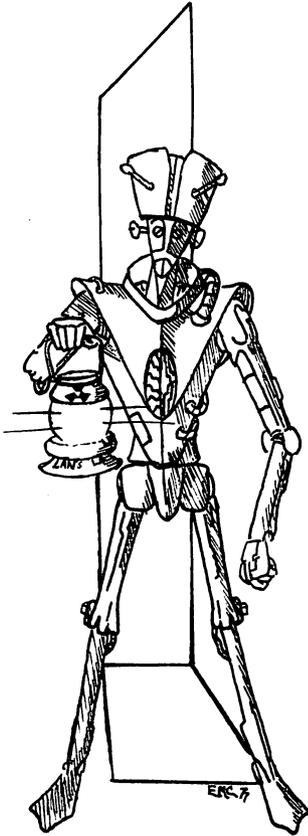




# LAN'S LANTERN 7



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

From the Editor: WHAT TO WRITE.....2  
 SCIENCE FICTION NAMES PUZZLE... Mike Gillette.....3  
 'Twas The Night Before Christmas...Clement Clark Moore.....  
     paraphrased by Suzanna Stefl.....4  
 An Interview with Wilson (Bob) Tucker.....  
     reprinted with permission from CHAT.....6  
 DAMNATION ALLEY: a review...Mark R. Leeper.....11  
 On a Planet with a Long Period of Revolution....  
     Ruth Berman.....14  
 Our Favorite SPACE ACADEMY Episode...Hajime Uesato.....15  
 (((Key to the SF NAMES PUZZLE..... 18)))  
 IGUANACON Art Show: A Conversation with Lou Moore.....19  
 Con Reports and RAMBLINGS 7.....Lan (who else?).....20  
 CHAMBANACON 7 SPEECHES.....  
     Fan GoH...Ken Moore, Pro GoH...Andrew J Offutt.....28  
 Empathic Post Scriptings .....  
     Letters from the readers.....32  
 I Also Heard From.....  
     A list of those who commented by letter or  
     in person and I didn't print formally in the  
     lettercolumn....(that I remember, anyway).....39

### ART CREDITS

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 Hajime Uesato - 17  
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### DEDICATED TO:

The 1978 Fanzine Publishing  
 Interim class: Marti Szilagyi,  
 Kevin Lanford, Philip Lenud,  
 Mike Gillette, Rob Grunawalt,  
 Hajime Uesato, without whose  
 assistance I would still be  
 working on this. I am very  
 grateful for all their efforts.

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 you.  
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 sorts.  
 Trade (zines,  
 letters, money,  
 other...)

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# FROM THE EDITOR:

# WHAT TO WRITE?

I roll the paper into the typewriter and stop. What to write?

I don't know? I've been working on this for the past three days almost non-stop, and I am fresh out of ideas.

What to write? I could tell you how this issue came into being; that for the Interim Term at school where we suspended classes for two weeks I had a fanzine publishing course, and six students helped me in doing portions of this zine. That might be interesting. Or I could talk about the contributions in this particular issue: the very funny Andy Offutt speech from CHANBANACON 7, or Haji Uesato's amusing Space Academy parody (he's one of my students), or the agony I went through to cut down the lettercol so that it fit into the seven pages it now occupies, or the poems or conreports. But I'm sure that you can read those items for yourselves and make your own judgements.

What to write? It might be more interesting to talk about those items that didn't make this issue, those things I had to cut out because of space requirements, like the articles on cryonics and immortality, or the series of book reviews, or the interview with Stanley Schmidt, or Don D'Amassa's Autoclave speech. I must admit that I certainly have enough material for the next issue already.

What to write?

How about the trouble I had putting everything together? Like what happened when I was typing up the Space Academy parody and my typewriter shift key stopped working! And I found out that it would take a week to fix, spanning the time I would be at MINICON, and I had wanted to take the typer with me to do a little bit of work since I was going there early. Then to come back and find out that it would take longer to fix than the guy originally thought because something different was wrong with it! And finally find out that I had forgotten to send in my warranty card! The results of all this were somewhat amusing. No typer at home, so I holed up in the faculty lounge at School and monopolized the Selectric until I finished typing all the master copies. Fortunately we were on vacation, so no one really needed to use the typer. Well, there was one other person who came in, and we worked that out.

What to write?

I feel that I should be writing witty things like my piece last issue, 450 Trips Around the Kitchen. The trouble is I'll be making 500 trips this time. I picked up new address from the Southern fans and SUNCON so my effort to cut down my mailing resulted in making my list longer. I'm not sure I should complain about that; a lot of new people are genuinely interested in receiving my zine, which does make me feel good.

What to write?

How about the financial trouble I'm encountering trying to put this out with any amount of quality and still make all my other bills? Naw, that's too depressing, even for me to think about. Why inflict it on you.

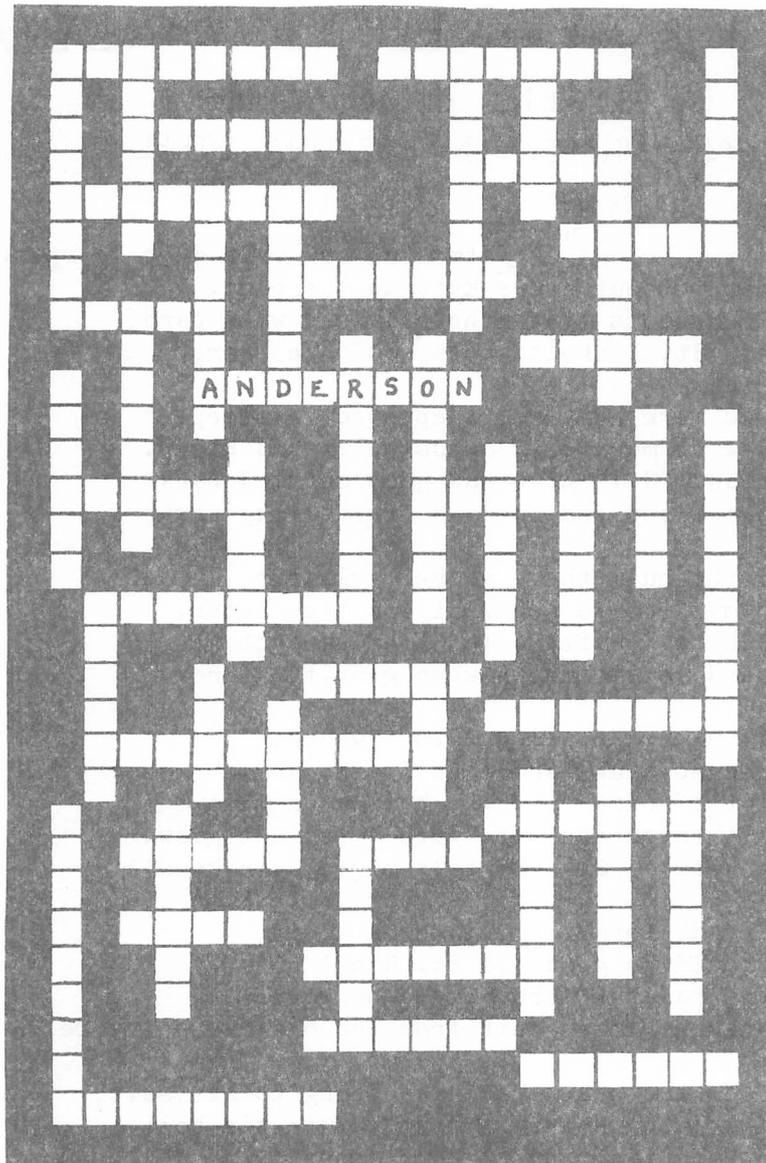
What to write?

How about nothing! Just read the zine, and let me know what you think. Take special note of the Tucker Interview, which was reprinted with permission from CHAT, the Chatanooga, Tennessee, SF Clubzine. It makes for nice reading and we learn a little bit more about our favorite fan, Bob Tucker.

So stop watching me run off at the typer; start reading the zine!

ENJOY,

*Len*



SCIENCE FICTION NAMES PUZZLE

by Mike Gillette

Below is a list of names of 50 SF authors, artists, and anthologists. Try to fit them into the puzzle above so that the finished result looks like a completed crossword puzzle.

Aldiss  
 Anderson (given)  
 Anthony  
 Asimov  
  
 Benford  
 Biggle  
 Blish  
 Bloch  
 Bova  
 Bradbury  
 Brown  
 Brunner  
 Budrys

Campbell  
 Carr  
 Clarke  
  
 DeCamp  
 DelRey  
 Dick  
 Dickson  
 Disch  
  
 Ellison  
 Elwood  
 Emshwiller  
  
 Farmer

Gerrold  
  
 Haldeman  
 Harrison  
 Heinlein  
  
 Knight  
 Kornbluth  
 Kuttner  
  
 Lafferty  
 Laumer  
 LeGuin  
 Leiber  
 Leinster

Niven  
  
 Pohl  
 Pratt (twice)  
  
 Silverberg  
 Simak  
 Smith  
 Spinrad  
 Sturgeon  
  
 Vance  
 VanVogt  
 Vonnegut  
  
 Wilhelm  
  
 Zelazny

# 'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

BY CLEMENT CLARK MOORE

FARAPHRASED BY SUZANNA STEFL

'Twas the night before Christmas on our ship deep in space,  
All was quiet without as we kept up the pace.  
Our magnetized boots lined the bulkhead with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The colonists were nestled, suspended in sleep,  
The "On" crew at moniters, amidst blip and bleep.  
The Captain and "Off" crew had just settled back  
In their magnetized cocoons and freefalling straps.

When out of the hull there arose a clatter,  
I sprang to my feet to see what was the matter.  
I sprang much too swiftly, for I had forgot  
That it's hard to come down when gravity is not.

Away to the bulkhead I flew with a whack,  
And then I bounced up, and then forth, and then back!  
By then all the noise from the hull down below  
Had come in through the jets with a radiant glow.  
(Don't look at me---Santa's magic, you know!)

Holding my head, for it still shook a bit,  
I saw what could be good old St. Nick!  
For under the radiant force-field he wore  
Was the red fur-trimmed suit from the old days of yore.

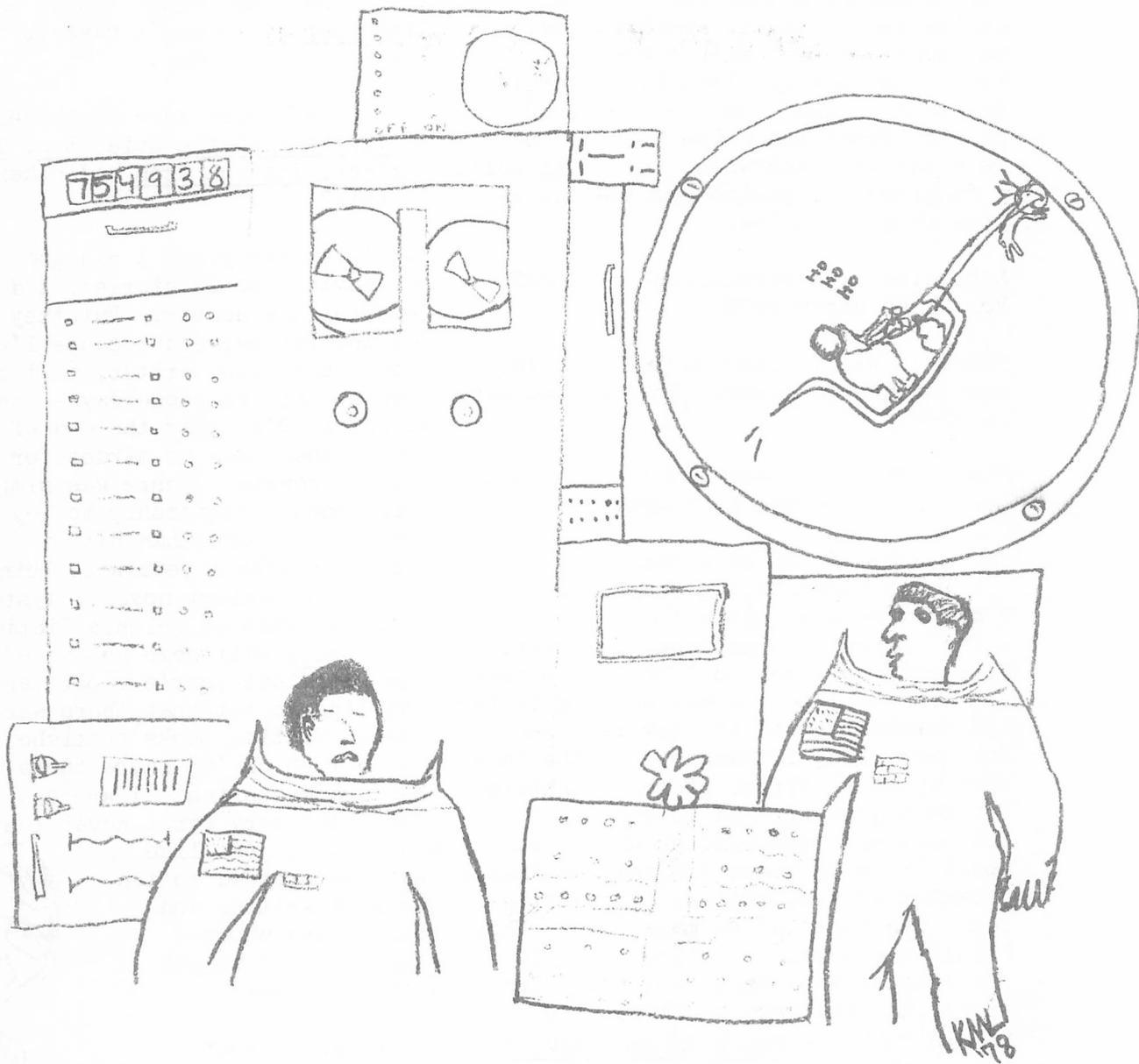
He brushed off the neutrons which clung to his suit,  
And stamped off the stardust that lay on his boot.  
He made a Great Sign, and next to appear  
Was a bundle of toys and eight tiny reindeer!

His eyes how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!  
His droll little mouth and white-bearded chin  
Made him look less than human and more like a BEM.

He dispensed every gift, then turned with a spasm  
Quite reminiscent of our protoplasm.  
Raising his hand in another Great Sign,  
He slowly imploded on a countdown from nine.

The clatter he made before he appeared  
Was repeated again as he gathered his deer.  
Away from the ship, through the black void they raced,  
To the outermost limits of galactical space.

Our forward screens flashed, and we all saw him spin,  
And wave with a flourish, and grin us his grin.  
I still can't explain it: how we heard him say,  
"Merry Christmas to all in the great Milky Way!"



Hey John, wake up!  
We just had Close Encounters of  
the funniest kind.

On Friday, February, 1978 the CHAT staff had a "close encounter" with the SF author Wilson (Bob) Tucker at Roc\*Kon in Little Roc Arkansas. We found out many things about Tucker the person, from his favorite beverage ("Beam's Choice" Bourbon) to his career in SF (he started out as a fan way back when, and still edits a fanzine). A portion of the interview is given below.

Reprinted with permission from CHAT  
Vol. 1 #6 March 1978

TUCKER: Well, I started in 1896, the year of the big snow. What do you want to know?

CHAT: What was your first story, and how did you become a SF writer?

T: I started out as a fan.

I was about, oh, 15 years old and I didn't have a chance to go to a fan convention--no money and there were none near me, so I fell into fandom like most people do; writing letters and subscribing to the few fanzines. But every fan, I think 99% of the fans want to be a writer, if the neighbors let them grow up, and so did I. I bought a used typewriter when I was about 15 or 16 years old and immediately started writing stories; immediately began sending them to magazines. They immediately began rejecting them. 10 years later Fred Pohl bought my first story, and that was my first sale.

It was 1941, in Super Science Novels. And my story was neither super, nor Science, nor a novel; it was rotten. But the only thing you can do is to keep it up--don't quit. Dammit, if I can keep going and trying for ten years, so can anyone else. and today they're selling a lot faster

than 10 years ago. Think of all the fans you know--Lisa Tuttle is one; two or three years and bing, bing, bing! She's selling like that. You don't have to struggle for ten years today.

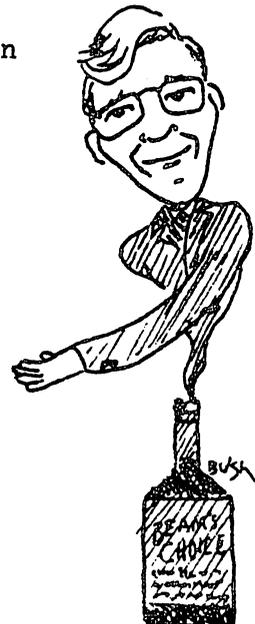
C: You are best known for novels such as The Year of the Quiet Sun, Time X, Warlock, Ice and Iron and others. Why is this?

T: After ten years I managed to sell, oh, maybe 8 or 10 stories, I don't remember the number. But they were as few and far between because I'm a very poor short story writer, so I turned to novels. And in those days--that was the middle 1940's, near the end of the war--that there was no market for science fiction novels. There was simply not a big enough readership to buy them; probably no more than half a dozen or a dozen novels a year were being published. So I wrote mystery novels; mysteries were as hot in 1945 as science fiction is today. Locus will come out some time soon with last year's report, and I'm willing to bet that there were 1000 science fiction books published in 1977. But in 1944 or '45 maybe there were a thousand mysteries. I wrote a mystery novel, the very first novel I ever wrote and sold it just like that. As opposed to ten years of writing and selling any short stories. So I stayed with the novel.

C: Which is your favorite one?

T: Mystery or Science Fiction?

C: Take your pick.



All right. In mystery it's The Worlock; despite that title, it's a mystery novel. Aaaaand, in science fiction it's The Year of the Quiet Sun.

Oh, say! Please forgive me, can I boast a teeny, teeny-tiny bit? Guess what happened to The Year of the Quiet Sun! BBC Television in London has bought it for a movie--a television movie. They're going to make what they call a mini series; it's going to run three or four nights, an hour a night--all week.

C: Maybe we'll see it on Masterpiece Theatre.

T: Oh, I hope so! The only chance of seeing it over here is if Masterpiece Theatre or PBS picks it up.

C: That's what you want, though. you don't want to put it on commercial television where they'll hack it up.

T: No! Good Lord, no! This has been cooking since about, almost a year ago; the first letter of interest came in the spring, the contracts were signed last fall, and the money came about three days ago. You see no matter how many contracts you sign, it's never binding until the money comes because the key clause in the contract says "This contract shall not be in force and binding until the agent has the money in his hand." Last Monday, my money came.

C: All right!

T: So! (to Ken Moore, chairman of Nashville's Kubla Khan conventions, who was seated nearby:) Ken, this is why I want to--can I brag just a teeny-tiny bit. I am so goddam rich I can buy my own bus ticket to Nashville this year!

C: Wasn't the Quiet Sun written under different circumstances than

other books of yours? The style seems much different.

T: I'm absolutely high on The Year of the Quiet Sun; I don't think I've ever written anything that I like as well, or as important, because it was serious. So many of my books are written as a comedy or as tongue-in-cheek, or as poking fun at someone or something, even at an old cliché or an old plot. In that one, I was serious, because I was scared when I wrote it. You remember the Watts riots about 1965-66? Following the Watts riots, a bunch of other cities--Chicago, Washington, Cleveland--they burned down

large sections of the cities. I--I got scared because I truly believed then that we were headed for a second revolution, or a second civil war. On the basis of that, on the basis of those news stories, I started that book. But by the time I finished the last revision, they were all over and safely behind us. But the book was too good to abandon, and Terry Carr finally published it in 1970. And I think it was the best thing I've written.

C: How about your novel The Lincoln Hunters?

T: I'm quite fond of The Lincoln Hunters, because it was pure old out-and-out adventure--you weren't supposed to believe it, you were supposed to go along with it and have fun.



Ken Moore: I think that's the problem with most people--they don't take a book for what it is; I think most writers write something for fun or, well, obviously to make money, but I think writers write books to, in a lot of cases, for pure fun. And Tucker's managed to pull this off more times than you can shake a stick at. Some writers write more for fun than anything else.

T: I agree. Those who are trying to make a living out of it--Van Vogt, Silverburg--you know, you can recognize who is trying to make a living out of it. And you can recognize those like me who are not making a living from it, their income comes from other sources, or did. In the past I worked in a theatre. Now I no longer have a theatre job; now I live on a Social Security pension plus what I write. There's the difference. Sometimes their stuff was good, sometimes it was merely competent. Journalmen work to earn a check that month.

