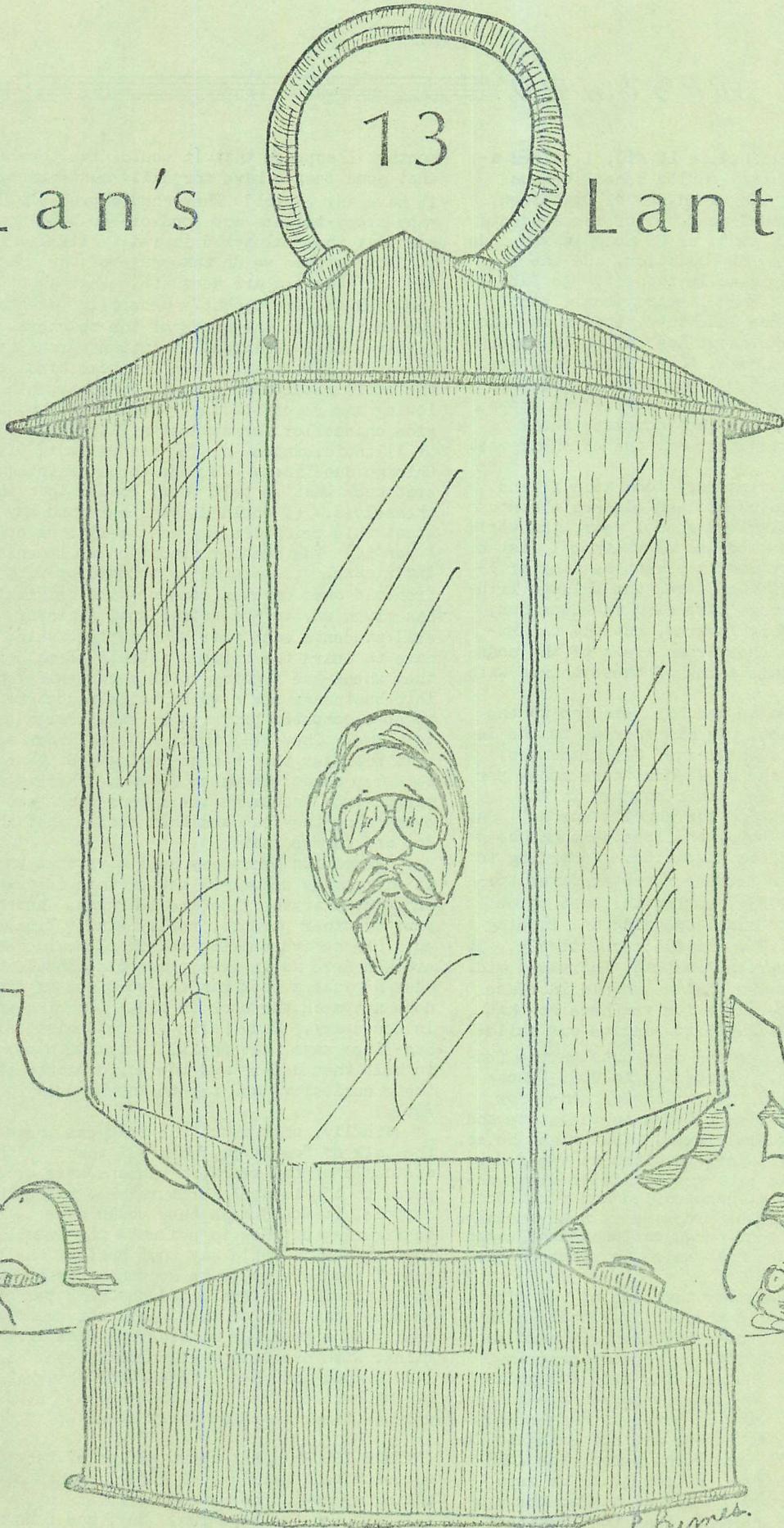


Lan's

13

Lantern



P. Byrnes.

EDUCATION REDEAUX

In my editorial published in LL #10, I talked about education, predominantly public school versus a private school--namely Kingswood School Cranbrook. This is where I teach, and I am proud of the students here. Since that time, a study of US Schools was made by the National Commission for Education, and the results are worse than I originally thought. In fact I knew they were pretty bad when I heard Dennis Wint, the director of the Science Institute, inform the faculty a year and a half ago about how far ahead other countries (specifically Russia, China and Japan) are in educating their children. True, China is farther behind than we are, but they are a country who knows how to use its resources, and they consider their children, and the education thereof, one of their most valuable resources.

I am fortunate in having Mary Long as a friend. While I wrestle with my students and classes almost seven days each week during the school year, the world continues to march on, regardless of whether I listen to the news or not. Mary Long has sent me many articles from the Chicago Sun-Times, and the Chicago Tribune about the various things happening in education, specifically about the Chicago area, but one can extrapolate from there to other urban areas of the country. I would like to share a few of these things with you.

Let's start with Reagan and his reaction to the report from the Commission. In his address to the Seton Hall University at South Orange, NJ, graduates, the President said that the US spends "more money per child for education than any other country in the world--we just aren't getting our money's worth." So instead of investigating why,, the President has been trying to reduce funding for education. According to a news article by Chicago Tribune reporter James Worsham, (Sunday June 19, 1983), during the last three years Reagan has tried to slash spending and funding for education by 24%, 15.7%, and 29% respectively. It did not work because Congress, instead, increased aid. In spite of Reagan's remarks that we should increase money for education, especially for teachers so that we will have the best available to educate our children, he has continually proposed deep cuts in the federal budget for education. According to U.S. Education Secretary T. H. Bell, the raising of money for increasing teachers' salaries belongs to the state and local levels, not the federal level. That might be so, but the funds that Reagan wants to slash at the federal level involve such aid programs as aid to disadvantaged, disabled, bilingual, handicapped and vocational students, and loans and grant programs to needy college students. And the sum spent on education which Reagan claims is so much includes that which is spent on the state and local levels.

Some of you might remember that one of the first cuts that Reagan made was in the public school lunch programs. Not only that, there has been cutbacks in many of the federally back food supplement programs. Carl Rowan in his article "Hungry Kids Aren't Scholars" says that it is difficult to learn when you are hungry. "...these youngsters who live in homes of hunger and are denied adequate food at school are not going to become scholars. They will, in truth, become the Johnnies and Janes who can't read, or count, or do much else, and they will carry the scars of hunger throughout their lives." Rowan suggests that the President and his budget director eat in a soup kitchen once a

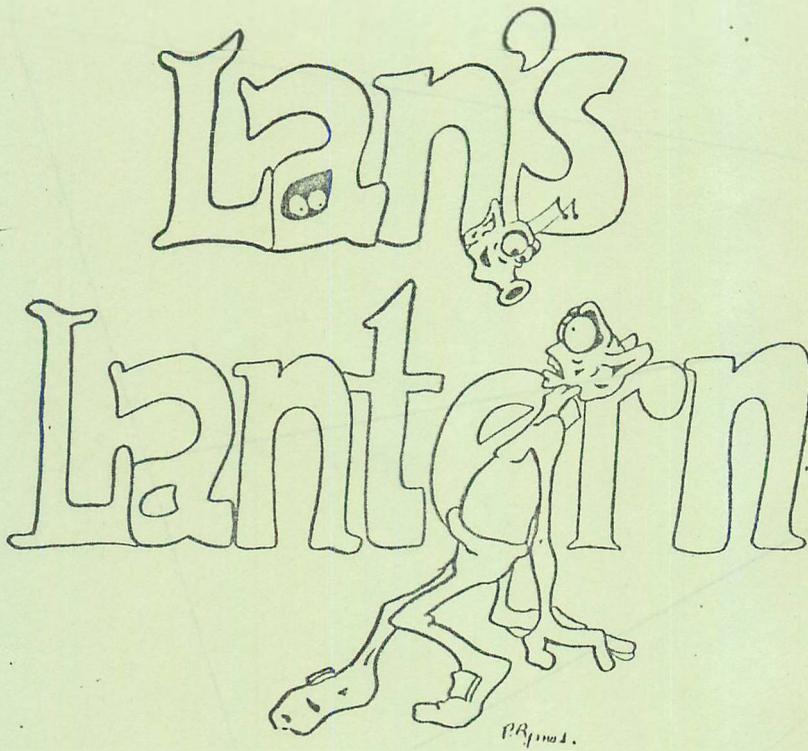
month. I suppose that it would give them a taste of what some people have for daily sustenance, but would it have any effect? They should probably do what so many story-tellers are fond of--go out incognito and see what the real world is really like.

Now suppose we do take care of the hunger problem, and the teachers are adequate. What about the things the students are taught? Generally parents leave all such matters in the hands of the teachers, unless it involves sex, religion, evolution versus creationism, and stuff like that. Even in those kinds of topics, the basic results that seem to be happening is swallowing and regurgitating. John Scouffas, assistant vice chancellor for student affairs at the University of Illinois, states this in his personal view in the Chicago Sun-Times. We seem to be training people to spit back what we tell them, rather than think for themselves. (I could digress here and say something about this being the way most religions operate, but I won't.) The scholar tradition of learning for learning's sake, of learning so to come up with new ideas from old ones or even come up with original ideas, has given way to mere vocational training. I get several students each year who keep asking why they have to learn the various aspects of math that I teach them when--she's going to be a housewife; he's going into business; she's going to be a doctor; he's going to be a computer programmer; etc. Parents are partly to blame. They tell their kids to learn something that will get them a high-paying job. Even in the collegeprep school in which I teach, there are very few parents who encourage their sons/daughters to learn everything they can and then decide what they like to do, and pursue that.

Education Secretary Bell says that the prospect in elementary school is better than in the secondary schools, that the kids are learning. But is it what you, or other parents, really want. True, some parents can be overbearing at school board meetings; moderation here as in everyplace else should be made clear. Just because a book has the word sex or fuck in it does not mean the book is bad. Learning with the child is necessary. Judy Markey, a columnist for the Chicago Sun-Times says that she will work with her children to help them understand the world around them, fan their curiosity, and try to answer every question honestly.

Finally, what about the teachers themselves, and the talk of "merit pay" and all that? Although the officials of the teachers' unions were originally opposed to the idea of merit raises, mainly because, I suppose, it would mean they would have to do some work in figuring out how to evaluate the teachers, they support it now. I would say that most of the public school teachers would be somewhat upset--that they would actually be evaluated on their performance. I am sure that some of them would not be afraid--some really do a good job considering what they're up against with overloaded classrooms, etc. I know that I do a good job when I teach, for I have been evaluated by the best critics available--my own students. I wonder how other teachers would stand up to those critics?

IN THIS ISSUE: Just about all of my backlog is cleared out with this mailing. I hope I can keep things from piling up now. The Katherine Kurtz interview was fun --I just let the tape run. Suzi has been after me for quite a while to publish that story. See you all in the next lettercol!



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- This is your last issue of LAN'S LANTERN unless you do something.
- I'd like you to contribute something to the Comics Issue or the Norton Special (see bottom of page 45).

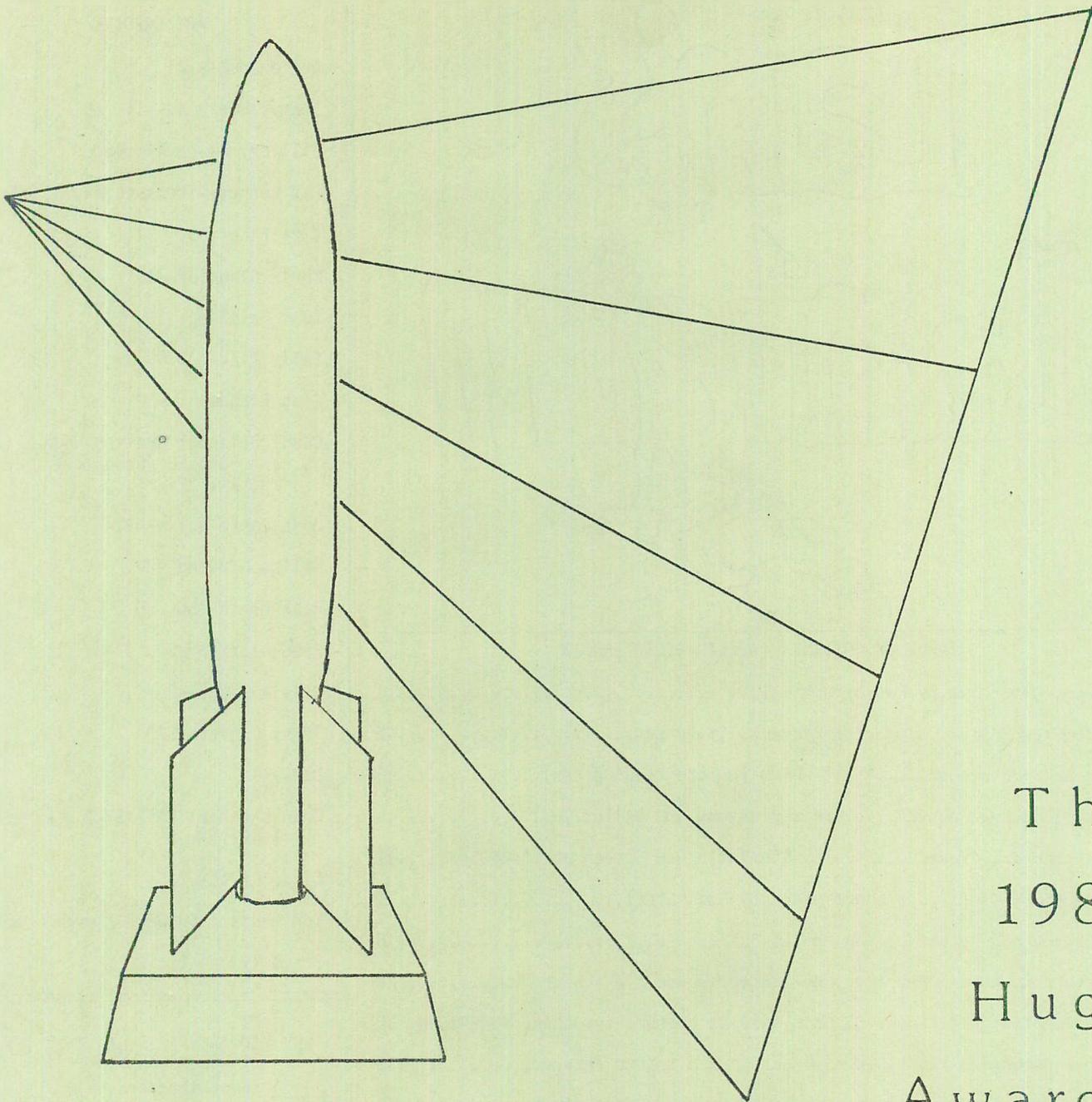
LAN'S LANTERN #13 is edited and put together by George "Lan" Laskowski whose address is 652 Cranbrook Rd #3, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013, phone: (313) 642-5670. LL is available for loc, trade, art, contribution, \$1.50 cold hard cash, you know, the usual. This is LanHI Publication #160. LanHI Publications is a division of LanShack Press.

DEDICATED TO

- Maia
- Fanartists everywhere, an underrated lot
- the Hugo Nominees, good luck to them all
- those who are going to contribute to the upcoming LANTERNS (see page 45, for details)

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The 1983 Hugo Awards

The Hugo Awards are honors conferred upon authors, writers, artists and fans by the fans of science fiction--or more accurately, by those fans who are voting members of the World Science Fiction Convention for that year. Ever since I joined fandom, I have voted for the Hugos, although (as many fans I know) I had not read all the nominations. There were several reasons for this--not having the book available for reading and too lazy to go to the library to try to find it; not enough time to read them all; unable to find that particular magazine, etc. This year I made it a point to read everything in the fiction category. I joined a local bookstore bookclub which offers 10% off each hardcover once a month and thus was able to get the novels. I subscribe to almost all the SF magazines. And now at most conventions I attend there is Susan Johnson, a huckster, offering 10% off all new hardcovers. Anyway, I decided to share my thoughts and feelings about this year's nominations for the Hugo Awards--just the fiction, and maybe another category depending on room.

BEST SHORT STORY

- "Sur" by Ursula K. LeGuin
"Melancholy Elephants" by Spider Robinson
"Spider Rose" by Bruce Sterling
"The Boy Who Waterskied to Forever" by James Tiptree, Jr.
"Ike at the Mike" by Howard Waldrop

Of the nominations for the "Short Story" category, two probably should not have made the final ballot, one is marginal, and two definitely should be there. Ursula LeGuin's "Sur" and James Tiptree, Jr.'s "The Boy Who Waterskied to Forever" are interesting, but not really science fiction. As fantasy, "Sur" doesn't fulfill that category even in the broadest definition one usually thinks as fantasy, and the Tiptree story is not that good as fantasy. Waldrop's "Ike at the Mike" is an alternate time-stream story and can marginally be thought of as sf, although I find the story not to my liking. "Melancholy Elephants" by Spider Robinson is set in the future, but the story-line deals with copyright law; still I consider it good sf in that it is dealing with the possible impact of a change on society, something which none of the others really touch upon (except maybe the Tiptree, but I'll get to that). Bruce Sterling's "Spider Rose" is definitely sf, in all senses of the term.

"Sur" deals with a group of women in the early 1900's who decide to explore the Antarctic themselves. Although this is an extremely unusual undertaking for women, especially around the 1909-10 winter (summer in the Antarctic), the group does find a backer, who remains unnamed throughout the story. The point of view is a report left in a trunk in the attic, to be found by the grandchildren to read. Not sf, not even fantasy as one normally thinks of fantasy. As an adventure story, "Sur" is very good; the style is impeccable, as one expects from LeGuin. But it should not have been nominated.

Tiptree's "The Boy Who Waterskied to Forever" is part of her (readers, you should know that James Tiptree, Jr., is a pseudonym for Alice Hastings Bradley Sheldon)Quinta Roo series of stories. The piece is rich in description and background of that area of Mexico, and the "boy" of the title is chronicled as a story within this story. K'o, the "boy" waterskis into the past and becomes the Mayan god K'ou. There is no explanation of the mechanism involved; K'o loved the water, and apparently the water gods whisked him into the past...it's actually left to the imagination. I thought it bad fantasy, definitely not sf, but a good piece of writing. Tiptree gives the reader a good feel for the locale, but a Hugo winner or nominee needs to have much more than that going for it. I'm sure Tiptree has in mind a collection of these stories published as one book; taken together they may comprise a whole greater than the sum of the parts, and possibly worthy of a Hugo nomination. As an individual story, I say no.

"Ike at the Mike" is an alternate history/time-stream piece, in which Ike Eisenhower becomes a jazz clarinetist instead of a General. George Patton is a drummer, and the narrator is a senator named E. Aaron Presley (Elvis??). Although this type of story is acceptable in the genre as sf, Waldrop concentrates on the man, Ike, himself, rather than the societal changes that occurred as a result of his career change. True, Waldrop does give some of the historical changes, but I got the feeling that he wasn't sure about what might really have happened. He did extend WW II a bit longer and a few other things, but the historical changes

took a back seat to the biographical data. Maybe as a longer piece, with attention paid to historical-change detail, Waldrop would have had a more powerful story, and thereby a better chance (by my voting, anyway) in the run for a Hugo. The story, aside from the biography takes place at a banquet for a Presidential Medal presentation, and Ike, along with Louis Armstrong, play their best. Drummer George Patton, after a series of bad marriages and alcoholism, had died earlier that week, and Ike attended his funeral the morning of the Banquet. Both Louie and Ike play their best, and during the last number, dedicated to Patton, Ike can't finish, overcome by emotion; Louie carries the melody, and the crowd goes wild.

As with Leguin and Tiptree, the writing is superb, but I found myself say, "So?" at the end. Judging by the crowds that came to hear him on various panels and activities at the last two Worldcons, Howard Waldrop does have a strong following of fans. Block voting? Could be, but I won't make any accusations. According to LOCUS, there were 269 titles nominated and the minimum vote number for the final ballot was 36 (highest 55). This apparently was a difficult category this year--I know I had a tough time making some choices--and as I said, these are well-written stories.

The copyright question is the central issue of Spider Robinson's "Melancholy Elephants". There is Senate Bill up for vote extending the copyright on artists' creations into perpetuity. Dorothy Martin sees one of the more powerful senators supporting the Bill to change his mind. She cites examples of court-won plagiarism cases (George Harrison's "My sweet Lord" and the Shirrelles' "He's So Fine"; Bova's and Ellison's "Brillo" against "FutureCop"; Van Vogt's "Discord in Scarlet" and the movie "Alien"; etc.), then points out how little new literature, music, art, etc. has appeared in recent years (this is set in the future), mainly because anything seemingly new for the most part is derivative of earlier stuff. (There are only a finite number of arrangements of notes that sound well together!) The Senator decides to kill the bill, regardless of the effects it would have on his political career--he's an old man anyway, and would welcome the retirement.

Spider makes a good case for the termination of copyrighting after a certain period of time. Using public-domain material is a help in keeping the arts alive. In music alone there are lots of different pieces which have similar passages; and many of the classical pieces have been resurrected in different forms for different purposes. I know of no one who can listen to the "William Tell Overture" and not think of "The Lone Ranger". Working out the debate between a copyright termination and non-termination is something sf can do which other literatures don't or can't; what would be the effects of unlimited copyright--Spider covers a good analog of what could happen. The effect of an idea on society--good sf.

Although not new to the sf field, Bruce Sterling presents a unique universe to the readers of sf. I don't think his two novels, INVOLUTION OCEAN and THE ARTIFICIAL KID, are part of this universe, but "Swarm," up for the Novelette Hugo, belongs to the same universe. There are several races throughout the galaxy, and a major division in the Human faction--Shapers and Mechanists. Mechanists, as the name suggests, rely on machines for everything; their lives and usually emotions are programmed, modified, controlled to specific needs. The Shapers rely on genetic manipulation and their brains--they breed for intelligence, so to speak. Spider Rose of the title is a Mechanist, 200 years old, who trades with another race called the Investors (they love to make deals, but with strict codes as to what they sell to which race--Investors won't sell the secret to the Star Drive to any race--they have to discover it on their own). Spider has a huge crystal, and for once the Investors have nothing she might want. So, instead of losing the deal, the Investors loan her one

of their pets, a unique specimen. If after six months when they pass by again, she doesn't wake up to make the trade, they'll take back to pet and leave; or she can trade for the crystal. After a week or so, the pet goes comatose in a cocoon, then emerges looking like a "Little Fuzzy". The pet adapts nicely to her emotional needs. Spider is forced to kill and eat her Fuzzy when she is attacked by Shaper ships and disabled. The Investors find her, take her back to their ship, and retrieve the crystal. Spider Rose shortly wraps herself in a cocoon and goes comatose, emerging as the original pet.

