblings" makes me a little--uneasy? nervous? self-conscious, because when someone trusts me I feel a responsibility to be worthy of that trust and some sense of obligation to return that trust. It's a two-way street, this mutual obligation/responsibility, that is engendered by feelings of trust, friendship, or love. And it's a street I've rarely walked, and not for any distance. Maybe "Ramblings" was not that personal, but it's farther than I have usually gone. I appreciate your openness and I think that zines like yours and Jackie Franke's will be good for me, may open up a new world for me of self expression and self realization, that I am a human being in a world of fellow-beings. Most of them are worth getting to know better. And I'm one of them. ((Bill, you've expressed some ideas I've been trying to say, much better than, I think, I ever could. I'm sure that most fen feel the same way. I share the things I do

because I want people to know me better. But as you said, we are all worth getting to know a lot better. Thanks for writing.))

Harry Warner: You were particularly fortunate to meet Don Wandrei in his own home. Not many fans have done that. Fortunately, there seems to be a trend just now toward a renewed interest in him as an author and as a personality. It's good that it has begun to happen during his lifetime, when he can enjoy the egoboo. ((Of all my fannish memories thus far, that one remains the most treasured.))

Your explanation on about how you're breaking out of your tendency to shyness through your participation in fandom makes me envious. This is something that fandom has never done for me. I can't think of any way in which I've really changed as a result of participating in fandom. Some tendencies which it has brought out may have been virtually latent before I got into fandom: I certainly wouldn't have taught myself to type properly, for instance, if I hadn't started to write lots of letters and cut many stencils and found my old hunt-and-peck system too slow for these purposes. ((My typing speed has improved tremendously, as has my accuracy (believe it or not). I am not a touch typist, but I use more than one finger at a time.))

Cy Chauvin: This issue was more personal than the last, though obviously not as personal as some fanzines. I know what you mean about going to a party and feeling like an ass afterwards because of what you had done. The comment about pos-

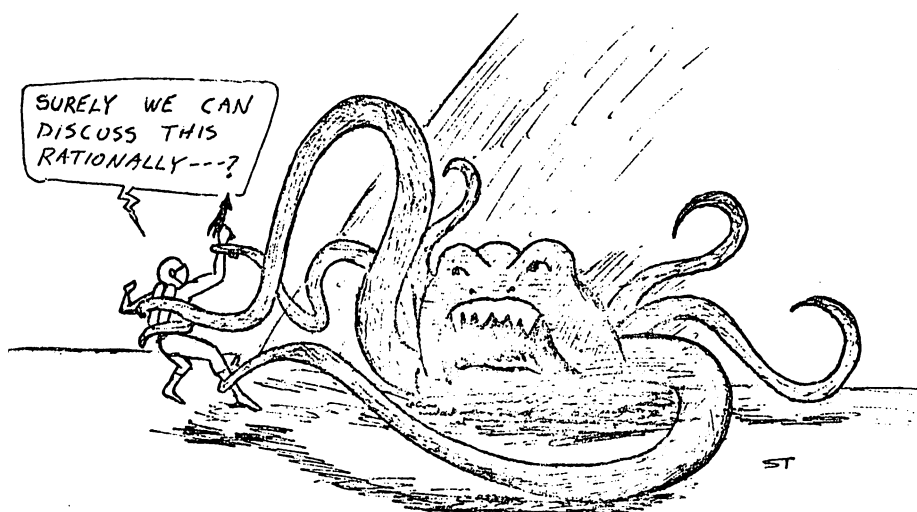
sessiveness struck home too. Really, you can't expect a person to direct all their attention toward you, or to like or even love only you; friendship and love should be non-exclusive. It really can be a hard thing to accept -- to have confidence and trust in another person. ((I have been learning that gradually. I find that I have a tremendous rapport, a feeling of love and friendship for a large number of friends and students. This year, even though I had none of the seniors in class, I nearly cried at graduation. I am going to miss a number of students whom I had grown to love, whom I had talked to, helped outside of class and the academia. Yes, friendship and love are pretty much non-exclusive, but there are special forms saved for special people.))

George, if you are/were an introvert/shy person (and who can tell but you, since we cannot feel your emotions inside), then you certainly should be proud for overcoming your inhibitions. You and Paul are the most unshy introverts I've ever met; it gives me hope. ((I would say that you have been less shy around people of late. I hope it continues, Cy.))

CONTROVERSIAL COMMENTS: DORSAL, CRASHING**

Lynn Holdom: If a con needs a security force, they do sound better than Pinkerton Guards. The fact that someone is needed is the sad part. ((I agree with both your statements. The guards -- extra security guards -- hired to keep outsiders away from the swimming pool on Cranbrook grounds were all turkeys. The regular security people we have here are decent ones: at least they know what's going on.))