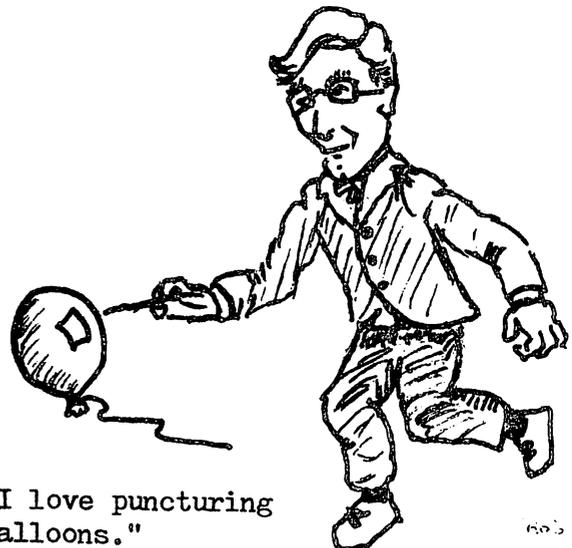
Q: Do you feel they were compromising themselves?

T: No, it wasn't a compromise. It was the same as a mechanic or carpenter would go out and work on a house day after day, he's simply going with by route to keep his paycheck coming in. I wasn't in that position. I could take my time, I could spend an entire year on that first book because I didn't depend on that income for a living. Whereas those guys had to work for a living, I had fun doing the same work. You can see it in The Time Masters, in The Lincoln Hunters, and in some of my mysteries. I'm doing one now, "Dick and Jane go to Mars" ((ed. note: an expanded novel of a short story of the same name that will appear in Ellison's The Last Dangerous Visions)). You see, when I sold

that short story to Harlan, I got him to agree that I also have the right to expand it into a book, which is what it was supposed to be in the first place.

Q: Can you give us sort of a preview of what it's about?

T: Well, in the short story and in the book, a man and a woman go to Mars, and they're confined in this little cabin for 7 months. And there's no sex involved; it's a clean story. By the time they get to Mars they hate one another's guts; they cannot stand the sight of each other. They've got cabin fever, they've reverted to bitchery. And they hate each other so much they look for a way to get revenge on each other. I won't tell you what it is, because I want to save the ending for you. But the woman finds the perfect revenge on the guy. Now mind you, they are military officers. She's a Navy pilot; she's the pilot of the ship and she's a Comander, which is one step above a Major in the Army. He's a Major in the Army. Therefore, she's his superior officer. She always gets the last word. In the end she finds the perfect revenge on him. And in retaliation, he finds the perfect revenge on her. They both win, and they both lose. Now if I can bring this whole damn thing off, it should be the end of all those "man and woman go to Mars" stories. Nobody else should have the heart to write them. I love puncturing balloons.



"I love puncturing balloons."

C: Did you ever have a period when you were writing when it was more difficult than other times, to, say force yourself to sit down and write?

T: Yeah. I fell into--you know what a writers block is. A couple of years ago I fell into a writers block and I didn't break it until just two or three months ago. For a period of about two years I didn't write a damn thing. I was stuck. I could not get off the dime; I couldn't do a damn thing. Until--and this is what broke it--Harlan Ellison called me and asked me for a story that I was just telling you about. He said 'Tucker, I'll give you three weeks', and I had to produce. And I did. And now that I have that short story out of the way, I'm going ahead on the book. It was the only time in my life that I've ever had writers block, but when it hit me, it hit me hard; I was tied up for two years. Earlier you mentioned Ice and Iron?

C: Yeah?

T: That came out in, I think, 1974. That's the last thing I'd written; I hadn't been able to do anything since that. I'd been tied up from '74 to '77. Three years!

C: Speaking of Ice and Iron, did you ever consider a continuance of that book?

T: No. I just don't care for sequels. People have asked me for sequels to The Lincoln Hunters; they asked me for a sequel to the long loud silents; and they asked me for, um, something else. Maybe it was ice and iron. I don't like sequels myself, so I really never considered writing one. I'd rather go on to something new.

C: How do your ideas come to you, mainly?

T: I steal them!

C: That isn't quite what I had in mind

T: All right, I'm sorry. That was a cheap shot. Go ahead.

C: Do you sort of wake up in the middle of the night and cry "Eureka!" or do they gradually come to you and you wait and wait and develop them in your mind, or what?

T: Well, often I get an idea from something I've read. Sometimes I'll read another man's story; sometimes I'll find something in the newspaper; anything. I'm a wide reader; I'm a deep reader. I read every day. I'd rather read than watch T.V. or watch movies. And I'm constantly finding ideas. One day in a newspaper now dead called The National Observer, I was reading book reviews, and a review for a book which I no longer remember started out in this fashion--and I'll quote you the paragraph. "They're coming in like stragglers from a lost battle, like flotsam from some great unknown disaster." That was the first paragraph. And I thought, "Hey! Wow! Keen!" And the entire book was Ice and Iron....

C: But what book was the review about?

T: I don't remember! That was five or ten years ago and I can't remember what the review was about. But that paragraph sparked the entire idea of the Ice and Iron book. I read the paragraph and I thought, well, what would be coming in like stragglers? Who would be coming in like flotsam from an unknown disaster? And from that, I built the idea that far in the future, there was a war going on, and the victors were throwing the losers back on us. We were their cemetery. And the whole damn book was sparked by one paragraph in a newspaper.

C: You did the introduction to Charles Fort never mentioned Wombats by DeWeese and Coulson.

T: Yes I did, and there's an interesting story to tell about it. In 1975, I was one of the group of 60 fans who flew to Australia. It was not a charter flight, it was a group flight; that is, we 60 were cramed back into a cabin of 60 seats all our own going from Los Angeles to Sydney, Australia. And if you can imagine 60 fans traveling together, you can imagine what we did to the airline crew. For example have you seen the "smooooth" ritual we've done here...

C: Where did that come from originally, anyway?

T: It came from a Red skeleton movie about 1935, I don't remember the title of the movie, but it's on T.V. now and you may see it on late show. In one of the segments of that movie, Red Skeleton plays a huckster, a pitch man, and he's selling....

C: Guzzler's Gin!

T: Guzzler's Gin! And he keeps drinking it and finally falls to the floor, dead drunk, and he goes "smooooth"! I picked it up from there, and I've been carrying it ever since.

So, In 1975, there was 60 of us, all in the same cabin, mind you, going to Australia on an Air New Zealand plane--it's a small airline, relatively unknown. But the of this airline is to overwhelm their clients with attention and courtesy. For example, every two or three hours they'd pass out orange juice to everyone on the plane. They'd come down the aisle with these carts, and every time they'd pour us a glass of orange juice. I don't know what the hell started it, just pour onriness; they gave me a glass of orange juice and I held it in my hand, drank it down and stuck my hand up in the air, like so. And people saw my hand, so they drank theirs and raised

their arms the same way. All 60 of us drank our juice and yelled, "smooooth!" And that continued all the way to Australia! We had on one leg of the flight--- on the Honolulu leg, we had a New Zealand crew--this New Zealand crew. There were about 10 stewardesses and one male chauvinist pig steward master, or whatever you call them; a male was in charge of the crew. He walked into the cabin just after the girls had given us our juice and there were 60 hands in the air. He walked in cold; he didn't know what was going on. He stuck one finger under his nose, the other in the air, and went "Heil! Heil! Heil!" And he was on our side from there on.

So by and by, we finally had all the passengers "Smoooothing" with us; everybody in the plane. Everytime the orange juice went around, 60 hands would go up, then 40 more would go up, and 100 voices would yell "smooooth"! So we decided, if these guys would go for this, let's see what else they would fall for--you know how fans are; fans are always pulling somebody's legs. So we started the rumor that there was seven inches of snow in Sydney. Everybody better get your boots and a fur hat; it's colder than hell down there! By the time we got to Sydney, stories came back to us from the other cabin where the outsiders were saying: "By God! Button up! There's seven inches of snow in Sydney!"

So now we're back to the book Charles Fort never mentioned Wombats. Gene DeWeese and Buck Coulson asked me to write an introduction and lead into the story. So I decided to write the story of that flight to Australia. Because their book is about what happened to the fans after they get to Australia. And I recount the story I just told you.

Now, may I auto-graph ythese books for this man? Here. It's not Beam's Choice, but have some Tullamore Dew.

Ready?

"Smooooooooooth!"

# DAMNATION ALLEY: a review

by Mark R. Leeper

Back when STAR WARS came out, I said that it seemed to represent a return to pride for Twentieth-Century Fox and I cited the fact that they resurrected their full fanfare instead of their abbreviated fanfare they had been using since the early sixties. I considered the use of the fanfare as a sign that they were proud of the film they were presenting. If this was the case with STAR WARS, I doubt this is so any longer. The full fanfare was used for DAMNATION ALLEY and it is pretty hard to imagine anyone taking pride in that as a movie.

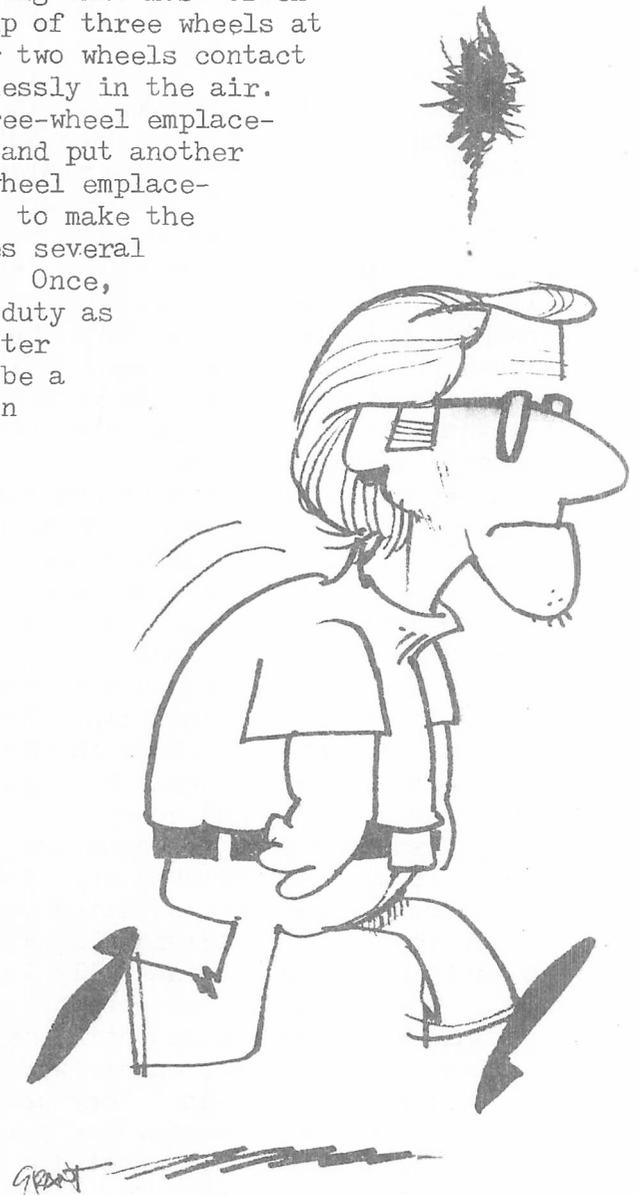
DAMNATION ALLEY is a cheaply made motion picture that is at or below standard for television. In fact, this film gives every indication of being a TV pilot for LOGAN'S RUN or FANTASTIC JOURNEY type of series. (Actually it bears no small resemblance to ARK II with a Landmaster vehicle built by the same man.) The picture is directed by Jack Smight who was also connected with NIGHT GALLERY, AIRPORT '76 and MIDWAY. The musical score, one of the better aspects of the film, is really one of the lesser works by Jerry Goldsmith. The cast has a few familiar faces. George Peppard hides behind a moustache and a Southern accent. I also recognized Paul Winfield, but none of the other participants were familiar by sight with the exception of Murray Hamilton who didn't even have a speaking part left by the time the editor was finished. The film was done in "Sound 360" which simply means that the viewer has speakers surrounding him and hears one sound from two directions. I am not sure if the speakers in the theatre where I saw DAMNATION ALLEY were out of adjustment, but no strong attempt appeared to have been made to utilize the sound directionality. Most of the acoustics still came from behind the screen. (I was sitting well back in the theatre, so any sound that came from any other direction came from two directions.) At best, the effect was a little better than standard sound and at worst it was a minor distraction.

Special effects ran the gamut from quite good to putrid. The extremes of weather gone mad were occasionally exciting and the screwed-up skies with their fibrous clouds at best and with superbly violent storms at worst, were some of the saving graces of the film. The sky effects, incidentally, must have been used for the peculiar skies in the movie, VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. The skies were actually among the high points of the film. Beyond that, there was a fair effect of giant scorpions that was done with matting and color matching of the background of the creatures with the background of the people in the desert. It was accomplished skillfully enough that it was not immediately apparent where the two mattes fitted together. However, at the same time, the shadows of the pair of individuals and the scorpion were not created well enough, so that the sun was evidently in different positions for the two sets of shadows. The scene does move with sufficient quickness so that I did not notice the shadow discrepancies until they were pointed out to me during my second viewing. Other insect scenes were not as well done. The "killer cockroaches" were decent in close-up (they were probably real bugs in fake shells), however when seen from a distance, the swarm moved like a rigid carpet with fixed borders, as if they had constructed a plastic multitude of cockroaches and were pulling it with a wire. The scene inside the Landmaster clearly had the window views matted in and the matte-lines around the characters' heads were as

bad as anything in SINBAD AND THE EYE OF THE TIGER. Similarly unconvincing were occasional flashes of cartoon lightning during a somewhat believable red thunderstorm, a floating miniature of the Landmaster, and some scenery of the Earth from space. The latter ranks among the most unrealistic as it had become common knowledge what the Earth looks like from space.

The general feeling we received from the film was that of watching a TV movie or segments from a TV show. It was the story of people travelling through a strange land having a series of unrelated adventures that could have happened in any order. In one place there are killer cockroaches. In another place there are giant tornadoes, and when the episode is over, it's really over. Outside of one city there are no killer cockroaches to be seen, for example. No explanation is given why the effect that mutated the insects in this bizarre manner was so localized. Still there are no remaining killer cockroaches when the incident is concluded. In other spots, one gets the feeling of TV cheapness. While the pilot calls for two Landmasters to be built, one is moved well out of sight when the second is supposed to be seen. In fact there is only one fast scene in the whole film where we see both Landmasters in the same frame. The Landmaster itself is the sort of whizbang that most often shows up up on TV with an unexplained setup of three wheels at each of the four corners. At every corner two wheels contact the ground at all times, one spinning uselessly in the air. As a sort of BIG BUS touch, the entire three-wheel emplacement rotates in order to pick up one tire and put another down. There is no reason why this three-wheel emplacement performs such a function unless it is to make the tires last 50% longer; it certainly rotates several times without any visible purpose in mind. Once, in the water, the emplacement does double-duty as a kind of water-wheel to drive the Landmaster through the water. The whole craft would be a decent whizbang on ARK II or LOGAN'S RUN on television.

The budget was cut further in tried and true television methods. The "Big Board" at the missile base at the beginning of DAMNATION ALLEY is definitely a crude painting upon which explosions appear through no perceptible mechanism as superbright lights. It gives the scene a sort-of pasted together look. Also poor is the make-up for a pack of men who have returned to savagery. The leader has piles of stiff, straw-like hair and recent facial wounds which are never explained to the audience. And finally there is a flaw that makes that makes the cheapness of the film ironclad: the misuse of stock footage. This oversight is bad enough, but when it does not correspond with the rest of the plot it can be disastrous. Early in the movie, missiles headed for the United States are intercepted by American anti-missile missiles. We are actually shown the scene (thanks to Uncle Sam), but



the missiles we see exploding are not struck by other Inter-Continental Ballistic Missiles. The footage is probably taken from tests of a missile self-destruct package or from missile failures; but without question, the rockets we see are detonating on their own initiative -- they are not stopped by anti-missile missiles. One more piece of irrelevant stock from the Fox archives; we view an underground bunker, full of a variety of antiquated roundbody missiles which explode spectacularly. Nowhere else in the film are we shown this underground bunker. Nowhere else in the storyline does it even make sense that it would be there. Still, we are treated to watching the bunker blow up, and assuming that you do not remember the identical footage in OPERATION CROSSBOW, you might wonder why the scene was included at all. I did. As the Devil says in BEDAZZLED, "Just a piece of visual excitement."

Plot twists were largely thrown in at the screenwriter's convenience with little or no regard for the original novel. As a matter of fact, not much of the original remains of Zelazny's work. As hostile as the environment seems in the film, it is a paradise when compared with the vengeful climate in the book. In the film the weather conditions are clarified more but make less sense. It appears that the atomic war has shaken the Earth off its axis and there is just this small change of angle. Some radiation has caused, over a period of two years, scorpions to mutate to seven-foot monsters, cockroaches to become aggressive as well as omniverous (and I mean omniverous) and the climate to transform into a crazy quilt of tornadoes, hurricanes and dust storms. It's evident that the film editor, if not the screen writer, confused the fiery skies during an atomic detonation with a more permanent alteration in climate.

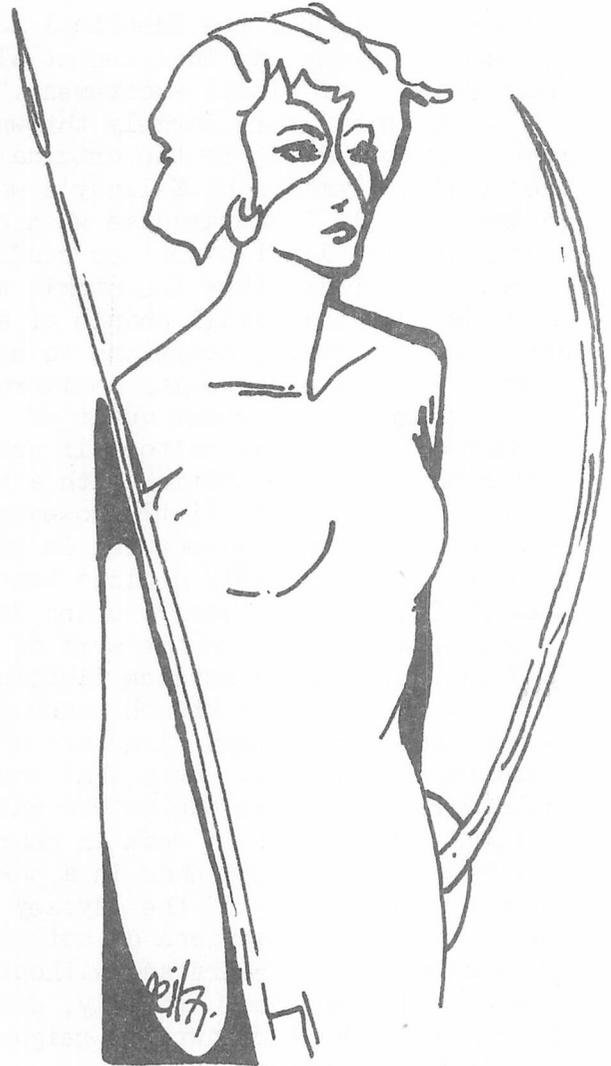
All this matters little however. The script carries our travelers through some rather prosaic adventures in spite of the science fiction premise. The screenwriter apparently decided that he would write some standard material and make it fit into the story, often disregarding its context. One sequence, for instance, would be more the sort of thing that might have occurred in DELIVERANCE and requires no science fiction premise at all. Others, such as the giant scorpion or killer cockroach sequences seem little more than an outsider's view of what science fiction films are about. Quite beyond that, the screenplay was unemotional and dull. Even what should have been the tense moments of the atomic war, it allowed the actors only mechanical movements without any sign of feeling. The script is weak in characterization with a very superficial personality conflict that ends in a joke. It takes a good twenty-five minutes for the actual story of the odyssey to unfold -- that's almost a third of the film. The human reactions do not ring true; a girl found along the trip comes upon the three travelers and without a trace of suspicion of the strangers, runs up and hugs them. Finally, despite all that has happened and all scientific logic, the screenwriter reigns all-powerful by tacking on the most absurd of happy endings.

Over all, there are some nice effects and that is about all DAMNATION ALLEY has to offer. I rate this film a -2 on a scale from -4 to 4.

ON A PLANET WITH A LONG PERIOD OF REVOLUTION

BY RUTH BERMAN

My parents, in their youth,  
helped harvest wheat:  
Acres and acres, month on  
month, to 'tend,  
As our world drifted wearily  
around the bend  
Of summer into winter's  
snow and sleet.  
They never feared a lack of  
food to eat,  
They merely grudged the length  
of time to spend  
Laying up food for us who would  
be penned  
Indoors for all our lives to  
save the heat.  
But we have leisure. If the  
food holds out,  
We can lie effortlessly here  
and sing  
Or talk, or love, trying to ignore the doubt  
We cannot help but feel; the stores will bring  
Us and our children through the winter-rout --  
But either way I'll never see the spring.



It's a fast-paced, action packed science fiction drama with excellent acting and a multitude of fabulous special effects. Unfortunately we're here to talk about SPACE ACADEMY, not STAR TREK. SPACE ACADEMY is a sad excuse for anything (even television) with terrible scripts containing horrendous plots and cardboard characters. The money wasted on this series could have gone to a much more important cause such as The Society for the Prevention of Acne, or NA (Nose-pickers Anonymous). Since it is here, we have decided to present to you....