Within this bare sketch of the story is a lot of rich background. Sterling has constructed his universe with lots of little added features. The only flaw which I could pick up is that he still used earth measures for time, instead of creating a new method (which probably would develop among those not connected any longer with planetary night/day/year cycles).

Questions do arise--did the Investors deliberately give the pet to Rose so that it would eventually eat her and absorb her memories instead of vice versa--although Sterling doesn't say she absorbs the pet's memories. He does mention that it had a complex genetic code--maybe for the adaptation, maybe for absorption. Was it really an accident that the Shaper ships found Spider Rose, or did the Investors prompt that? Here Sterling hints at things with no definite answer, but this is much more acceptable in the story than in Tip-tree's "waterskiing into the past." His writing is not easy to wade through, but it is indeed a different universe, and has put things together in a compact style to get maximum use out of the words. Like most good sf, it has to be read carefully, the words and images building to give a clear picture of his universe.

As much as I like Spider Robinson's story, it has less of the intellectual broadening that Bruce Sterling has in "Spider Rose." My choice is "Spider Rose" for first, then, "Melancholy Elephants", "Ike at the Mike", No Award, then the last two.

BEST NOVELETTE

"Nightlife" by Phyllis Eisenstein

"Swarm" by Bruce Sterling

"Aquila" by Somtow Sucharitkul

"Fire Watch" by Connie Willis

"Pawn's Gambit" by Timothy Zahn

The first big convention I went to as an SF fan was CHAMBANACON in 1975. There I met for the first time some of the authors I had read for ages--Andy O'futt, Joe Haldeman, Gordon Dickson, Wilson "Bob" Tucker. I also met a beautiful woman whose short stories I had been reading for some time in the pages of F&SF, the Alaric stories of Phyllis Eisenstein. Although not close friends, I have seen and talked with her on many occasions at the countless conventions we've attended since. When I read "In the Western Tradition" two years ago, I told myself that it had to get on the Hugo Ballot. It did, but lost in the final voting (not because of me, however!). When I finished reading "Nightlife", I said the same thing. And again, it is on the ballot. Its chances are good this year.

The story "Nightlife" deals with a successful Account executive for a Chicago insurance company, whose daytime hours are only used to get her through to the time when she can sleep and dream. On this dream plane she encounters Jack Elliot who turns out to be, literally, the "man of her dreams". Jane Bentley and Jack discover that they can't manipulate each other as they normally could before--and discover that they both exist in the real world. Jane eventually finds that Jack is in a coma, a victim of a motorcycle accident, kept alive by machines, but kept sane by his dreams. He's

in a hospital in Tuscon, Arizona, and there is little hope that he will come out of the coma. Jack's father has given up, his mother is hanging onto hope by the barest of threads. Jane offers to cover all medical costs for their 20 year-old son (she's 32) as long as he is kept alive. At night, every night thereafter, the two of them are together.

The story is sensitively written. Anyone who has had some rough times does usually give in at times to getting away from the real world by sleeping/dreaming. The idea strikes responsive chords in those who read this story. That someone would live to sleep/dream is a concept foreign to a lot of people, but not entirely alien; think of it in terms of waiting until Friday afternoon for the start of the weekend. I like the story. It is a basic plot--boy and girl meet, fall in love, and live (sleep?) happily ever after. The ending is happy and leaves one with a good feeling.

"Swarm" by Bruce Sterling is set in the same universe as "Spider Rose," one of the short story Hugo nominees. However, just as "Spider Rose" showed us a Mechanist, "Swarm" shows the other Human faction, the Shapers. Simon Afiel is sent by the council to aid Mirny in her study of the race called the Swarm, and to experiment on controlling them through the use of pheromones. The Swarm is not intelligent, but is bee-nive-like in structure; it has been around for an almost infinite amount of time--it was there when the oldest of the known races was young. Because of the experiments Simon and Mirny are performing, an intelligence is awakened in the Swarm, and the two are confronted. Intelligence is not a good survival factor; apparently existence through symbiosis or kindly parasitical arrangement is. Intelligence is only a tool, to be discarded when no longer needed, picked up when needed. Simon hopes to prove the Swarm wrong...in a few million years.

Maybe not intentionally, but Sterling has attempted an answer to a question Simak has posed to himself: what will supercede intelligence as a survival factor? It is an interesting question, and I'm not sure if Sterling has answered it adequately--but he has made the attempt. With this story you do see more of his universe, and the complexities within. The Investors appear, and the Mechanists are mentioned. It's a fascinating, if somewhat depressing, place; I hope to see more stories in the series.

I have had trouble reading most of Somtow Sucharitkul's stories. I was only able to make it through one of his Inquestor stories, halfway through one of his Mallworld stories, and have in general just skipped over any that have appeared in the magazines. However, the concept behind "Aquila" piqued my interest, since my Masters Degree is in Latin.

"Aquila" takes place in an alternate universe wherein the Roman Empire stays in power, and they discover the Nova Terra. It is a fun story, mainly because of the Latin/English puns and word plays involved and the little twists between Roman and Amerindian cultures. The contrasts of the concepts and styles of warfare and very intriguing and in many spots humorous. It is a good, fun story to read. And it works well---the first time. It was even funny the second time I read it in preparing for this article. However, the sequels became rapidly tedious. When Sucharitkul latches onto a new idea, he does it to death--that's the First Law of Television Programming according to Ernie Kovaks. For originality in idea and execution, I found it a welcome spot on the ballot.

I had some trouble accepting Connie Willis' story "Fire Watch" as a nomination. I think it was the diary format that causes me to have trouble in reading it. When I read it the second time for judging it as a nomination for the Novelette Award, I tried to put aside my prejudice of the format. The story read a little better the second time, but I still have quibbles about its worth.

There is no doubt that Connie Willis is a good

writer. She has indeed captured the spirit and feeling of being on Fire Watch during WW II in England. The story centers around Bartholomew who is sent back in time to England during the blitzkrieg attacks of London as part of his practicum in history. He was not given much time to prepare for the time shift, but he does his best. His disguise is that of a priest who is on "fire watch" at St. Pauls Cathedral, putting out incendiaries that drop on the roof of the church. As he performs his duties, he suspects that Langby is the one who actually allows the cathedral to be burned. Ironically, Langby suspects Bartholomew to be a Nazi spy as well, bent on burning down the cathedral.

My first reaction was that it was a disguised historical fiction novel. Connie Willis is too good a writer to make it merely that. She does create conflict within Bartholomew--he has much information in his long-term memory, but is unable to jog it loose. Thus he makes mistakes; he doesn't know that cats hate water. He is uncertain of a lot of details. Willis shows many contrasts between Bartholomew's culture of the future, and Lanby's culture of the past. The story is an interesting read, but I still found myself feeling blasé about it.

I have always look upon Timothy Zahn's stories as a special treat. Usually I would leave them for last in the magazine, or make sure that I would have enough time to finish them in one sitting. "Pawn's Gambit" was no exception. I enjoyed it the first time I read it, as well as the second time, but not for the same reasons. The second time I knew what was going to happen, so I looked for the detail, and found his characterization good; the aliens depicted were for the most part well drawn, though Tim does have a way to go to match C. J. Cherryh (but I have no doubt he can do it; his other work shows that quite clearly).

The alien race presently in control of this part of the galaxy has been snatching humans from earth and testing them through games to see if they would be any threat to the Stryfkar (controlling aliens). Though still planet-bound, humans are showing to be considerably dangerous to the Stryf (in the best Campbell-story tradition). In gaming against other races, Kelly McClain (human) realizes that he could beat most of his competitors who, at this stage of testing, are aliens, but is staying on to pick up the gaming ideas to bring back to earth where he could clean up selling these new games. The Stryf catch on and change the rules: the loser dies, and the winner (best two out of three) gets to go home alive. Achraeae, an Olyt (which is a lizard like creature), and Kelly play two games, and each wins one. Throughout those two games, one can see the trust and respect building between them. In the final game, Kelly makes up one in which both win, but which is also a disguised message. Kelly deigns to let the Olyt return to his people, hoping that he got the secret message, which he did. Achraeae returns to rescue Kelly and take him back to Earth to help in the negotiations between their two races.

Zahn presents a good rousing story with intellectual stimulation, mystery, and the humans triumphing against more advanced races. It's a fun story, and like "Nightlife", has a happy ending. Unlike Eisenstein's story, there is an opening for more, should Zahn choose to pursue it.

This one is tough for me. "Nightlife" and "Pawn's Gambit" are my top choices, with "Swarm" next, then "Aquila" and "Fire Watch," with No Award bringing up the rear. As to which I put as number one, I can't say at this point. I will decide when I get my ballot.

* * *
* * *

It has been several weeks since I first wrote this, and after wrestling with those two stories during that time, I've decided to put "Pawn's Gambit" first, with "Nightlife" second. Zahn's story is wider in scope and has a more universal view; Eisenstein's is personal and closed...intense, but the feeling is lost in rereading.

BEST NOVELLA

"The Postman" by David Brin
 "Brainchild" by Joseph H. Delaney
 "Another Orphan" by John Kessel
 "Unsound Variations" by George R. R. Martin
 "To Leave a Mark" by Kim Stanley Robinson
 "Souls" by Joanna Russ

I forget who the author was who said that the novella length seems to be the natural length of a science fiction story, but there seems to be an increasing number of novellas written every year. According to LOCUS, there were 41 novella titles nominated. I find it difficult to believe that there were 41 novellas written last year, let alone they were good enough for a nomination. Two of the ones I nominated appeared on the final ballot, but the one I thought best didn't make it ("Between a Rock and a High Place" by Timothy Zahn). Whether the novella is the natural length or not, I've always felt that it should be the length necessary to tell the story. Some pad it beyond the length it should go, others stop too short; most of the sf authors I have read do realize when the story is done and finish it off appropriately.

John Kessel's "Another Orphan" seems to be of the right length. Patrick Fallon, broker for the Chicago Board of Trade, awakes one morning to find himself aboard the Pequod, and the whole crew hunting the great White whale. There are occasional flash-backs to the present (or would those be called flash-forwards?), but the story centers around Fallon and his adventures on the Pequod, the conflicts he has within himself between which reality is presenting itself at the time, and an attempt to organize a mutiny to save them all from imminent destruction, as per the novel. The story ends with Fallon trying to escape his contract in the present time, but he is pursued, and the surroundings dissolve to the deck of the Pequod (at least that's the impression I get); even death/another life does not release someone from the contract with Captain Ahab.

Sleep/dream/time-travel--popular themes last year. The idea is an interesting one, as is its execution. Kessel does a good job with the background and presents whaling with more compact language than Melville did. Still, in spite of the high literary quality of the writing, and the concept, I didn't care for it.

"To Leave a Mark" by Kim Stanley Robinson is a story that didn't stop soon enough, and thereby lost impact. The central character, Emma Weil, is an expert on biological life-support systems. The ship she is riding out to the asteroid belt on is taken over by a formerly public, now secret, organization called the Mars Starship Association. Because of persecution they go "underground" and continue to work towards putting together a starship for colonizing the nearer systems. The Committee, which runs Mars, is in the process of terra-forming Mars, but that would take a couple of centuries; the MSA wants results in their lifetime. Emma, pro-committee at the beginning, becomes intrigued by the advances the "rebels" have made in life-support systems, and agrees to help, but returns to Mars when the Starships leave. The other people, pro-committee all the way, see her as another of the "rebels", and she realizes that she had been won over. Once back in Mars-space, the ship captain finds that there has been a revolution on Mars, and both the Committee and Rebels are fighting for control. The ship is met by the Rebels.

Stopping the story here would have been very effective, but Robinson continues--Emma lands and joins the rebel forces. They are overrun and forced to flee

to the mountains to prepared strongholds. From there the Rebels were to continue to fight. The story just sorta slides to a stop, slowly. No big impact, just a slow wind-down and a trail into oblivion. It's too bad --it was a good story till then.

"Souls" was a semi-interesting piece, about the Abbess Radekunde who repels an attack of the Norsemen by confronting them alone, talking to them in their own tongue, and eventually winning them over. Even as a child Radekunde was different; she learned to read when she was two, then learned everything she could, travelled around Europe absorbing knowledge, and returned to the Abbey where she succeeded the Abbess Herrade (who raised her since she was an orphan). Taking lessons from Tannith Lee, I think, Russ borrows the overused *deus ex machina* and has Radekunde assumed up into a spaceship, her own people, and taken into the heavens. The learning ability was apparently telepathy.

Although I called it semi-interesting, it was actually less so, especially on second reading. I lost the thread of the story several times and had to re-read passages to find out what was going on. The idea was somewhat good, but the execution was terrible.

In the vast reading of SF that I've done since I discovered it around age 9 or so with the Tom Swift books (Tom Swift, Jr., that is) there have been very few stories I recall about chess. George Martin's "Unsound Variations" is another in that group of SF Chess stories. (Now that I think about it, Zelazny's "Unicorn Variations" was about chess--it was nominated last year, I believe, and the plot was more aptly patterned after SEVENTH SEAL, than the potential horror story form Martin uses--forthwith described.) The old B squad of the Northwestern University Chess team is assembled once again at the behest of Bruce Bunnich, whose moves cost them the potential upset of a particular match. Among the people invited are Peter Norton and his wife Cathy, Steve Delmario, and E.C. Stuart. In the ten years since that match, each of the team members has suffered setbacks whereas Bruce has made a fortune. Bruce now gets the team together to exact revenge on each of them. Martin sets the story up for truly the classic horror cliché of having them spend the night and each being killed one by one. It doesn't quite happen that way. George Martin is a better writer than that. True, each plays a match against Bruce, starting with the classic set-up from that match ten years ago for which they all blame him for losing. As he defeats the first two (Steve and E.C.), Bruce reveals that he was the one who "destroyed" them emotionally, financially, etc. He discovered how to "flashback," send his mind back in time and superimpose his memories over his earlier ones, and change the outcome of certain actions. This does shift reality into another time-track each time he does it, but he is the only one who can remember everything. Peter, who is the last to play, realizes that Bruce has probably played this game millions of times, trying to see where his mistake might have been, how he could come through and defeat Vasselere who he was up against in that match. Peter doesn't play, because all the variations are unbound. Bruce spots it, and lets them all leave.

Peter returns to writing, confident now that he can do something well this time around, without Bruce interfering.

The writing is crisp and emotion-laden, as George Martin usually writes. He is drawing on his experiences as a competitive chess player when he went to Northwestern University. I found the story fun, interesting and difficult to put down once I started it. This is a good contender.

Post-holocaust stories have declined in number, but once in a while a new approach is found and it delights the readers to the point of nominating the story for an award. David Brin's "The Postman" is such a story. Gordon Krantz travels through the upper West states, or what's left of them. His talents in writing and his knowledge of the classics of English

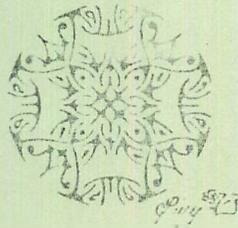
literature turn out to be very good surviving abilities. Although living comfortably somewhat in the restored areas of the midwest, he decides to try his luck in the other places. His first night he is attacked and barely escapes with his life. Survivalists roam that area of the west-coast, and make life difficult for anyone not in their group. Gordon loses all of his equipment, except for his "survival belt". In his escape he runs across an old mail truck; the driver, dead for many years, provides Gordon with a little more chance of survival: good shoes, a leather bag, clothes and a spot of whiskey. Gordon's travels then take a turn for the better; he passes himself off as a mailman and manages to give people hope for a restored system of communication among the communities.

David Brin is one of the newer writers I noticed specifically in the pages of ANALOG. His ideas and plots are well written and thought out. Like Tim Zahn, I have not been disappointed with any of the stories I've read. The idea here has the potential for more growth, a small series possibly, or expansion into a full novel. I could have read more, but I think Brin stopped the episodes at the correct place. One more scene just might have been too much. Whether he writes another story about Gordon the Postman or not, I eagerly look forward to his next story.

Some further comments: Brin gives a fairly realistic look at this post-holocaust world. The survivalists behave like a bunch of children--they missed the mailtruck in their territory because they were too lazy to explore it thoroughly. Some of the communities actually tried to establish communications and trade of essential items after the bombing (revealed nicely in the letters Gordon was carrying); looting and pillaging of course was common then, but some communities managed to consolidate and survive in a semblance of civilization. Gordon was welcome to enter and perform. Another community was a dictatorship; Brin has left others to the imagination.

Joseph Delaney's first novella, first story published in the sf genre (according to LOCUS) is nominated for a Hugo. (Not unusual--David Palmer's story "Emergence" was also nominated for a Hugo--last year--and it was his first; Orson Scott Card's "Ender's Game" was his first sf sale.) A research scientist, Delmar Schoonover, genetically alters the fertilized ovum of an ape and a highly intelligent child?/ape? is born--intellectually superior to its simian parents. Delmar is accused of using this intelligent creature as a slave, and the case is brought to trial. The main action of the story takes place in court, and is a very good piece of drama with clever misdirection. Ruth Purley, who is the attorney on the case on Delmar's side, shows and explains a lot about how law and lawyers actually operate (I guess...her explanations sound reasonable). I found the whole story fascinating and intriguing, enough so that I nominated it myself. It's sf for the idea of genetically altered ovum, and good drama in writing and execution. It gets high marks from me.

For me this is a very difficult choice--again the top two seem tied. Between "The Postman" and "Brainchild" I'd have to pick "The Postman". I think it's a little bit better in its breadth and scope. Martin's "Unsound Variations" is third, "To Leave a Mark" is fourth, and "Another Orphan" and "Souls" bring up the end in that order. I've considered inserting No Award after fourth place, but the stories aren't really that bad in my opinion.



BEST NOVEL

FOUNDATION'S EDGE by Isaac Asimov
THE PRIDE OF CHANUR by C. J. Cherryh
2010: ODYSSEY TWO by Arthur C. Clarke
FRIDAY by Robert A. Heinlein
COURTSHIP RITE by Donald Kingsbury
THE SWORD OF THE LICTOR by Gene Wolfe

When I first saw the final Hugo Ballot in Mike Glycer's FILE:770 and found out that the "Big Three" each had his latest novel on it, I was quite disappointed with my fellow fans. I read far better novels this past year than those written by Asimov, Clarke and Heinlein. THE DESCENT OF ANANSI by Barnes and Niven, COLLS by Zelazny and Saberhagen, and James P. Hogan's VOYAGE FROM YESTERYEAR were better in plotting and characterization than those three novels, and George R. R. Martin's FEVRE DREAM was a darn good fantasy novel that breathed fresh life into the vampire story. It is a shame, I think, that people do vote on the name, rather than the story. Of course, I have been guilty of that myself in the past, so I shall be content to make my decision on the novels nominated.

FOUNDATION'S EDGE by Isaac Asimov is a continuation of the Foundation Trilogy which was written and compiled more than 30 years ago. It is written in a style similar to that of the first three books, which is both good and bad: good, because it does follow the trilogy and gives one the sense of continuity of the entire series; bad, because it shows that Asimov seems not to have learned much about how people interact in those thirty years. The second thing that comes to my mind when I think of the novel is that people are continually lecturing to each other. The action is done off-stage and reported; very little is experienced directly. The first thing that comes to my mind about FOUNDATION'S EDGE is the blatant open ending---there will be a fifth book. ("Key, I've got a loose end here. Look, everybody, a loose end," said a friend of mine. "Anybody wanna buy a loose end?")

I'm sure most people are familiar with the plot by now, whether you've read the story or not; it's been reviewed in all the magazines. 498 years after the establishment of the First Foundation, Councilman Golan Trevize realizes that things are going too smoothly--and thus there must be a flaw in the Plan of Hari Seldon, or the Second Foundation is still around. Golan is banished from the Foundation Council and exiled under the pretext of looking for the one race from which all mankind sprung; with him he takes the historian Pelorat. At the other end of the universe, at the Second Foundation on Trantor, Stor Gendibal has the uneasy feeling that the Second Foundation really isn't in control of things either, and, following a tip from his spy on the First Foundation Council (Golan's friend Compor), proceeds to track Golan. The novel settles down to a nice mystery which is only partially solved--no one seems to know why Earth's name has been removed from all records at the University of Trantor. Thus, a loose end.

Within their travels outside of Foundation Space, they encounter the Planet Gaia, which has intelligence and which had been doing some of the mind control, but not all. It knows nothing about Earth. Gaia is the planet from which the Mule came, however the description and mental make-up of the Mule given here differs from that given in FOUNDATION AND EMPIRE. A slight flaw of consistency--I would have missed it, but someone pointed it out to me. It was a good story, but not as good as some others written last year, and not as good as some of Asimov's other recent writing.

To take things in alphabetical order puts C.J. Cherryh's THE PRIDE OF CHANUR next. Pyanfar Chanur is the Captain of a merchant ship from the household of Chanur, of the Hani race (from feline stock). A human escapes from Akukkakk of the race kif, and hides

on board Pyanfar's ship, the Pride of Chanur. The human isthought to be an animal until he displays intelligence, at which point Pyanfar realizes why the kif are so upset about having lost it/him. Akukkakk accuses Pyanfar of stealing his "commodity" and attempts to get Tully back at all cost. The Compact which governs the various races for trading purposes comes near to collapse until the methane breathing kunn intervene by removing the offending kif and bringing more humans into Hani-space.

This is a very brief sketch of a novel with a complex background. Cherryh, as is her style and craftsmanship, puts in a lot of details that require some careful reading. The story is from the alien Pyanfar's point of view, and Tully is only a pawn for the action most of the time. Cherryh holds a mirror to our own race by showing us the Hani and other cultures. I was unable to read the novel in one or two sittings, but had to spread it out over several days (more than a week), but that gave me more time to appreciate the details, and made me eager to get back to read more.