Harry Warner: I feel much as Jackie Franke does about the Dorsal. Fans who have never suffered at the hands of people with illegal behavior do not understand the usefulness of security people as readily as those who have had something stolen or broken. This is what peeves me about the CB enthusiasts. So many of them use their equipment to interfere with the law enforcement efforts of highway police. But this disdain for enforcement of the laws suddenly disappears when the CB hobbyist goes into his auto one fine day and discovers that someone has broken into it and stolen



his CB equipment. Then he goes running for help to the very people whose efforts he'd been defying, the police. ((I think most people feel that the police should only be around when they are needed, i.e., when a wrong is being done to them, not when they are doing the wrong.))

Jeff May: One point in favor of the fans who are opposed to the Dorsal wasn't mentioned in the lettercol: not all of them are opposed to the Dorsal solely on philosophical grounds. I can think of two or three people who have told me of being hassled at cons by the Dorsal Security; needless to say, these people were not trying to make off with the art show, but over much more trivial things. Needless to say, if all these stories are true then there are indeed grounds for complaint.

Patrick Hayden: Jackie ((Franke)) misrepresents me somewhat (now that's an understatement!) on the matter of the Dorsal, mainly by juggling statements I made and attitudes I took so as to make them sound as unreasonable as possible, but I refuse to believe that a person as good as she meant any real harm, and I've already written to her about it. In the meantime, it should be noted that while I have very large doubts about the val-

idity of the organization in any case, I really can't get too steamed up about them working cons with gigantic attendances like Strekcons, Lunacons or suchlike, maily because I avoid affairs like that like the plague. Yang asked me at AUTOCLAVE for "constructive criticism." Okay. How about a Statement of Policy from the Dorsai to the effect that they won't accept contracts from cons that doesn't reasonably expect to have an attendance of at least 500? As you yourself stated, anything smaller than that doesn't really need a security force of any sort other than what the concom and gofers can do themselves. And if the Dorsai look silly to begin with, the silliness intensifies to the point of all-out absurdity when one gets to the point of having a 150-person con where the uniformed security comes close to outnumbering the attendees. ((Here you removed the word "silly" out of context of what Jackie meant: it is silly to go to all these conventions; or to spend so much money to put out a fanzine; or to wear a costume at a Woldcon; or FIAWOL. The point is that to outsiders it is silly; to those doing it it is fun.))

Tara Wayne MacDonald: I shouldn't be taking out the time to write locs, but some things are irresistible. Jackie Franke's loc for instance is irresistible. But then I'm one of those argumentative Toronto fen, right?

First of all I can't say I'm fond of being referred to as one of Patrick's cohorts. This tends to infer a leadership-following relationship which doesn't exist. If you don't believe it you should sit in on some of the arguments Trawna fen have among themselves. It makes the arguments with the rest of you look pale in comparison. However we are quite touching when we minister to each other's wounds afterwards.

Now the things I object to in Jackie's letter is the way she gets things back-wards, er, back-asswards, you know what I mean. Jackie says that "Patrick and his cohorts began slinging words and name-calling in a most unwise manner". I won't be responsible for Patrick, who is noted even in Toronto for vitriolics, but I can repeat my contribution to the great Dorsai debate with ease. I quote from two sources, my total output on the subject... before.

From the DRACO NEWSLETTER, March 76:

There are some fans who like the Dorsai, but there is an equally large section of fandom that strongly dislikes the Dorsai.

In the same issue I asked if role playing of authority figures wasn't part of the attraction being a Dorsai had on some people, but without accusing the Dorsai of this directly.

From PANTEKHNIKON 1, February 76:

The Dorsai are parasites, not mercenaries.

I also clarified some points that the editor, Bob Webber, had gotten wrong about the Dorsai in his ANONYCON report. I observed that the Dorsai work "by saturation", that is by using a large amount of man-power, and then gave the opinion that I found them offensive as authority symbols.

Does this sound like "stark, raving hysterics"?

Now let me recount the event that really soured me off about the Dorsai. This is the same event that Jackie carefully skips over when she says "harsh words were rumored to have been said by some of the Dorsai."