*Our Favorite*

# Space Academy

BY Hajime Uesato

*Episode*

This is man's first achievement.

That doesn't say much for man.

Here we have assembled young people from many different worlds. Isn't it amazing that they're all human?

Commander Gampu (does this man look familiar? Has he been on an SF series before? No, that wasn't SF -- but neither is this. Why does he wear grey and blue? Do you think that perhaps he's biased toward the Blue Team? Help, I'm lost) stared into the mirror. He had been doing it for three days. Then suddenly alarms screeched and claxons blared. Peepo came rolling into the room.

"Commander," it said, lights dancing across its chest, "you must come to the control room. We're being attacked by a BEM!"

Gampu looked down and said, "Oh leave me, you plastic parasite. What's more important, a monster or my wrinkles?"

Peepo replied, "Computing...."

Adrienne ran into the room, arms thrashing. "Commander, Commander!" she cried. "We're being sucked into a black hole."

"Oh horse rot," said Gampu. "Nothing can make me leave this room!"

Adrienne pulled out a laser and shot him down. Then Chris and Laura Gentry burst into the room.

"Where's the Commander?" asked Chris. Adrienne pointed to the floor.

"Oh no, it'll take too long to drag him into the control room. We'll have to move him by telekinesis!" said the Gentrys simultaneously.

"Come on, Chris," said Laura. They joined hands and closed their eyes. Gampu's body began to rise.

"Now," said Chris, "a direct course to the control center!" Gampu's body pointed toward the control room and began to move. He smashed into a wall. The Gentrys opened their eyes and startled looks covered their faces. With their train of thought derailed, Gampu fell. Gampu moaned.

"Commander, Commander, are you all right?"

Gampu moaned.

"Get Teegar, Get Teegar!"

Teegar Rushed into the room. "Did someone call?" he asked.

"Yes, yes!" replied everyone except Peepo. He was still computing.

"The Commander is hurt," answered Chris, "and we have to get him to the control room before the Academy is destroyed!" (Such a terrible loss.)

Teegar kneeled by Gampu and asked, "Where does it hurt, Commander?"

Gampu replied, "My back and neck are killing me."

Teegar said, "We'll have to use chiropractics." The group picked Gampu up and leaned him against the wall. Teegar closed his eyes and concentrated. He brought both fists down from his face to his waist and, "Haaaaaa!" He gave Gampu a good swift kick in the back. This time Gampu decided to scream instead of moan. Afterwards he collapsed.

"Oh no, the Commader's out again!"

"There's nothing more I can do for him now," said Teegar. "We'll use cryogenics and try to heal him later."

"Good," said Chris, "that puts me in command."

Teegar went and got his cryotron. He zapped Gampu with it.

"Teegar," said Adrienne.

"Yes."

"Doesn't that cryotron cause things to explode after they've been frozen for awhile?" she inquired.

"Oh no! That's right!" shouted Teegar.

Chris mumbled, "Good. Now I'm in command permanently."

"What are we going to do??" asked mostly everyone.

"I know," said Chris. "Hurry, we must take him to the Seeker!" They slid the block of ice that was Gampu down to the Seeker's hanger.

"Okay. Slide him in," said Chris. "Laura, get in and rev up the engine."

"Right, Chris," she said as she hopped through the door. "Aaaaaaa--" a scream from Laura.

"Laura, Laura, what happened?" asked Adrienne.

"I ... I just saw a Spanish teenager and a talking chimp walking around in there," she replied, "and they were saying something like, 'It's ours, it's ours.'" Teegar looked at Chris and shook his head. Teegar whipped out his cryotron and blasted Laura.

"Okay. Slide them both in," said Chris. They all boarded and the Seeker blasted off.

"Chris, what's your plan?" asked Adrienne.

"We're going to destroy the BEM out there," he replied, "by ramming Laura adn the Commander right down its throat."

"We're 100 kilometers from the BEM now, Chris," said Teegar.

"All right then, open the hatch and put them outside," Chris ordered. Gampu and Laura were placed into the vacuum.

"Now we'll use the Seeker to nudge them into its mouth," said Chris. "Okay, Teegar, give me twelve points of forward thrust."

"Right, Chris," came the reply. The Seeker moved, propelling Gampu and Laura to their destiny. They floated into its maw. Float, float, float. As they entered, Chris said, "All right Teegar, Get us out of here. And turn on scanner 3."

Chris and Adrienne walked to the board studded with television viewscreens, and from the speakers came:

"I'm sorry Wilma. I didn't mean it."

"I'll forgive you Fred, under one condition."

"Anything, Wilma. Anything."

"You and Barney promise to ..."

Chris made a revolted look (a more sophisticate show than theirs) and said, "Teegar, change the channel."

The panoramic view of Bedrock fizzled and the BEM appeared on the screen. Then Gampu exploded. Laura exploded. The BEM exploded. (Does this sound like a show you've seen before?)

"Hurray, hurray," sounded a shout of triumph.

"Okay, back to the Academy," Chris said with a smile. When they returned they were congratulated. Everyone was happy and partying like Gordie Dickson. Then Loki ran up.

"Chris," he said, "what are we going to do about the black hole?"

"What black hole?"

"The one we're being sucked into." Everyone dropped their booze. On Loki.

"What can we do to protect ourselves?" asked a member of the Red Team (Whenever members of other teams are shown, they're always incompetent wimps or megalomaniacs).

"I know," said Chris. "Follow me!"

He ran out of the room into the corridor and a hoard of students staggered behind him. He opened the lab door and went in. Turning around he saw that no one was behind him. Finally some people dropped by. Literally. He picked up a carton containing chemicals (a little alliteration for you) and sighed. He climbed over the snoozing bodies and out the door. Well, he'd have no help from them.

He ran through the corridor, took a short cut through the ladies room (naughty, naughty) and entered the Seeker. He sat down in the pilot's seat, punched a few buttons and the Seeker lifted off. Lift, lift, lift. Out, out, out. Zoom, zoom, zoom. (Note the infantile word arrangement. See Dick run....)

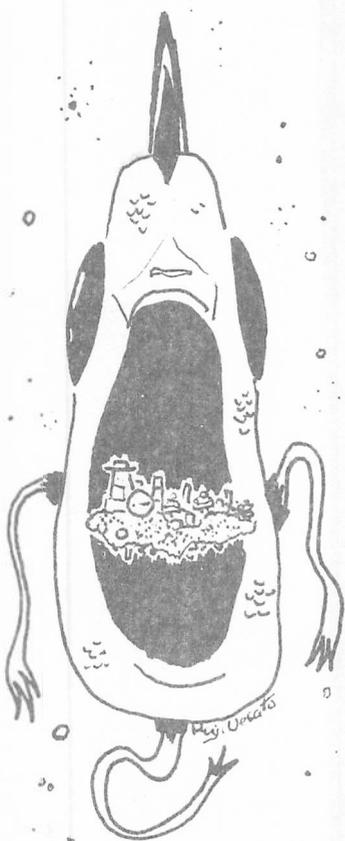
When he got one kilometer away from the Academy he stopped the engines and emptied the carton into the forward torpedo tube (one never existed before, but what the heck). He returned to his seat and pressed the torpedo release button. WHOOSH! Within seconds the entire Space Academy was engulfed in a coating of ...lime jello.

Chris commended himself on another job well done (or medium rare, or...). He started the engines again and headed for the green thing. Just then he realized that he couldn't re-enter the Academy. If he didn't, he'd die (oh, no). It was too late to escape into space -- he was already in the gravitational attraction of the black hole. He decided that his only chance was to stay just behind the Academy. He quickly flew there and awaited his fate.

Suddenly, the emerald layer began to quiver. The quivers became more and more intense until finally they turned into gelatinic tidal waves. The black hole was close. Space Academy was accelerating toward it. Only the lime jello sheilding kept it from being demolished. Then SLURPPP! The Academy was pulled through the black hole. It wasn't destroyed. It was in a different universe. And the intelligent beings of that universe looked at the not-so-intelligent beings of Space Academy and said, "Yuch!"

Re-SLURPPP! The Academy "fell out" of the black hole and re-entered the proper universe. Chris sighed a sigh of relief and commended himself.

Suddenly the Academy turned white hot and disintegrated!



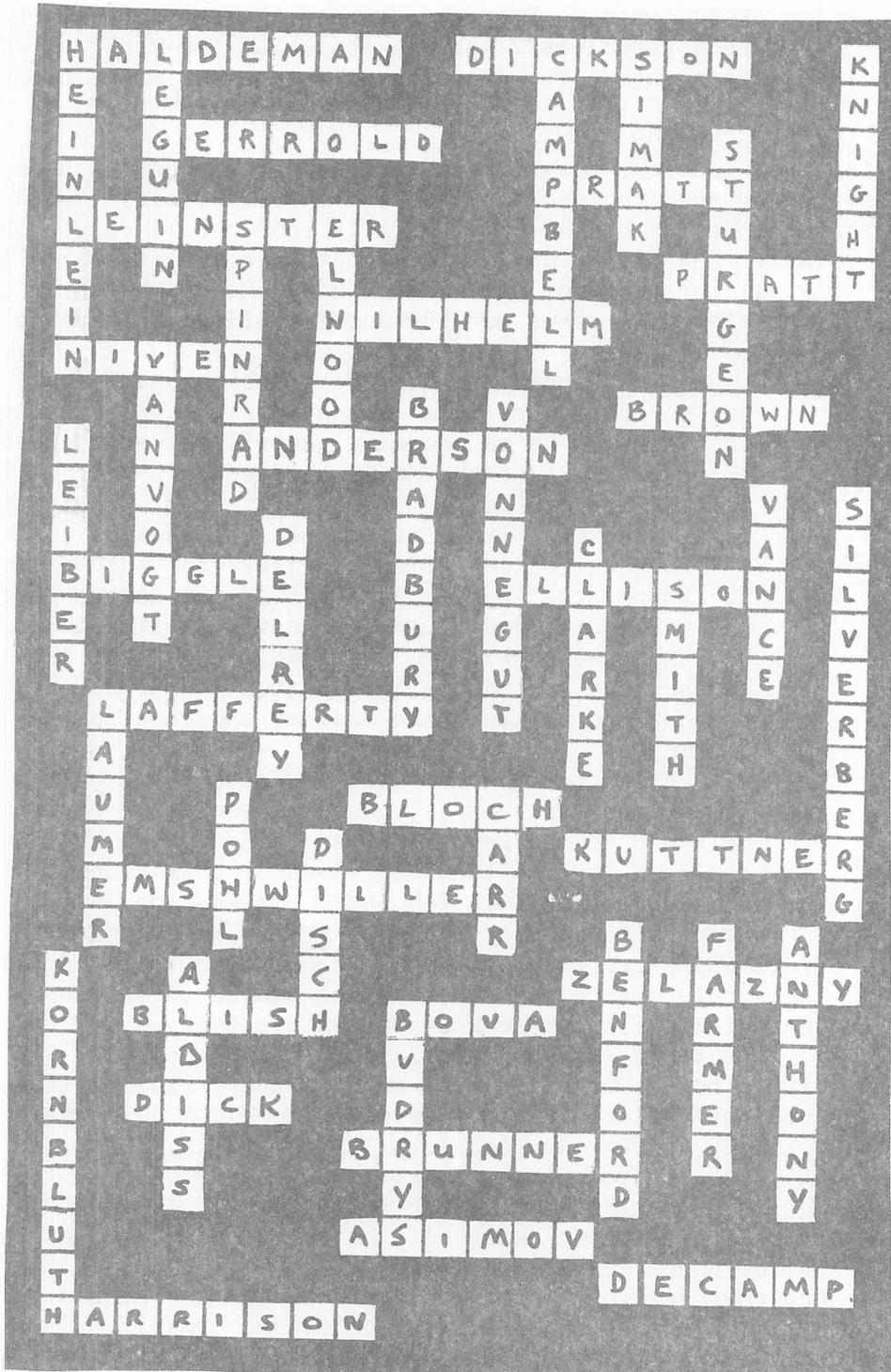
Chris' jaw dropped to his waist. His first command was gone. His sensors picked up a life form in the area. He punched the radio transmitter button and shouted, "Are you the one who destroyed Space Academy?"

A man in his early forties appeared on the television screen. He wore glasses and a suit and tie.

"Are you the one who destroyed Space Academy?" repeated Chris. The man nodded.

"Who Are You?" demanded Chris.

The man pointed to a badge pinned to his suit. It read: CBS Executive in Charge of Children's Programming.



KEY  
TO  
CROSSWORD  
PUZZLE  
FROM

# IGUANACON

A CONVERSATION WITH  
LOU MOORE

During one of the afternoons at SUNCON, I struck up a short conversation with Ken Moore, asking him what he had planned for the IGUANACON Art Show.

"Well, Lan," he said, "Lou and I have talked about it, but she's doing more of the work on it than I am. Why don't you talk to her."

So I rambled through the various lobbies until I found Lou. She was not difficult to spot --- a tall lovely woman with long brown hair. We seated ourselves in overstuffed chairs, and I explained that I wanted some information on the Art Show she and Ken were in charge of at IGUANACON, the next Worldcon.

"Well," she began, "Ken and I haven't decided on all the details yet, but I can give you a few guidelines. All the final rules and regulations will be printed in Progress Report #3.

"We would like to have a flat fee of \$ 5.00 for five pieces or less. If the artist has more than five pieces, the hanging fee jumps by 25¢ per piece. But I can't emphasize enough that these prices are only tentative."

"What About the area for the Art Show?" I asked.

"It will definitely be set aside from the Hucksters Room. We hope to have a room with only one, maybe two, entrances, mainly for security reasons. We'll have both tables and panels for hanging some of the works. And, we want to have a sketch table."

"As a fanzine editor, I'd like that very much. What would be the cost?"

"The artist will charge whatever he/she wants for the sketches. As for the fee for the table, Ken and I haven't decided whether to make it free overall, free only to those who have other artwork in the Show and set a flat price for an unlimited number of sketches, or to have a flat fee for all artists. We realize that a 'per piece' fee is ridiculous."

Gazing deeply into her eyes I asked, "What about allowing cameras into the Art Show Area?"

Gazing back Lou replied, "With permission of the artist, someone can take a picture of the artwork. Otherwise, no cameras would be allowed."

Looking intently at this lovely lady, I queried, "Lou, most conventions have their art auctions on the last day of the con when many of the fans are leaving. Are you going to do the same?"

She stared back at me and answered, "If possible, we would like to have 2 or three auctions during the course of the convention. In fact, with permission of the Con Committee, Ken and I were thinking of opening the Art Show to the public after a couple of days into the convention. That would give a little more exposure to our artists."

Breathing heavily, I concurred, "That does sound like a good idea. Would you allow the mundanes to vote? You are having some judging, aren't you?"

She sighed deeply, mournfully, and replied with a smile, "Of course, Lan. There will be some judging. But that might be a good idea, to compare fan and mundane judgement of SF art!"

Sighing myself, I asked one last question, "If artists want more information, what do they do?"

With a sexy smile she said, "Either wait for Progress Report #3, or Send a self-addressed-stamped-envelope to us: Ken and Lou Moore, 647 Devon Dr., Nashville, Tennessee, 37220."

## ART

## SHOW

A CONVERSATION WITH  
LOU MOORE

The morning of August 24 found me packing my car for the trip South to B'HAMACON. I got a later start than I had wanted, but managed to get on the road by 10:00 AM. The trek through Ohio was the same as always: relatively flat with a few rolling hills, especially increasing as I approached Cincinnati. Once into Kentucky the terrain changed to larger hills and deeper valleys. Selena (my car) took the slopes eagerly, even though she was past middle age (as far as cars are concerned --- over 4½ years old and over 91000 miles on her), burning a little oil, and her temperature was riding much higher than I would have liked.

We passed from Kentucky to Tennessee with the falling of darkness, and an hour later I started looking for a place to spend the night. Pulling off the freeway at an interchange where several hotels were located, I inquired for accommodations. Most were already full. The Ramada Inn had one room available --- at \$35!! I said no thank you, got back on the freeway and continued south. A couple of exits later I found a sign for camping. Since I did have equipment for it, I decided to take advantage of the campgrounds. It cost \$3.50 for the site.

I considered that a good savings. After a restful sleep and a quick packing of my tent and sleeping bag, I was on the road again, an hour earlier than I thought. I had forgotten about the time-zone change.

Huntsville, Alabama, was my next stop. Even though George Wallace welcomed me to his fair state (there was a sign of him at the border, looking as glum as always), I thought the Space Museum in Huntsville a bit more exciting. For almost two hours I pursued among the history of our advancement into space, looked into the insides of rockets, capsules and other NASA equipment, and watched a movie narrated by William Shantner.

I got into Birmingham toward evening, and found the hotel for B'HAMACON fairly easily. Penny Frier-son's directions were quite explicit. I checked in and wandered about for an hour or so until Meade and Penny returned from dinner and re-opened registration.

It was a rather uneasy and disquieting hour, because I felt as though I were at my first convention all over again. There was no one there I knew until I spotted Andy and Jody Offutt, then Gene and Rosemary Wolfe, and, surprise, Curt Stubbs and his lovely wife Mahala (they had been married the week before, and the B'HAMACON/SUNCON trip was a wedding present). I had dinner with Curt and Mahala at the over-priced hotel coffee-shop, then wandered around the hucksters room picking up things here and there. I met Steve and Binker Hughes, well-known fans in the South, spent some time talking with them and buying some things I didn't have from their table. I acquired the complete five-issue run of FORGOTTEN FANTASIES at a bargain price. Binker told me that she and her husband were just cleaning out some of their doubles and assorted extra copies of books, and rather than just give them away or sell them to a dealer, they decided to huckster the merchandise themselves. Since they didn't want to take anything back home with them, their prices were more than reasonable.

And I met Michael Bishop. He was the major reason I decided to make my trip to SUNCON a little longer and take in the DEEPSOUTHCON (B'HAMACON). He is a very handsome, very friendly fellow, and actually uses all those vocabulary words I had learned in high school. I tried to get an interview with him, but things did not work out that way. He had other obligations, and was unable to find the time. He did suggest that I write a letter to him with questions for him to answer. (Now all I have to do is re-aquaint myself with all his works so I can re-remember the questions I had wanted to ask!)

Throughout Saturday and Sunday I met many more fans from all over the country. It seemed as though many people took Meade's advice and stopped off at his con on their way to SUNCON. Gil Gaier had touched down on his Worldcon trip. He is a very friendly person whom, unfortunately, I did not spend much time with. George R.R. Martin, whom I finally got a chance to meet, stood in line with me at the banquet. He had on a t-shirt with pictures of Hugo awards on it, the number of them matching the number of times he had been nominated for the award, right-side up if he had won, upside down otherwise. Mike and Pat Maera were in from England. They sat on a panel talking about fan-

# CONREPORTS and

zines along with Charlie and Dena Brown, Gil Gaier and Ned Brooks. Ned is a fascinating speaker. I had a nice conversation with him and Louis Gray (of California) on Sunday afternoon as everyone was leaving. I learned a few things about Will Jenkins (Murray Leinster) from him that I had not known before. His writing was only supplemental to his income; he made money from the patents he held, the most notable of them dealing with the film industry. His major development for films was rear-screen projection!

Charles Grant was there, and I talked briefly with him; I commented on how much I liked his story "A Crowd of Shadows" which had been nominated for the Hugo. But I told him quite honestly that I didn't vote for his story for first place in the balloting (I believe I gave it second behind "Piper at the Gates of Dawn" or third behind "Piper" and "Tricentennial"). He seemed gratified by my frankness, and said that he was surprised that it had even been nominated.

Among the other authors in attendance were David Gerrold, R.A. Lafferty (whose work I've read too little of, Jack Dann and Gerald Page. But I must not forget the editor of DAW books himself, Donald A. Wollheim. I talked with him briefly about a local author, Guy Snyder, whose book TESTAMENT XXI was published by Don. It was one of the worst sellers of DAW, not because the ideas were bad, but because Guy sacrificed clarity for style.

I met two very nice persons from Boston, Don and Jill Eastlake. They had a good Boston in '80 slide show and they quickly converted me to their point of view. The Boston Committee is experienced, the hotel is large and used to conventions since that is where the last few BOSKONES have been held. The hotel is therefore used to fans. There are pop machines and ice machines on every floor. In the same complex there is also an all-night grocery store, and scores of eating places in the area. It sounded good to me, especially after SUNCON, so I told them that they have my vote.

Ken and Mary Lou Moore ran the art show. It was a lovely one indeed, but I saw nothing there I could afford of the ones I liked. While looking at a number of the pieces, I saw a couple I thought I knew. It was strange though, because Gary and Denise Mattingly were back in Detroit. Indeed, that's who it was, the Mattinglys. I did not know that they were going to stop at B'HAMACON on their trip to SUNCON. And they equally surprised to see me.