2010: ODYSSEY TWO was Arthur C. Clarke's contribution last year, a few years after saying that he was not going to write any more fiction. I'm glad he changed his mind and came out with this sequel to 2001 A SPACE ODYSSEY. It was a good adventure/travel log, somewhat like IMPERIAL EARTH and RONDEZVOUS WITH RAMA. In a joint venture between the Russians and Americans a ship is sent out to Jupiter to recover data from THE DISCOVERY, the ship which went to Jupiter and in which Hal killed all of the crew except one, who went through the monolith to become the Starchild. Almost pre-empted by the Chinese who arrive first, but are killed on Io when they land to refuel, the combined team do recover the information and return safely.

In the story we also find out that Io has been put off-limits to us by the same intelligence that started the human race going (and for whom Bowman (the Starchild) is now working). Heywood Floyd who is with the crew eventually gets divorced from his wifewhile he's in space. And there are a few other surprises.

Clarke's forte is ideas and adventure story-telling. He is not all that good with characterization. He tries it here, and fails. So Floyd gets divorced, so what? It has little, if any, effect on the story. Some of the other attempts at characterization fall equally as flat. But the story is a good one, and is interesting in its own right---even the sporadic summaries about what happened in the first book did not take away from the enjoyment of the novel. I think that all you would need to know would be the movie, and maybe not even that. This one I didn't mind seeing on the ballot, though I did not nominate it myself.

Heinlein's FRIDAY is next. About a third of the way through the book I commented to Maia, "There's gotta be a plot in here somewhere." Most of the book is a description of the agent/currier Friday, her antics and a splash of background of the world in which she lives. There are lots of hints of a lot of things which probably make sense in the context of Robert A. Heinlein's future history, but at times tend to distract from the book. As Maia said when she read it, "There seems to be two or three stories going on, each interfering with the other." That pretty much sums up my own feelings. Indeed, this novel is better than THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST, but still not quite as good as many of his others.

Heinlein fans love the novel. It shows RAH on his way back to being a major writer among the new talent that's on the scene now. Heinlein does some nice things with this story that are quite relevant--he uses the generic "she" in places; Friday examines her own prejudicial feelings about herself as an Artificial Person, and how others feel about her as a person, and as an AP; space colonies on other planets where Friday eventually settles down and becomes a mother and farm-wife--just like the men (ship captains and scientists and all) settle down and become hus-

bands and farmers. Subtley balanced, Heinlein shows his power of writing. I do look forward to his next novel--I hope his upswing continues. Still, this novel was not a choice for me as a Hugo nomination.

Donald Kingsbury of McGill University wrote *COURTSHIP RITE*. It was serialized in *ANALOG*, and came out in trade paperback, hardcover library, and Book Club editions. The serialization was somewhat shorter than the other forms, so some background was cut to make it fit into *ANALOG* through four installments. I had heard Stan Schmidt describe the novel at a *MIDWESTCON* before it came out, and was intrigued immediately. However, since I waited till I got all four parts before I started reading the novel, I found it in trade paperback, and read it that way. It took me more than a month to work my way through it, but it was well worth the effort. *COURTSHIP RITE* is not a book to be read swiftly; it deserves to be savored, digested and enjoyed at leisure.

Consider a colony ship that can't go any further, and a planet whose environment and indigenous life is hostile to those trying to survive. Resources cannot be wasted, and survival is the primary goal. Therefore, the culture of cannibalism arose as technology faded into the background and wast almost totally lost. Genetic engineering became important, and some earth grains were able to be adapted to the soil. Still, if crops failed, provisions were made as to who would be killed and eaten first. Combat was personal; you don't kill more than you can eat.

This is the background, picked up through the novel. The cultures on the planet Geta are as varied as they are on earth, although the main culture seems patterned after the Australian Aborigine. Some clans specialize in endurance and thus maintain roads and transport people along them. Another specializes in pleasure, another in science, etc. In the course of the novel which takes place at the time when the Getans are just beginning to recover their understanding of technology, and are able to read the "frozen voice of God" with a "coherent light" beam and store it with "silvergraphs", we get to look at the human race through Getan eyes, and see the true horror of war and some of the other things we accept. Truly a mind-bending book.

The *Courtship Rite* of the title comes from the basic frame of the story. Aesoe, the leader of a good portion of the planet directs three brothers to add a rebel, Oelita (who's convinced that it's not nice to eat other people), into their household as a wife, to join their other two wives Noe and Teenae. To prove her *kolathi* (personal worth), Gaet, Hoemei and Joesai decide to put her through the Death Rite to prove herself. They don't want her, and she certainly doesn't want to join herself to them, but throughout the trials (which take almost the entire book to go through) she earns their trust and love, not only of the men, but also of the women. The family really wanted Kathain, and in the end get her as well, bringing them up to a group marriage of 7.

The book is rich in its background of the different cultures, political intrigue, personal growth, characterizations, and all those good things that English teachers look for in a good "classic" novel. I feel as though the field of science fiction has another novel equivalent to a *DUNE* or *LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS*. In glancing through it to make notes for this review, I had the desire to reread it to pick out more of the detail I missed the first time around. And I may do that this summer.

LOCUS reports that this was a surprise nomination on the ballot. It wasn't to me, nor was it so to many of my fellow fans that I talked to. It could be that I've been pushing this novel so much that everyone I've talked to has read it and feels as I do.

The last nomination for the novel Hugo is Gene Wolfe's *THE SWORD OF THE LICTOR*. This is the third book of his *BOOK OF THE NEW SUN* tetralogy, and can be

read as a separate novel. Wolfe's writing is neat, clean and crisp; it's compact and in many instances has to be read closely or you miss something important. I missed the fact that Severian was supposed to have killed Cyriaca, the wife of the Autocrat of the city of Thrax, for infidelity (he certainly did know she was unfaithful to her husband) and didn't find out until the details were laid out in a flashback. Maybe it was designed that way as part of the story.

Generally, Severian continues telling his story of his adventures, and the reader gets to see more of the countryside of Urth. The inhabitants, the forests and mountains, the rivers, lakes and streams, ancient and abandoned cities, aliens (yes, aliens--he throws in these things and catches you off-guard), and strange animals. In the end, his sword, *Terminus Est*, is destroyed, and the Claw (of the Conciliator from the previous book) is almost lost.

Unfortunately, I think the book does suffer from the fact that it is the third book of a tetralogy. References are made to the previous books, not important for not having read them, but distracting in and of their being mentioned. The most important point being made in this book, though, is that Severian does some self-examination of his role as an executioner. He goes through some interesting self-analysis along with showing us his native Urth.

* * * * *

A strange thing just happened.

I've changed my mind as to the order I'll be voting for the Hugo Novel.

From my reviews of these books I'm sure you picked up the idea that I really like *COURTSHIP RITE*, and I plan on voting it for first place. Yes, that's true. And in the second position is C. J. Cherryh's *THE PRIDE OF CHANUR*. It's the other four that have been shuffled around.

Originally, Wolfe's *THE SWORD OF THE LICTOR* was my third choice, but after going through some detailed analysis of all the books, I find that it doesn't sit as well with me as I first thought. I was impressed when I finished it, but that burst of enthusiasm for the novel faded; the depth I thought was there isn't, unless you take the series as a whole.

On the other hand, I was placing *The Big Three* in the last three places because they were *The Big Three*. Examining closely what should be in an Award Winning Novel, and what should be good Science Fiction showed me that I should judge the books on their own terms, and not by who the author is...and not make judgements one way or the other. Let the book decide.

Clarke's *2010: ODYSSEY TWO* is my third choice. In spite of the flaws in attempted characterization, it is a good adventure story, and good SF. Clarke knows his science, and can sure tell a story.

In fourth place I put Heinlein's *FRIDAY*. I think *RAH* tried to do too much in this novel, and the various threads of stories didn't weave together sufficiently enough for me to rate it higher. (Why was *Friday* captured and tortured and the beginning of the novel?) Seeing Robert Heinlein's improvement over the last novel, I eagerly look forward to his next.

FOUNDATION'S EDGE by the Good Doctor is in fifth position. It d'd get tedious in many spots. I don't mind long lectures and arguments, but not too many of them. The novel was slow in spots because of this, and I found my attention wandering too many times.

THE SWORD OF THE LICTOR I place in sixth place (sorry Gene). I hope Wolfe's next individual novel surpasses everything and everybody. He is a powerful writer; now if he can condense it all into one book, instead of spreading it out over four, I think he'd do much better.

Now I wonder how close I will come to the actual results. See everyone at the WorldCon in Baltimore, and we'll find out whether I am right.

PATCHES

and

CREAM

STANLEY SCHMIDT

It's good to be back, and I'm especially faltered and honored to be back under these circumstances. As many of you know, I think of this group as my literary "family." A few years ago, when I was living in Tiffin and writing science fiction, there just wasn't anybody else practicing that particular perversion, at least professionally (as far as I knew), in northwestern Ohio. One year at a MIDWESTCON I met Lloyd Biggle, and got better acquainted with Dean McLaughlin, and met Miriam Anver and probably a few other people I'm forgetting to mention (after all, I was an absent-minded professor), and they said, "Don't you get lonsome down there?" Then they told me about the nest of writers and fans lurking in the Detroit-Ypsi-Ann Arbor area, which was only two hours from my home, and started inviting me up to quite a few of their gatherings, including some memorable parties at Lloyd's house and at least the first couple of CONFUSIONS.

Then I missed some, not because I wanted to, but because things kept conflicting. One year it snowed a bit and Ohio was closed; Poul Anderson could get here from California, but I couldn't get here from Tiffin. Other years other things happened. "One year it's South America," Larry Tucker wrote in his letter inviting me here today, "the next it's your publisher, and, frankly, we're getting tired of your excuses. It looks like we're just going to have to offer you a better incentive for coming to CON-

FUSION."

What Larry didn't know was that my becoming editor of ANALOG was actually a sinister plot to offer him a better incentive to invite me back to one of my favorite conventions. That's not the only reason I did it, of course. There were also these two problems I used to have. My teaching schedule never let me get away to go to Worldcons, and I had trouble finding time to keep up with reading my ANALOG subscription. So I asked myself: "How can I get to a Worldcon?" The answer was obvious: I should become the editor of ANALOG and let Condé Nast send me. So I did. Since then, as it turns out, I've let my subscription lapse---but I do keep up on reading it now.

Anyway, it says here that the title of my talk is "Patches and Cream," and I suppose I really ought to say something at least vaguely related to that. I thought it was a good title when Larry asked me for one quite a while ago, because it was vague enough to allow me quite a bit of leeway in deciding what I'd actually say when the time came--and I did have some things in mind that I wanted to say, which that title does more or less fit. What I have to say consists of some rather general observations and remarks, and it consists more of questions than of answers--because I intend it largely as a gentle chiding and a challenge.

It's no secret that all is not peaches

and cream in the world today. (Name three times when it has been.) I don't have to tell you what problems we have; you know what they are, and every day you hear a lot of agonized talk about them. It's not surprising that there's a lot of concern about the near future, ranging from a futile sense that nothing can be done about it to a lot of desperate groping for solutions. Nor is it surprising that so much of the groping seems shortsighted and directionless, a series of attempts to slap on patches here and there in an effort to cover up weak spots and slow the sinking, without doing much to restore real structural integrity.

What does scare me is that so many people in science fiction have fallen into the pits of shortsightedness and panic, writing and thinking either as if there are no solutions, or as if there are simple solutions. I'm not talking about the best work, of course, but the general trend of what crosses my desk. I see lots of stories which just bewail the present situation, or extrapolate alarming trends with no suggestion of what might even be tried to counteract them, or describing things that might be done in the interests of survival and short-term well-being in the near future. I see a great many stories about rather trivial technical or political problems aboard O'Neill colonies. I see rather few tales of the much larger possibilities that might be opened up rather farther in the future, of really new ways of living that might be viable, durable alternatives either right here on Earth or very far away. What I think I should be seeing more of, in other words, is real, developed-in-depth cultures, human or alien, that live at least as well as ours, but not like ours.

Surely the problems of immediate survival and what space can do for us soon are legitimate and important concerns of science fiction--but they are not the only concerns. They have moved into the mainstream of real, contemporary life, and while it's appropriate for us to remain concerned with them and determined to see that they're handled well--after all, they were our ideas first--we should

be continuing to look much farther ahead.

Not the least of the reasons for this is that solutions based on shortsighted considerations of artificially isolated problems are not likely to prove of very lasting value. We are not going to build a world of peaches and cream just by applying patches here and there. Even if we do build a highly satisfactory world by any means, of course, it won't remain rosy forever; it will always need periodic readjustments and repairs to meet changing conditions. But if we want to minimize those, at least for a while, sometimes it may be necessary to do something which is more a remodeling than a repair--a thorough overhaul, involving rather fundamental changes in many inter-related variables, all done at once in a coordinated way.

A social system--that is, a socio-politico-economic system--is a tool. A very complex tool, but still an instrument used by the inhabitants of a culture to do certain jobs for them. It may do those jobs well or poorly; probably most real cultures have both helped and harmed their inhabitants in different ways. Like any other tool, a social system can wear out, or be unsuited to new jobs. If an axe gets dull or the handle broken, you can patch or sharpen it--up to a point. But if the blade is badly rusted, attempts to sharpen it may be less productive than buying a new axe. Or maybe not a new axe, but something else entirely, if your needs have changed. If all your local trees have been cut down and you now buy finished lumber from a lumberyard, you might be better off with a bandsaw. If you're developing brand new materials and methods of construction, you may need to develop brand new tools to go with them. The point is that if your axe is no longer serving your needs well, you need to think about the best way to patch it or the best thing to replace it with--that best fits your needs.

The idea that social systems can be viewed in a somewhat similar way doesn't seem to have occurred to very many people, but maybe it should. If so, the time is ripe for a lot of thinking about just what kinds of social systems might best serve our present and future needs--

without too many constraints based on changing just one or two things. And then consider the second question of how those systems might be brought into being.

Often, trying to fix a problem in one part of a big system, by itself, creates comparable or worse ones elsewhere. Suppose, for example, we concentrate on lengthening lifespan by every means possible--cancer cures, absolute accident protection, and so forth--without thinking what to do about overpopulation.

For a more complicated, but timely, example, consider this. Right now some people are very concerned about unemployment. Others are very concerned about the depletion of energy and raw materials. One of the patchwork solutions to the "problem" of keeping people employed has been to create jobs by dreaming up extra work projects, or (my favorite) by "planned obsolescence," where products are deliberately designed to fall apart in a short time, or be thrown away after one use, so that people can be kept busy making replacements, thereby using up scads of energy and materials for the sole purpose of keeping busy doing jobs that don't need to be done, because our society is geared to viewing employment as an intrinsic good!

Ironic? You bet. A patch applied to the unemployment problem enlarges the hole in the resource problem. This can't go on forever.

What kind of system might better serve the total needs of the people? Let's just try to imagine one off-the-cuff possibility. Let's not consider a certain amount of work an intrinsic good. Let's even grant that more time to enjoy the fruits of labor might be at least as valuable--if you're willing to change several variables at once. Let's suppose our basic needs are to get certain tasks done, with minimal consumption of resources. Our throwaway economy flagrantly violates the second to achieve overkill on the first. Suppose we tried instead a system that reincorporated what was once considered a virtue, namely building things of such high quality that they don't need to be replaced very often. This cuts down the

wasteful consumption of materials and energy-- but it also means there's less work that has to be done. The traditional answer to this is "unemployment crisis," with some people having no work to do while others continue as they were. But is this really a problem or an opportunity? Suppose the necessary work is redistributed, with everybody doing some of it--but not as much as before. Everybody has a share of the burden, everybody is doing something to justify an income --and everybody has more time to enjoy what can be done with that income, and to pursue work beyond the necessities, such as exploring the vast potentialities of the human mind and the rest of the universe.

Why aren't we already doing something like that? At least partly because it would require coordinated changes, at a rather fundamental level, in not just one or two, but many of the things we do. The key question is how you can bring about that far-reaching change in a smooth enough way that the side-effects of the transition aren't too unpalatable. The system can be left to adjust itself; it will, but various segments will change in ways that seem to fit their own immediate needs, and it's hard to foresee what the net change in the whole culture will be--but it may not be optimum. If you try to force it in a predetermined direction, that seems to require a degree of official regulation that is, at best, unattractive. My question is not easy; I don't have the answer, but I think it is high time we were looking very hard for possible answers. I think it's time for us to develop an "art of change" per se.

I had a letter from a reader recently who philosophized for five or six pages, at times rather perceptively, and the best thing he said was something like this. There are two basic questions that people need to answer in regard to the future:

- (1) What kind of world do we really want to live in?
- (2) How do we bring it about?

Everything else is just part of those. It's no longer adequate to ask, "How can we solve the energy problem or the unem-

ployment problem or the problem of your choice well enough that it doesn't kill us next week?" We need to be asking instead, "What kind of overall system could exist that would serve all our needs as well as possible, while creating as few such problems as possible?"

And then, having envisioned such a system, we need to ponder the still harder one of, "How do we get there from here?" The people caught in the daily press of having to do something right now about this problem or that problem usually don't have the time to take this kind of view. But it's a very important part of what we in science fiction can and should be doing--always, of course, bearing in mind that our stories must be stories, for fun, and never sermons. Part of John Campbell's explanation when he changed the name of ASTOUNDING to ANALOG was that a science fiction story can act as an analog simulation of a possible future, so we can see something of how it works before trying it out in reality. Please note: this does not mean that every system that's tried out in a story has to be successful. It may fail miserably--but it should at least appear worth the trial, and if it does fail, the story should leave us with some understanding of why it fails and therefore why we would want to avoid it in reality.

If any of you are surprised that I've made so little reference to technology per se, that's fine. I would just as soon discourage the misconception that ANALOG or I am more interested in technology than people. On the other hand, I don't want you to think that I expect much solid thinking to come out of glossing over the technological parts of futures and concentrating only on the "human" parts. Technology is as characteristically human as anything you can name. It has been an integral, inseparable part of the human condition for a long, long time, and it will be for a long time to come--whether it's horse collars, starships, or some combination of both. Technology is one part of the social system tool, and it, too, should be chosen, used, and maintained with care. I don't think you can get very

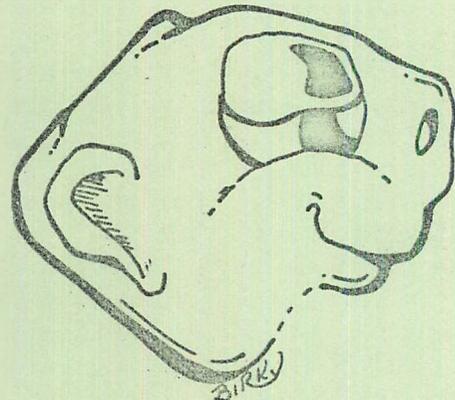
far in thinking about possible future ways of living without some solid understanding of the technologies available to support those ways. Again, it boils down to the basic questions: what do we really want, and what's the best way to achieve it?

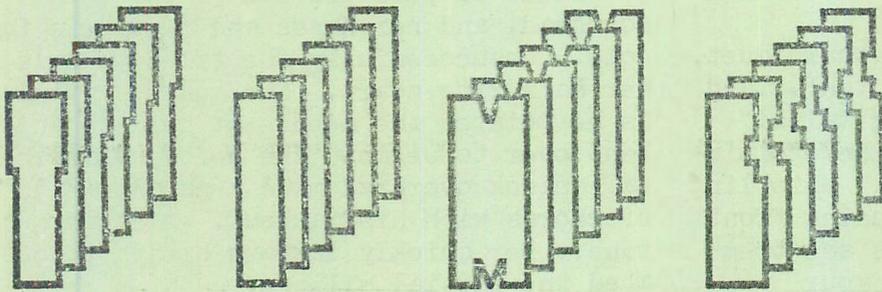
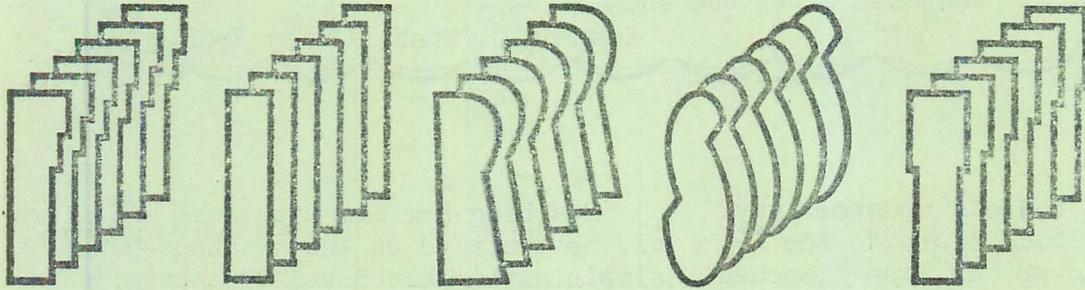
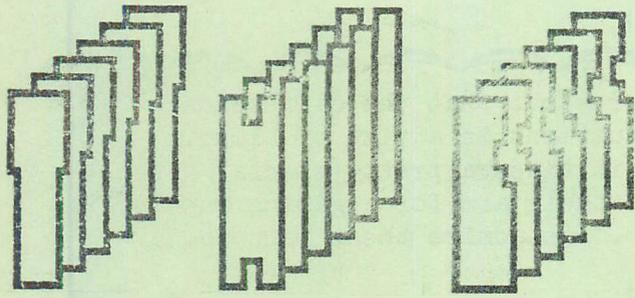
It may be that one of these times the prophets of doom will be right, and we won't be able to find a livable solution to our problems--either those we have now or those we shall surely have at any given time in our future. That possibility should make us take the problems seriously. But if we fail to solve them, it will not be because solutions don't exist, or even that they are intrinsically beyond our capabilities. I can't believe that we, as a species, are that stupid--though at times we give a frighteningly good imitation.

I can think of very few cases in which a struggle was won by assuming it was lost before it was fought. Those two basic questions--what kind of world do we want and how can we achieve it--are hard. But I can think of no reward more worth seeking than truly good answers to them. It may well be that science fiction will have to lead the way, by showing possibilities and firing young imaginations to turn them into reality. We have done such things many times in the past; we can and should do it better now than ever before.

