

This be FATHER WILLIAM'S MISHAPventures #3, for Mishap 18, July, 1976.

This is being typed in an art school lobby in downtown Chicago on the morning of June 29, but normally the "editor", BILL BOWERS, can be reached at POBox 2521, North Canton, OH 44720--where he picks up his mail at least once or twice a month. This is My Publication #86.

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"I'm not fickle...I'm just faithful to a lot of people at the same time..."  
-----a friend of Larry C. Downes  
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...actually, in the wake of an enjoyable Midwestcon and the anticipation of what I'm sure will be an equally enjoyable Wilcon this upcoming weekend, I might be tempted to simply skip this mailing, and simply enjoy this week in Chicago as a break in the hectic schedule of getting OUTWORLDS out ~~fast soon/now~~. But the knowledge that one Michael Glicksohn is, in all probability at this very minute, sitting in Toronto, desperately trying to remember how to publish a fanzine --so that he can be the first to run a Barb Nagey fanzine cover-- serves as some small incentive for me to do at least a little something. (He's going to lose that particular "race" tho, if I have anything to do with it; there are no limits to the depths to which I will stoop to make Mike's life just a little simpler and a little happier. Yes.)

I've never been one to write con reports and/or trip reports; and even now the inclinations don't run that way. I view such things from much too much a subjective viewpoint to have an overview of what really went on "with me", as well as around me. I used to be, by and large, an observer; these days, for whatever the reasons, I am increasingly a participant...and in no position--had I the desire--to be a Reporter. I'll leave such things to Jackie Franke and Lan...and simply go on enjoying myself. Still, I have rather little to write about these days other than My Travels, so perhaps a few impressions are in order:

Autoclave was. From a personal standpoint it was certainly not the "evenest" convention I've attended--but the "ups" certainly more than balanced out the "downs", so I've fond memories of it. As a first con, it was excellently-run, a fantastic bunch of people attended, I actually went to some of the programming, I know of no major hassles with the hotel...and once again I had the unique thrill of sharing a room with Michael...and a rather awe-inspiring amount of Chivas. My thanks and congratulations to the Committee--Leah, Gary, Joe--and I'm looking forward to the second one, next July.

I do want to set one viscious rumor to rest, however. I was not the one responsible for the way a portion of Mike's birthday cake (strawberry shortcake; of course) ended up all over his face and beard. Barb put it there. All I did was to rub it in.

...still I must say that the highlight of the con was the experience of watching Lynn Parks down two water glass-shots of VAT 69 before participating in a ~~collating~~ collating session in Jackie's room. It certainly was a wonderful thing. Not to mention awe-inspiring.

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"Any idiot can collate" -- Lynn Parks, 1976  
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The weekend after Autoclave was (apparently) my last weekend "home" until the end of July--this is getting a bit out of hand! The following weekend I drove up to the Northwest Wilds of the Wasteland (we Institutions have to maintain a fairly high level of visibility) to attend Lynn Hickman's 50th (Amazing!) Birthday Party which was notable for a less-than-expected attendance and an over-abundance of food & drink. I'm not sure whether the highpoint was watching Wally Franke attempt to tame the Wild Turkey (and losing), being told by a slightly intoxicated non-fan that Wally & I were obviously Brothers (well, we both have beards & wear glasses...) and me trying to explain that since I had Given Up England for Wally's wife, that wasn't too likely--or two barefoot treks "around the block" in the wee hours of the morning, primarily to "escape" from aforementioned non-fan. (Photographic evidence of the hazards of such walks will be in an upcoming Parks' MindApeazine.) It was an enjoyable party, well-worth the travelling...

The following weekend (or the weekend before Midwestcon; whichever comes first) I was the lone out-of-state attendee of the 2nd Annual Wayne Third Foundation Memorial Day Picnic (or something like that)--which, because of Michigan weather (remarkably like ~~the~~ Wasteland weather), turned out not to be a picnic after all. Instead something like 15 of us descended on the Detroit Zoo Saturday afternoon; it survived. (I'm still not sure of the relative intelligence-levels of the incarcerated inhabitants vs. the visitors (myself included): I sometimes wonder... After all, I didn't notice the animals trying to get in...nor having to walk within carefully defined paths... Later there was a nice, non-reedy party at Diane's. (And I do want to thank Diane for the hospitality and for being the one to put-up-with-me this time: She's no Larry C Downes, but she's a gracious hostess and a friend...and I appreciate both.)

Then there was Midwestcon...

The night before leaving for Cincy, I had four in-transit visitors: Glicksohn, two of the Many Toronto Peters, and the Totally Incredible Derek Carter... I suspect that the reason Derek was dragged out of his isolation was that, for once, Glicksohn wanted to have someone shorter-than-he at a convention. (I think Derek was a bit apprehensive at first, but by the end of the convention he seemed to have weathered the experience well. And I'm getting a slightly incredible amount of incredible art out of Derek's Trip to America.)

Midwestcon itself was one of the most enjoyable ones I've ever attended. I don't know for sure, but I suspect it was one of the largest ones yet--because of the influx of SF EKPO refugees (who, ~~add~~)--but I managed to spend at least a little time with each of the ones I really wanted to see (not all, and rarely enough time with these I did--but such are the hazards of a delightfully increasing number of Friends)--and thoroughly enjoyed myself. Plus I had the pleasure of introducing some of my friends to others for the first time; most successfully in introducing two of the most delightfully crazy people I know--Lynn Perke and Jen Singer. ("See that idiot standing on a chair in the middle of the room," I said to Lynn, "...that's Singer.")

A very nice weekend I'll remember fondly for a long, long time. (A lot more details will probably show up in the...whatever...Perke & I will be doing down at Jackie Franke's tonight((undoubtedly with the "help" of Barb Nagay and Jackie))and which will be run through both Mishap & MiniApe. We shall see.)

This, the intervening week between Cincy and taking Glicksohn & Barb up to the Stops' Friday, I am spending in Chicago (one of only two American cities I would even consider living in) with crash space being provided by Barb and Lynn--both of whom, apart from the fact that I admire and respect them immensely (but they don't intimidate me, Mike!), are gracious ladies and valued friends. This week is the nice, low-keyed kind of vacation I needed...because once I get back to the wasteland, I'm going to have to get back to doing the thing that Made Me Famous; i.e., publishing OUTWORLDS. (I mean, really, if Michael is publishing, again...!) Many thanks to everyone who has made this past month so enjoyable for me... (

6/30/76