I did spend a considerable amount of time with Vicki Schnoes who was working for Ric Gellman of Imagination Unlimited. She, Ric and David Emerson had all come down from Minneapolis together. Vicki was a relatively new fan, but since she has been working the convention circuit with IU, she has by now probably attended more conventions than I have in my two years plus in fandom. Vicki loved back-rubs, and I loved to give back-rubs, so we kinda stayed together, doing what each of us liked.

Ross Pavlac came to the convention also, a stop on his way to save SUNCON. Together with him, Curt and Mahala Stubbs, and Greg Bennet (Chairman of the Seattle in '81 bid), we went out for pizza, and discussed a number of things concerning the Worldcon. Actually it was a meeting of minds, mine and Mahala's excluded. Ross was going to SUNCON early to attend the planning meeting and get the security organized. He was instrumental in saving MIDAMERICON the previous year, and was getting ready to do it again for SUNCON. Curt is the program director for IGUANACON, the coming Worldcon in Phoenix, Arizona. And Greg is the Chairman for the Seattle bid as I mentioned above. He came early to gain the experience of working on a Worldcon, experience that he considered important to making the Seattle con a success, should they win the bid. And Curt was anxious for experi-

exhausted, we adjourned to Mike's room, and continued with the "lies" as he calls them. I said very little but was entranced by the entire proceedings.

Prior to this time, Southern fandom was a complete enigma to me. My only contacts with those fans were through Meade Frierson in RAPS (now defunct), Susan Phillips (who was also at B'HAMACON), Ken and MaryLou Moore, and the Offutts. After this con, especially after listening to Mike Walls and his lies, I am adding a Southern con to my list of conventions. The fans are friendly, funny, and have their own brand of conventioning, just as other areas of fandom do. As for a strict comparison, ask me after I've been to some more Southern cons.

Steve Allen Beatty I've saved for last. He was there. After five years of being in fandom, he finally decided that it was time to go to a convention, and B'HAMACON was the one he chose to attend. He enjoyed himself immensely, so much so that he decided to take in another convention and wanted to go to SUNCON. He already had an attending membership so that was no problem. Curt and Mahala Stubbs offered him crash space at the hotel, and I offered the ride.

## RAMBLINGS 7.1

Allen and I left early Monday afternoon and headed for Florida. I had planned to arrive at SUNCON on Thursday before the official opening of the convention, which left me with a couple/three days to kill. Well I had a Detroit Metro Passbook pass for a Ramada Inn in Gainesville, Florida --- any room, unlimited stay, for half-price. Allen and I took a double and it cost us \$5 per day each for the room. From there I drove to Disney World the next day, leav-

# RAMBLINGS 7

ience also because he wanted IGUANACON to be a better Worldcon than the last couple have been.

Anyway, while we were waiting for the pizza to arrive, Ross was making some notes. When asked as to what they were for, he replied that he was making a list of questions to ask the SUNCON committee, just to make sure that everything was ready. Curt said, "I Already know what the answer to most of those questions is." Ross furrowed his brow and asked, "What?" Curt smiled and replied, "We didn't think of that." We rolled with laughter till the pizza came a few minutes later.

I met a number of Southern fans: Joe Celko, Jim Gilpatrick, Bob Teague, Mike Rogers, Irvon Koch, Steve Keeley (a fan interested in SF fanzines), Eric Ferguson, Dick and Nicki Lynch, Mike Weber (who tapes interviews and panels at various conventions), Barry Hunter (who pubs the fanzine BARYON), Roger and Deborah Johnson, Cliff and Susan Biggers (who publish FUTURE RETROSPECTIVE, a zine filled with book reviews and articles --- very good and interesting), Gilbert Huey and others.

The dead dog party on Sunday night, for me and a few choice people, lasted until almost 6:00 AM Monday morning. I met three of the best story-tellers ever: Mike Walls, and Ed and Ida McNeill. Curt, another fan named Maurice and I just sat up listening to them for hours. We started out in Penny Frierson's room with the Ddog party with almost two dozen people crammed in. As the hour grew later, more people left until only a few remained. Since Penny was

ing Allen to "hold the fort." He had already been there, and wanted to do some research in the University of Florida library.

Disney World was fun; I'm sorry I only spent one day there, but I had originally planned to pass a day there, then one at Cape Kennedy. However, it turned out that I was so tired after my day of fun that I just wanted to rest. So the next day I went to the library with Allen, and we spent the rest of the time relaxing either by the pool, or in our room reading, watching TV, etc.

While at Disney World, I looked for any fans who might also be there. I saw one whom I recognized from B'HAMACON whose name I did not know. He was walking by on the other side of a large plaza and I didn't get over there fast enough before he slipped away to other parts of the playground. While waiting for a showing in the Hall of Presidents, I was attacked from behind by Barbara Geraud, a fan (and Chairperson of PghILANGE) from Pittsburgh who was on her way to SUNCON with Dave Wentroble. Even though I knew there were other fans there, I didn't see any. Gary and Denise Mattingly were there (I found out later) but happened to be in the Treasure Island part of the park that day.

I found several sections of Disney World very impressive. Tomorrowland and the space trips were very enjoyable. The Haunted Mansion was quite excellent. I marvelled at the entire staff of the park: they've become experts at moving huge crowds of people quickly. While in Frontierland, I stopped in

the country trading post and looked at the coonskin caps. It was just a thought of getting a spare to go with the one I wear at conventions. Then I spotted something that I had been wanting for cons for a-while: moccasins. Tromping around in a hotel at a con is wearing on the feet. Shoes tend to get uncomfortable after awhile, and house slippers don't wear well. Moccasins were/are ideal. So I bought a pair of them, some postcards and some candy, and walked out happily to watch the docking of the riverboat.

Of all the places I went to, the TIKI Room was the worst. Description: BORING!!! I almost fell asleep. I stayed in hopes that it would get better, but it didn't. And I also got a sore neck from staring at the stupid birds perched all around the ceiling.

I ran out of film for my camera. I had intended to buy a few rolls before I left for my trip, but didn't get around to it before I left. I was a little busy then: working on LL #5 & 6, and waiting for my car to get out of the repair shop. I needed a new transmission. Anyway, have you ever been to Disney World and tried to buy film? I found only one place that sold it, and they prices were not the best.

Still, I enjoyed myself. As I said before, I wish that I had spent another day there.

## SUNCON

Allen and I left late Thursday morning and arrived at the Fountainebleau about four in the afternoon with the rain. There I came across hidden expenses which I was not prepared to pay, expenses I had heard nothing about: tips for the guys who park the cars; a parking fee for Selena of \$3 per day; and tips for almost everything else that was not done by yourself (except for the elevator operators). There were really no decent and cheap places to eat that were close to the hotel. You could drive, but that would mean tipping the person who got your car out of the garage, and tipping the person who put it back after you returned from the eatery. My spending money was already low and these extras didn't help matters much at all. So I paid for a number of things by check, something I rarely do, and which nearly depleted my checking account. Mark and Evelyn Leeper were there, and offered to lend me some extra money if I needed it, for which I thanked them profusely. It turned out that I did not need any extra; I managed to budget myself well enough that I didn't have to borrow any. Besides, I did have more than enough bucks in my savings account back home; the problem was that I couldn't touch it because I was not there.

Anyway, SUNCON turned to RAINCON for Thursday, Friday and part of Saturday. Saturday afternoon turned out to be beautiful, so I went swimming both in the pool and in the ocean. Body Surfing was fun. I almost destroyed my eyes, though; instead of chlorine they used salt water in the pool.

I attended very little of the programming. I caught part of the Space Colony panel and the Masquerade Contest. I had intended to listen to Jack Williamson's Guest of Honor speech, and George R.R. Martin's reading of his story "Bitterblooms", but I didn't get to them. I renewed my acquaintance with several authors and fans, got a few more autographs, and spent most of the time talking with friends and fans.

Erica Simon, a lovely young woman from Minneapolis, I found seated with her aunt or grandmother (I forget which) one afternoon and spoke with them for a-while. Her grandmother commented on how she could not understand



why the fans were upset with the hotel. No ice machines, no pop machines, more than opulent settings, and lots of open space in which to move. To get anything the fans had to pay. They could not bring food or drink into the hotel without paying a fee! I tried to explain that most fans are not rich (!!!!!), and that we would rather have a simple hotel to meet for a convention rather than all this richness. I really didn't press the issue; Erica flashed me a look that said, "Please be understanding with her," and I was. Later, Erica and I talked, swapping stories about what had happened since we first met at MINICON. I am looking forward to meeting her again at the next MINICON.

The art show was large, the hucksters room even larger. I picked up a few things here and there, being careful as to what I bought. I got a copy of A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE by Michael Bishop, a book I was unable to find at B'HAMACON. At the quick-sale price I picked up a print of "Unicorn and Fawn" hand-colored by the artist Bonnie Dalzell. I framed it and gave it to my girlfriend Beth for Christmas.

I touched spirits with a number of authors I had never met before. Briefly I talked with C.J. Cherryh, relating a comment that Joe Haldeman had made about her at the last PghILANGE, to the effect that we should watch out for her; she's on her way up. With Thomas Monteleone I discussed partially his writing career, starting with that horrible book he would like to forget: SEEDS OF CHANGE. He said that he wished it hadn't been printed. He is however delighted with the way his new books have turned out, and he hopes that the fans will buy them and read them. He would like to erase that bad image presented by SEEDS OF CHANGE.

I also got an autograph from Keith Laumer, and talked a bit with Alan Dean Foster. I told him about the article which would appear in LL #6 about "Who Wrote STAR WARS?" and expressed extreme interest, especially when I told him that the author of the article had named him the writer.

And there was the usual host of regular fans, and new ones: Don C. Thompson (from Colorado), Don C. Thompson (from Florida), Ken Manson, Bruce Pelz (who showed me an up-dated, almost-completed, set of fannish Tarot cards --- i.e., Tarot cards each one of which drawn and colored by a different fannish artist), Sylvia Starshine (from whom I asked for a STAR WARS drawing to go with the SW article in #6), Lee Ann Goldstein, Doug and Denise Stokes (formerly of Michigan --- Denise being an extremely good artist), C.P. Langeveld (from England), Robert Jackson and a host of others from England here for the Britain in '79 bid (which they won!), John Harris, Susan Bridwell, Jim Young, Paul Sammon and Sherri Sires (whom I met at the pool), Linda Ann Moss (Cleavage),

Gail Selinger (who interrupted me to get change for the phone while I was checking out of the hotel, and I threatened to send my fanzine to because of it. She replied, "Promises, promises." So I took her address and she's on the mailing list!), the Mattinglys, the Lutz-Nageys, Chicago Fandom in force of numbers, Renee Selber, Caryl Thompson (who had pictures from the masquerade contest at MAC, and I actually identified some people in their pictures for them: Debbie Goldstein and Sharon Ferraro Short), and many, many others.

The movies were so-so. I watched clips of a few. CINDERELLA 2000 wasn't all that bad, but it definitely did not strike me as being a classic. Some of the music was pretty decent. But they did have popcorn and soft drinks --- and at fairly reasonable prices. Laura Dolan was one of the sellers of these delectables, who I saw later at the BALTI-CONparty. I had promised that I would help Don and Jill Eastlake during SUNCON in the promotion of Boston in '80. I helped Jill read the script to one of the slide show presentations.

While wandering around the parties, I struck up a conversation with Don R. Benson, an editor for Dell Books. When he asked me what I did, I told him about my teaching experiences, both in regular school at Cranbrook/Kingswood, and in the HUB program. He was fascinated that I had taught Latin to a group of inner city students.

I also managed to give blood and not pass out on the table as I did the first (and only other) time I tried. I had forgotten to bring one of my hardcover Heinlein books for him to autograph, but I did make sure that I got proof of giving so that I could see him and get his autograph in September at CONCLAVE (even then I forgot a hardcover book). Some of the Minnesota fans talked Robert Heinlein into coming up to their room. What had happened was one of their members, Renee, had injured her ankle at the convention, and had to stay off her feet for several days. He came up as a favor and from what I heard, they had a very pleasant conversation.

I cannot forget Ross Pavlac and the Columbus 7th Cavalry. They came in, took over operations, and saved SUNCON from being a total disaster. Among their staff was Mary Anne Mueller, Greg Bennett, Curt Stubbs, Greg Brown (Former chairman of IGUANACON), Mark Evens, Larry Smith, Bob Hilles, Margaret Henry, Chip Bestler, and several others.

Suzi Stefl arrived with her daughter Dottie, and they shared a room with Joan Hanke-Woods, a new artist in the SF field, and a good one. She did the illustrations in Galaxy for the last book of Zelazny's Amber series, THE COURTS OF CHAOS. Unfortunately Suzi got sick at the end of the con and was unable to completely enjoy the dead dog party. She was examined by a fan who happened to be a doctor, and he said that it was the worst case of strep throat he ever saw. When this was announced at the dead dog party, rumor has it that the number of those men who had come in contact with her fainted --- all 117 of them.

While on the elevator, I met Maurice again, the fan I met at B'HAMACON. His brow was furrowed and he was thinking deep thoughts. I told him not to strain himself. He said that he was trying to come up with a costume for the masquerade. I said that he had better hurry; the contest was in a few hours. He said, "I work well under pressure." I replied, "So does Frank Herbert." I got a few dirty looks and a couple groans from the other occupants of the elevator. One even muttered, "That's bad."

Time moved on through the weekend, and the hours I spent talking to many, many fans passed quickly.

I checked out of the hotel on Sunday afternoon. I had to be back at school for teachers' meetings on the day after Labor Day, and I was driving. So I missed the Hugo Banquet and Awards.

The drive was not very bad at all. I took the Florida Turnpike to I-75 and that all the way to Detroit. I drove straight through, stopping only at rest areas, gas stations and restaurants. Oh yeah, and the hospital (more on that soon).

Darkness had fallen by the time I reached the Georgia border. Somewhere in the back of my mind came a quote: "Going through Georgia at night is no great loss; there's not all that much to see." So I didn't see much at all, except a MacDonald's, a couple of gas stations, and a mess of a freeway around Marietta. I was fooling around with the radio, trying to get a good station when I crossed the border, and I picked up a classical station that was playing the end of a symphony. Good, I thought to myself, no country-western, and I'll be able to stay awake more easily. Ha! The symphony ended and that was the end of the program. "And that concludes our program," said the announcer. "This is station \_\_\_\_\_," (I missed the call letters) "in the Netherland Antilles, the friendly voice of the South Caribbean." Then the program continued in Dutch. Powerful little radio, mine. With a little help from the ionosphere skip!

Georgia turned into Tennessee, then into Kentucky. Dawn broke with patchy fog, and Selena and I rode the hills of I-75 like a dolphin on the waves. We frolicked up and down, skimming over the asphalt, thoroughly enjoying ourselves. Kentucky was a let-down when I pulled into a station for gas and the pump read more than 75¢ a gallon. I pulled out and got back on the freeway. I had enough to get me to Covington where the gas would be a more reasonable price.

Things went smoothly until north of Cincinnati. There, amid flashing blue lights, were six state trooper cars, each with someone pulled over. Immediately traffic slowed to the speed limit. And it was like that all through Ohio. The State Police were crawling all over the freeways.

My temperature gauge was riding high, higher than it had been throughout the trip. So I pulled over into a rest area and was going to add more water. I gave the radiator cap a quarter turn and waited a minute or so for the pressure to be released. Then I took off the cap. Unfortunately I had not waited long enough. Boiling hot antifreeze erupted from the radiator, giving me a bath. It sprayed my face, right arm, neck and chest. Fortunately my glasses protected my eyes, and more than a day's growth of beard (along with my usual van dyke) protected my face and neck. My arm suffered a mild burn, nothing to get very excited about. But my chest was BURNED. My right breast got most of it. I quickly peeled off the shirt I was wearing, grabbed a towel, soaked it in cold water and covered the burned area. Some guy in the Rest Area said that I should put butter on it. I looked at him and thanked him for the suggestion. The cold compress was good enough.

There was a travel information center in the rest area, and I got directions to the nearest hospital. And I got lost in Middletown, Ohio, because their roads are not all marked. I finally got to the



emergency room of the hospital and they took care of me right away. The burns on my chest turned out to be second degree, and so I was bandaged and released. They were going to give me some pills to relieve the pain, but I couldn't take them since I had about five hours of driving ahead of me. Instead they gave me a prescription and a plastic bag full of ice to help numb the pain.

I got lost again trying to find the freeway. I have a very good sense of direction, and I knew where I-75 was, but I couldn't get on to the street to get to the interchange I got off at to go to the hospital. That was frustrating, and the pain didn't help my temperament very much. When I finally did get back on the freeway, the state troopers were everywhere so no one was going very fast.

With my little bag of ice I played games. I would hold it against the burned area until it got too cold to withstand, then remove it until the pain got to be too much. I did this partly to keep awake (although the pain was a marvelous stimulant), partly because I knew that the ice would not last very long in the heat of the day, and I wanted to become independent of the ice. Eventually, after about an hour, I no longer needed the cold. The pain had been reduced to a dull throb.

By the time I got home, I had been on the road for twenty-seven hours, well over 36 hours without sleep. Beth was lifeguarding at Big Jonah (did I tell you before that my girlfriend was the head lifeguard for Jonah Pool?). It was her last night. And after six years of guarding there, four of which she has been the Head Lifeguard, she was retiring. So I just had to go to that. It was a fun party. We had munchies and things to drink. We broke all the pool rules that Beth had been after everybody about during the summer, went over to the nature shelter which is on the grounds and built a fire. One of the people attending the party was head of Cranbrook Public Relations, another was a guard, and a third was a naturalist in the Nature Center, so we could almost do anything we wanted. It was a fun party, and I got home late, crawled into bed exhausted, and fell asleep immediately.

## RAMBLINGS 7.2

Teachers' meetings are a necessary evil, I suppose. There are always a number of things to get out of the way, to clear up before the beginning of the school year, and a meeting is the quickest and easiest way. In spite of all the memoes and notes that are sent around, not everything is absorbed while reading such things. (Then there are those who don't bother reading them anyway.) One of the worst things about the first meetings is that they come right after a nice, long, relaxing vacation. In my case, of course, they came after a too-short night of sleep.

I found myself fairly active for all that had happened the previous two days to me. I expected to be terribly tired, and not fit for human contact. But I think it was the anticipation of the new year in school that made me excited and got the adrenalin flowing. There were new teachers to meet also, lovely ladies and jock-type gentlemen with whom I would be working. In the Kingswood school of Cranbrook Educational Community, all the new teachers hired were female, both married and unmarried. Now coming into a new school system is scary. There are usually long established ways of doing things, well-known unwritten rules and regulations, and secret "ins and outs" which

are rarely explained to the new-comers. I felt lost for awhile last year when I started at Kingswood, so I knew how the new teachers felt. Because of this I made myself available to them to help them along, answer questions, give them helpful hints and ease their shock into the school system. It was extremely enjoyable to do this, and I know they appreciated it.

When classes started I was ready. Teaching one Latin class, and four Math classes, my schedule was set with enough breaks among the classes that I had time to prepare things at school, sometimes be able to correct tests and sometimes be able to have an evening off from preparation. That would leave me free to attend my SF meetings, go to the girls' sports events, and work on my fanzine and apazine efforts. Sounds ideal!

It wasn't!

Aside from my own procrastination, I did more work to prepare classes than I did last year. Geez, was I actually trying to become a super teacher? I believe subconsciously that I was. And I can add that I am, make the statement in present tense. Teaching is the career that I chose. It is something I love doing. It can be frightening at times when you consider that I do have a profound effect on the lives of the students whom I teach, but since I do have such an influence, I don't want to do just a mediocre job. I take pride in the things that I do, especially if I like doing those things. Since I love teaching, I keep trying to improve my skills. So I spent more time preparing, more time going over tests, analyzing students' skills and abilities. I reviewed what I had done last year, and looked to see what improvements I could make, what changes were necessary, what was useless and should be dropped. One does not become a good teacher overnight. I do have some inherent abilities, but they need the honing of experience. And I am getting experience.

Ever try teaching "sweathogs"? Not that I have the absolutely "slow-learners" in any of my classes. I had some who took more time to learn material than others, but in this case by "sweathogs" I mean "rowdies." Also known as "troublemakers."

I can't say that I don't like any of my students. I do like the rowdies. They keep me on my toes; I have to yell at them, I get exasperated with them, but I do like them. Getting analytical, I'd say that they are basically good kids, but very insecure. They are freshmen, have a lot of energy and are trying to gain social acceptance. Many are finding out that being loud and boisterous is not the way to go. But some are taking longer than others.

Anyway, teaching those classes and shifting from one mode of thinking to another -- Latin to Algebra to Geometry -- is exhausting in itself. It's really no wonder why I do not accomplish all that I would like to at school. So I end up taking a lot of work home with me.

Again, like last year, I do dormitory duty with the freshmen boarders at Cranbrook, the boys' side. These boys this year are not as cynical and negative as those who were in the dorm last year. My one-night-a-week stint in the dorm (and one weekend out of every six) is a pleasant experience, and not something to dread like I did last year. The Stevens Hall freshmen are a good bunch of kids. Sometimes I almost look forward to going there.