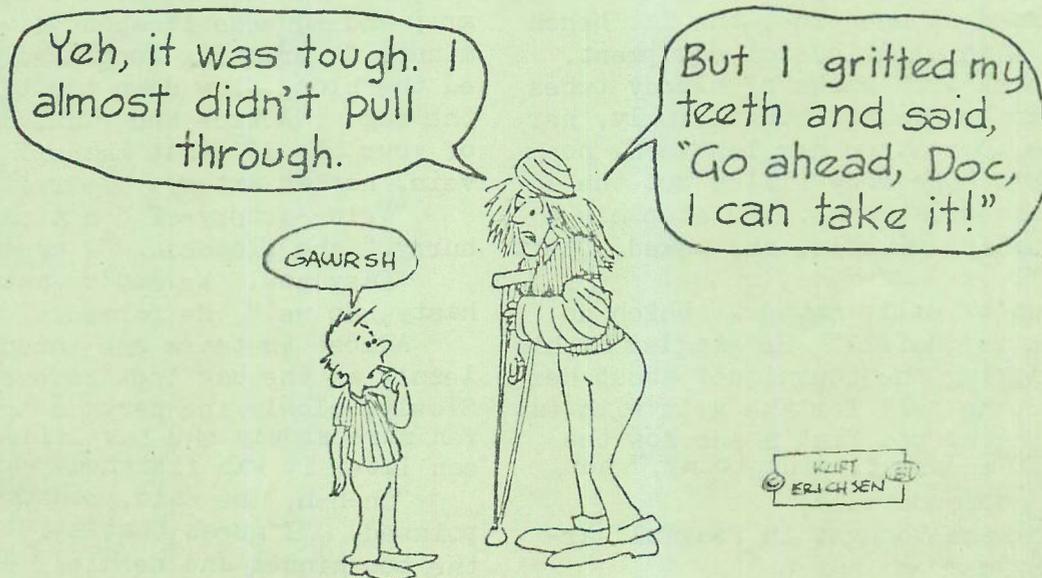
I hope we will be equal to the challenge.

Thank you.





by Suzanna C. Stefl



WALT
ERLICHSEN

Many of us would agree, when pressed, that the difference between life and death in some situations is a pint of blood. We would probably also admit that it takes a pretty special type of person to voluntarily stick out their arm for a gaping puncture wound every month and a half or so. We admire these persons. Maybe you are one of them.

But remember the first time?

This story was written for, and dedicated to, Robert A. Heinlein, for his work in the many blood drives across the country. It was composed after one such drive.

Suzanna C. Stefl; 1 May 1978

"Are you sure there's no other way? I never donated blood before." The paleness sliding over her face blanched her neck on its way down to her feet. In horror she watched the laboratory technician arrange the equipment on his tray.

"Alcohol sponges, rubber tourniquet, blood receptical and needle...ah!...and let's not forget the smelling salts!" he mumbled. "Oh, I'm sure," he exclaimed in answer to her question. Whistling cheerfully through his protruding front teeth, he towered over her as she trembled on the table. "Roll up your sleeve, please."

"Good heavens! Don't those needles come any smaller?" She seemed in no great hurry to comply with his request. Her eyes darted swiftly about the blood bank lab, seeing but not seeing the other technician in the room, the immaculate corner where four blood donors could be processed at one time, the lab bench littered with all kinds of equipment, and the sink with racks of bloody tubes waiting to be washed. Unwillingly, her eyes came to rest on her lab tech, noting how his huge body filled out the blood-stained lab coat. To stop his nerve-tingling whistle, she asked, "Left or right?"

"Doesn't really matter. Which do you think is jucier?" He giggled at his wit. Wrapping the tourniquet about her upper arm, he felt for the vein with fat clammy fingertips. "Let's see how the old pipelines are flowing today," he chuckled goodhumoredly.

Great! she thought in fearful sarcasm. Why me?

Swabbing her arm with soap and alcohol, he prattled on and on about how very simple giving blood was and how soon it would all be over and don't worry because what could go wrong?

Beads of perspiration prickled her forehead, and her hands and feet were icy cold. Unsuccessfully she tried to calm her hammering heart. She gulped rapidly as he pointed the needle at her arm and bent over to begin. The softly whirring wall clock overhead made a macabre kind of chorus with his raucous, whistling tune. Her quickly indrawn breath punctuated the partial silence.

"Eeny, meeny, miney, moo,

"Just a bee-sting, that'll do! heh-heh!"

"All the techs in the world and I get a comedian," she moaned. "Yipe!" Squeaking, she stared in barely masked terror at the needle angling out of her arm.

"Ah! So far so good! Now take this grip and squeeze it about five times a minute." Grinning contentedly, he watched the blood flow down the tube and into the bag. "Notice the rich, dark texture of your blood? That means I hit a good vein, not an artery. Terrific!"

"Vein--artery--I don't care! Please hurry," she pleaded. "I can't stand it!"

"Easy now. We don't want to be too hasty, do we?" He purred.

Almost in tears she shuddered hopelessly as the bag took forever to fill. Slowly, slowly the seconds crept by. Even more slowly the bag filled up till an eon later it was finished.

"Oh-h-h," he said, sounding disappointed. "I guess that's it." Removing the tourniquet and needle, he quickly

pressed a sterile 2x2 over the near-gaping hole. "Hold your arm up and squeeze that tight for a full minute. Would you like some smelling-salts? You look like you just met a vampire!"

"Done? Is that all?" She shivered hopefully.

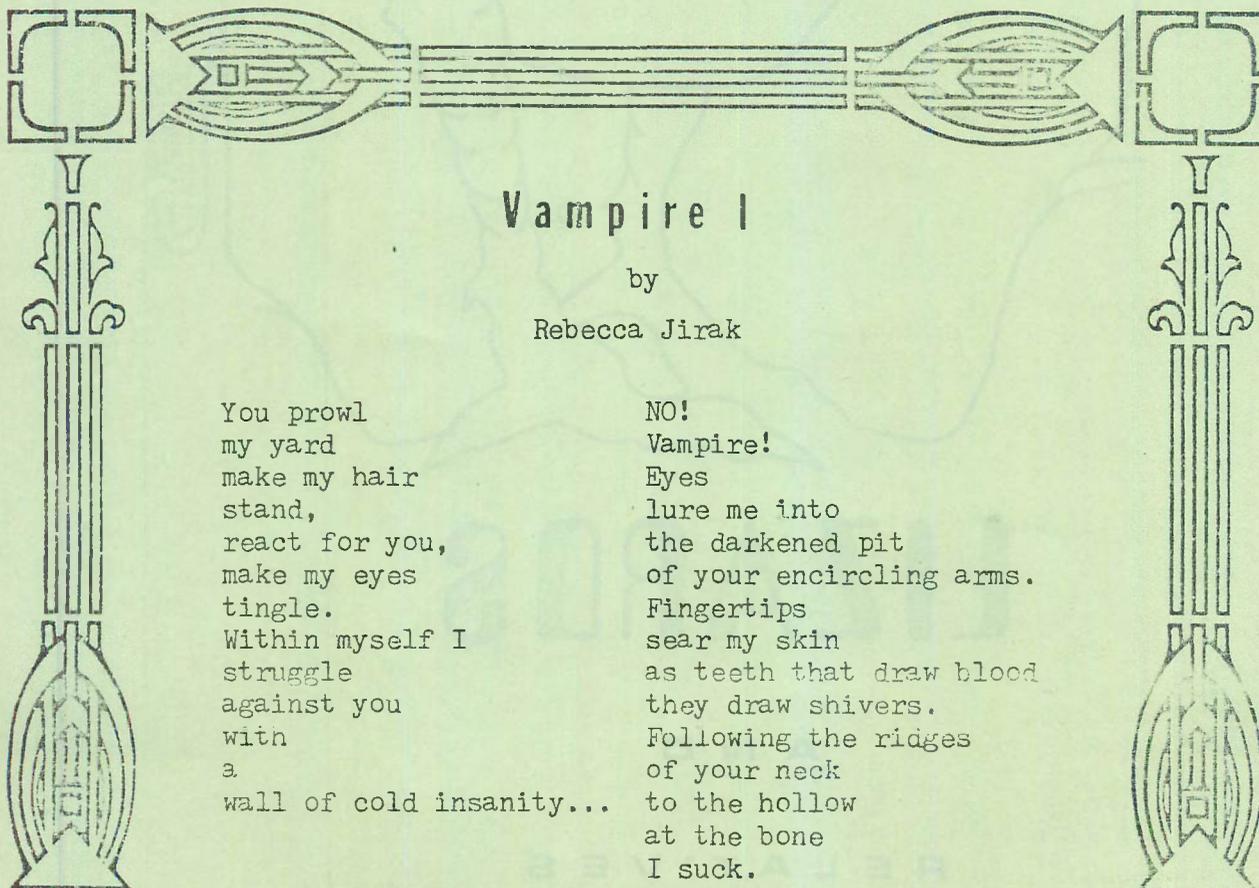
Later, he helped her rise up over unsteady feet, and her shakey knees seemed to belong to someone else. She drank her juice and color slowly returned to her face as sensation flowed back through her body.

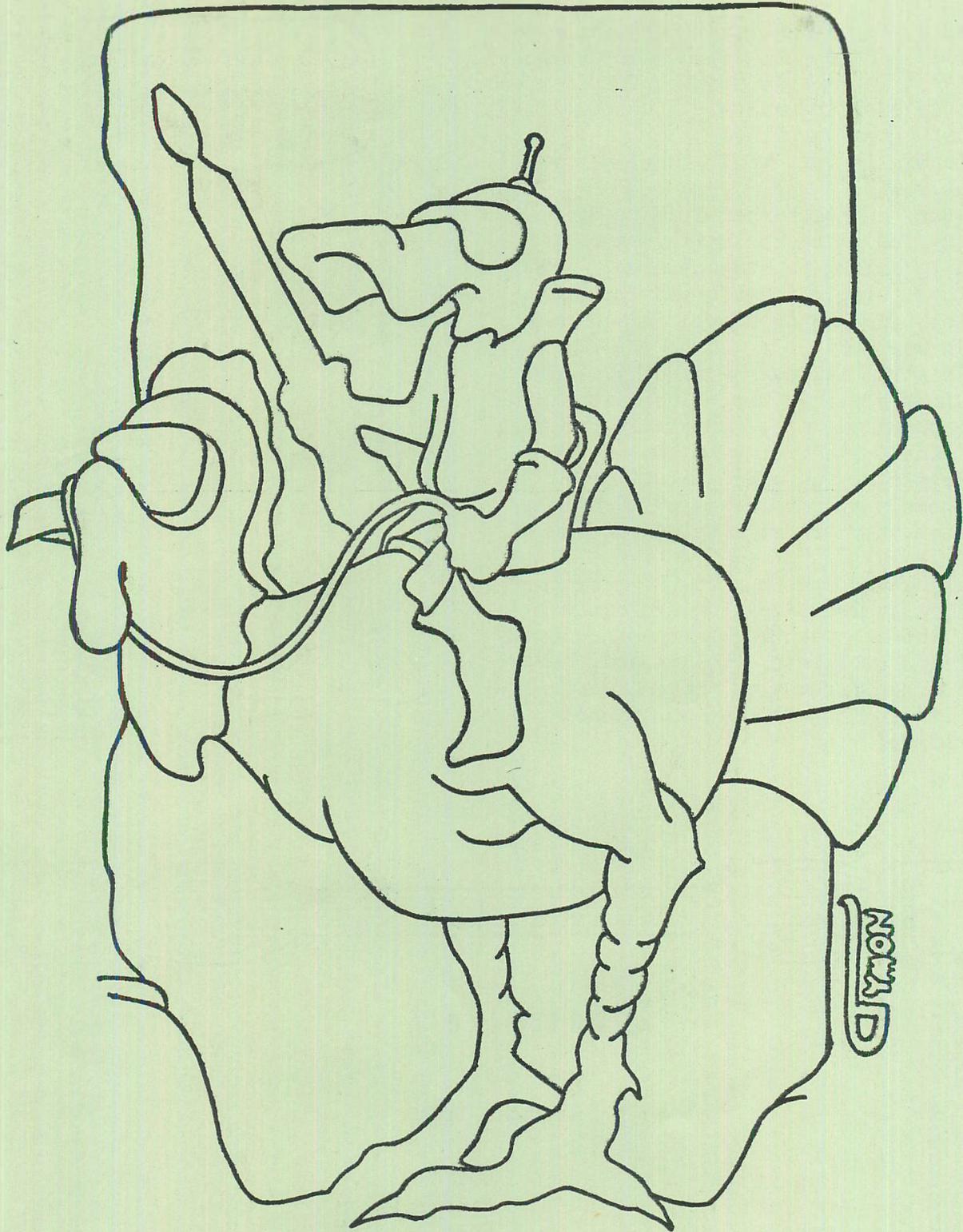
I'm still alive, she thought. And still in one piece, too. Guess it wasn't so bad after all, especially for the first time. She got up to leave.

"Bye now, and come again!"

"Where's my purple heart?" she giggled nervously almost running out the door.

Taking the specimen to the refrigerator for later cataloging and distribution, the lab tech turned to his co-worker and exclaimed, "Well, Sara, how's that for the first time? Oh, I admit I was a little jittery, but she didn't even notice!"





LIZARDS

AND

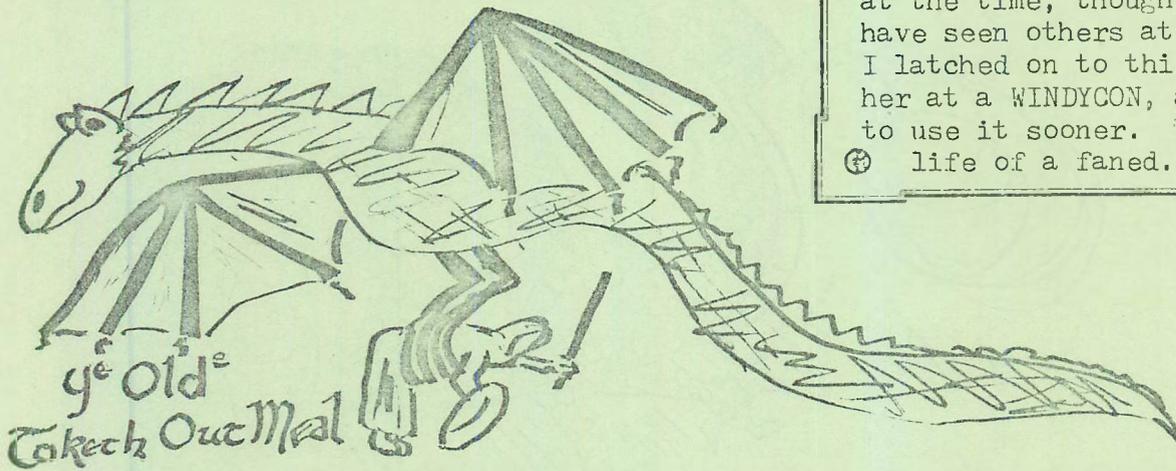
RELATIVES



CICATRICE



I first met Cicatrice at an SF teachers conference at Eastern Michigan University in 1977. She was the only other trufan there at the time, though since then I have seen others at conventions. I latched on to this piece from her at a WINDYCON, and was hoping to use it sooner. That's the life of a faned....



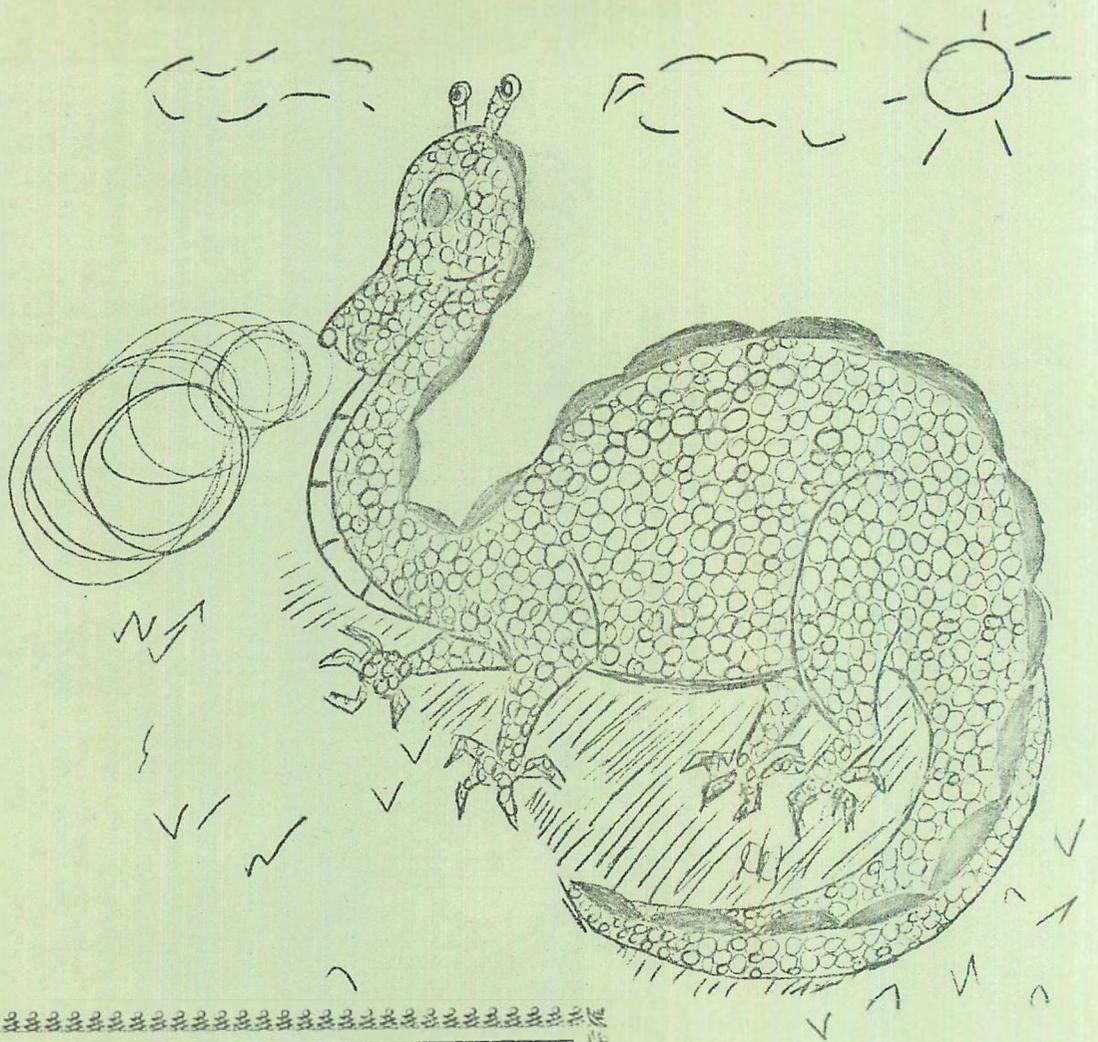
STEVE TYMON

When I joined LASFAPA, Steve was the most prolific member--his apazines ran the longest, usually close to 50 pages each month. I had no idea he could draw until he sent me some art. It was his piece of the Bode character with the name "Lizards" on it that inspired this section.

CHRIS CLOUTIER

Of all the fan artists I have met, Chris has got to have the strangest, and funniest, sense of humor. He has the ability to mix movies in such a way to make both sense and fun of both of them (or all of them). His art has appeared at cons all over the country.





HALINA HARDING

Another former student of mine, Halina was my advisee at Kingswood. She is one of the only persons to remain active in SF Fandom after I introduced her to it. In college at Oakland University in Rochester, Michigan, Halina was active in the SF Club to the point of becoming its president. She worked on and helped to organize several NOVAcons, which the club sponsored. She has also done some postgraduate work at Eastern Michigan University, and in its SF Club as well.

ARLIE ADAMS

I think that my first meeting with Arlie was through MISHAP--I don't recall the first time we met face-to-face, unless it was at a MARCON. Although he does not put his stuff into art shows, he is willing to do some work for fanzines. This piece was originally for the Simak issue.