Patrick and I were out having a walk, and phoned Phil Paine on some irrelevant matter. Phil tells us we are being sued by the Dorsai. Sued? For what? Some things that Patrick and I had said in fanzines says Phil. The chain of mis-information went something like this. Michael Harper attending the Dorsai ~~Bobblehead~~ Thing, told Mike Glicksohn, told Victoria Wayne, told Phil Paine, told us we were being sued. Now, no matter what the real case was, as far as Patrick, Phil and I knew, there was a law-suit in the offing. The "calling people long distance" was to find out just what the hell was going on. Michael Harper, the first link in the chain was unavailable. So we called another "fan" who had been to the Thing, a couple of Detroit Fen who might know what happened (but didn't), and finally Zilch. It seems that Zilch was the only one who had the slightest idea what it was all about.

Zilch spilled a lot. It wasn't an official Dorsai decision, and we weren't being sued yet (we were relieved to hear). But Larry Prop had looked over the two passages I quoted and some of Patrick's apa writing and decided they "were eminently actionable". It was Zilch, not us, who was complaining about the RCMP watching over fandom and endangering his security rating (he was once a border guard, and someday plans to return to his calling). This is what Zilch says, Jackie; you have gotten this entirely turned around when you accuse Toronto fen with paranoid delusions. Another interesting matter that Zilch revealed was that the cause of all this furor was Bob Passavoy, who having read my words had to be restrained from immediately suing. One of our hysterical phone calls was to Bob Passavoy who says he doesn't know anything about it. And oh yes. The last thing Zilch told us was that we were safe as long as we didn't publish any of our propaganda in a newspaper or any zine with a distribution of over a thousand.

Much later we learned that in fact Zilch was practically the only one who knew anything about the pseudo-lawsuit. Interesting in the light of a reply he made to my letter in the DRACO NEWSLETTER:

"I will now give you some legal advice. (Not that you are in any danger whatsoever of any legal action from myself, the Dorsai as a whole, or Gordon R. in particular.) You'd better straighten up your act sweetheart. Untold thousands of dollars have changed hands as a result of someone quoting a rumor in print."

I was most curious about why if I was in no danger whatsoever of lawsuit (for saying some fans don't like the Dorsai - oh dear!) it was necessary to inform me of this. Outright intimidation, plain to see.

From that point on my dislike of the idea of the Dorsai, not the people, though Greg "Zilch" Hagglund is a definite exception, began to take on activist characteristics. When you've been scared out of your boots by a threat of lawsuit, why the hell not?



And there it all lies. Jackie herself said "some of the newer Dorsai apparently went on ego trips and threw more weight around than they possessed". That's exactly the trouble! I and Patrick and Phil, and other non-Toronto people predicted that was exactly what would happen by the very nature of the organization of uniformed para-military buffs. And it did. Ego-tripped on authority. Well?

((I realize that it has been almost a year since you wrote this letter, and things have quieted down considerably about the Dorsai, but you did want this printed as a clarification. I hope the readers take this into consideration.))

CD Doyle: Crashing is a way of life -- CIAWOL! and it probably won't change. If I know a person, I would not be mad if they asked to crash in my room during the con, no advanced notice. By "knowing" I just mean correspondence, conversations, meeting once or twice. I'm not so sure about crashers whose names I've just heard of in zines, or whose only kinship is also being a fan.

Barbara Geraud: I don't mind sharing a room with 8 to 12 other people (if the room is big enough), but I like to have it organized in advanced---these people who go to cons without any visible means of place to stay and then expect to be taken in and wholeheartedly welcomed, just because they're "fans", ticks me off no

end. There's no substitute for elementary courtesy.

Jeff May: On one occasion I set out for a con on the shadowy premise that "there is bound to be somebody there..." Well, there was, but I almost didn't find him and since I was the only KC person there I had no one I could impose on without feeling (very) guilty. Since then I have had a private vow that I will never go to a con without a promise of a place to stay. I may not have my own room, but if I can't go with some assurance of a place to sleep, I won't go. I cannot understand someone who would just go and trust he could find a place to sleep. It's awfully insecure.

Paula Gold: Another comment to join the other comments on your comment about crashers. (I think that came out as intended...) I really can't say anything too bad about the practice as I have done it once in the past (after having been invited a week before that convention). But I can't understand the personality that does it consistently. Also it could be very touchy for con committees when the crashers become bolder, for example, using vacant hotel rooms. This is all very sad, since someday one of us may be in desperate need of a corner to crawl off into and die for a few hours, and we may find no one willing to share their corner because they've been conned one time too many. Like you, I'm relatively new to fandom and I'd hate to see it fall apart just when I'm getting started. ((I agree with everything everyone said about crashers. I don't mind sharing my room so long as I have it organized in advanced. Friends whom I know very well are pretty much welcome without notice, although I have said no on occasion because I wanted to be alone. What originally sparked off such a comment was when I heard someone at CONFUSION 12 asking several fans in the registration area for crash space.))

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