The beginning of the school year also brought the near end of my gardening. I did not have a garden since I was about six or seven years old, and I had never put up any vegetables. So my motto became, I CAN TOO! I planted a garden, and canned pickles, tomatoes and froze vegetables. I put up dozens of quarts of dill pickles, bread 'n' butter pickles and tomatoes (green), frozen

beans and broccoli, and some carrots and green peppers. I have gotten compliments left and right on my green tomatoes. They're like a sweet relish, and based on the bread 'n' butter pickle recipe.

Anyway, my gardeing declined, especially with the advent of colder weather. Even though I was still cutting broccoli in November, by the end of September the rest of my garden was dead.

Amid the start of school, and all this rushing around I did manage to put together LL #5, the all fiction issue from my summer teaching, and started work on LL #6. And last but not least, came the next series of conventions.

## CONCLAVE 2

To go or not to go; that was an easy question to answer. To see Heinlein and get his autograph, to see Ben Bova once more and have an interview with him, something I had asked him for at SUNCON, to see the fans and friends I had not seen since the last conventions, the answer easily came: YES! To take a room in the hotel or not; that was more difficult. I originally said no, but after Renee Seiber asked me if I wanted to crash with her and two other guys from Michigan State, I said okay. And I was glad I did.

I had fun at CONCLAVE II. I helped Suzi Stefl out at the pool, as she did with me at AUTOCLAVE II. I worked with the Oral History people, and did my usual wanderings from party to conversations. The Eastern Michigan University group, Waldo & Magic, Inc, knew how to put on a good con, and did.

There were several high and low points for me at this con.

Nolan Shaw of the SF Oral History Association had asked me to help out with some of the program items of the group, one of which was interviewing Lou Tabakow. I did and enjoyed myself immensely. I also

helped out with the Stanley Schmidt interview.

In the pool, the most memorable event (aside from the unsuccessful attempt to throw Candice Massey into the water) was the skinny dipping. (Or was I supposed to say that the other way around?)

In the hucksters room, in addition to getting Joan Hunter Holly's autograph on another of her books, and buying a collection of novellas from Dean McLaughlin, and written by him, and getting his autograph, of course. Stupidly I had forgotten to bring any Heinlein books with me, so I ended up buying another copy of GLORY ROAD for him to autograph. While looking through the displays on various tables, I spotted a lovely calendar, the Michael Moorcock one with interpretive paintings from his works by Rodney Mathews. It was the most beautiful calendar I had ever seen. I bought one, and found out later through Imagination Unlimited from Vicki Schnoes that there were only 12,500 released to the US. It feels nice to have a copy of a limited edition anything. (At times I still feel like a neo --I believe you have to be in fandom for five years before you are not considered a neo any longer, but I forgot where I heard that. As of this typing, I've only been in fandom for 2½ years -- so I'm still technically a neo. \*sigh\* Could be worse; I might never have found fandom!)

At one point during the convention, I managed to catch the guest of honor, Ben Bova, and had him autograph all the books of his that I had with me. Then we retreated to a quiet place and I interviewed him for LAN'S LANTERN. For twenty-five minutes we talked. I found out more about the background of some of his books and his career as an author/editor. Soon, Vince Tuzzo came up to get Ben for a panel, looked at the tape recorder and said, "It's not working!" Sure enough, it wasn't. Talk about embarrassment! It had stopped at three, meaning that only three feet had passed by the recording head. I did not want to put Ben through another grueling session that con, so he gave me his number for the ANALOG office. I was to call him to make



arrangements for another interview. Strangely enough, the panel Ben sat on was about interviewing, and the difficulties one might encounter. Much as I would have \*ahem\* liked to listen, I left.

On Saturday afternoon I talked a bit with Stanley Schmidt, our friendly physics Professor from Tiffin Ohio. I asked him about his books, THE SINS OF THE FATHERS, NEWTON AND THE QUASI-APPLE and the short novellettes he was doing in ANALOG. The conversation was cut short for some reason (I forget why), but I earmarked time with him later that afternoon and did an interview with him, the recorder working this time. I used a tape that didn't jam. The interview will appear in LL #8.

Renee, Tullio Proni, and several fen went to dinner together. Even though the attraction of listening to the Eastern Michigan University Madrigals was so overpowering that I did buy a banquet ticket, checking over my expenses, and the convention I was going to the next weekend, I figured that I could use the money. The ticket was easily sold; Leo Frankowski wanted to go, so I sold it to him. The group went to the SPAGHETTI BENDER in Ypsilanti, the local hang-out for the EMU group. Unfortunately we all got back too late and missed all the speeches. And I really wanted to hear what Ben, Bob and Ann Passovoy, and Heinlein had to say.

While packing my things in the car on Sunday afternoon, I met a lovely young lady preparing to leave, Anna O'Connell. We talked for about an hour in the parking lot about anything and everything. Leo joined us later and I walked back to the hotel after seeing Anna off. Once inside I was assaulted (accosted?) by Joan Hanke-Woods who was pleading for a ride to the Bus Station. Since I was going to leave soon, I told her I would be delighted to take her to the station. In return she bought me lunch, and soon after we headed for Detroit (the only bus station I knew existed was in downtown Detroit). We got there fairly early, so to spend the time wisely, I took her over to the new Renaissance Center, the site for the Detroit in 82 Worldcon, then to Greektown where we spent lots of time in an old bookstore. The afternoon was pleasantly spent with pleasant company. I waited until Joan got on the bus and was safely seated before I headed for home.

## PgHLANGE 9

It would be a six hour trip. I rushed home from teaching my last class, threw my school books on the bed, grabbed my conventioning stuff and headed for the freeway. The six hours through the space warp seemed like nothing. It was dark when I landed on the Pittsburgh planetside, yet not so nebulous that I could not find the convention hotel. I dragged my stuff up to my room, donned my trademark of the coon-skin cap, ran out into the hall and yelled, "It's time for PgHLANGE 9. Let the con begin!"

I was quickly restrained and beaten. The Pope, John Curlovich, exorcised me, then handed me over to Con Chairperson Barbara Geraud (a.k.a. as a latent hysteric), who helped by massaging the demon from me. (What demon? I'd rather have rum in me than out!)

I was then rescued by Jim and Laurie Mann and subjected to thirteen consecutive showings of FORBIDDEN PLANET, (not that I minded, but I didn't tell them that) then released into the clutches of Dave Wentroble, the dreaded BTOF (Booze Taster of Fandom) and anti-pope. Under his guidance I discovered that basic truth which underlined this convention, and smiling knowingly, I was set aright and followed the true path of the convention PgHLANGE.

One stop along the way was called the Hucksters

room. In that fascinating place I perused various tomes of the prophets like ANALOG and Haldeman's WAR YEAR whose sacred pages I eagerly bought. Within also were wars reduced to games, gaming reduced to war, and the greatest huckster alive today, next to Howard DeVore's Garage, the infamous Rusty (with a clean shirt). To pay him homage in grandest style I purchased a couple paperbacks. In return he got off his DUFF and thanked me graciously.

On the PgHLANGE Way were fellow pilgrims with whom it was most polite and greatly encouraged to talk. The leader of the Famed Columbus Seventh Cavalry, Ross Pavlac, succumbed to the Way and did the usual things fans did at cons (talked, got mildly plastered, and got silly), along with other notables, Stephen Dorneman, famed faned of WELTsomethingrotherUNG, Matthew Schneck, who knew how to teleport but wouldn't let anyone else in on the secret, Frank Balasz, secret master of Rennsealar, and others. Apple Susan arrived with a desperate need of a good pair of hands. Her back needed to be fixed and of all the hands that were tested, mine were deigned to give her relief. So effective were my manipulations that she slept peacefully in the middle of a crowded hallway until she regained her strength. Alisyn Abramowitz followed the ALVEGAN way, Fred Haskell followed the Convention way with his guitar and Van (Morrison), Sylvia Starshine followed the Lan Way until she got her original art back, then watched Michael Harper and Derik Carter (and a host of others) follow her way! Stella Nemeth and Joyce Scrivner honored the racoon and promised contributions to light up his LANTERN.

A feast honored the special guests, Ginjer Buchanan, Linda Bushyager (now in the publishing way) Gene Dimodica, and Suzle Tompkins. Their speeches were entertaining, funny, sad, serious and loving. These, the Founding Mothers of the PgHLANGE Way, were deigned not to be recorded and saved for posterity by me. Ghu determined that I sit near the door in the back, far from any speaker and electrical outlet, and that we all be disturbed by the polka music of the banquet hall next door, so that little aurible could/would be passed on to magnetic record.

I walked with Mike Wood (who followed the MINNEAPPI-AN Way) to the banquet line and conversed at length about his involvement with fandom. He intrigued me so that I later vowed that I would interview him for my meager publication.

The pleasant pilgrimage ended on Sunday with hopes abounding for a different hotel in which to practice the PgHLANGE Way. One of the doctrines provides that the pilgrims be able to sleep until noon on the final day, and the hotel must allow for that. The hotel almost didn't; under the growlings of Pope Curlovich it did. I took off through the space warp once more with Gary Farber as passenger and the time seemed much shorter on the return trip. I learned much from Gary about the workings of fanzine fandom, and other things of which he is extremely knowledgeable. The journey was very pleasant because of his company.

I dropped him off at the Bus Depot in Detroit so that he could continue his journey to ANNIE HALL in E. Lansing, Michigan. On the way back to the LanShack I contemplated the PgHLANGE Way and the Truths I learned:

The train of thought at conventions is never derailed with a good PgHLANGE.

And even the BNFs like Mike Glicksohn know this simple truth of the PgHLANGE Way:

Big Wheels in Fandom follow the straight and narrow fannish path better once they've been PgHLANGED.

## RAMBLINGS 7.3

During the month of October and half of november I was anxious and eager to go to conventions. Unfortunately I was unable to attend any. First of all I needed money to go, and I didn't have any. That's what ruled WINDYCON out (not to mention that I also had Dorm duty that weekend). I missed OCTOCON because we had Parents' Visiting Day that weekend, and a WONDAYCON because I had dorm duty again. Now don't get me wrong. I love teaching; I love my job, and knowing that I would be going to CHAMBANACON eased my impatience to be at another convention.

I taught. I reached some students. I became a friend, a taskmaster, a supporter. I pushed my students into new areas of knowledge, frightened them with tests, but most shwed me that they had learned. I then helped the slower ones, and moved on with everyone. When the teams started with their games, I was out there supporting them. The Tennis Team won the State Championship for the fourth year in a row. I went to almost every game. The Field Hockey Teams did well, although not as well as the Tennis Team.

And our Madrigals started singing. Fifteen girls, the elite singers, the best voices of the school. We had lost ten seniors last year. There were ten positions to fill, and many tried out. One in particular, Rachel Freudenburg, caught my attention. A small, petite young lady, who, I found out later, was a straight A student, had tried out for cheerleading and made it (this is her first year at Kingswood, admitted as a Sophomore), she did make Madrigals, and has gone on to impress all the teachers in every one of her classes. And she likes SF.

But getting back to the Madrigals, I have gone to as many of their concerts and performances as possible. You might say that I am intensely interested in what goes on at Kingswood, and I am. I love it here, and I love the students. I feel that if they can put in the time to work out in sports, practice everyday, do something which brings honor and recognition to the school, can't I give a little of my time to support them? I did last year. I did and will continue to do that this year. And in the coming years. And some of the other teachers are beginning to come to the games also. If just a few do that, I am glad. The student who is poor in academics may have fantastic ability on the field, or in the court, or on stage. I see my students as individuals with personal strengths and weaknesses. The more I know about them, the more I will understand them and the easier it is for me to evaluate them.

## CHAMBANACON 7

Is the day after an extremely heavy meal the day to drive nine hours to a convention? Only if the con is CHAMBANACON! On the Friday after Thanksgiving I piled my stuff into the car, including about 150 copies of LAN'S LANTERN #6 and headed for Champaign, Illinois. I was fortunate enough to have enough friends at the Wayne Third Foundation meeting on Wednesday evening who helped me collate the 450+ copies of the zine.

The drive was pleasant, as it had been the last two times I had been to this con, but this time, as opposed to last year, I did not run out of gas on the



interstate in Indiana. The hotel was the same, Ramada Inn, and I was looking forward to seeing the perennial pro GoH, Andy Offutt, and the fan GoH, Ken Moore. ((See their speeches elsewhere in this zine.))

I was very excited. This convention was my anniversary. It would be the third CHAMBANACON I had attended, and would mark the beginning of the third year of conventioning for me. Having finally completed two years in fandom, I would be eligible to vote for DUFF and TAFF.

I got my room, registered with Penny Tegen, then proceeded to pass out copies of my zine to people on my mailing list. Joe Haldeman was particularly

pleased to see that interview I had done a year and a half ago finally in print.

What can I say about a CHAMBANACON that I haven't said before? Many of the good people were there whom I remembered always being there: Bob Tucker, Niel Rest, Barney Nuefeld, Bob Hillis, Ross Pavlac, the Tegens, the Offutts, the Haldemans, Gordie Dickson, the Chicago people, Rusty Hevelin, Jeff May, Lou Tabakow, Paula and Wally Franke, Marla Gold. Ric Bergman, and many more. There were also a few new faces, local people just coming into fandom.

Suzi Stefl had come in from Detroit (I didn't know that she was coming), and offered her services as a lifeguard so to keep the pool open longer for the fans. There was only one bad incident: someone put soap in the whirlpool. That didn't exactly endear us to the hotel. And there was no skinny-dipping this year.

Imagination Unlimited set up shop again and I bought 3 more of the Moorcock/Matthews calenders to give away as Christmas presents. There were a few things here and there that I picked up from various hucksters.

Gordie held an autograph-signing party in his room, and offered copies of his new book, TIME STORM for sale as well (in case you didn't have any of his books for him to autograph). I bought one and helped man the bookstand with Eric Webb. I had a nice long talk with Eric while we sold some of his books; I found out more of him as a person, which made me like him even more than I had before. He also mentioned a few things about Gordie, how he is finally getting around to writing some of the stories he had conceived up to twenty years ago.

On Saturday night the Moebius Strip Theatre group did improvisations in the registration area. The group is good. They had everyone in stitches. One of the techniques they use is to being improvising on something, then if one of the group sees a tangent sketch completely different from the one being done, he/she yells "freeze" and takes over. Example: I believe one of them was vibrating because he was in an exercise room at a reducing parlor, following the instructions of the person in charge. Someone yelled "Freeze" and took over, thrusting an imaginary glass into the person's hands, and said, "I'll have this milkshake done for you in a minute!!" (Guess you had to be there). It's one of the minor ones, but the rest came so fast I can't remember them all. ((I have since seen their production of STAGE WARS, a parody of STAR WARS, and I found it one of the funniest parodies I had ever seen, even better than HARDWARE WARS (even though Moebius didn't have the "special effects" HARDWARE WARS did.))

(continued on page 31)

# CHAMBANACON SEVEN

## Speeches

### Pro GoH

### Fan GoH

ANDREW J. OFFUTT

KENETH MOORE

((In the dining room at CHAMBANACON after all had eaten, it was customary to listen to the speeches of the honored guests (as it is at most con banquets). This year at CHAMBANACON 7, both the Fan and Pro Guests of Honor made speeches, each being introduced by Al Tegen, co-chairman of the con with his wife Penny.

((Al introduced Ken Moore, and Ken walked quickly to the microphone and spoke the following words.))

I don't have a speech. ((resounding cheers and applause)) I don't have a lot to say except that I'm damn glad to be here and I think it's a great honor. I'd like to thank you all, especially Penny and Allen. Thank you.

((There was thunderous applause, and someone even shouted "Encore!"

((Al then introduced the perennial Guest of Honor, Andrew J. Offutt, also known as Andy. And he had a longer speech than Ken.))

If you think that I'm going to stand up here and say "May the Force be with you," you're out of your cotton-pickin' gourd!

It's a strange feeling when you say "Thanks" Al, because that's my feeling. Seven years ago, which is like two hundred but shorter, these cuckoos put on a con and asked me to be the Guest of Honor. At that time I was about as well known as Zbigniew Brzinski, secret master of the United States, and I really appreciated it. We all had a good time, and as I've said before, the substance of this happening was like a warm close family; and we all left friends, smiling. If I still feel that way, if you're not still my family, my friends -- don't tell me; don't disillusion me.

CHAMBANANACON continued as a tradition. Jim Hansen has skipped the country, and now Penny and Al Tegen are making noises about moving to ski-country, and I'm scared. Jim went North, the Tegens are heading West; who's next? We've all sort of grown up together. I realize that there are a few people here who haven't been here before, but the rest of us have been around for awhile. Maybe this comes from too much ego, or maybe it's just because I'm a sentimental ass, but each year I've managed by brilliant sheer brass and some fair writing to get a little bit more entrenched as a writer, and every year when I get up here I want to blabber about it because I do honestly

have this family feeling. It'd like, "Where'd you get your start?" "Uh, CHAMBANACON...in 1970."

At that time, for god's sake, I still had the insurance offices. I was still getting my hair cut once a week, by appointment, on Friday. Outside my shirt I hung things around my neck made of silk with stripes and things. And then you guys couldn't care less to hear this inflated ego talk about itself. But I ain't gonna stop. --- That was a missed applause cue. --- We've seen the Passovoy's come out of medical school and have a baby. Although they're trying to cover it up, he's probably rich and he's a full-fledged member of the AMA, American Magicians' Association. People used to go around saying, "Hey, Ann; Hi, Bob." Now they say, "Doctor, you gotta pill for my hangover?" "Somebody's having a baby in my room!" "My girlfriend's pregnant!" ("How long's she been pregnant?" "About seven minutes. I was there when it happened!")

I made some notes to talk about people who aren't here, because I want to mention a guy who has always been a part of CHAMBANACON, this kid fan Asprin who showed up a few years ago, always hanging around, shining Gordie's shoes, emptying my ashtrays. This nice, sweet, ever-smiling, retiring, shy, unimposing Mongol murderer, master of this uniformed gang of armed killers...all of a sudden he's a writer with two books out and a cover story in ANALOG, and more books sold with a ridiculous advance on a novel. They're paying COLD CASH even! ((moans from the audience)) No, no, no! That was a hiss cue! Look, you have got to do it right! Okay, one for me.

Together we've seen Gordon Dickson go on to new great things since becoming the ex-president of the SFWA, a goal desired by a great number of people before me, and shared by me. Now he's senior advisor to a uniformed gang of armed killers commanded by a Mongol murderer. These SCA guys even let Dickson and me play with them every year on Sunday afternoon.

We let this new guy here, Joe Haldeman, join us with his woman Gay, and look what happened to them. Big Things! He's had a Guest of Honor gig in Columbus! And that's it! ((pause)) OH! No, I knew there was something else; he's had a drink named after him, a Spayed Gerbil. Really, they've moved on to great things. Joe has been Guest of Honor at a few cons; Gay was Fan GoH last year at this convention, and an MC for Catherine Moore and a few other fans and pros. C. L. Moore; god she travels in a lot of circles.

Juanita Coulson has turned up here again and again. At a newsstand in the Memphis Airport three

days ago, I was delighted to find that she had a new book out, a fat one, at a buck ninety five. It is not fantasy, or science fiction, she says, but it's a dam' good indication of where we have come to with regard to fantasy and science fiction: the jacket blurbs endeavor to make you believe that it is not a historical, but a sorcerous fantasy sort of novel. She, Heinlein and Asimov were the only writers of OUR group who were represented in that place, where there were seven rows of YOUR ERONEOUS ZONES and three rows of RAISE THE TITANIC, soft core science fiction. (I'd met TITANIC's author three weeks earlier and told him that it was soft-core science fiction and he said, "No shit!") And 80 rows or so of books by former Watergate criminals. That shows you where it's at with airport newsstands. Juanita's novel isn't even about possession! And this gave me a lovely warm family feeling, even though we didn't grow up together or anything.

CHAMBANACON has been going on so long that I knew Lucy Seaman when she was just a little girl, and look at her now; velvet lace from head to toe, and that's not even to mention the iron armor.

Phyllis and Alex Eisenstein have been here year after year. Plugging one of my favorite people, she's sold not one, but two books since the last time I saw her. And I wish they were here because I'd give her a hug.

I'm sorry. I know you're waiting for cracks, but I didn't have one for Juanita Coulson, I don't have one for Phyllis Eisenstein- I just have this warm family feeling and I will until I find that one of my books hasn't been bought because of one of theirs. Then there's going to be trouble.

Penny and Al Tegen have been here year after year, and they've reproduced. You see what CHAMBANACON did? And that offspring has had a ship named after her in one of my books; not just a character, but a whole dam' ship!

God knows what has happened to us for seven solid -- and sometimes shaky -- years. We were all lucky enough to get snowed in a couple of years ago. With luck maybe it'll snow tomorrow. 70% chance! Live it up, kids; we don't have to get up early! Checkout time is Tuesday! ((applause))

Now we have a new family. Lynn Aronson has beaten me at poker since she started coming to CHAMBANACON, and that's an accomplishment. So did Jackie Causgrove/Franke/Causgrove, and then took the hell off to the far West coast so that I can't get even.