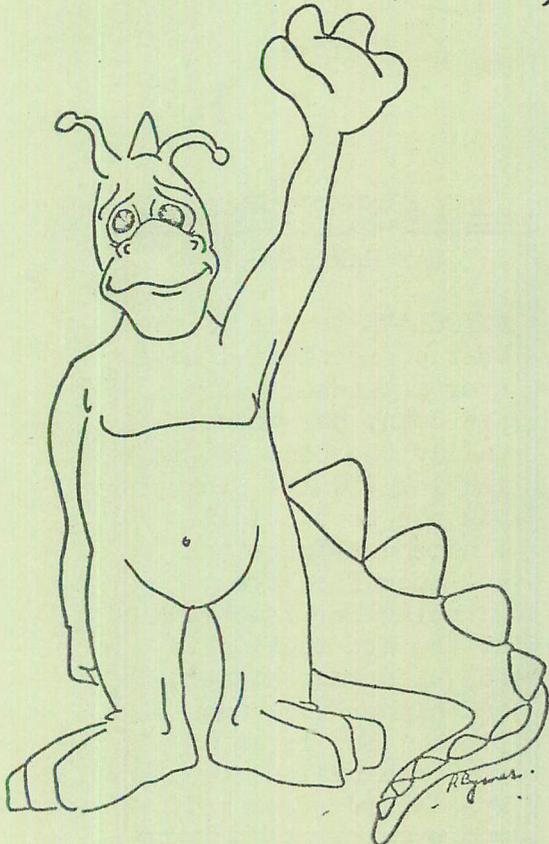
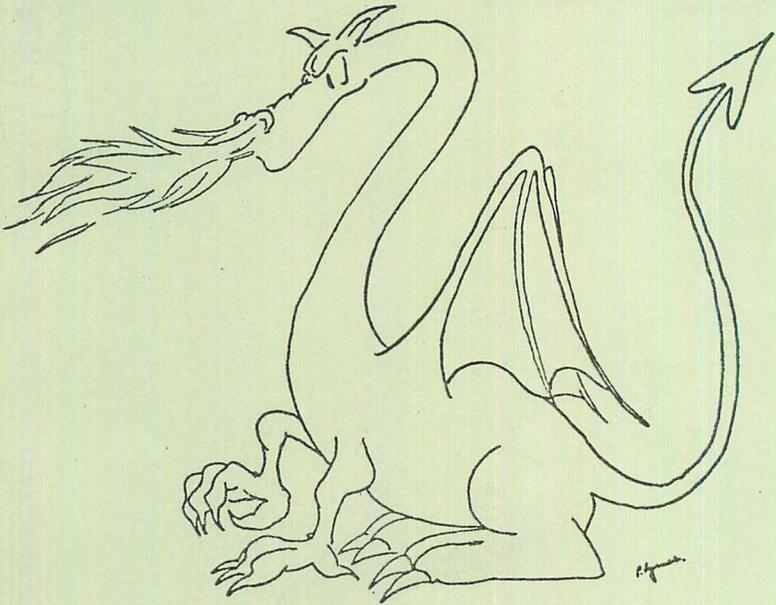
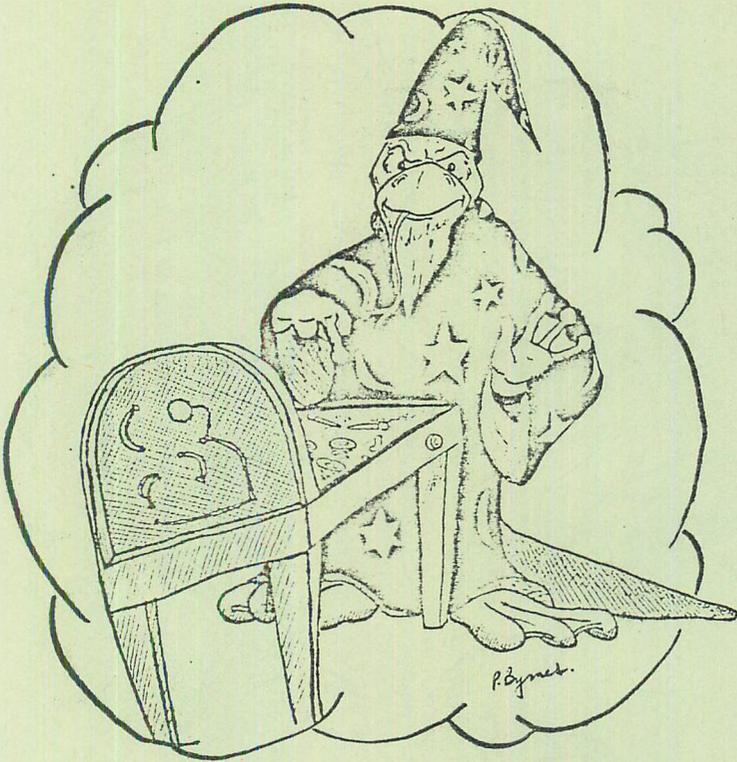
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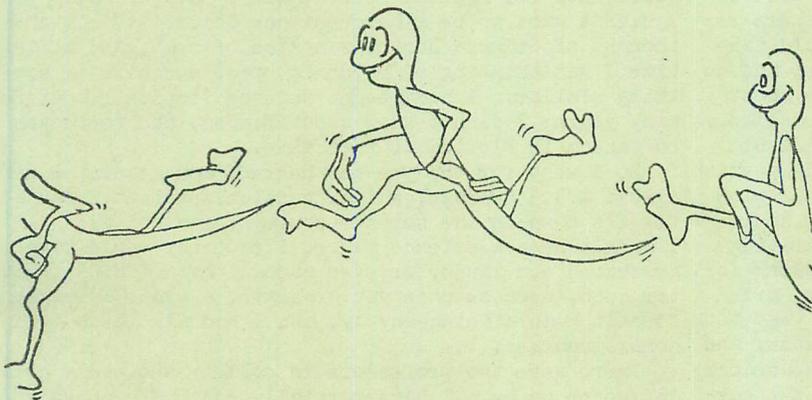
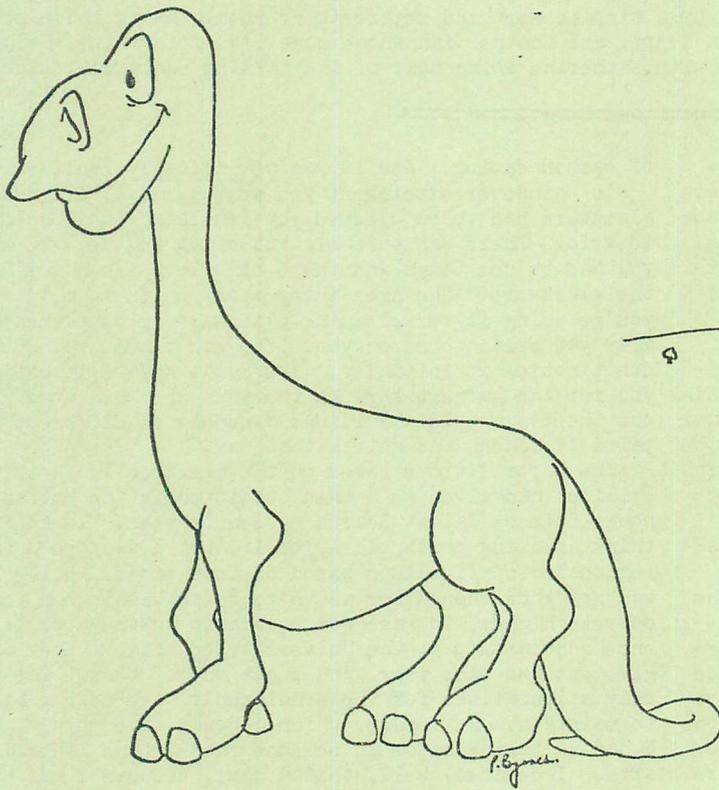
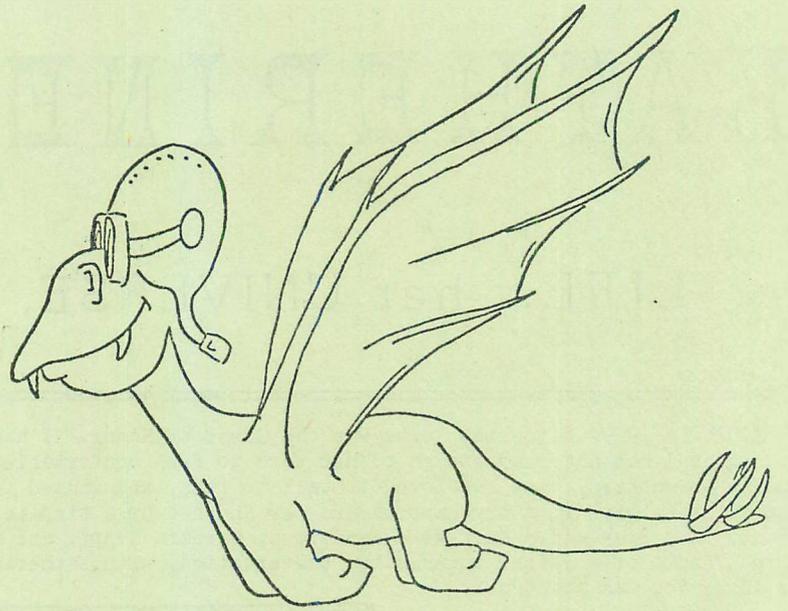
JOAN HANKE-WOODS

AUTOCLAVE I--one of the best conventions I have ever attended--there was Joan, her artwork easily the best in pen and ink (Denise Stokes had the best color). I have not forgotten how much I enjoyed watching her reactions at the art auction as the bids went higher and higher for each piece. She is an annual nomination for the Hugo Award (from me!).

PAT BYRNES

Pat was a student of mine when I first started teaching high school in Michigan in 1974. In 1975 I discovered fandom, and Pat contributed some artwork for my fansine when I began publishing. His themes with lizards and dinosaurs have been in my files since then, and now come out appropriately in this section. Although I have not heard from Pat in several years, I still send him my fansine. I keep hoping that he will contribute some new pieces. Maybe he will, now--when he sees all of these in print.





P. Byrnes

KATHERINE KURTZ

her LIFE, her UNIVERSE, and EVERYTHING

At MARCON in 1979, Katherine Kurtz was the Guest of Honor. I had no intention of doing an interview since, at that point I had not read enough of her work to feel comfortable doing one. But Katherine said, during the Opening Ceremonies, that she loved to talk to fans, and wanted to be available for conversation. I decided at that point to give it a try, approached her and set up a time to meet and retire to my room. Among those pres- besides Katherine and myself were Jan Brown, Barbara Gompf, and another fan whose name I've forgotten. Below is the result of a rather interesting conversation, with Katherine doing most of the talking--naturally, since the interview was about her.

IAN: You've had a very wide background; as I understand from your remarks at Opening Ceremonies, you have been to medical school, and worked with the police academy, and have done all sorts of interesting things. Would you please give us a rundown on your life history, and all the talents and abilities that you have displayed to other people?

KATHERINE: Okay. All through high school I was primarily a science student. I won a scholarship--I think it was a National Science Foundation grant--the summer between my junior and senior year in high school to be in a work-study program at the Institute of Marine Studies in Miami for the summer, and I worked in the oceanographic section there. We had to do a research paper based on the little task that our scientist assigned to us. I was working for a professor whose name was Cesare Emiliani, and he was in charge of the Mass Spectrometry Section at the Marine Lab. He assigned me this little project to take a deep-sea core and make a study as to whether there was a difference in salinity at different depths at the bottom of the ocean dependent upon pressure. A deep-sea core is obtained by taking a big pipe and ramming it down into the ocean bottom, and when it's brought back up there are samples of different layers as far down as the pipe went. In working on this project I had to take samples from various levels and react them with silver nitrate, which reacts with the salt in the sea water. Oh, it was great fun because silver nitrate stains your hands black if you get it on them. It was a wonderful summer--I went through the entire summer with black fingers.

Across the hall in the Mass Spec Lab they were doing a similar kind of thing--analyzing temperature related to bottom pressure, and so on. They would take these little bitty critters called foraminifera and do strange things to them. The foraminifera were about the size of a grain of sand with a little shell-like body. There are different kinds. The one Emiliani was using was called *saculifera truncatolinoides*, which looked like three ping-pong balls stuck together with a sack attached. His assistants would sit for hours looking through dissecting microscopes and separating out the particular foraminifera that he was looking for. They would then take a certain weight of these, grind them up in a mortar and pestle, put them in a test-tube and extract all the air through a vacuum apparatus, and finally react them with phosphoric acid to release carbon dioxide. They were using the oxygen from the carbon dioxide, and analyzing the ratio of different isotopes of oxygen to determine the age. It was a form

of carbon dating. And it was terrifically exciting.

In whichever experiment you were working, all the glassware had to be cleaned--by immersing it in sulfuric acid. There was this big vat of it in the lab, and you had to use tongs and these big gloves in handling the glassware. The nice thing about sulfuric acid when you're using it for cleaning glassware is that occasionally you splash some on you. You can't help it. But you don't notice it initially. You don't notice it until you put the garment through the wash and when it comes out there's a hole! I ruined a number of different pairs of slacks and shirts that way.

The paper I wrote based on the research Professor Emiliani had given me I then submitted in the Westinghouse Science Talent Search my senior year. I didn't think anything particularly of it, but I was one of the regional semi-finalists based on that paper. While it was not good enough for me to go on to Washington to compete higher, it was good enough to get me a full science scholarship at the University of Miami. They only give out two each year, and I got one of them. The only stipulations for the scholarship were that I had to maintain a B average, which I would have anyway, and I had to take a major in science rather than liberal arts. I decided, well, that's okay, because I was going to be in the honors program anyway, and I could sneak in enough liberal arts. That is indeed what I did; I ended up with almost a second major. All my honors classes were in humanities, social sciences--all my best grades were in humanities, social science. I barely kept my B average in the sciences, but that was okay.

Then I found out that the minimum sciences that you could take for a B.S. Degree were also the minimum requirements for medical school, and I thought, Aha! Now I didn't want to be a hard-science scientist, but the thought of being a doctor was kind of neat, and at that time I was thinking of being in space medicine or something similar. I had been a science fiction reader for many years; I didn't know about fandom, and there was no fandom in Florida at that time.

So I went for the pre-med degree, and graduated with almost a 3.3 average, which, considering that I had a few C's down in the science courses, was not bad. If I hadn't been a science major, I probably would have graduated cum laude, or even magna. But it didn't matter much, because once you graduate, a grade average doesn't mean a thing anyway, and I had all these good honors courses....

There were two professors in college who had a great influence on me. I have partially dedicated books to both of them. *DERYNI RISING* was dedicated to Carl Selle one of my humanities professors. The reason that I said

in the dedication, "because he knew all along that it would begin this way," is that he, too, had been a medical student once upon a time--for a day. He did not like it, went back to graduate school, and became a university professor in English, and a very fine man. In my sophomore year I had him for a poetry class, Modern English and American Poets. He really taught me how to think analytically from a literary point of view. One of his favorite sayings was, "You never know what you think about something until you get it down on paper." When you think about it, he's right, in a way. I have always felt this sense of the written word, that you can say anything you want, but once you've committed yourself to the written word, then you have it down on record, and you have to cope with that, live with that from then on. Of course, if the spoken word is taped, that's another story entirely. But that idea of not knowing what you think about something until you write it down really holds water, because in order to put it down in coherent fashion it forces you to think about it and get your thoughts organized. He said that he didn't think I was going to finish medical school, that I might indeed start, and that I was probably at this time very certain I wanted to finish and be a doctor; but he didn't think I was going to be. He thought that I would end up in the writing area, maybe as an English teacher or something like that. Professor Selle was not sure exactly what, but he knew that I was going to get back in that field. And I said, Oh yeah, sure, sure....

Then there was Dr. John Knoblock, to whom SAINT CAMBER is dedicated. I was first exposed to him in the second semester of my freshman year. He taught honors humanities, and he was also an expert in Asian studies. I took a year of Eastern culture with him, I took a course in Chinese thought and literature, another one in Oriental art and Aesthetics; I worked for him in work/study cataloguing Chinese art; in short, the man was a genius, and I was trying to take a major in John Knoblock! I would take any course he was offering because he was such a fantastic teacher. To this day I admire him greatly. I sent him a copy of SAINT CAMBER, and inside I wrote: "This may be the only way I can get you to write a letter to me, by dedicating a book to you." I know he must have gotten it, but I haven't received a letter back from him. I'm very tempted to give him a call; I'm going back to Miami to visit my father for a few days before I go back home, and I think I may look up his number and try to locate him. I want to find out what he's been up to, and bug him about not writing.

Dr. Knoblock was one of the most influential teachers that I was exposed to in all of my formal education, and he is still alive. Unfortunately, Carl Selle died, but not before he knew that I had indeed quit medical school. I saw him in the registration line when I was registering for graduate school, the year after I had quit medical school. I told him what I had done and that I was going back for a Masters in History. He beamed from ear to ear. He died the following spring, but at least he knew before he died that he had been right. I was delighted that I'd had a chance to see him one more time, let him know how important he had been to me, and how deadbang right he had been about me. I guess I am one of his major successes as far as students go. He was a terrific person.

I finished my B.S. and I went to medical school for that year. I first got the idea for the Deryni books during my senior year of college when I had this dream, and the notes from that are reproduced in the first volume of DERYNI ARCHIVES, plus the first half of the short story that resulted from it. The second half will be in volume 2--it's being typed right now. In volume 3, which will be out this summer, I am going to reprint the outline and proposal that I sent to Ballantine Books, because I think it will be valuable for would-be authors to see how I went about it.

It's interesting to see how the style changed, how the story evolved, and how I matured in the process of learning how to write fiction. Up until that time, all of my writing training was as an analytical writer--research papers and things like that. I had to learn a lot of very difficult things, like how to write dialogue. I had to learn to relax and let my characters speak in contractions like normal people do. In English analytical writing you never use contractions; you always write in the third person impersonal, and you just have to be so careful--always totally complete sentences. It took years before I could be comfortable about writing a fragment of a sentence to get a point across! I still don't do it very often, unless there's a very good reason, because my training stuck so hard. To this day I am a stickler for grammar and proper punctuation; you will not find incorrect grammar. The copy-editors like to see my stuff coming because on that they don't have to worry. Now they may have their own ideas about how something should be punctuated, but usually if it comes down to a nitty-gritty fight, I'm right and they have to change it back. One of my pet things is in using commas. When in doubt, use a comma. I like to use the final comma at the end of a series before the "and" because I think that if it's not there, it means something entirely different. It's not "oranges, apples, pineapples and grapefruit," it's "oranges, apples, pineapples, and grapefruit." It's not so important if I am talking about a series of objects like that, but if I'm talking about a series of actions, it makes all the difference in the world whether they are walking and chewing gum at the same time, or if they have already finished walking and then are chewing gum. It took a while for me to get that across to them, but now they finally leave those commas alone.

There are some other little style quirks that I have, some of which I have won on, and some of which I have changed because Lester del Rey beats me on the head sometimes. He's a terrific editor. I can't think of a better one to work with. I learned a lot from him and we work well together, although we went 'round and 'round a little bit in the very beginning.

Getting back to the story of my life---I wrote the short story while I was still in school, and when I quit medical school I went back to work full time for that next year because I ran out of money. I didn't owe anybody anything. I owned my car and I had no debts, but I had no money either. I went back to school part time. I had history for lunch for the next year--I was taking history courses on my lunch hour. I was working in educational television on campus during that time while picking up those extra history courses I needed to complete my major so that I could get into graduate school in history. What followed was just one of those instances of being in the right place at the right time. My mother got a job offer at Sacramento State University and would be moving out there at the end of the summer. I went with her and worked in Sacramento while I was thinking about getting into a California graduate school.

Just to give you an idea of how California schools are viewed back East--in Miami we thought of UCLA as being just really a....I didn't think I could get into UCLA. I had a terrific academic average, as averages go, and a great background, especially with my honors courses, but when I started applying to schools, I applied to Santa Barbara and San Diego, and got accepted at both of them with no problem. When I talked to one of the advisors at Sac State, he said, "For what you want to do you ought to go to UCLA." I said, "I can't get into UCLA!" He replied, "You certainly can. Apply to UCLA!" So I did and I got in!

I went to UCLA expecting--oh, I'm in the big leagues now. Here I am from the University of Miami, Suntan U--at least they think so--and I hope I'm not getting in over my head. I was pleasantly surprised to find

that they didn't have anything on me, probably because I was in the honors program all along at Miami, and I really did get an excellent, liberal arts education. I went full time for one quarter, paying out of state tuition, and I ran out of money. I had miscalculated. Since I had gone winter quarter, I decided to take a leave of absence until the following fall, get a full time job and save some money.

I looked for something that would pay decently. I refused to be a secretary; I had a chemistry degree so I thought I might be a forensic chemist for the county, but I missed qualifying on the written exam by one or two points--after all, I hadn't cracked a chemistry book in two years. How about the LAPD? I hadn't realized at the time that there was a difference between city and county, and I knew nothing about how civil service worked. I walked into the police building in downtown LA, and was directed to the civilian employment area. In effect I asked them, what can you use someone for who has a BS in Chemistry and a year in medical school? They said, "Oh, have we got a job for you!" They sent me over to take the Junior Administrative Assistant test, saying that they had an opening in narcotics for an administrative assistant, and I'd be terrific with my background. I think I made like a 99 on the test, and they sort of went bug-eyed. I didn't know it was supposed to be hard --nobody told me!

Since you went through considerably less red-tape in those days, I got hired, and worked for the narcotics division for six months. That's where the stories got started about me being a narc, which is not true. I'm a civilian employee in the department, not a sworn police officer, and I was working in an administrative capacity. I was working with the undercover buy team, but it was only helping them write up reports and things. At the end of six months I went to the police academy as a full-time instructor in written and oral communications. I was the first full-time civilian instructor, and the first full-time woman instructor. There was a policewoman who taught from time to time, but I was the first woman on a full-time basis, and I was there for six months, until the money ran out. I was then transferred back downtown and put in charge of civilian training for the whole department which involves about 3500 civilian employees. We've got about 7000 sworn officers. I was in charge of that for a year.

But they remembered me at the academy. They were starting a new project and invited me back as a training technician, which meant that I had to take another exam. No big deal. I had to fight with the Civil Service Commission--they were not into letting women take that test at that time, and they didn't want to accept some of my experience as qualifying time. So I had to go before the Civil Service Board and convince them that I was indeed qualified to take the exam. Since I was accepting the position on an emergency appointment, I had to score in one of the top three positions on the test. I came out number one.

The project I went to the academy for was in designing a new multi-media training system for the police department. This was a totally new concept in police training at the time--to use the mixed media approach. We used videotapes, audiotapes, textbooks, workbooks, hands-on experience, role-playing, simulations--whatever would best teach a given portion of the curriculum. We also designed packages which would have pieces of those different kinds of media which would have to dovetail, complement each other and work together. And, of course, these have to be constantly updated as the law changes, and techniques change, and so on. I helped write the proposals for the federal grants we needed to fund the project. We started out with a small project, to do modules on report writing, then put a big one on board which was better than a million dollars worth of federal funds

and city contributions in salaries. I've been there for almost the last eight years now, with the department ten years April 1. I certainly don't plan to spend the next ten years there, but it's been a very good job. I get paid a lot of money for doing something which for me is very easy, but for other people is obviously difficult or they wouldn't pay me that much. I have regular hours, I don't have to take my work home, full benefits, vacation, all that good stuff, and as long as I have to work for somebody else it's an ideal place. I can adjust my hours when necessary to dovetail with my other activities. The police officers that I work with at the academy are good people, very articulate, very well-read, very good writers.

In the meantime, I finished up my Masters part-time. When I was working at the academy that first time, they would allow me to adjust my schedule so I could take two classes a quarter. I didn't have to write a thesis as such--I was busy writing books at that time and I had to take a couple of incompletes a few times because I had book deadlines which meant more to me than the course work. Fortunately my teachers understood. When I finished, finally, I gave them each a copy of the first book so they could see the kind of thing I had been involved with while I was supposed to be studying history, and also so they could see what use I was making of this history. They were very pleased.

I got my Masters in '71, and I occasionally go back to take courses that interest me now. It's very nice to know I don't have to take certain courses, to be able to take only what I want and take things that interest me. I took a quarter of Latin because the only Latin I had at that point was a smattering of Church Latin. I thought it would be a good idea to get at least some basic Latin grammar under my belt --learn how to conjugate verbs, decline nouns, and stuff like that. With the aid of books and my trusty dictionary I can decipher a Latin sentence now, so that was time well spent. I took a course on hypnosis, became very good friends with the teacher, and studied with her extensively for another year after the course was over. I occasionally go back and serve as a demonstration subject when she teaches the course again.

Then there's the SCA. I first discovered it at BAYCON, and got involved in it a couple of years later when they started a branch in the Los Angeles area. I am at this point the Steward of the Society, and am a Countess in my own right, which means that I've been a Queen once. It's lots of fun. I enjoy sewing, making mundane clothes and costumes. Anyone who has read



my books knows that I am very interested in costuming: making them, researching them, and teaching other people how to make them. I like to wear fantasy costumes. I have frequently modeled at science fiction conventions. They've had a number of fashion shows at West Coast cons, and I've modeled for Bjo Trimble.

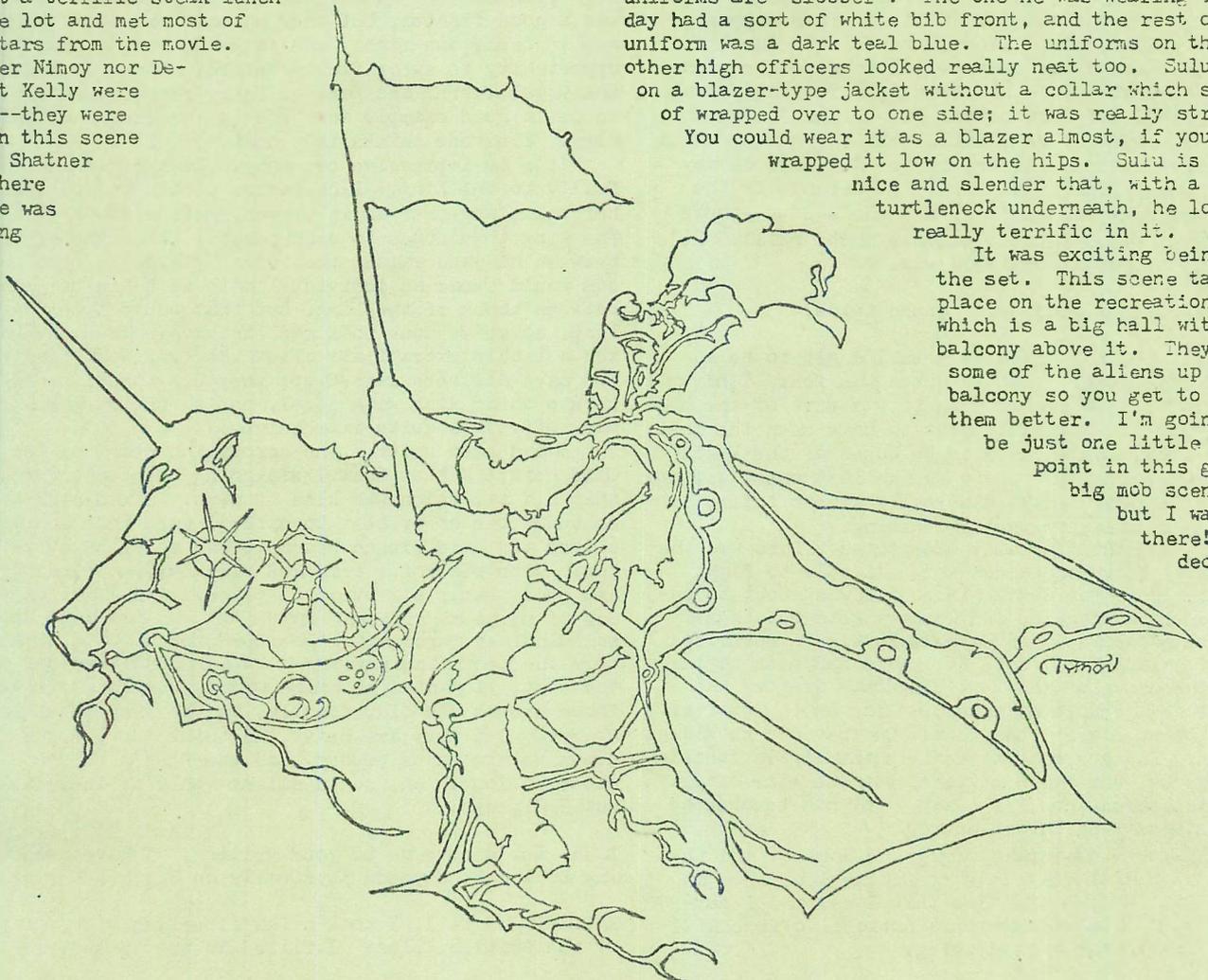
That was another sort of windfall thing. Bjo, as you know, is deeply involved with Star Trek fandom and is very close to the people who are making the Star Trek movie. Bjo arranged, with the help of that wonderful Gene Roddenberry, for a whole bunch of Star Trek fans to get a chance to be cast as extras for a big mob scene in the Star Trek movie. So one night about three or four hundred Trek fans showed up to go through casting call, a big cattle call. Roddenberry had gotten a special dispensation from the Screen Extras Guild to use non-Guild people because they didn't have enough extras in the Guild to fill all the positions they needed. Even so, the extras were not terribly happy about this, but there wasn't anything they could say. They simply did not have three or four hundred screen extras who were the right height, weight, shape--clean-cut American youth--and so we were able to cast about 150 Star Trek fans in the movie. I was chosen, as were several of my friends from SCA and fandom, and other fans I didn't know. We went on a Wednesday night for the casting call, made appointments for wardrobe fitting, and showed up for one day of shooting. It was supposed to be two days, but we were so good, so cooperative--the director couldn't get over how cooperative all these fans were. He had expected a mob scene, but it was the extras who were giving him the problems, not the fans. We went into overtime about an hour and a half, but we got the entire scene shot in one day. It was better than having to bring us back a second day. We got a terrific steak lunch on the lot and met most of the stars from the movie. Neither Nimoy nor DeForest Kelly were there--they were not in this scene--but Shatner was there and he was looking

terrific--he's back in shape and looking better than he ever did. Uhuru, Chapel--she's back, she's a doctor now--Sulu, Chekov, Grace Lee Whitney who played Yeoman Rand--she's a lieutenant now--they were all there.

They had some of our people in really neat-looking alien costumes. There were aliens with great big heads and little breathing tubes coming around to gas packs on their backs. A couple of the big guys were cast as these big purple-headed aliens with purple arms. They said it was really hot inside those heads too. Some were made up as pseudo-Andorians with blue skin and little antler things. There were aliens with shaven heads. They didn't do that to many of our people, fortunately, but it was amazing the number of guys who were willing to forfeit facial fuzz, and get their long hair cut to short, military haircuts, pointy sideburns and all, so they could be in the movie. And we got to wear all the different kinds of uniforms. They were beautiful. They told us we were not to take any pictures, but they couldn't stop us from drawing, from seeing how they were put together. At the next big con there are going to be a lot of authentic-looking Star Trek uniforms. They have done away with the little short skirts; the women now wear pants just like the men, with matching boots. There are three different basic colors: gray, dark brown, and a sort of cinnamon color. They are all mix-and-match, so you would not necessarily have to wear a solid color of the same thing. I wore the uniform of a hydroponic gardener, which is a pretty blouse-like top over dark pants. The pants are the same for all the uniforms, and they fit over the boots. This blouse had full sleeves, a little slit neckline, and a belt with a big Enterprise insignia--very comfortable and spiffy-looking. Kirk's new uniforms are *slobber*! The one he was wearing that day had a sort of white bib front, and the rest of the uniform was a dark teal blue. The uniforms on the other high officers looked really neat too. Sulu had on a blazer-type jacket without a collar which sort of wrapped over to one side; it was really striking.

You could wear it as a blazer almost, if you wrapped it low on the hips. Sulu is so nice and slender that, with a white turtleneck underneath, he looked really terrific in it.

It was exciting being on the set. This scene takes place on the recreation deck, which is a big hall with a balcony above it. They had some of the aliens up on the balcony so you get to see them better. I'm going to be just one little pinpoint in this great big mob scene, but I was there! I decided



I really don't want to be an actress; it's too much like work. There's a lot of standing around and waiting. And the shoes were not terribly comfortable for standing around and waiting, but it was fun.

So, what are some of the other things that I've been doing lately in my copious spare time?

I mentioned before that I like to make my own clothes and costumes. When I make costumes, I make them like regular clothes, that is, something that can later on be adapted for regular wear. I don't have the time or the money to make something that can be worn only once. I originally made a Jaelithe costume, sort of an olive-green color; the sleeves come down to mid-arm and they're lined with a robin's-egg blue material; and there's another blue sleeve which comes down further, a pale blue with a darker blue tapestry; it has a slit in front and the underskirt is the same color as the undersleeve; it has pearls around the edge and a little scalloped design. This became my good luck dress. I wore it to both of the tourneys where a crown or coronet has been won for me. Last crown tourney, the gentleman who was fighting for me was the one who had made me queen the first time. I didn't wear the dress--I thought, "Oh, superstitious nonsense. I'm not going to wear that dress; I'm going to wear something else!" Well, he made it to the finals, and then he got killed. And I'm convinced that the dress made the difference! *laughter* I'm going to wear the dress at the next crown tourney. I have a different gentleman fighting for me this time who has a pretty good chance at the crown, and I told him I'm going to do everything in my power to give him the best chance possible. And that means wearing the right dress.

IAN: Including prayers to Saint Camber.

KATHERINE: Oh, absolutely! Well, if it's supposed to be, it will happen; if not, that's okay too. I will be ecstatic if he simply puts in a good enough showing to be knighted, and that is a realistic goal at this point. If he wins the crown, that'll be fantastic. I would say he's definitely in the top eight contenders, maybe in the top five. Besides, on any given day, any fighter can win. It depends on the luck of the draw, on who's up and who's down--there are a lot of other factors besides sheer skill. He's very good; he could very well win.

IAN: You wouldn't mind being queen twice.

KATHERINE: Oh, no! Because then I'd get to be a duchess! *laughter* Being queen was fun. I haven't been Queen of Caid except when it was part of the West Kingdom, and it was really neat to have been the last, well the only, Caidan ever to be Queen of the West. It was really neat for us to be the last ones, and for Caidans to crown Caidans was really a neat thing; it was a nice continuity, perfect timing.

It was something totally unexpected. This was the last tourney in which Caidan were eligible to fight for the crown of the West, since Caid was about to become a separate kingdom, and Gregory gets out there and he kills everybody in sight! He was as surprised as I was! *laughter* Caid for years had been trying to take the crown of the West Kingdom. Gregory had gotten close a couple of times, as far as the quarter finals, but no closer than that. On that day he killed everybody. The guy that he beat in the finals finally won the crown, not the next time, but the time after. He's on the throne now. I'm happy for him because he had never been King before either.

It's fun. I very much enjoy the Society and the people I've met there. It's something I believe in or I wouldn't put in the time that I do, and I certainly wouldn't have taken on a national office if I didn't think it was a good thing.

IAN: And you use all this as background in writing your Deryni series and the Camber series.

KATHERINE: I use some of it, but the Society uses some of my background too. I write all the ceremonies for the King of Caid, and I have instituted a few things in the Society which were not originally done in the West, and in Caid. For example, knights have always sworn fealty to the Crown. This is as it should be. However, Laurels and Pelicans are peers who are supposedly equivalent to knights, except their expertise is in a different area. Laurels and Pelicans were never given the opportunity to swear fealty, and about three years ago I decided that this was silly. If Laurels and Pelicans really are equivalent to knights, then they should have the privileges as well as the responsibilities, and it is a privilege to swear fealty to the Crown. So I presented a petition to the Coronet of Caid--we were a Principality at that time--and I swore fealty to the Coronet. I read a statement saying why I felt this was a right and proper thing. Everybody thought it was really neat, and they wrote it into the ceremony for the next coronation. We did it for about a year in Caid before the West realized what we were doing. They thought it was a great idea and wrote it into their ceremony. *laughter* Now the knights, the great officers, the barons and baronesses, each in turn come up and swear fealty, and then the Laurels, Pelicans and Royal Peers come up and swear fealty. Royal Peers are people who have been royalty, and are therefore viscounts, viscountesses, counts, countesses, dukes, duchesses, people like that. For a man it's not generally a problem, for a man who is a royal peer usually is a knight also, and thus has another peerage in his own right. But there are a lot of ladies who have been Princess, or Queen, because they had a Lord who was a good fighter, but they haven't any other peerage in their own right, and so would not have had an opportunity to swear fealty before. So we include the Royal Peers, and part of their responsibility is to set a good example and promote the ideals of chivalry. Everyone thinks it's neat.

It's an impressive ceremony. Each group swears fealty to the King. Each person kneels and puts his/her palms together as in prayer, raised to the King. The king then comes to each person, takes their palms between his, and raises them up. Originally each person would swear an individual oath with his/her hands between those of the King, but that would take too long, so we've done this modification. Then the knights add a little extra flair after they've sworn fealty and have all been raised up: they draw their swords, salute their King with steel, sheath their swords, and back off. It's quite impressive.

I had also written the coronation ceremony for Caid before I knew that I was going to be the Queen that did it, which was kind of neat. I had made a costume, one of my best to date; I used this fantastic silver and gold French brocade, and a Norman over-tunic with black fur trim and black velvet bindings, and seed pearls all over the place. And I got to wear one of those magnificent crowns of the West that are solid silver, wrought by Duke Henrick of Havn; they were the tenth anniversary of the Society presents to the West. I wanted so badly to get a chance to wear those crowns and did, finally, at the last possible moment. But they are heavy. I think the Queen's crown weighs three pounds, and the King's weighs close to four. Ah, solid silver--they're incredible. But I digress.

IAN: Let's move on to your writing. I have been trying to locate Gwynedd physically on Earth. Where?

KATHERINE: Well, I took a few liberties with a map of the British Isles: I filled in the Irish Sea; I

filled in most of the English Channel *laughter* and so, if you do an overlay of that area and imagine those things filled in you get a rough approximation. It is also a rough approximation of part of Wales itself, which is purely coincidental, but it puts everything on a much larger or smaller scale, depending on how you look at it. But it is definitely the British Isles area.

IAN: And you're using that mythological background?

KATHERINE: Yes, the Celtic. I've been getting a lot more into the Celtic aspects of things too. I started out thinking that it was about Wales, but it isn't just; it's a lot of Scottish and Irish too, even though I don't call them Scotland and Ireland.

IAN: The Church seems to be isolated and not part of a larger organization--there is obviously a higher authority, but you've never mentioned that at all. There doesn't seem to be a Pope.

KATHERINE: No, there isn't. It makes things a whole lot less complicated without a Pope and Cardinals. The structure, though, as far as that's concerned, is very much like the Church of England today. It's pretty much autonomous within itself. It doesn't answer to any higher authority other than up there *points upward* and that's the way I set it up with the two Archbishops, one of whom is Primate, and the other is kind of second honcho, and the other Bishops out around. There is the Synod of Bishops, which is the governing body of the Church, which is the only major departure from the basic Roman Catholic plan of how things go. Of course, there's a lot of Celtic influence there.

JAN: Your use of itinerant Bishops with no fixed see, is that unique with you?

KATHERINE: No, there are Bishops today who have a see that exists only on paper. Cardinals many times will be named Bishop of some now-nonexistent see, some extinct see, and so would be in effect itinerant Bishops. I'm not sure if they were called that before; that may be unique to me. I can't remember exactly when I came up with that term, but it certainly seems like a logical thing to have: Bishops who are constantly traveling around doing pastoral duties, especially in outlying areas where things have not been consolidated sufficiently to have the see centered in one spot. Even so, Camber, for example, as Alistair Cullen, goes out on pastoral rounds to visit all the different churches in his diocese. This is an important part of being a Bishop: to be constantly checking up on your people, baptizing people, performing marriages, and all that good stuff. He's sort of like a super-priest, because a Bishop can do things that a priest can't.

JAN: The relation between the Church and the Crown is something that intrigues me. If the Church is that autonomous, and since Kelson deposed Loris as Primate, it seems that he could possibly be opening up an ecclesiastical mare's nest in the future.

KATHERINE: Oh, yes! That whole situation of him interacting with them--he was really walking on eggs. And he was well aware of it too. There was so much strife also within the Bishops themselves that for a while there it was looking very shaky. It's going to be quite a while before things settle down properly because Loris and Corrigan, between the two of them... oh gee! *laughter* I suspect that by the next time you see Kelson he will have things somewhat more under control. Loris gets himself incarcerated, and

I think they will probably leave his see vacant for a while. They can't exactly take it away from him as such, unless the rest of the Bishops vote to do it, but he's definitely going into "protective custody." *laughter* Remember when Corrigan finally said, "I'm not a well man, I'm going to go back and be a good boy," *laughter* he doesn't last much longer than that; he has a heart attack six months to a year after. He really was not well, and the strain of the whole situation was really the final straw for him. His death will pave the way for some new blood to come in. The next time you see Duncan, he's a Bishop, the auxiliary Bishop of Rhemuth.

JAN: He deserves it.

KATHERINE: Yes. With Corrigan gone, it's reasonable that Arilan would move up, and appoint Duncan as his auxiliary.

JAN: That will create some interesting political problems...two Deryni!

KATHERINE: And I suspect that Cardiel will be a very good candidate to be acting Primate, move him from Dhassa where he was before.

JAN: He would probably be a very strong leader, and if the Crown tried to step on the Church, I don't imagine that he'd take it.

KATHERINE: Yes. But on the other hand the Crown isn't likely to step on him because he's proven himself a friend of the Crown, and is trying very hard to get things into a more reasonable balance. He and Arilan will work very closely together as they have in the past. All of them are working for a better Gwynedd, after all, so I don't think there's going to be too much problem with the Church in the immediate future. All this ecclesiastical intrigue is fun--I have several priest friends who have read the books and they think it's terrific. *laughter*

IAN: Was there really a Saint Camber?

KATHERINE: There was at least one Saint Camber. I took the name originally from some place names around London--there's a Camberwell and a Camberly in the area, and I figured that from those names there almost certainly was a local saint named Camber. I haven't been able to find anything further about that particular one. There's also a Camber Castle on the South Coast not far from Brighton, which I found two trips ago. They were in the process of restoring it. It's an artillery castle from the time of Henry VIII, so it is a bit late, but I'm hoping that once they there's also a mythological Camber who was the second son of Aeneas' Grandson, Brute. After the fall of Troy and Aeneas' landing in Italy, supposedly Brute and some others came around the Iberian peninsula and landed in Wales. Brute had three sons and one of them was named Camber; Cambria, another name for Wales, comes from his name.

IAN: Wow!

KATHERINE: So that's at least three Cambers that I know of, and I keep finding more!

IAN: What about the magic end o it? I know you answered part of it this afternoon. Did you have a specific idea of how the magic was going to work?

KATHERINE: Part of the magic, of course, is simply psionics, except that they don't see it as science, just plain magic. The rest of it is common sense, psychology, hypnosis and other more scientific things.

Some of it is more in the realm of ceremonial magic, which works there, some of which even they can't explain. I will be talking about this in my speech tonight, about Deryni magic, broken down into the various types with examples.

LAN: Is that going to be published anywhere? *hopefully*

KATHERINE: I'm going to do a book on Deryni magic eventually, pull all the magical background from the novels, talk about the theory and quote the places where it appears. That's somewhat further down the pike, of course. I gave this speech in a longer, more esoteric version to the Mythopoeic Society last summer. I was the Guest of Honor at MYTHCON. For tonight, I've shortened the original by taking out some of the longer quotes; it's more manageable and for a more general audience. What I ought to do is go ahead and write it up and get it published in its present form.

LAN: Oh, my fanzine would love to have it! *laughter*

KATHERINE: I'll probably do it in DERYNI ARCHIVES because that way I'd keep closer tabs on it; it keeps all the Deryni material together, too, which is a little easier.

LAN: That would probably be the best place. As a faned, I would love to have it, but for the field itself--as long as it's published somewhere.

KATHERINE: Right! *laughter*

LAN: What about your works in progress?

KATHERINE: Well, CAMBER THE HERETIC is in progress now. I estimate that I have close to a third of it in rough draft at this point; some of that is polished, some of it is in rough, and I have the rest pretty much outlined. I was going great guns before I killed my finger. I haven't done too much on it since, although while working on stuff for DERYNI ARCHIVES and answering questions from people who are working on articles for it, I have done some more filling in of details. I discovered more about the mysterious Orin, as in protocol or; he was a pretty interesting character. We are going to find out more about him and a young lady named Jodotha who was his disciple and a Healer in her own right. They lived about two generations before Saint Bearand, under a King named Augarin who

was the grandfather of Saint Bearand. Orin will be coming into CAMBER THE HERETIC. In those intervening ten or twelve years between the end of SAINT CAMBER and CAMBER THE HERETIC, Camber will have indeed been busy, as was Evaine, who was translating two diaries, Orin's and Jodotha's. Jodotha was a very young girl when she became Orin's disciple; he was much older, and died while in his seventies, she in her thirties. Jodotha kept his notes and continued his research after his death. Through their diaries we will be getting glimpses of some much older Deryni lore, and hints of very early history.

I've been doing a lot of reading in Celtic Mythology and have come across some very interesting parallels between the Deryni and the Tuatha de Danaan, who apparently, according to old Irish annals, came down out of the sky and landed on this island of rock and so on. All other invaders of Ireland have approached in boats, but the Tuatha came out of the sky during a thunderstorm, and the sky was black for three days after they arrived. And I'm going, oh, wow! *laughter* They have powers which are very similar to the Deryni, and I'm thinking, "What have I done here?" So I have got to explore the whole thing about the Tuatha more. Now, while I've not been able to write, I've been doing some heavy reading in Irish mythology to make more sense out of this. I read two different books back-to-back, and they just dovetailed perfectly; instead of skipping around in different books, I read them all straight through. This is a much better research technique for me; I do get a lot of repetition, but I also get a lot of extra little details in one which fills in the weak spots of the other. I'm in the midst of that now.