And since he has been coming to CHAMBANACON, Bob Tucker has been laid...by a female! ((cheering)) (So have ninety-three others here present, but all of you have asked me not to mention his, her or its names. So we'll cool it.)

Jim Hansen, the man who stood up here each time, got smart and moved the hell away; now the next two are moving the hell away...and the Babcocks, the inheritors of this fiasco, are on their way out! And now it's number seven, and no one even knows why I call Bob Passovoy Hawkeye any more. And I am honestly still in love with this weekend, and still very grateful to come up here and show off at a con where others do all the work.

Oh, one other thing, Jackie Causgrove/Franke/Causgrove was Fan GoH here, and she moved to California. Martha Beck was Fan GoH here, and she moved to California but they tell me now she's back. ((He looks at Fan GoH Ken Moore)) So long Ken, send me a postcard.

I myself have gone through many stages of growing up. First the name in lower case letters, which you all put up with: I appreciated that -- and I no longer bother with it. Then I read a book of Freud's letters and found out that he always signed himself just "Freud." I thought that was cool so I tried that for a couple of years and no one gave me hell for it. I've just about

quit that too. I realized that there was no way that I was going to become a Jewish shrink at my age. Next came the SFWA presidency and I imagine that it went about halfway to my head, and most people put up with that too. Then I came out of the closet as a heroic fantasy fan, and most of you have managed to put up with the fact that this genius who wrote THE CASTLE KEEPS a few hundred years ago is now writing all that bloody swordplay and magic stuff, and pretentiously says that he damned well intends to raise the level of heroic fantasy. (If any of you missed my definition of that this afternoon, it is by putting a paragraph or so of characterization into each novel!)

I haven't outgrown that one yet. In truth I'm trying not to.

What I want to do now, in seriousness, because I'm far too thin-skinned and easily hurt to be the president of the organization of the totally unorganizable, is explain one misquote and a couple of lying rumors.

Now the misquote I heard again from Mike Glicksohn this afternoon in the bar. It was about the notice that referred to me, Andrew Offutt, in KARASS. See, if anything could get screwed up, that's where it would -- and did. And did, and did and did. At two cons last year, two people came up to me and said that they didn't realize that the young court jester Andy Offutt was the same as the writer Andrew J Offutt. Well, this had never occurred to me before. This was the name they hung on me when I was born: Andrew Jefferson Offutt, the Fifth, for god's sake. I object to someone who runs a bad review of my work and refers to me as Andy, as if we were old friends. And I'm old-fashioned Kentuckian enough to think that envelopes should not be addressed with nicknames. But when I realized that some people thought that I was two people, and some non-con fans who attend a con or two because the writer whose work they liked was there -- this Andrew J. Offutt -- but didn't come because they didn't know who the hell this Andy Offutt was! What I should do, I thought, is ask convention people to use on their flyers the same name I use on my books.

So I typed up words to that effect and sent them off to KARE-ASS. It wasn't printed quite that way, particularly with that "what he prefers to be called from now on..." routine in there. There's never been a "from now on" in there. It sounded like a threat, and it's embarrassing to me. Up here, this is nickname country. My name is Andrew Offutt, and my nickname is Andy, and Glicksohn says, "Well I know you don't like to be called Andy..." No, Mike. You don't know anything of the kind. When you called me that and I frowned it was because I was watching a female cross the room, or I was listening to someone else, or something like that. Or I am trying to remember your name because at that I am very very bad. Ain't that so, George ((turning to Al Tegen)). I'm the sort of guy who can remember all sorts of details about movies I saw twenty years ago; and the names of half or two-thirds or all the characters in SF books I read years ago; yet I have a hard time and consider myself flying really high if I can remember the name of my wife Judy. Er...Jody!

I kind of wanted a forum, and I'm gonna take advantage quickly. It's pretty well known by now that at about this time last year I was having trouble with the chairman of the SUNCON committee. It's easy to do ---- no, I shouldn't say that. Actually I'm not sure why, because it should never have happened. Everyone knows that no one else ever had any trouble with anyone on that committee. ((uproarious laughter))

One of the things that I told him in a letter was that I was opposed to writers' getting money for being Guest of Honor, or Master of Ceremonies, at cons. I believe in getting all I can from colleges, but I'll drive up to Columbus or over to Louisville if they'll give me a room and all the beer I can handle or something like that because these are what I call My People.

When the MIDAMERICAN people asked my advice on this: whether they should pay an author if he sits on a panel, or does this or that, I said, "No! We should not get money from/for any fan-produced gathering, and the Worldcon ain't that big business yet." There was one that was big business, and it lasted only fifteen minutes. Remember that beauty? Can you imagine New York City with those 80,000 people there? That was a total loss, I think.

Somehow it got going that I had said precisely the opposite, that writers should be paid for doing up-front work at cons. I don't. I oppose it. Maybe it was an error, maybe it was a lie; I said so in writing, in public and privately. But somehow the lie got around.

My good friends in fandom in Cincinnati told me the rumor that I had stolen or bought the re-election of the SFWA Presidency. Aw, come on! Get with it! I am obviously a dominator, not a masochist, though the fact that I even stood for a second term does put the shadow of a doubt on the statement that I am not a masochist. This is the job that Poul Anderson refers to as: "Andy's taking his turn in the barrel!" (If you don't know the old joke, see me later.) Every past president, my present advisors, laughed aloud at that one, believe me. I should not have stood for election again because I am so thin-skinned. I stood again because I had made the highly scary decision to take on Ace Books this last August of '76. And I damned well thought I would see it through. (I put quotation marks around the "I", because Jerry Pournelle has done all the work. I made the decision and pushed him, and didn't have to push him again, and I'm gonna take all the credit if I can.)

In the second place, I called the man whom I had met once, and asked him to be the nominating officer and elections chairman for last year's elections of the SFWA -- which stands for Space-faring Fiends, Wookies and Aliens. That's Wookies and Aliens, because Wookies don't know they're aliens, and if you say so they'll tear your arm off. ((laughter)) That man said okay. Everyone asked, "How did you get him to do it?" I replied, "All I did was call him and ask. He's a nice guy." He's also an honest and upright individual named Frank Herbert, and there ain't nobody gonna tell him what to do! Furthermore, good lord the man made one hell of a lot of money last year. Have you seen the double page, slick magazine ads for a non-genre book with Frank Herbert right dead center? Can you imagine what it would take to steal an election in which all the ballots were mailed to Frank Herbert? And he counted them all? I offered him the six outer moons of Jupiter! He said, "I got those. I got them as boot with the paperback deal." There wasn't anything else I has to offer him.

No. The rumor came out of the same place up Maryland way, as hundreds of people knew the moment they heard it. What am I going to do about it? Nothing. I'm much bigger than that -- I'm gonna pretend to be. And I think that's enough self-serving. If anyone knows some other big bad Andy rumors, please tell me later this evening. Tell me what I like to be called, or who I killed, or who I got a contract out on. And if it happens to be something that I really did do: personally steal a Nebula from Ellison, or put

a contract out on Cliff Amos who threw a rock at Isaac Asimov at the Nebula banquet because he introduced me saying, "Come Offutt!" ((laughter and scattered applause)) He did! Last year at the Nebula Awards dinner he said, "Well, it's time for a word from the president. Come Offutt!" I didn't do anything, I just told him prettily, "Isaac, you do that one more time and I'm gonna tell you 'Up your Asimov!'"

If you happen to repeat to me a rumor about one of those things I really did, I may swear. But I'll admit it...privately, because I may not want everybody to know.

Now, several years ago I read you, Right Here On This Show, a quotation from Peter S. -- also pronounced ass -- Prescott, chief reviewer for NEWSWEEK magazine. The quotation was as follows:

For those of you who have wondered what has happened to science fiction since you turned fourteen and stopped reading it... ((laughter)) You remember it? Nobody laughed four years ago! No one even hissed. Everyone stood up, grabbing a fork: "Where is the mutha?" Well, two years later in the same magazine, they had that same clown, that same pretentious elitist, that same second-rater to write another article on science fiction! Well, this is the year of new and different things. For those of you who have been at the con all week, this is the current NEWSWEEK. ((holds up a copy and flips through the pages)) What's in here is a multi-page article ----- oh Peter S. Prescott is no longer with NEWSWEEK magazine. ((applause)) I gotta tell you that Alex Eisenstein wrote a letter to that magazine on all our behalf, and did a dam' good, amazingly quiet job of taking him apart for that nonsense a couple of years ago. Alex became my hero at that moment. He wrote a reasonable hell-raising letter, and that's the kind that works. So what's happened?

STAR by god WARS! Is it great stuff? Who cares. Is it really a comic book? Sure. Is a dogfight in space dumb and silly? Sure -- and one can dream. We went to Birmingham Alabama for B'HAMACON and arrived a little early. The first people we saw there were Gene and Rosemary Wolfe. Gene Wolfe is a serious writer; I don't know what he's saying some of the time. "The Death of Dr. Island;" I'm not sure yet what it was, but it was great stuff because Gene told me it was. Gene comes up to me and says, "What did you think of STAR WARS?" I thought, "Aw hell, here's where I brand myself." Well, I thought of doing what Alex always did, point out all the bad stuff: the bad guys always miss, the good guys don't, camp! But this hard reading, terminal case of sensawonder said, "I loved it!" Gened Wolfe said, "All right!!" and slapped my palm.

That movie brought out the kid in all of us.

What we have in NEWSWEEK is not just a review, but a long rundown on CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND, a new movie from the factory. Beautiful illustrations, lots of writing about the movie, about Spielberg the director, about the wizard of the special effects -- this goes on and on and the phrase Sci-Fi ain't used in it once! ((applause)) There's nothing in here about being fourteen years old either. The second aspect is that the purpose of this movie is to make money. All right, they say entertainment. The main purpose of this movie is to save a major film studio in Hollywood. That Stuff! You know, That STUFF!! THAT STUFF, my fellow-ghetto-ites. Damn! Our Stuff.

So where have we come? There's more SF on TV, most of it bad, but some of it is good. "Wonder Woman," which my daughter and I watch for two different reasons -- talking about falling in love! -- each and every plot is science fiction. Approximately, according to my cal-

culations, 85% of all comic books are carrying science fiction plots. Some of them shockingly well-written. Several people are doing good work in comics. That book I mentioned earlier, RAISE THE TITANIC -- this is soft-core science fiction. That writer, Clive Cussler's, next book involves the destruction of the Lincoln Memorial. All right, that comes within our category; it hasn't happened yet. We are talking about science fiction when we take something that exists and destroy it, even though we know that it didn't actually happen. Like Godzilla stomping out Tokyo for the 86th time. When they start getting into more serious, non-action science fiction on television and people don't know it -- people who go around saying, "I don't understand it. You still reading That Stuff?" "The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald." It didn't happen. He was killed. I saw it done, on camera. Television had "The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald." It didn't happen. It ain't gonna happen. It's science fiction; it's speculative fiction. Or maybe it's just easier to say SF, and let it go at that.

I don't have any big ending to this...speech? I feel great! I feel greater than ever about being a part of science fiction. I feel great enough to go swaggering down the street, and if anybody asks, "Do you still read That Stuff?" I say, "YEAH, JACK! WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?!"

(continued from page 27)

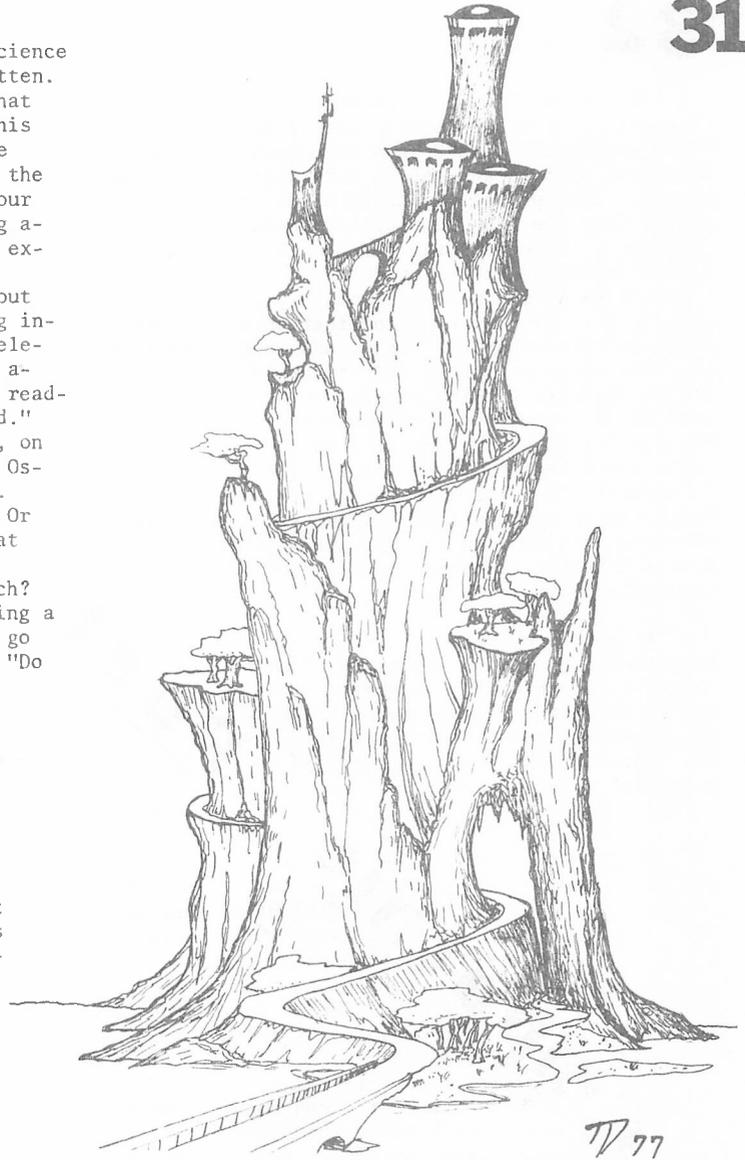
I spent a considerable amount of time with CD Doyle, the person with whom I share the Hogu Award for the Best Fannish Song of 1976. We talked about anything and everything. It is amazing that she is so young; her writing and conversation reveal a woman of a much older and more experienced mind. In her short fannish career (Short? Hell, she's been in fandom longer than I have!) she has gained a widespread reputation of being a thoughtful writer and letterhack.

When I handed Mike Glicksohn a copy of LL #6, he promised to write a loc, within a week even. And he did! He really did!! (see the lettercol)

Did you ever make an author fall in love with you? I mean non-intentionally? Andy Offutt was playing poker in the hospitality suite with a number of other fen. Standing on either side of him were lovely female fans, but there was no one behind him. I came up and started to massage his back, shoulders and neck muscles. Ask anyone who has been on the receiving end of my hands; they'll tell you that I am good. Andy almost melted right there. He said, "Whoever you are, I love you!" I said nothing, just smiled. So did the others. Eventually, after about fifteen minutes, he turned around to see who was doing this marvelous number on his back, and he dispaired. "Why couldn't you have been a woman!"

My trip home was not uneventful. I found out that it is shorter for me to go up to Chicago then across to Detroit, than to head out to Indianapolis then up and over. I avoided Indianapolis on my way back because of the weather reports of heavy snow. Even I-55 was backed up somewhat, at times coming to a standstill before Chicago. Once on I-94, things werre much better. Traffic thinned out, and only the bravest were on the road. I had to get back for a teachers' meeting on that Monday, so I was brave. Not until I hit Kalamazoo did I have trouble.

I-94 was icing in spots, and most of them were on bridges. I hit an ice patch over a bridge and slid out of control, heading directly for the center guardrail. I managed to bring the car around so that I hit the rail with the front fender on the driver's side, and



inertia brought the back of the car around so that I hit the rail broadside, ruining the lock and popping the trunk. The reactive force then pushed me to the other side of the freeway (still going in the right direction), but by then I had the car under control. I was going to stop, but I didn't have any trouble steering, so I waited until the next exit, pulled off and surmized the damage. Aside from I had already mentioned, I lost the headlight, part of the grill and crumpled the fender badly, but the wheel was spinning freely, and I coulff steer.

Later, twelve miles before Ann Arbor, I noticed that I was getting no heat from the heater, and that my temperature guage was on the up-swing. I pulled off again and discovered that two holes were spraying coolant all over the engine from the radiator. And it was 11:00 PM, the stations were all closed at that exit, and it was cold. Fortunately there was a restaurant there. I called my father and he said he would be right out. For him that was more than an hour's drive, but he made it, and brought with him some radiator sealant and some more antifreeze.

The patchup job held, and I got back around 3:30 AM. But the teachers' meeting wasn't until nine, so I did manage to get some rest. I felt sorry for my dad; he had to get up at six.

As for Selena? I decided to trade her in. She had 98,500+ miles on her, was burning oil, and was almost five years old, as well as the accident damage. Rather than trying to fix her, I got a new Dodge Aspen, named Selena II.

The amount of mail I've received on LAN'S LANTERN #6 surpasses any amount I've gotten from any of my other issues, certainly more than the first three combined. I feel flattered and thrilled that fans have been enjoying my zine. The ego boo is tremendous. I only hope that I can keep up with what I have been doing right in this and the coming issues. Some general comments about the letters, one of the most consistent complaint from the fans, especially faneds, is that I have too much "flab" in the lettercol. After reading through the last issue's letters, I agree. This time I've worked harder to cut things down. And it isn't easy! I hope that I have done a much more reasonable job here. Another complaint is the reduced type. I've tried a combination of reduced type as well as regular elite and pica, but the result was that I had to hold things out for the next issue because I didn't have room in this one. I may have solved the poor reading problem with the reduced print: I have been using a carbon ribbon instead of a nylon one. Finally, the fiction issues: they will no longer be pubbed under the title LAN'S LANTERN. The letters I received will be used in another zine titled LAN'S FAN FICTION, pubbing date undetermined at this time. I may still use a fiction story now and then in LL, but the majority of my student's writings, and any letters that result from them will be in the LFF.

As usual, my comments are in the double parentheses (( )). I was asked if possibly I could change the symbolization for my comments, because these (( )) are sometimes too difficult to follow. Does anyone have any suggestions? I'm open for any.

I recall that many of the reviews of the film in the SF prozines were of the "they should have filmed EARTH-LIGHT or something worthwhile" nature, though this fact seems lost on contemporary viewers. Yes, I could follow the long, convoluted storyline of 2001, but the picture is a bloody bore whose fat is not mere flab, but lard. I once charged the contemporary Realism school with producing books in which "... unremarkable characters lead unremarkable lives in remarkably interminable description," and I suggest the same of 2001. Save in technological sophistry, the British film QUATERMASS AND THE PIT (FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH) is vastly superior--particularly as an example of fine SF.

Laurie Mann: Barry's score for KING KONG! The best score I heard that year was Goldsmith's LOGAN'S RUN score, with Herrmann's for OBSESSION a good second. William's JAWS score was one of the worst he ever did; if you don't believe me, listen to the soundtrack sometime. I think there were eight minutes of good music on it.

Here I am chuckling at "Gordie, I'll get you for this!" Please, if there's publication, let me know.

((The Minneapolis people have indeed published the script to MIDWESTSIDE STORY. Write to the RUNE address, or to David Wixon, Box 8600, Minneapolis, MN 55408, who will get it into proper hands,))

Ben Indick  
428 Sagamore Avenue  
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My problems are not over yet. It seems as though the building housing my store may be sold and we may be tossed out. It has been busy, and it will all be for nought. We may look to buy elsewhere, but most of what we have been examining has not been all that satisfactory; desperation is something else, however.

Don Ayres  
5707 Harold  
Way #3  
Hollywood, CA  
90028

On Leeper's piece, I think he makes too much of TAR AIYM KRANG. The whole point is that other authors have made use of such things because they made the most sense. Taverns are hardly a new invention. One doesn't go looking for scum in the Waldorf Astoria when one suspects he need deal with such. On my loc: on film I find it hard to have any cinematic reservations about the superiority of STAR WARS over 2001 because STAR WARS did things Kubrick would never have attempted even if the technology had been available to him -- Look at the static BARRY LYNDON on which he squandered far more than Lucas did on STAR WARS. And he probably had more freedom than Lucas. 2001 has great appeal to the "hard science" enthusiast (though they're a little shaky on their biology -- tapirs are not willingly indigenous to arid climates, and that's for openers), but I suggest that their appeal is for the 'realism' of the space scenes alone, and not because of any intrinsic merits of the plot of the film itself. In fact

The result of the smashup was, as you know, a bitterness on my part; however I must confess that I am not a bigot by heart or will, and any ethnic bitterness is gone. There are good guys and there are bad guys; unfortunately my Bronx area has a preponderance of the latter. However, since we must live together, we must try to improve things. I think you are doing this -- I suspect your class of lower-income kids is mixed, and if the ethnic low totem-poles are ever to climb, it'll be through such thoughtful and loving work as you are doing. ((Thank you))

I am, however, leaving actifandom, as I mentioned when you called me. I am no longer locking, etc. That part of my patience is gone for good, or, for a long time anyway. (The last time it took nearly two decades to return). I find most fannish stuff no longer of interest, so why should I make the faneds spend hard money on sending me stuff? Instead I hope to get to reading this stuff I keep piling up, and even try writing more. ((I am sorry to see you leave fandom. You've become more than a regular loccer to me. I hope that you will keep fond memories of fandom and of all those who admire you. Good luck, Ben.))