The next book will be about Morgan's boyhood, based on a short story that some people heard me read last summer called "The Naming of Morgan." I had written it for Judy-Lynn del Rey, and she said, "Don't publish it as a short story. I want you to do it as a novel...or two...or three." *laughter* That's what I'm going to do, which means that it will not be coming out right away, and it also means that I will have to do those books before I can go on to the next ones about Kelson, because this is the background that has to be laid in first. I think it's fascinating, and I doubt anybody's going to object. The first book will cover Morgan's boyhood up through the death of his mother. It will be told from his mother's point of view, and will tell about how she was trained, such training as she had, about the mysterious teacher who came to her and her sister to instruct them in magical operations, about Morgan's parentage--his true, as well as his assumed--parentage. It will also show Morgan in his first magical ceremony when he was



"Cnarissa" from DERYNI RISING, dra

named, and again when he was programmed by the King; you saw a flash of that in the short story "Swords Against Marluk." The second book will pick up from right after his mother's death and take him through Kenneth Morgan's death, to Court as a page, and possibly up through the birth of Kelson, if I can get it all in one book. If I can't, I will break it earlier, and there will be a third book which will cover the portion that's told in "Swords Against Marluk." That was always intended to be part of a larger work anyway, but...

LAN: Always leave yourself a few openings.

KATHERINE: Oh, absolutely.

LAN: You seem to like trilogies--I mean they seem to work out that way.

KATHERINE: I seem to fall into trilogies. Camber was originally going to be one book, and then two books. I was two-thirds of the way through SAINT CAMBER and realized I couldn't get all the rest of the story into that book. I frantically called New York and said, "Lester, I can't fit it into this book. Can I do a third one too?" He said, "Oh, wonderful, yes, we love trilogies." *laughter* So no problem.

JAN BROWN: The trilogy seems to be, at least with Tolkien and C. S. Lewis, the natural form of high fantasy.

KATHERINE: Yes, it does seem to have evolved that way. Really, to tell an epic story, you almost have to have that much space. At least I do, because I'm such a visual person that I can't stand to tell a bare-bones story. By the time I get in all the visual input and all the character development, it isn't a short story any more. I have a hard time keeping novels to a manageable length; that's why they keep spilling over into additional volumes. After those ones about Morgan, I've got two, probably three knowing me, stories about Kelson and Dugald, who is Duncan's legitimate son. Duncan doesn't know about him yet. *laughter*

LAN: Oh?

KATHERINE: Dugald does not know that Duncan is his father, and vice-versa. Dugald is a year younger than Kelson and...

LAN: ...Duncan became a priest.

KATHERINE: Yes, before Duncan became a priest there was a secret marriage. It's about the quest for the relics of Saint Camber, about Conall's rebellion, and his attempt to take the throne. Conall, as you may recall, is Nigel's eldest son and Kelson's first cousin, who is very outraged because he watched Kelson get to be King just because his father was older than Conall's father. It isn't fair! Then when Conall loses the girl he wants to Kelson *laughter* that was the straw that broke the camel's back. Kelson gets the crown, Kelson gets all the jewels, Kelson gets all the best horses, Kelson gets the girl, it isn't fair! *laughter* Conall is a neat kid, but he's got problems. Part of it stems from the fact that after some of the members of the Camberian Council come out of hiding, Tiercel de Claron, the young man on the Council, starts working with Conall to see if he can be trained, if it's possible for more than one Haldane to hold power at the same time. You can imagine what goes on from there. *laughter*

LAN: You're going to be busy.

KATHERINE: Oh, I hope so.

LAN: What about the film project you mentioned ear-

lier this afternoon?

KATHERINE: Well, we're still negotiating about turning LERYNI RISING into a movie. The film business is a very on-again/off-again sort of affair. If and when something concrete happens, like a signed contract, you'll be among the first to know.

BARBARA GOMPF: It's so exciting that somebody gets a chance to re-do something they did a while ago--like scripting one of your novels for a movie.

KATHERINE: I try not to let myself get too excited about the whole film aspect, because it's such a fairy-tale sort of thing--and yet my whole career as a writer has been a fairy-tale sort of thing. I felt that from the very beginning--you know, people don't sell three books at once on their first try! It just doesn't happen! Except that it does, sometimes! *laughter*

LAN: That makes it nice.

KATHERINE: Every once in a while I pull myself up short and say, "Gosh! This is really neat; it's really happening to me!" I go to conventions and fans come up to me, ask me questions, and are pleased to talk with me and everything. I sort of feel, "Gosh, this is neat to be able to share all this with other people!" It's fantastic. One of the greatest joys of writing is to be able to interact with other people you've shared your world with, and discover that you've brought this sense of wonder into their lives as well. I'd write whether anybody read my stuff or not, but the fact that other people love to explore my world is just like icing on the cake. It's a goshwow sort of thing. And I can't think of anything else in the world I'd rather do.

LAN: I'll tell you one thing, I'm very glad that you are writing and sharing your world with us.

KATHERINE: Oh I am too. I've gotten to meet so many neat people through fandom and going to cons. I really meant what I said about believing that it's very important to make myself available to the fans; I want people to come up and talk to me. I come to cons to talk to people. I almost never go to programming unless it's my panel or something. The art shows are nice, as are the hucksters room, but it's the people who make the con.

Speaking of which, I have to go back to my room to get those SAINT CAMBER covers for the autographing session at 4:00.

LAN: Before you leave.... *laughter as he produces a pile of books for autographing*

UPDATE

Katherine's WW II novel, LAMMAS OPERATION will be out in November. She also has a short story, "Vocation," coming out in a Seabury Press anthology called NINE VISIONS coming out in October. THE BISHOP'S HEIR, the first novel of the King Kelson Trilogy, is in final draft. Katherine has to finish this trilogy before thinking about the Childe Morgan series, and will probably do JAVAN'S YEAR and maybe some other post-Camber books. No movie plans yet.

BETHINA DIVART: ...wife of the Emperor Cleon II. A lineal descendant of Chief Commissioner Linge Chen, she was selected by the Emperor in an effort to gain total control of The Commission of Public Safety. However, when the marriage was ratified, oppositions to his plans from the Commission seemed to solidify. No records exist of the specifics which caused the Commission to reverse its position, but one of the factors was a speech delivered to the Commission by the new Empress. The text of the speech has been lost, but...

ENCYCLOPEDIA GALACTICA

First presented in the Masquerade Competition at NOREASCON II, Boston, 1980.

Words of Significance

by Jean Airey

Citizens of the Empire,
I have come before you today to declare that the rumors of our decline and fall are without foundation.
Words from history, they would tell us, can disclose both the beginning and the end. The gods themselves would scoff at such a claim. Liar! They would cry.
Our paths of destiny -- indeed, our source of power -- glow like the stars in their courses before us. The golden door to the wellsprings of life is there for tomorrow's children.
Where do we go from here? What fantastic voyage could still be ahead?
Breeds there a man among you who would, like the mule, stand still in place and wait for nightfall? Before the golden age in which we live the currents of space ran wild, carrying us to other worlds to conquer, a hostile galaxy to destroy. And now peace lies on us like a dead hand.
But still, worlds within worlds are there, and so I ask you to support your Emperor as he seeks to make out of the naked sun and mind and iron more planets for man. There are those of you who would say that the Emperor is naught but a sensuous dirty old man. But I say to you that you should thank your lucky star and the seven moons of Jupiter that such as he can lead us to the ends of the universe, so that this -- our Empire -- will last beyond the end of eternity.

CLEON II: ...The last of the strong Emperors, commonly called "The Great." ...

ENCYCLOPEDIA GALACTICA

I had promised last issue that I would have some conreports this time around. So I will highlight what has happened somewhat in the last year or so.

July 23, 1982 was the date of the marriage between Maia and myself. That weekend we hurriedly packed up all of Maia's things and moved up to our new apartment on the grounds of the Cranbrook Educational Community. It took us about a week and a half to get settled in and most of the boxes unpacked. For a while it seemed as though we would never get things together, but we did. Actually, we had to have most of the apartment in shape by the following Sunday, as we were going to have guests stay over night. Sam Speigal and Vicky Eaves were getting married that weekend, and some of our Toronto friends would be spending the night on Sunday with us before continuing on their way to Canada. We managed that quite well; at least we had managed to clean up most of the mess before they got there.

From then on to the Worldcon is somewhat of a blur. I worked in my garden and Maia sought employment. There were two big weekends in that period, however. We had a Housewarming Party for friends and faculty on campus, and a reception for the family at my parents' cottage in Fenton Michigan.

Both were well-attended and we were well prepared for everyone in terms of food and drink. Since I had not had any parties since my first year at Cranbrook, I had forgotten how much work it was to prepare for one. Maia assured me however, that she was willing to help out; after all, she likes to have parties. And besides, we're married now, and we'll be doing many more things together. Except for the garden. After helping me a couple of times, she developed a rash. So she'll let me do all the garden work, and when I bring the stuff home, she'll take care of freezing it.

CHICON IV: THE WORLDCON

Although we did get quite a bit of money for our wedding, much of it went to setting up our new home. Thus, to save some money during our "honeymoon" at CHICON IV, Ruth Woodring stayed with us in our room. It actually worked rather well, that is, we are still friends, and have since shared rooms.

There were several high points of the convention for me. I got to meet and talk for a considerable length of time with David R. Palmer, whose firts published story, "Emergence" was up for the Novella Hugo. I talked with Shawma McCarthy, the new editor of IASFM and received verbal permission to use her recent (at that time) essay about spelling and English rules of grammar counting in whatever written work which is submitted either for publication or just plain communication. Getting to meet Donald Kingsbury whose novel is up for the Hugo Award this year was an all-too-brief experience. I only wish I could have made it to his party, put on mainly to discuss COURTSHIP RITE. I had several good conversations with different people: present friends, potential friends, hucksters, and dealers. The party Maia and I planned to have went off very well; quite a few of our friends attended--although we had scheduled it opposite the Masquerade, for which the half-time entertainment was Cosmos & Chaos, our juggling friends Steve Leigh and Ro Lutz-Nagey. Still, they managed to make it over after

their act was done; and they had collected over a thousand dollars for DUFF.

I have been in fandom for almost 8 years now. In that time I have met a large number of people, fans and authors, and I do remember most of them. I did not realize how many I really did know until this convention. Since Maia and I had worked the Hugo ceremonies at NOREASCON (where we caught the curtain as it was falling when one of our fellow "trophy-getters" knocked it over), we volunteered to do it again. However, it was not the same type of job--we had expected to be up on stage with Marta Randall (the ToastMaster/Master of Ceremonies for the Hugo Awards, beautiful in her Silver Lamee (or however it's spelled) tuxedo). Instead, I was part of the gopher squad put together to escort the pros and nominees to their seats. Maia was supposed to do the same job, but she begged out since the headache she had been fighting all day laid her out for most of the evening. Meanwhile, the gopher squad assembled at the base of the escalator leading from the upper levels to the function room level where the ceremonies were being held. I stood among the gophers and started pointing out all the pros who came down the escalator, and managed to pick out most of the nominees for the other awards. Sure, they were all given special ribbons to wear with their name badges, but some pros decide that they are well-known enough that they don't need to wear them. Had I not been there, most of the pros would have slipped by unescorted. Even the person "in charge" of this squad did not know as many as I. It did give me a feeling of power; more importantly for me, it gave me a sense of knowledge and amazed me that I knew so many of them.

The multitrack programming wasn't too bad, except when there were conflicts between panels I was interested in hearing. Fortunately this didn't happen too often. Listening to the readings by some of my favorite authors was one of the highlights of

this convention. I enjoyed hearing Joan Vinge and Phyllis Eisenstein, but unfortunately missed others (like George Martin and Steve Leigh) because of other commitments. I do hope that the organizers of the coming Worldcon retain this particular track of programming.

The convention as a whole was fun. I enjoyed spending time and sharing meals with David Singer and Diane Goldman, Ruth Woodring, Nicki Lynch, and conversing with so many of my fellow fans, and authors who have become friends throughout the years.

One big sour notewas the AMOCO/Standard Oil gas Station west of the convention site. They charged me twice for gas, two different amounts, when I went there to fill up the tank when we got in. Of course I did not know this until I got the bill a month later. I requested a check on the signature in question since it was blurred, and it is indeed mine--probably copied from the one I signed--so I was stuck paying for it. However, I am boycotting that station in the future--infact all gas stations in Chicago. I'll make sure I have enough gas before I get into the city.

RAMBLINGS 13.2

Meeting started on the day after Labor Day. I was actually looking forward to getting back into the classroom. We had the usual useless joint faculty meeting, very useful school and department meetings, and, of course, the good dorm, resident faculty meetings. I was disappointed in my schedule in that once

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again I would have an eighth period class, which would mean I could not leave early for conventions on some Fridays. Of course, almost all of the Cranbrook faculty would have 8th period free because the bastards there "need" it off because of sports commitments. If those assholes over there would be as concerned with their classes and students as they are with their damn sports, they would have a better school, and they would lose fewer people as the year rolls by. As it is, most of the lower grades in my classes are earned by the guys who can't come to see me for extra help because they have to be out on the playing field or their coaches will be upset. When sports comes before academics in a college preparatory school, that school has a very bad set of priorities, and I would not want to send my son (would that I have one) to that kind of a school. So far, Kingswood has had a very sensible sports program with emphasis on the physical fitness aspect as well as good sportsmanship. Academics have been given the higher priority.

I was delighted and saddened by my class lists. There were going to be a good number of students whom I had last year in my classes again, for which I was very happy. There were only a couple I would prefer not having, but that's the way things go. Sadly, I would not be having other students I would have liked sitting in my classes. Again, though, it would not be all that bad, since I would be seeing them between classes, and before and after school. One jarring thing was the size of my Algebra IIB classes--IIB is the slower-tracked Algebra II course. There would be 19 students in each, which meant that I had to drastically rearrange my room to accommodate that many, and also meant that I could not spend as much individual time with each student, or even arrange extra-help time. The results of this load were less than satisfying, especially when the school year ended.

Of the advisees I had, I lost three by the time the year was just over halfway through: one moved, one withdrew for personal reasons, and one was kicked out for academic and social reasons. Of the remaining 5, I had very little trouble with them; they were all pretty good students, especially the two seniors. As before, Kim White and Jeff Miller and I formed an advisor team and even managed to get one of the activities for us and our advisees off the ground. Still, we did have some interesting times together.

Maia and I did have a Vivaldi party some time that fall. A group of people who did have an interest in classical music, specifically the Baroque Period and Vivaldi, came over for an evening of conversation and listening to Vivaldi's music (I currently have something like 40 recordings of Vivaldi).

There was also a camping trip for the faculty, which I went on. We hiked for about 5 miles totally, and camped overnight. It was fun, and several of the faculty got to know each other better. I only wish that more would have gone.

Once again, I volunteered to take on the job of collecting and keeping track of the money for the annual Giftorama fundraiser. The students all sell raffle tickets and I keep track of who sells how many for the purpose of giving prizes to the biggest sellers. Also the class that sells the most tickets also gets a nice prize. The whole purpose of Giftorama is to raise money for the Alumnae, and they use it for the scholarship program. I have no trouble really keeping track of all the money and so on; the big problem I have is clearing everything out of my classroom so it can be turned into a store. This year, though, Giftorama fell on CONCLAVE weekend, and Mike Glicksohn just happened to have a "personal growth" day on the Friday of both CONCLAVE and Giftorama--on which we do not have classes because they shop-owners are setting up their wares in the classrooms-turned-into-stores. Still, Mike decided that he could use his personal growth day to visit the math classes of a U.S. school,

WHAT THIS FANZINE
NEEDS IS A LITTLE
RAUNCH.



and stay on for the convention. Although he was not able to visit classes, we did talk a lot about how the two educational systems differed, gave him a quick tour of the school (and was extremely impressed), and gave Mike some worksheets and things that I was presently covering in some of my classes. Mike deemed it worthwhile, and fulfilled his desires for personal growth.

CONCLAVE VII

A couple of weeks before the convention I received a phone call asking me to be on the panel of judges for the pun contest on Friday evening. When I arrived at the con and found out that the other judges were Suzi Stefl and Chris Clayton, I figured that the committee tried to get as many of the local punsters to judge, thereby giving others the chance to win. Unfortunately they could not convince Clif Flynt to be a judge, and he summarily won.

I was heartened by Algis Budrys' comments to me about LAN'S LANTERN #11, the Clifford Simak Special. He thanked me for the privilege of participating in the project, for he had wanted to do something for Clif for some time, and this gave him the perfect opportunity. Since then, A.J. has lauded Simak in the pages of F&SF in his review of SPECIAL DELIVERANCE. A.J. was a delightful CoH; even though our paths did not cross that much during the con, I heard good things about him. His Speech at the banquet was funny and informative.

Other things highlighted the con: the "Who" t-shirts (CONCLAVE, when the GoH's books lend themselves to such zaniness, has special t-shirts with various names on the back. For Sturgeon, the concomm became various gods--Chairgod, Vangod, Assgod, etc. For AJ, we became "Who" people--I was Racwhoon, and AJ was "Who Else?"); the usual swim party; Jeff Duntemann's Techie Love panel; Jeff (he was the Fan GoH) and his hilarious speech at the banquet; the Eastern Michigan University Madrigal Singers, who have entertained at the banquets at CONCLAVE for as long as it has been a full weekend convention. And there were countless conversations and encounters of the weirdest kind. It was a good, fun convention.

CHAMBANACON 11

Chambanacón is traditionally on the weekend after Thanksgiving. I have been to every one since #4, and have named it the first "big" con I went to, and therefore my Anniversarycon. This one started my 8th year in con fandom. As usual, Andy Offutt was the CoH, and

his speech was one of the funnier ones he has given. I was looking forward particularly to this CHAMBANA-con because I knew Timothy Zahn would be there. I have been reading his stories in ANALOG and other magazines since his first published one in 1979. When I walked into the registration area, there I found him, talking to Andy. We talked several times that convention. I met his wife Anna, and their son Corwin (who was almost a year old then), and it became evident that I liked the Zahn family for more than Tim's writing. I got his address, and have been corresponding with him since then.

Sharon and Murray Porath were also there, with their little son Jason--nicknamed Jaws. There were also several other very young fans--crawling baby types to the barely walking types. Fandom has become fertile. Murray's son discovered that he wears a chain around his neck, which was amusing for a short period of time to the onwatchers, probably not for Murray whose face was turning shades of red and purple.

Sandra Meisal was in attendance, and she asked me if I were going to publish another special issue of Lan's Lantern in the near future. Her suggestion was that I honor Andre Norton. As you should know, I am indeed going to do that next year.

I also guarded the pool for the usual 11-1 late-night swim on Friday night. We had some trouble getting the pool for Saturday night, so I didn't have to work then, and just partied.

Sam and Mary Long did show for the day on Saturday with their son David, and it was fun and interesting to talk to them. Steve and Fran Scherer were there as well with their glass figurines. I picked up a lovely pegasus-bodied goblet, and Maia picked up a butterfly that she had ordered. Steve does very good work, and if you see him at a con, you should stop to see it. If possible, he sets up and actually works his torch at a con, and you can see him make all those fabulous little figures.

RAMBLINGS 13.3

The time between Thanksgiving and Christmas break went very quickly. The Sunday before everyone left for vacation was the Christmas Brunch. It was a fun time and I had gifts for all my advisees and a few friends. Maia and I gave the entire dorm 25 pounds of popcorn seed (in two bags--the largest I could find). I think it lasted until a couple of weeks after we got back from vacation. The students have a small kitchenette in which they can do some personal cooking, keep some snack foods, and out of which comes the snacks for the dorm provided by the kitchen. They go through a lot of popcorn every week.

I was really looking forward to vacation. I stayed home and vegetated that first weekend while Maia went to Toronto to visit Doris and other friends. I did a lot of reading, trying to catch up on some of the SF magazines, and worked a little on the fanzine. I also finished my Christmas shopping, going a bit overboard in buying things for Maia, and for my older sister Judy, whose name I had drawn this year. Christmas was spent at my parents' house with lots of food, spirits and fun.

Maia did have a job, working in the regional offices of The Gap, a chain of jeans stores. She had been working there since after Worldcon (actually she had started there before Worldcon through a temporary help agency, and since she worked out so well, they offered her a full time/parttime position. She works three days a week, with a possibility of working more if they need her. This works out fine for both Maia and The Gap. It takes her 15 minutes to get from our door to the door of the office, and she likes the extra free time during the week to read, work on her apazines and her own fanzine OCTOGRAM.

Maia and I went down into Ohio for New Years. We left early on Friday, visited her family and went to the annual party held at Larry and Cele Smith's in Columbus. We've been to that last few, and they have always been fun. From there we headed for Cincinnati and the party at Steve and Denise Leigh's place. Denise was pregnant, though not really showing very much. There we met the usual Cincy crowd, as well as several people from Canada, including Mike and Doris. Mike Harper was also there from Toronto, specifically to see Sue Levy from Minneapolis. And everyone was there to see and talk to Michelle Fisher from Chicago. I kept waiting for someone from Baltimore to call and ask Michelle to stop giggling (but that's another story). By the time we got home from all this, I was ready for another vacation, but the school year marched on, and there were semester exams to prepare for.

For two weeks my classes continued as before, with quizzes and tests, learning new material, and then we began a week of preparation for the semester exams. It wasn't too bad at this point, even though the math exams were the last ones given. My only concern was that my colleagues would take too long in correcting theirs and I would have to delay my entry into CONFUSION which was that particular weekend. Everything did manage to work out all right, although there were a few tense moments.

CONFUSION

I welcomed this convention as a break from school and the rigors of grading exams. Maia went to the airport to pick up David Singer and Diane Goldman, so I could be left free to finish up turning grades and such. When I arrived I believe she was already there (memory fails at the detail this time around), we registered and there in line was the first time I met Robert Taylor, the Friendly Texan who was at the convention to promote Austin for the '85 NASFIC.