Joe Napolitano  
2926 Stockbridge  
Los Angeles, CA 90032

I especially enjoyed reading the Joe Haldeman interview. If that type of interview were published in a professional publication, it probably would have been half as long and not very spontaneous. I guess that's the difference between a fanzine and a pro mag. In a fanzine you can do pretty much what you want to without worrying about what the accountants say. ((Well, I wouldn't go that far. My accountant (me) says that I have to limit the number of pages because I won't have enough money to meet the bills and pub too. Although I do like to give as much space as possible to interviews as such, I do have only limited resources. But I try.))

**Empathic Post Scriptings**

Mike Glicksohn  
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Toronto, Ontario  
CANADA M6P 2S3

Your editorial, Brief though it was, elicited a lot of empathic response from me. I used to be almost exactly like you as far as the actual production of my fanzine was concerned.

I'd type every stencil, paste in every electro-stencil, run off and slip-sheet every page and the only place I'd even consider getting assistance was with the de-slipsheeting (an onerous chore you're lucky to know nothing about) or the collating. And even then I'd be fidgety because I didn't trust the others to do as good a job as I'd do myself, understandable since it wasn't their "baby" and they'd get none of the gratification and egoboo the issue would generate. I did usually invite a bunch of friends over for collating night, and turned it into a party because that turned an overwhelmingly boring activity into an enjoyable evening, but I must have been hell to work with. I'd constantly be watching every operation, I'd worry about fingerprints on the pages, I'd "nudge" about not taking two pages instead of one, and if there wasn't exactly two hundred copies when all was done I'd sit down and go through all the collated but unstapled fanzines until I found the miscollated copies and could correct the error. I don't think "obsessive" was too strong a word to describe my (admittedly probably unhealthy) attitude towards my fanzine, and it's amazing that my regular crew of collating friends put up with me as often as long as they did.

Nowadays I collate five pages at a time while watching television (one doesn't have to actually watch while collating, of course, so the eyes can be elsewhere) which might add to the overall time involved but definitely makes it more enjoyable.

Fine tribute to Edmond Hamilton with a truly beautiful Benson border. I never met Ed Hamilton and I have to admit that I didn't personally like samples of his fiction that I encountered and yet when he spoke at MINICON and I grappled with the idea of a man who'd started writing SFA half a century ago I stood in awe and admiration of his achievements. A seminal influence on the field in many ways and a man and a friend who'll be greatly missed by many.

I read and enjoyed the interview with Jackie but it really didn't contain anything new or different enough for me to respond to it. Same with the interview with Joe Haldeman.

Coincidentally I'm in the middle of reading STAR WARS and all I can say is that if Alan Dean Foster wrote it, I think he's probably damn glad to see Lucas' name on the cover! This is simply not a well-written book. It is merely a prose version of the movie script.

In the Ramblings section I particularly enjoyed your comments about you role at school. In some ways we're in similar positions. I'm one of the more evident supporters of the various school teams (I was the only person in the entire school this year, staff or student, who attended all fifteen games of our three football teams, for example) and I've got a special citation on my wall from the athletic banquet two years ago in honour of my outstanding work on the yardsticks at the football games. And while I've never been to a Prom, either in my student days or as a teacher, I go to many of the other social functions, get invited to some strictly student parties and always enjoy Graduation evening with the often-drunken, always rowdy invariably-enjoyable party that follows it. (This year I didn't leave the hotel it was at until about seven in the morning and had to be around an ex-student's house by eleven for breakfast with a dozen or so students/friends.) So you see, George, a funny hat isn't the only thing we have in common!

((I'm glad to hear that you do enjoy life outside of fandom. Too often I find fans so taken with fanaticism that they cannot exist without it, that they only live for the cons and fannish activities. The mundane world may contain mundanes, but they can be fun too.))

I simply cannot agree with any suggestion that fans be banned from taping writers at cons because the writers don't want to risk having embarrassing statements in print. I agree it's only common courtesy to let someone see a transcription of his or her remarks and abide by any decision to delete certain comments, but I'd surely kick up one hell of a fuss if any writer or fan tried to ban recordings being made of their panels at cons. Gordie has every right to be concerned about the improper use of his remarks but banning recording them doesn't seem to me to be a reasonable way of tackling the problem.

Good letter from Laurie Mann; in fact it stands out among the other locs for some mysterious energy and enthusiasm. I especially liked the concept of the con reports as parodies of Heinlein, with the opening line of the MAC report being perfectly delightful. (I was there...unfortunately...yawwwnnnn...)

Sandy Reist heard a very different version on the AUTOCLAVE situation than I did. What I got was that Lloyd had tried to get special considerations for the authors, especially the Michigan authors, and when the committee wouldn't do it (possibly because they believed, ghu bless 'em all, that the con was being run for the fans attending) then Lloyd tried to organize a boycott of local pros. Personally there are damn few "pros" I'd miss seeing at a con, although I'd miss a lot of friends if all writers stayed away: luckily my friends who happen to write are as addicted to cons as I am and would be most unlikely to stay away for any petty reason such as I gather happened last AUTOCLAVE.

As for the con, it amazed me by being every bit as good as the first! I say it amazed me because the first one was such a stunning success I didn't think they could possibly do it again. But in this jaded congoers eyes they most certainly did.

Linda Moss sounds suspiciously like Glicksohn in a clever (very clever) plastic disguise. Drunk all weekend? Poker? Pinball? Crossword puzzles? If she starts showing up at cons with a funny hat I'd definitely investigate further!

((So why not investigate now? I already have, and she doesn't have enough hair to be the Hairy Canadian. Unless Glicksohn is Linda Moss in disguise -- that'd be easier to fake! Check it out, Mike.))

Mark R. Sharpe, USN  
Beachmaster Unit #2  
NAB Little Creek, VA  
United States 23521

The dangers of recombinant DNA research are slight. I'm a columnist, soon to be Futurist Editor, of a scientific journal called Long Life Magazine (Formerly Life Extension). In the course of writing my column (which ranges from technical to frivolous) I've done a lot of research into various aspects of genetic engineering and advanced biological studies, including the regulations the scientists have been guiding themselves by. On the whole I have found the regulations fairly comprehensive and well conceived. However they are being ignored by most government scientists and certain private corporations. Off hand, the best example I can think of is an Air Force biological weapon which was developed using recombinant DNA techniques and is capable of destroying all life using, what else, e coli. It is a very nasty bug. Still the regulations are useful but only for those who follow them. Recombinant DNA experimentation should be carried out as it will greatly add to our knowledge of the biological sciences.

The fear of this research and most other forms of advanced scientific work that Sestak mentioned is mostly unfounded. As Buck Coulson said, "Science hasn't 'dehumanized,' but all too many people have been 'descientized' by a liberal arts education." Certainly there are dangers, but the dangers are always present in everything man tries. We should not stop something simply because it might be dangerous especially when it might be very beneficial to us.

I just finished reading ALL MY SINS REMEMBERED, Joe Haldeman's new book. I think it was better than THE FOREVER WAR and MINDBRIDGE because it was the best story of the lot even if it didn't contain the action of TFW and MB. I think that it is Joe's best novel to date and certainly should be nominated for the Hugo. Another Hugo caliber book I just finished was Larry Niven's and Jerry Pournelle's LUCIFER'S HAMMER. It was better than Haldeman's book because it not only told an excellent story well, but the action and the characterizations were better. I'll nominate both but if it comes down to picking between the two I'll have to vote for the talented twosome.

Pardon my disinterest, but who cares who wrote STAR WARS?

((Some people do! \*\*\* I haven't read ALL MY SINS REMEMBERED, but from the people I know who have I hear that the ending does not really set well with the rest of the book. I will have to get to it myself soon.))

Val Jaman Meyers  
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Lansing, MI 48933

Great (at last) to read the Haldeman interview.

I've been looking forward to it since we discussed it over some tasty Greek food at CONFUSION '77. You did a very good job with both interviews you included. You seem to have a talent for that format; it makes for good reading, and I'm sure it would be fun to be interviewed by you. The updating you said you did in the Haldeman interview doesn't show. No patchiness, I mean. It's very smooth, an all-at-one-sitting tone to it.

I have to agree with you about Foster vs. Blish StarTrek adaptations. I do prefer Foster's work, though he's mucked up a few details that a hardcore Trekker would notice. Personally I find Blish's style a trifle dry. ((so do I.)) But I consider the best part of the Star Trek adaptations to be that it called my attention to two fine writers. Because of that I began picking up some of their non-Star Trek SF and found a new source of SF that I might not have gotten to for a few years.

Michael Sestak's article I found very interesting, a good summary of the articles I have managed to scan so far on the subject. Having a definite interest (and half a BS) in biochemistry, I've been following it as close as I have time for. Overall, it's my opinion that the public uproar is ridiculous. Not because such research is not dangerous...it is, but a scientific breakthrough whose time has come will come. I'm pretty much an optimist about these things, though. I doubt that biological warfare is any more likely at this point than atomic, i.e., miniscule. This simply because one of my professors pointed out (and I tend to agree) that the pure knowledge, once tapped, becomes incredibly prolific rapidly while the practical applications are discovered much more slowly. So, hopefully by the time

we tend to get to where the destructive applications are possible, we've learned enough to avoid using them.

Anji Valenza  
593 Fifth St.  
Brooklyn, NY 11215

Have you ever tried collating on a round table? ((No, but I have collated in circles!)) I used to do this. Collating the zine would

take about four hours; getting my equilibrium again would take about four months. One gets to learn the greatness of collating machines.

"We Can Build Your Grandmother" is a somewhat misleading title but a decent article, and as a person with a degree in genetics I thank you for presenting the subject without the usual share of emotional nonsense that one finds in most articles on this subject. The outlined steps for genetic research are reasonable although I think there should be three more which, unfortunately, will never be followed even if not following them gets you hung.

Firstly, All genetic research (and, I feel, all research in any field) done by the government, the Pentagon or the CIA should be public. I'm paying for it, I'd like to know exactly what I'm funding. This would help to make the government a little more "credible", as people used to say in the Johnson era.

Secondly, guidelines for research of any kind should not be made by people outside the field -- that means specifically people who don't know the first thing about the research being done, which includes at least 99% of all congressmen.

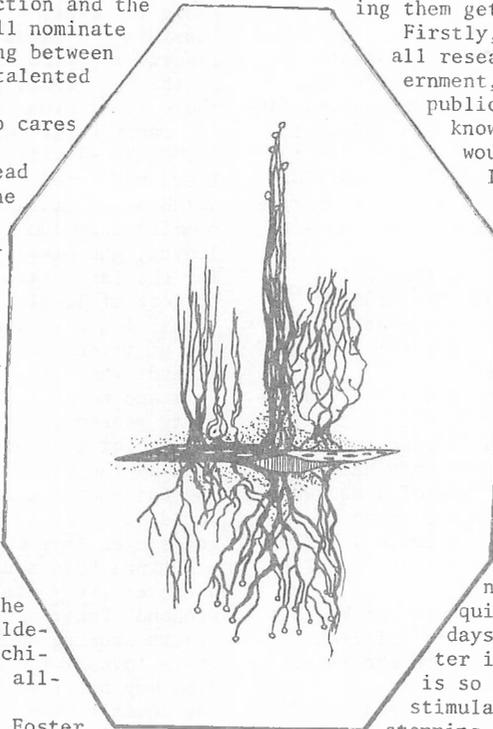
Thirdly, and most importantly I think, is that persons of the press and certain writers whose specialty is "popularizing" (or un-popularizing) scientific subjects should not ever present the results of research in a partial manner. An example comes to light most quickly is one from psychology. Nowadays everyone knows that there is a center in the brain which, when stimulated, is so pleasurable that a person will self-stimulate continuously, all day, without stopping for food, water or sleep, and will do anything to obtain such. This is very false. The real data is that a rat will self-stimulate a pleasure center in its brain at a rate of 100 times per minute at any time of the day or night, but it will stop to groom, feed, sleep and mate, explore its environment, and engage in other rat-like pursuits. One must present the printed material as well as the written. Unfortunately, most anti-research people -- and many SF writers -- have never seen the print.

((I find the whole subject of recombinant DNA research fascinating. I agree it should go on, and I agree whole-heartedly with your additional guidelines, but I doubt that the US government would comply. National security, you know.))

Harry Warner, Jr.  
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Hagerstown, MD 21740

I don't understand the scientific facts about DNA research which Michael Sestak writes about, but I do feel alarm at the

growing tendency for people to fight science just because of the potential dangers in scientific progress. Of course something may go wrong with experiments; so efforts should be made to force proper safeguards by experimentors with DNA. But things go wrong with every



scientific advance. A lot of people are dead today because they turned out to react fatally to penicillin, but much greater quantities of people live today due to the existence of that drug. Nuclear power plants have been opposed because one might blow up and kill thousands of persons, but how many people's deaths have been hastened by pollution from coal-burning power plants, and how many old people may die in the immediate future if the coal strike causes utilities to impose power blackouts in some parts of the nation, lowering temperatures in homes enough to bring on pneumonia and other ailments? All sorts of dire consequences were predicted a half-century ago from the new radiation which the young radio industry was spreading throughout the nation. Everyone fusses about the automobile industry because 50,000 persons or so die on highways in this nation every year, but nobody ever thinks about the number of persons who were killed in accidents with horses before the auto came, or the disease toll resulting from fly problems which horse droppings encouraged. If fear is to dictate things to come, the future might be even worse than it's pictured by those who are pessimistic about how science may change conditions.

((Unfortunately people have edited memories; they remember the good things clearly and forget all the bad. Then they fear the future because it can't be as good as we have it now. Sounds like a good catch-22.))

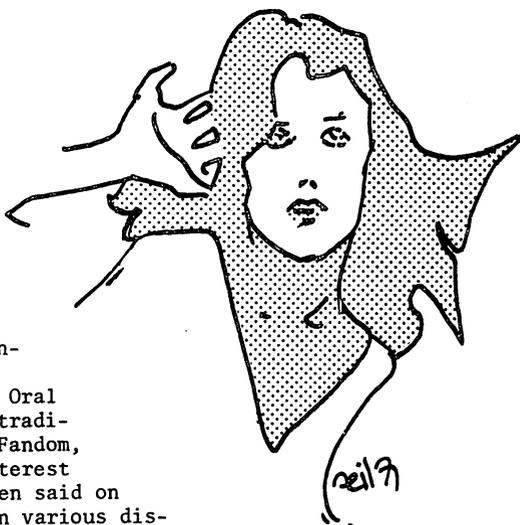
Your page about collating was nostalgic as the very dickens. I used to do all my own mimeographing, collating, stapling and so on. It was a drudgery that I didn't really enjoy, but now it seems like a good part of the past, presumably because it occurred during the years when other nice things were happening to me. But I don't think that I ever produced more than 200 copies of any fanzine, and I'm not sure if I would have the endurance to collate something as big and as large-circulated as LAN'S LANTERN. One suggestion for breaking your drudgery: Prop up several paperbacks where they will be within eyeshot while you're doing the collating, open them at random and memorize a few paragraphs of each through glancing at those paragraphs each time you make your rounds. Then recite what you have learned by heart to the authors the next time you run across them at a con. Just think how happy you would make them, to think that you enjoyed their book so much that you committed parts of them to memory, and what a reputation you would gain among the people around your conversation, as a fan with the perfect memory for the fiction he reads.

((I used to be able to do that, before recalling favorite lines and descriptive phrases of the fiction books I read interfered with my education. But I might try your suggestion with the next collation.))

I'd like to see you publish more interviews like the one involving Jackie Causgrove, summerizing the careers and habits of other prominent fans. We know some of the information about fans from this and that source: fanzine material, third-party conversations, encounters at cons, and so on. But it's good to have it all collected into one place, not only to fill in the gaps of our knowledge of those individuals, but also for the edification of future fans who will come along after it's too late to gain this information readily from other sources. I also hope you're saving the tapes with such interviews. Presumably, someday somebody will set up a fan-oriented collection of recordings where such tapes can be preserved.

((I do have plans to continue to do interviews with both authors and fans. As for keeping the tapes, my tape library continues to grow with each convention, but there is the SF Oral History Association, centered

presently in Michigan because that is where most of the officers live. The Association was organized by Lloyd Biggle as an effort to consolidate and preserve the Oral history and traditions of SF Fandom, things of interest that have been said on panels and in various discussions, but lost previously because no one thought to record them. I am the Secretary/Treasurer of the Association, and I do plan eventually to turn copies of my tapes over them. We will gladly accept tapes of speeches, interviews, panels and informal, or formal, discussions. We are trying to build up the library now. Any help will be appreciated.))



The Haldeman interview also made pleasant reading, particularly for the insights to various professional matters which it provides. I do think you're very wise for doing what you mention elsewhere in the issue, checking such transcripts with the creators before publishing them. For one thing, the intonation which a speaker uses or the expression on his face may make it clear to his audience that he's kidding about a statement which would look entirely different in written form. There's also the fact that fanzines go places where talks at conventions and interviews don't go, and frank remarks spoken under the unwritten laws of fanac might reach in printed form some readers who don't understand fannish traditions.

((I agree totally, which is why I've set up this policy for myself. My ramblings, conreports and editorials are all personal opinions and views; if I make mistakes (and I know I do) I take total responsibility for them. With other people's words, I want to make sure that they know what is being printed, and give them the chance to correct any mistakes before I type up the final copy for the printer.))

The letter section was fine, although Greg Frederick's illustration on page 40 distracted me by giving me an idea which had nothing to do with his cartoon. Looking at this sketch of the attempted message to BEMs, I suddenly was struck by the thought that it looks like an illustration of the first part of Genesis. There are Adam and Eve in all their naked innocence, what looks very much like a snake is visible at the bottom, the circles might be apples for which Adam is reaching, and the depiction of a spacecraft could be mistaken for a rather stubby flaming sword. If the thing should ever fall back to earth because it accidentally went into a huge orbit instead of proceeding straight ahead, its finders many centuries in the future might hail it as a record of the Creation etched on metal by eyewitnesses.

((I must admit that I never thought of that Pioneer 10 (I believe it was) message plate as an illustration of the Genesis Garden of Eden story. Your imagination must be more vivid than mine. Ever write SF??))

Robert S. Coulson  
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Sorry to hear that Silverberg isn't writing anything. I'd like to see some more science and history books from him.

Not science fiction; I like his non-fiction.

I don't see why Lucas couldn't have written the book STAR WARS, whether he did or not. It's not a "first novel" but a novelization of a screenplay which was already done. Aside from the actual time it would take to get the words on paper, it shouldn't have been any problem at all. And it was obviously written by someone who could visualize what the effect on the screen was going to be; I read the book long before I'd even seen any other publicity for the movie and said the book didn't amount to much, but the movie could be very good. It shows in the writing. Of course, Foster has done well by his book versions of the animated STAR TREK series, so he could have written it, but Leeper doesn't show any proof that he did. (As for foster "allowing" Lucas to sign his name to the book, "allowing" doesn't come into a contract. It spells out who gets to do what, and if that was the way the contract was worded, Foster could either do an easy job and get paid for it, or he could go away and let someone else have the gravy.)

Brian Earl Brown  
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#207  
Detroit, MI 48219

Mark Leeper's article isn't as convincing as one might hope. His arguments amount to "it stands to reason." I would have hoped for some more concrete evidence; such as a comparison of style and syntax. I feel more confident in saying Lin Carter wrote all or part of "Norvil Manning's" ODAN HALFGOD, than Leeper does about Foster, because I can point to use of characteristic words ("naughty boy") and expressions ("He was a crafty rogue, was this Shebo, the sly...").

Stephanie Oberembt An interesting recollection by Howard DeVore. It brought to mind how hard I find it to go up and talk to most authors and that I could miss knowing an exceptional person such as Edmond Hamilton. ((One must summon one's courage and make the effort. I was scared my first time approaching an author, but after that it was easy. If you admire a person's work, let them know. The authors do appreciate it.))

Denise Hudspeth  
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Howard DeVore's eulogy of Edmond Hamilton seemed to me to be more oriented to Howard's experience of knowing him instead of Mr. Hamilton's great contributions to SF literature. Every paragraph started with "I" instead of "he". I dunno, but I think a great injustice was done.

When I first started seeing Brian ((Earl Brown)) I had worried about his seemingly protective attitude towards his fanzine. He wouldn't let me help him at all and he still doesn't. I would love to proofread or type for him but he insists on doing it himself. I'm only now beginning to understand that this is HIS fanzine and he wants to make sure it's done right. He can hold it up and scream, "I did it all myself!" There's not a thing wrong with that, I guess. When I get started with my fanzine ENNU, I'll feel the same way. It's a disease faneds contract, called "The Screaming Me! Me!'s," I think. ((It sounds rather appropriate!))

I was extremely disappointed in Greg Frederick's review of DEMON SEED as well as greatly disturbed. How can a movie be acceptable with such a hideously anti-woman aura to it? Face it; there was an hour or so

dedicated to the rape and confinement of a certain woman. Julie's resistance was not an error in her ways. It was natural. Who would not resist rape and still be a sane intelligent person?

Greg better get his shit together, so to speak. I don't think I'll be the only woman to notice the attitude it was written under.

((You weren't, but you said it best. Linda Moss' reaction (below) was probably very typical.))

Linda Ann Moss  
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I don't know that I agree with Greg Frederick's film comments. I saw DEMON SEED at SUNCON last year, well

actually I saw about ten minutes of it; that was all I could take. I walked out of it very unhappy. I got the same feeling as I walked out of THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW when it was over. I wouldn't ever see either of them again.

((I still haven't seen either of the films. Now I'm not so sure I want to...))

Cy Chauvin  
320 Harper  
Detroit, MI 48202

The thing that provokes me to write is Don Ayres' comment on STAR WARS vs. 2001. As strange as it may seem, I don't think that the two

films have that much in common. Their virtues are in different areas. 2001 is more concerned with a theme, STAR WARS with a story. There is good reason, actually, to be discontented with both since neither is exceptional in novel form. 2001 has more of a transcendent feel; it makes more use of the odd feelings people have when exposed to vast expanses of time or space. I love

this kind of movie, or novel, or even music (I think YES embodies a lot of the transcendental feel in their music). ((I think they do too.)) It's great for relieving me when I am depressed: I am "awed" out of my depression. C.S. Lewis wrote something about this: He called it contact with the Other. It was a magical/mystical experience, and it seems that certain types of fiction/music/art come close to reproducing it. ((Two short stories come to mind when you talk about this mystical/magical experience: Zelazny's "A Rose for Ecclesiastes" and vanVogt's "Enchanted Village." Both leave me with a feeling of awe.))

Buzz Dixon  
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2001 is a thinking film, primarily; STAR WARS is slam bang adventure. This is not to say that one form is better than the other but that if a film

can succeed intellectually as well as cinematically, all the better, which is why I like CLSOE ENCOUNTERS so much.

In my opinion 2001 is the ultimate science fiction film, far superior to STAR WARS (though the latter is also a great film). 2001 is true science fiction, not space opera, for one thing. It's also one of only four films/TV episode I can think of which realistically depicts "alienness" (the other three? CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND, MAN IN SPACE a.k.a. MAN IN THE YEAR ZERO, and "The Galaxy Being" episode of OUTER LIMITS).

VALLEY OF GWANGI is most certainly not the operational standard for contemporary dinosaur animation. Among animation fans/special effects pros the standard is WHEN DINOSAURS RULLED THE EARTH, a film far better than ONE MILLION YEARS B.C. (which also easily beats out VALLEY OF GWANGI). DINOSAURS has more character in its monsters, more varied special effects (panning shots of monsters chasing humans, aerial shots) with more detail (flame flickers on the pliososaurs, reflections of the crabs in tide pools along with the

humans), and a better (if more far-fetched) plot. VALLEY OF GWANGI is quite skimpy with its dinosaurs and lacks animation in several scenes -- either full sized props were used or the models were animated but pushed over in slow motion.

THE LOST WORLD is better than all the above, however, because it's a far better film (story, acting, etc.) than the rest. To discredit KING KONG is absurd -- all dinosaur films are measured against the original KING KONG.

Speaking of the AVENGERS, did you ever see the episode in which Mrs. Peel was replaced by Tara when Mr. Peel finally showed up? Seems he was lost in the Amazonian Jungle for five years. Did you know Honor Blackman (Pussy Galore in GOLDFINGER) was Mrs. Peel's predecessor, Cathy Gale (in one Christmas episode Steed opened a card saying, "Well, here's a card from Cathy Gale. Odd, I wonder what she's doing at Ft. Knox?")? Or that before that, THE AVENGERS was a live-action show and Steed had a trio of male agents to help him (no wonder they got Honor Blackman)?

((I knew about Ms. Blackman being Steed's partner before Diana Rigg, but I didn't know it used to be a live-action show. There was one episode, I recall, in which Mrs. Peel was watching an old AVENGER episode on the Telly when Steed arrived with a new case for them.))

Mike Rogers  
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Chattanooga, TN 37405

One of your locs mentioned Emma Peel. It seems to me that the British Agent in Mack Reynolds' recent ANALOG serial

was a carbon copy of Peel. ((Now that you mention it, yeah!)) As for Diana Rigg, I'd love to see her ill-fated NBC series revived. It would beat out THREE'S COMPANY any day. ((It would beat out most any of the TV sitcoms and dramas.))

It's good to know that other fans are interested in art music (I'm a piano student at school). The score of CLOSE ENCOUNTERS was great, fantastic, perfect. I'd like to ask your readers if John Williams has written anything other than film scores.

((I don't know myself; maybe someone else does.))

My Symphonic Literature teacher says once that John Williams reminded him a great deal of Vaughn Williams because of the "British" quality of his scores. I'm at a loss to know what he means. ((Got me.))

Since you have a loc from Alan Dean Foster, I'll throw out a plug for CHATTACON 4, to be held January 5-7, 1979 with Mr. Foster as featured speaker. Anyone interested can write me for more information. ((If my Christmas vacation this year turns out to be what I think it is, I may show up for it.))

Laurie Mann  
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There is not a doubt in my mind that Alan Dean Foster had a great influence in the novelization of STAR WARS. Many of the descriptions in the novel are very reminiscent of Foster's style of description, particularly in the Star Trek books. I do think that Lucas wrote the book from the script and then had Foster polish it up in places -- I do not believe that Foster wrote the book himself.

After reading Mark Leeper's "discussion" of THE HERETIC, I'm beginning to wonder if we both saw the same movie. The only point we both agree on is that Linda Blair handles her role very well. I would go so far as to say that Max von Sydow is also excellent as Father Merrin. Those are the only nice things I can say about the ridiculous movie. It was a comedy. There was not a moment of suspense. The ending was particularly funny. Are we supposed to believe a plague of locusts in Georgetown??? Even the cinematography was often a disappointment. At times it was stunning, particularly some of those scenes of flight over Africa.

Other times the film turned grainy and blurry for no reason. And blaming Burton's incredibly inept actin on the awful script...I don't think it's valid. I think Burton would have botched Father Damien in THE EXORCIST. I don't think he ever was the great actor that people say he was (I haven't seen him in EQUUS yet, so maybe I'd better not blast him too much) THE HERETIC was a failure as a movie.

((I have seen very little lately in which Burton has done well. The best role I've ever seen him in was a movie about the Booth acting family; it has some of the best Shakespearian acting I've ever seen. I wish I could remember the name of the movie! Burton was excellent in it.))

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Ahem! That crossword puzzle has a very major flaw. According to convention, the squares that are to be blanked out must be blanked out in a symmetrical pattern. I mean, anybody can construct an asymmetrical patterned crossword puzzle; but, as part of the joy of constructing a crossword puzzle comes in doing it correctly, so does part of the joy in solving a crossword puzzle come in solving one that is properly laid out. ((I'm working on it.))

\*Glerph\* Haldeman's telling of how the Science Fiction Book Club turned down THE FOREVER WAR because "Nobody's going to buy a book about war" reminds me of my agent's problem in selling my book, A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO PIPE SMOKING. He says that the publishers like the book but reject it because nobody will buy it because of all the anti-smoking hysteria. This is in the face of the fact that there are now more smokers in this country than ever before.

Your telling Andruschak to look into Cons in Seattle is really a laugh -- it must be some sort of Mid-Western myopia that makes you think that Seattle is near Los Angeles. Seattle is 900-1000 or so miles north of LA. ((I knew that it wasn't close to LA, but I didn't think it was that far.))

Ahem! The term 'Space Opera' when properly used is derogatory in nature -- it is a put-down (and was originally meant as a put-down as were the terms 'soap opera' and 'horse opera')-- I still use all three terms in their original, pejorative senses. What Alan Dean Foster writes (STAR WARS excepted) is not 'Space Opera;' more properly it should be termed 'hard Science Fiction,' 'Old Wave Science Fiction,' or 'Adventure Science Fiction.' I leave it to you to pick one of those terms (or combination thereof) as that which you feel best fits his work. ((How about Hard Science Fiction Adventure!))

Randy Powell  
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Hear about the STAR WARS parody? Made by San Franciscan Ernie Fosselius, it's a thirteen minute "coming attractions" format cartoon

called HARDWARE WARS. The opening scene shows a steam iron and a toaster locked in mortal combat. The steam iron is buzzed by an eggbeater which then lands at a nearby waffle iron. We then meet the characters aboard the space station -- Augie ben Doggie, Artie De-co, 4-Q-2, and Darph Nader (played by "Foss").

According to the article in the Chronicle, George Lucas liked it so much that he bought a copy for his collection.

((Yes I saw it, three times at MINICON 13. It is hilarious, especially with Ham Salad and his sidekick which turns out to be the Cookie Monster with brown fur. Princess Leah has Danish pastries over her ears, and at one point, Cookie tries to eat one. The Moebius Theatre group from Chicago also has a parody called STAGE WARS, just as funny, if not more so.))

Tullio Proni  
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I think I know how Ben Indick felt and hope that his situation has indeed improved. ((See his loc earlier in the lettercol.))

I was once living on the border of a black area while in college. At the time my politics were liberal, to put it mildly, and I had worked with some blacks on campus. However when rioting broke out I discovered that as far as brick-throwing and tire-slashing go, the color of your skin was more important than your politics. That was something I could rationalize in my mind, but not in my guts. So it goes....

((When I was younger, about 9 or 10 or so, I had very little trouble seeing blacks as people. There was a black section in my home town, and I never balked at walking through there, or riding my bike through that section. When I got older, I was so lambasted with the "black identity" that I found it hard to see them as people. Even now I have some trouble seeing a black person as an individual, unless I know him/her personally.))

Stella Nemeth  
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Rochester, NY 14623

You mean somebody drew the frame on page three? It wasn't a decoration in the public domain you got from a book? I am impressed.

It just isn't the kind of thing that people do these days. ((No, it isn't. As far as I know, John Benson is the only one in America to do this sort of work; there are others who do simple interlace, but none come close to the quality that John does. Even his most simple Orms that he tosses off for name badges (excepting his detailed, personalized, name-badges) are of far better quality than the interlace drawings I've seen printed in books. And he does it all free-hand!!!))

Sam & Mary Long  
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((From Mary)) No doubt you are sick of puns about the fanzine being an illuminating experience, a shining example of matchless writing and so on, or is that an

inflammatory statement? Has anyone called you the Gray Lansman yet? And as a great fan of the NARNIA books, I'm surprised to see no references to Lantern Waste! Fie upon you, sirrah. ((No, actually I hadn't heard any of those. Fans mostly make fun and puns about my coo-skin cap and racoon tail. Some of those are good, though.))

((On collating)) at least you aren't suffering from collater's elbow, which a British fan recently got, and which necessitated shots of some sort.

((From Sam)) I sympathize with you about collation. It's without a doubt the boringest part of fanzine production. But there ain't no way around it. Collating parties are probably the best answer in many respects, but even they have drawbacks in that several fen get backaches, not just one. What you really need is a table or other support that is chest-high, not just waste-high, to obviate bending.

((A chest-high table would cause other problems: the arms would get tired and strained from holding them in such a high position. But it would save on backstrain and slumped shoulders!))

Have you thought of calling your editorial "Diogenes," thus keeping up the Lantern motif? ((But then I would be forced to saying honest things!!!))

I remember the GL comic strip; do you remember John Jones, Manhunter from Mars? ((Yes I do, but he was really only a copy of Superman, with the power of invisibility and a weakness of fire. He could have been returned to Mars by any number of other superheroes: Superman, Green Lantern, Hawkman and Hawkgirl,

Supergirl or even Lex Luthor. He did have appeal, with his green skin and all, but he was more a duplicate than anything else.))

Carolyn "C.D." Doyle  
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Maybe it's just my original latent desire to be either an international Dear Abby, or to become a psychologist, but I

love hearing about all the terrible (and nice) things that happen to the editor of a zine (of course most people don't like baring their souls in print as Don Thompson, for example, can comfortably do). It's not nosiness--just interest and concern. But your editorial is pretty nice. I suppose you could make your zine collating a rather intimate affair -- invite some lady up to your place for some wine, some bread, and lots of staples (of course, just like at a SF meeting, not too much collating gets done). ((Is that an Offer?))

Howard's piece is just fine -- it seems just the sort a fan might write upon the death of a friend, not wildly bemoaning, not cold, fondly, with love.

I think just about everyone, at one time or another, has wondered what's going to happen when Bob Tucker dies; and failing to think up anything concrete, just push it out of their minds. That's really all you can do; that and try to make arrangements perhaps to be revived at a later date via cryonics. I've mentioned being frozen to a fan or two -- they didn't seem terribly interested. It's very hard to break through that brain-washed shell people have in which they accept death, and really don't let it get through to them that they're going to die. Since I occasionally will hear a fan talking of immortality positively, I hope there's a small market in fandom towards cryonic research. I, for one, don't want to die -- with the way life-extending drugs are being researched, my hope probably doesn't lie in there. I figure, once I'm dead, I don't need the money for anything else anyway -- why not be frozen and have more than a zero chance of coming back? I certainly don't have any religious qualms about souls in bodies. As far as I'm concerned, death's a long sad trip I'd rather not think about, but that I certainly don't want to take!

Think I'm a worry-wart, frenzied immortality seeker, concerned with only staying alive? Close, but not really. I'm not wasting my time now worrying about living longer -- I wouldn't want to prolong this if I weren't having a good time. But what I'm getting at is that reading about people like Edmond whom I never met but would have liked to, and thinking about someone as beautiful as Bob dying saddens me more than I can say. People are our greatest resources -- death seems like such a waste! We can preserve Egyptian artifacts for thousands of years -- I'd toss the lot of them to keep myself and some of the good people I know around longer. I hate to sound like a converter, but this is important to me.

((I've received information from Steve Bridge about cryonics and suspended animation. The next LL will have a couple articles about it by him. \*\*\* I find myself thinking of dying every now and then, and find it difficult to consider myself not-existing. I'm contemplating more and more the path of frozen sleep. As you suggest, what more is there to lose?))

Don't worry, Lan; you are more than your coonskin cap. If you want an example of two things that must nearly always go together, pick Glicksohn and his hair, or Tucker and his bottle, Coulson and his cynicism. (I was telling Anna ((Schoppenhorst)) about the new nametag you aquired at CHAMBANACON. We both think you should rent out space on your cap and advertise fannish things. ((Sounds like a good idea to me. It would help pay for this zine.))

Randall D. Thomas  
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"No two fans ever go to the same con" -- how true that is. ((see the next letter)) Say, has anyone ever considered the idea of collecting fannish proverbs like that? Maybe it would make an interesting article. The only other one I can think of is: "A fan in need is a fan indeed." I suppose it has been done before. ((I haven't seen one; would you like to do it? I'd publish it.))

Tim Roaix  
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I liked your con reports, but there is one thing wrong: one person can easily have a completely different reaction to a con than another. At BOSKONE I noticed at least three different castes of

people: The ones who went to get drunk, the ones who wnet for the sensawonder, and the ones who went to meet people that had things in common with them. Depending on which group you are in, you can meet totally different BNFs, writers, etc., which will influence the way you see the con.

((How true. I would like to run two reports of the same convention side by side one of these days, just to see the similarities and differences!))

Michael Bishop  
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Please do transcribe Don D'Am-  
massa's speech at Autoclave.  
((It will be in the next issue.)) He always manages to

be interesting, and I feel a particular fondness for him because he was the first person in the fan community ever to do a critical piece on my work -- when I'd written a grand total of eight or nine stories and did not really believe that anyone outside of my immediate family had read more than three of them.

I'll have to confess that the piece with Haldeman seemed to me the highlight of the entire issue. I particularly empathize with his remark, "I spent four years writing THE FOREVER WAR, and obviously some critics spent about five minutes reading the jacket copy." A reviewer who got hold of one of my books lambasted me for using one character's name with two different spellings with utter inconsistency all the way through the novel -- when the fact is that the name is spelled consistently one way in the text of the book itself and consistently another way on the jacket copy. I didn't write the jacket copy, but I'll have to admit that the character's name underwent a change before the finished version of the novel appeared and that, at least indirectly, I had a hand in contributing to the editorial confusion on this point. It remains the case, however, that, just as Haldeman points out, some reviewers believe they've done their duty when they've read the jacket copy and skimmed the book. Haldeman is also correct when he says, "I feel youe really can't be upset by that" -- but, lord, occasionally it's difficult to be so admirably philosophical about the matter.... Anyway, good insights into Haldeman's approach to his work, his attitudes, his character, and I wish him continued success. ((For Joe, I thank you.))

Greg Benford  
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I've been interested in other writers' working habits, and Haldeman's strike me as typical of a whole category.

Silverberg graduated from his a near jamup just before he quit, and Joe is somewhere along that continuum. I find his sort of staring at the page for long intervals as often as not stops me completely. Instead I spend as much time as possible "getting into training" to do a piece. I do outlines, whole bits of extrapolation,

Debbie Goldstein, Patti Helmer, Steve Keeley, Fred Jakobcic, Frank Malley, William Pugmire, Michael Harper, Steve Bridge, R.A. Jirak, Ross Pavlac, Frank Norton, Lloyd Biggle, Suzi Stefl, and a host of other oral comments.

notes, even dialog...all before I write anything. Then I go at it hard. I try to do a short story in a day -- a morning, if possible. (One of the reasons I've done very short stories the last few years is that I like to get down to the beach in the afternoon and go surfing.)

Years ago I heard that Earl Stanley Gardner did all his books by dictation -- in part because he was too unsteady in the hands, being hung over most of the time. So for reasons other than alcohol, I started taping stories. Did quite a few that way. But now I work in longhand and then go to the typewriter for a second and third draft (and sometimes a 4th or 5th...).

I don't think any of this technique stuff means anything, though. You can get fine stuff any way you like, and you can get dross the same way -- depends on the writer.

Likewise, drinking or getting stoned while you're writing can do the same. I sometimes drink a whole bottle of wine in the afternoon while I'm writing. Sometimes, yeah, more. So I'm interested to see that Joe can write while knocking back a lot of beer. Loosening up the verbal facility, I guess. I wonder if it's tax deductible...?

((Uh, with all this writing, surfing and drinking, when do you have time to teach?))

Jacqueline Lichtenberg  
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I must comment on your inter-  
views. I know how very difficult it is to conduct an interview, having done some for STAR

TREK LIVES!, and I know how difficult it is to give an interview, having given many, both to things like the New York Times and UPI, and obscure fanzines -- not to mention doing live television interviews!

Being a veteran -- or neoveteran might be a better term -- of both sides of the interview process, I am in a position to appreciate your achievement in a way that most of your readers and even contributors are not. Overall, I don't think the contents of your zine yet put you into the limelight -- but with the interviews alone, you definitely would be contending for a Best Fanzine Hugo. ((Thank you very much...my mind croggles.))

I note that everyone in your lettercolumn seems to praise your con reports, and in truth I do feel con reports are vital to a good SF fanzine. And yours are not bad. I also know how difficult it is to WRITE con reports. It is an art I have never truly mastered myself, so perhaps I shouldn't even comment.

However, I don't think you should let your readers' praise go to your head. Obviously you are capable of Great Things, and if you simply rest here you will not achieve your full potential as either zine publisher or editor or even as writer. These con reports need a LOT of work before you would dare publish them in the same zine with something like the Haldeman interview. All the standards of writing fiction apply to good reporting too. Characterization, description, transitions, suspense, narrative hook, theme, message, philosophical problems with philosophical resolutions -- conflict both internal and external to the actors -- and jsut plain action for its own sake. Sesame Street pacing. Your interviews have that -- your con reports do not. Get to work and bring your material up to standard. ((Indeed I will. Thanks for the suggestions and criticism. I'll work on them (I tried this time too).))

I ALSO HEARD FROM: C.J. Cherryh, Bill Bridget, Anna O'-Connell, Joe Celko, Shelby Bush, Joan Hanke Woods, Cal Johnson, David Wixon, John Thiel, Harry Andruschak, Dennis Moore, Mark & Evelyn Leeper, Sylvia Starshine, Gil Gaier, Mark & Zan Sawyer, Alan Dean Foster, Rev. Robert Livingston, Leigh Edmonds, Ann Shoup, Betty & Tina Klein-Lebbink, Donald Franson, Gail & Roberta Brown, Margaret Henry, Dennis Jarog, Eric Webb, Carol Lynn,