Tours of the hucksters room and the hotel itself followed, as well as talking with various fan: Brian Earl Brown, Dean McLaughlin, Howard DeVore, Dick Spellman and many others. I checked in at Operations to see about the lifeguarding I was supposed to do. I have done lifeguarding in the past for CONFUSION even though the hotel doesn't require it. The hotel staff has allowed the con members use of the pool as long as they don't get too noisy and disturb the people in the poolside rooms. I've never received my membership money back for the hours I have put in before, mainly because I usually worked less than the sacred six hours required for a free membership. And I wasn't about to take up about a sixth of my waking hours at the con just watching the pool. I agreed to lifeguard this year for a couple of hours each night, mainly because Janice and Chip Morningstar asked me to, and Tara Edwards, the con chairman is a good friend.

I said passing hellos to the GoH C. J. Cherryh--she was very available for conversation, as she always is at whichever convention she attends, but I always seemed to find her deep in conversation with someone and therefore didn't cut in. (I remember one time I was having a very serious talk with an author, and someone just butted in and destroyed the mood, tone, and seriousness on the conversation--I wasn't happy about it, so I try not to do it to other people.) As usual for me, I wandered a lot from party to party, talking to various people, buying things here and there in the hucksters room, viewing the pieces in the art show, and taking a swim and a dip in the jacuzzi. I saw a couple of panels (unusual for me at CONFUSION, since in the past their programming has been somewhat dull--but Tara seemed to have gotten some new blood to help on that) and attended the premiere showing of FAANS, a videotape movie about happenings at a SF Convention. And Mike Resnick, next year's GoH at CONFUSION autographed his latest book for me.

Last year at this convention, when David Singer (who is from Florida) got off the plane he saw the remains of the various snowfalls we had had up to that point, he remarked, "Used snow. I don't want to see used snow; I'd like to see some fresh snow!" The State Police closed the state on Sunday morning because of all the snow we had, and CONFUSION reigned for another day. This year David was not permitted to say anything about the snow (or lack thereof—we had an extremely mild winter this year) and he used the euphemism "static" instead.

Saturday evening, a group of fans decided that they would dress up and have a fancy dinner in the Jolly Miller, the restaurant attached to the hotel. Of course, the people who planned to do this, Mike Glicksohn and Doris Bercarich, Steve and Denise Leigh, Mike Harper and Sue Levy, Hania Wojtowicz and Michelle Fisher (and whomever else was there) knew about it in advance, and all the ladies had long dresses to wear, and the men wore tuxedos, except for yours truly. Well, they've informed me that I will be invited next year only if I have aquired a tux for the occasion. Maia and I now have to find a used tux that will fit me. But it was indeed fun to see the looks on everyone as we filed into a private room of the restaurant.

The Sunday evening "dead dog" party was held, to all intents and purposes, at Chaim Sweeney's, a bar in Dearborn, Michigan, which features the Irish/Scottish/Australian/Canadian folksinger Marty Burke. I decided not to go, primarily citing the press of writing comments as the reason. I did get some written, and managed to unwind somewhat from the rigors of the convention. It was a good con, and I looked forward to a better CONFUSION next year, with Tara as Con-chairman.

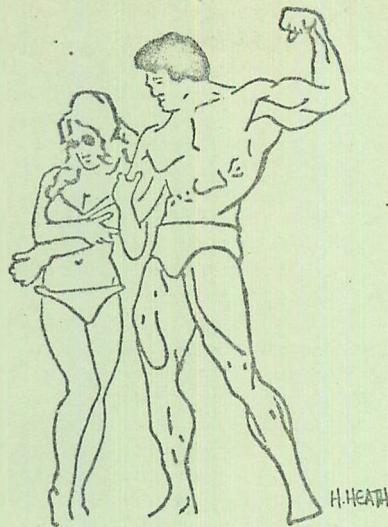
RAMBLINGS 13.4

As before, I launched myself into the activities of school and dormitory. The time passed quickly, more because of the nice and mild winter we were having. The customary February diodrums did not appear, and no one seemed to have caught cabin fever. There was one glitch in the schedule for weekend duties—I thought I had asked to have the second weekend in March off so that I could go to Roger Reynold's convention INCONSPICUOUS .5555. So, good friend Bill Terkeurst and I traded weekends—he for mine in March, and I took his in April—which turned out to be good for him since there was a track meet schedule for the Saturday of the weekend. And I was free to attend INCON..., which was nice since I was scheduled to be the toastmaster.

INCONSPICUOUS .5555

Roger moved the site of his convention from the Bowling Green (Ohio) Howard Johnson's to the Sandusky Sheriton. The major advantage of this was that we now had a swimming pool, and something which passed for a jacuzzi—it was basically a hot tub with some water movement. Still, I think the move made the convention much more enjoyable. And this was the site of where the following OCTOCON. (*Oh dear--I forgot to mention OCTOCON, which happened back in October, and at which I had a very good time, talking with fans, wallowing in the jacuzzi, playing imaginary games with Karen Smith (age 5), and eating and drinking far too much.*)

As toastmaster, I had the job of introducing the guests of honor--Howard DeVore, Pro (who was unable to make it so Roger Sim read his speech); David and Carol Yoder, Fan (only Carol could make it--David had to work; she reminisced about her days in fandom, and I embarrassed her by recalling that she once bought me at a CONCLAVE Art Auction for \$21); and Carl Lundgren,



artist (who didn't have to give a speech). Last year when Leah Zeldes was toastmaster, she brought in all sorts of baked breads, with toasters so she could be a real toastmaster. Roger had asked me before that con to be the toastmaster for this one, and I was thinking along those same lines--but Leah beat me to it. Well, I did bake something--lots of bagels, different varieties, and had plenty of cream-cheese and butter for them.

The unfortunate thing about the weekend was that we shared the hotel with a sorority/fraternity gathering. The dinner by the pool wasn't so bad--it was the loud rock "music" afterwards, and the fact that so many were drunk, and the jacuzzi smelled like a beer. It made me appreciate being in fandom, where the drunk person is the exception, rather than the rule.

RAMBLINGS 13.5

Spring break was approaching fast, and there were lots of people looking forward to it. The school sponsors an Outward Bound type of trip each year for the sophomores called the Wilderness Expedition. I have not participated in it, but I support it wholeheartedly. Several of the sophomores whom I teach would be gone the week before we got out for Spring Break, and some approached me to ask if we could meet some time during the break to go over whatever they would miss in class. I agreed to do so, since I had no plans for any extended trips. We met eventually in the middle of the vacation, and spent about two hours covering the material.

One thing which I started last year in my full-year math classes, and will continue to assign since I consider it a valuable experience, was requiring a paper. Most students balk at it, but they do it (except for a couple who decided that they didn't have to). It gives them a different perspective on math, and it will be something that they will remember from their high school days. The way it is designed for grading purposes is to enable the students to earn a few extra-credit points, and it is due at the end of the third quarter, traditionally the weakest quarter for grades. I assigned the paper at the beginning of the third quarter, which gave them almost the entire quarter in which to do the research and write the paper. And have it typed--Since I would be reading about 60 papers in a short period of time, I required that it be typed. And it was due the Friday after we got back from Spring Break, which gave lots of time for those people to get it done who would wait till the last minute. I was quite pleased with the results this year.

I had also arranged with one of my students to pick up some horse manure to spread on my garden plot

during the break. However, on March 21, the first day of Spring, we got 8 inches of snow, more than we had received all winter. So much for working on the garden. Instead I did lots of reading, worked a bit on the fanzine, my apazines and other fanac.

Maia and I did go to Columbus to visit family and attend a COSFS meeting. Since I was to be the GoH at MARCON in a couple of months, I did want to get some things straightened out with the committee. It is nice to talk with the people in Columbus. They are a good group of fans who like to smof, but also like to have a good time.

NOVA was also a convention in the midst of these weekends. It is a small convention at Oakland University in Rochester, Michigan, and is predominantly a gaming con. The GoH this year was Roland Green. Maia and I spent Saturday there, and mainly stayed around the hucksters room area. We talked to fans and went out to eat, and that's about it.

Also in this time period came the big split in Ann Arbor. The four people on the board of the Ann Arbor Science Fiction Association (AASFA) decided that they no longer needed the services of its parent group The Styliagi Air Corps (the SF group from the University of Michigan), took the \$6,000 in the seed fund, the convention CONFUSION, and ran. The main reason AASFA gave for doing what it did was that the chairman and her followers were not following the traditions of the convention, and they didn't like it. To me (subjective opinion--based on what facts that I know of the situation) it seems that because one of the 4 officers of the AASFA did not get elected to the chairmanship, their egos were injured and they picked up the money and ran. Fandom is supposed to be fun, not reflect dirty politics of the outside world, which is what this looked like to me. In spite of the efforts of the Styliagi to reach some sort of agreement AASFA refused talk and negotiation until the case finally went to court. At the last minute, an out-of-court settlement was reached, so all is well--almost. There is still the matter of bruised egos, hurt reputations, and a lot of backstabbing that has gone on. CONFUSION will happen this coming year, but how well it will come off will depend on AASFA and Styliagi working together, and burying the hatchet (and not in each others' heads). Considering the condescension with which AASFA has operated throughout the proceedings, I would not blame Styliagi for fulfilling only minor positions, and minimally, and let AASFA run the con by itself. Of course, most fans don't care about the politics involved, as long as the con goes on, and the consuite is full of potables. Only a few will be keeping a close eye on what happens next CONFUSION. *(Most of the above is speculation on my part--I can't wait to see how some people are going to distort what I've written.)*

And then there was MINICON....



Maia and I decided to use our tax refund to buy plane tickets to MINICON, as we have done in the past. The big difference this time was that we were both on the same flight, and neither of us had to drive the 4½ hours between Columbus and Detroit. Cohabitation is wonderful.

We arrived, got to the hotel and our room, registered for the con and began our search for friends. Naturally the hucksters room is the best place for that. We managed to refrain from buying anything the first pass through, but eventually we spent far too much there and in Uncle Hugo's. We did see Mike Harper and Sue Levy, who informed us that they were getting married in the fall. I'm still wondering whether they will live in Minneapolis or Toronto. Barry Longyear was there; it was nice to see him back on the con circuit. I asked if his wife Jean were there, and he said that it was nearing April 15th, and she was busy earning money by figuring out other people's taxes.

A few things stand out from this convention; Talking at length with Herman, Gerri Balter's roommate; spending time with Joy King; talking with Don Blyiy and Jane Strauss (who was great with child, and expecting any minute for the labor pains to start) about the troubles they've been having with their bank, and their plans for moving Uncle Hugo's into a larger building; all those parties, and the well-stocked consuite; the LASFAPA party held in David Schlosser's and Lee Ann Goldstein's room (which made me reconsider my fanzine output, and decided that I would join LASFAPA once again); seeing Susan Johnson running her successful hucksters tables; finding an early Andre Norton novel--a western; talking to Phyllis Eisenstein, who had just heard that her novellette "Nightlife" had gotten on the final ballot for the Hugo Award; getting Steve Brust to autograph his first novel; and walking the skyways to the various shops around the downtown area of St. Paul. Of course there was the inevitable poker game, in which I did not participate.

RAMBLINGS 13.6

School, classes and work resumed as usual. The In-Service day which was the Monday after Easter was planned to be a special consciousness-raising day; we the faculty were divided into small groups and visited various service organizations around the Detroit Metro area. I went to the Mariner's Inn, a place originally for old retired and drunken sailors, which now services drunks on their way back to sobriety. It was not really a pretty sight, but it gave us a taste of some of the lesser known aspects of the real world.

I had arranged for Friday, May 13th, to be an off day for me, since I wanted to be in Columbus early for my Guest of Honorship at MARCON. The time from Spring Break till then was spent preparing for that. I arranged my classes as much as I could to have tests on Thursday and have an extended assignment for Friday & the weekend. Only one class had a test on Friday, and Joe Merluzzi covered that for me. My evenings were spent, as they had been since the beginning of the school year, in my classroom giving extra help to many of the dorm students. The closer May 13th came, the harder I worked to get everything done, for school as well as for the con. I went to a COSFS meeting in April to finalize details about the con, and to pick up some printing of Maia's OCTOGRAM and my LL #12 from James Adams. I spent a lot of time collating and stapling my fanzine so that I would have it ready to pass out at MARCON.

Everything went off as planned, with only minor crises happening. Four of my five classes took their tests on Thursday, and I managed to correct two sets before the school day ended. I took the remainder with me to (and even managed to get them corrected at) the convention.

INFORMATION



A MARCON XVIII REPORT

PRO GOH: James P. Hogan

FAN GOH: George "Lan" Laskowski

Maia and I left as soon as I got out of my last class, and headed for Columbus, Ohio. The trip down was relatively uneventful, and, with one stop for dinner, we arrived about 8. Checking into the hotel posed no problem, but the room we had was *orange*. It didn't bother us much, once we got used to it. Mark Evans and his wife Margaret Henry showed up soon after, and we talked for a bit in our room before Mark showed us around the hotel. As chairman of the con, Mark was approached by some of the hotel staff for some last-minute instructions and clarifications. I gave Mark and Margaret each a copy of LAN'S LANTERN #12, and they flattered me by asking for my autograph.

Friday Morning we awoke fairly early, took breakfast and visited Maia's sister Joy and her family, her Grandmother (who is in her late 80's) and her father and step-mother. We also stopped at Arvey's, an office supply store, where we picked up paper and envelopes (which I needed for mailing out the fanzine). We were back before three, and got ready to start the convention.

Maia and I registered quickly, and began greeting the attendees. It was strange to get the name badge with "GUEST" written on it, but I managed to get used to it. Until we departed for dinner, we wandered around the hucksters room, saying hello to many of the usual hucksters: Dick Spellman, Rusty Hevelin, Susan Johnson, Kathy Hoover, the Coulsons, Van Seigling, Jim Cox, Gary Bernstein, Tom Barber, and Janet Cruickshank. I started handing out my fanzine to the wonderment of several people, who suspect that it had folded. Other fans started arriving as the afternoon progressed, and since I was scheduled for Opening Ceremonies at 7:30, Maia and I, with Tom Barber and Tara Edwards in tow, went out to eat at Jerry's. This is a wonderful little greasy-spoon near the hotel, and with decent food at more than reasonable prices.

Back at the con, opening ceremonies were delayed somewhat until the Pro GoH James Hogan would arrive, but his plane was later than the airlines said it would be, and much of the assembly broke up before he finally arrived. To fill in some of the time, two femfen sang for us, and Jean Alrey, the program director, fielded some questions about cons in general, and MAR-

CON, PANOPTICON, and the NASFIC (Columbus was bidding for the '85 NASFIC) and Worldcons in particular. She had some trouble explaining the Worldcon bidding procedures so I stepped in and gave her some help.

Soon Hogan did arrive, and the convention was underway at last. I began my wandering of the parties and the con-suite, and Tom Van Horne informed Maia and I that we were to judge the masquerade. Hogan was to help in the judging, but because of his late arrival, he had not eaten in the past several hours, and was summerily rushed off to find edibles by the concom.

The judging was quite easy in the SF category--there was only one purely SF costume. Most of the others were fantasy, with a few definitely humorous ones sprinkled in. The costume theme for a special prize was water (you know, fish and all that--maybe in honor of the Fan GoH who had on his usual costume of t-shirt, bathing suit and racoon hat); the winner of that was thrown into the pool.

The parties were numerous. Columbus, Detroit and Austin in '85 were all there. Bob Taylor and Willie Siros were there from Austin, with Pat Mueller (whom I hadn't seen in years, since she left the midwest--well maybe at a Worldcon or two). Jim and Laurie Mann also showed up at the con, and helped with the Austin party. ((Jim and Laurie with their daughter Leslie, stayed at our place the weekend before MARCON.)) Dick Smith also helped out the Austin people. Steve and Ruth Simmons put on the Detroit party in Tom Barber and Tara Edward's room (or was that Dan Story's room?). There were lots of people there whom I saw and talked to--Chris Clayton, Clif Flynt (who I heard was there but did not see until Sunday), Michelle Fisher, Jim Rittenhouse and Dierdre Murphy, Judy Bemis and Tony Parker, Bob Lovell and Toots Larue, Naomi Konoff, and many others.

The next morning I wandered around after breakfast, checking the Art Show, and the newer arrivals in the hucksters room. Bob Taylor and I had an interesting talk about the Hugo Awards, and I talked about all sorts of topics with other fans. At 1:30 was my first Panel, and we talked about Long Distance Relationships. It was extremely interesting, and there was a lot of audience participation, but it wasn't until the end when one member of the audience said that no one on the panel actually kept up a long distance relationship. Every couple eventually got together and one moved-in/got-married-to with the other. He had a valid point, but we had run out of time. I hope to pursue this topic at other cons. It seems to have more in it as a topic of discussion. A couple of interesting things did come out of it--Bob "Mr. Moose" Lovell and Toots Larue announced their engagement. PeterTulozzi said that before one makes a serious commitment and makes a move long distance, they should arrange to spend a long period of time together, just to make sure that they will be compatible.

At 3:20 Maia chaired a panel on the Folkways and Mores of Fandom. It was sort of an introduction to fandom for neos, but also turned out to be a good discussion on some of the silly things that have happened among fans, as well as some of the nobler undertakings

of fans. Steve Simmons who was on the panel brought up his Coulsons to Newcastle fund, which enabled Buck and Juanita to go to the Worldcon in Brittain in '79. There was also the time when Steve Scherer injured his back in an accident, and fans collected money for his operation (I never knew that till then). Then the other fan funds—DUFF, TAFF, etc. And Jackie Causgrove's Tucker Transfer (getting Tucker to England for the '79 Worldcon). It was an informative panel.

One thing that the concomm did this year to help ease things for the hucksters, was to close the dealers room from 4-6 PM. They all had a chance to eat at a leisurely pace, and be back to reopen their tables at 6. Most of the dealers I talked to liked it.

Maia and I scheduled dinner with Hogan, who is a fascinating man to talk to. In fact, he is probably an ideal GoH. He loves staying up late and talking; he'll do what the concomm wants and more. He figures that the fans and committee have paid him to be available, and is more than willing to accommodate them. The service in the Hotel Restaurant was slow, but the food was well worth it. Since Jim had a speech to give at 8, we had to break off our very interesting discussions about computers.

Jim's speech was about computers, and their uses in education. He fielded questions afterwards, which he answered glibly with his delightful English accent. I did not have to give a speech, although I was prepared to do so. The concomm figured that with two panels, and Maia running two panels, we would more than do our bit for the con.

Saturday night was much like Friday—lots of parties, and parties, and parties. I lost track of the people I talked to, but I should mention that Ruth Woodring was there (or she might choke me with that long, lovely red hair of hers).

On Sunday I had my other panel on the teaching of Science Fiction. There were so few people in attendance that I dispensed with the microphone and the elevated tables, and sat with the audience and made it a free-for-all discussion. Arlie Adams, who I had asked to be on the panel, brought two of the books that were used in a class he had taken. I never thought to bring mine. Jim Rittenhouse was supposed to have been on the panel as well, but missed it (you should have seen him grovelling for forgiveness. The discussion ranged from choice of books to how to tell your teacher that s/he isn't doing a good job. Paula Airey, a High School sophomore, was very open about discussing the way she felt about her teachers, and the subjects they taught her, not only in this panel, but in the one following. All in all it was a very enjoyable discussion, and I did make a few new friends.

With the double-tracked programming it was bound to happen that Maia's panel would be opposite something I wanted to participate in. She headed one called "Now where do you put the furniture?" about collecting books. She could tell me what happened after the panel was over. I ended up listening to and participating in the Teaching for the Future panel, with James Hogan, Larry Smith, Jean Airey, Ed Chamberlain and a host of people from the audience participating. It was scheduled for two hours, and in could have gone on for some time beyond that. A lot of it centered around the use of computers, and how drastically it will be changing the methods of education in the future.

Closing ceremonies were fairly short. Jeff Toliver outdid himself with creative awards—an insect made out of computer chips for James Hogan, and a racoon clad lantern for me. We both received a statue of Christopher Columbus from the City of Columbus Promotion Bureau. They were unfortunately not yet engraved. Mark Evans promised to have them carved with our names and send them off to us later.

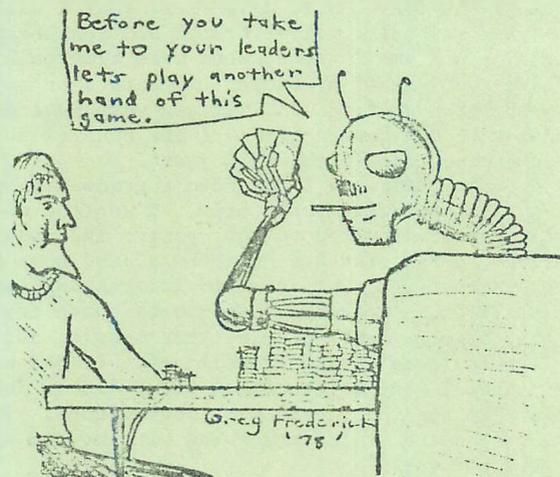
Jim, Maia and I thanked everyone for making our stays quite enjoyable. Maia and I then headed home.

There was a different flavor to MARCON this year. The committee tried some new things, like MarConey Rabbit, the helium balloons in the consuite, the zannness of the masquerade, a fan-suite, where neos could go to for orientation, and other things. I hope that they will continue to try to improve the convention, without falling below the standards Mark has set for MARCON.

RAMBLINGS 13.7

After such a marvelous weekend filled with egoboo and wonderful experiences, I was reluctant to get back into the classroom. And I found out with just three weeks of classes left before exams, not many of the students were anxious to sit still, do homework, etc. Still, I was a professional, and I did have to continue as a teacher. I managed to get through two weeks of teaching new material—the last week before exams I left for review, and I had all sorts of worksheets made up for that already. I also had to write exams for three of my classes—the Algebra IIB and Topics in Pre-calculus. (I have two IIB classes.) And with Junior Ring Ceremony, Dorm elections, and a myriad of other things happening at the end of the school year, I decided to retreat somewhat to recover my sanity. I had teacher burnout. Sure I had had days here and there when I did not want to do a thing, but this lasted for almost three weeks. It was frightening, and I hope that it doesn't happen again.

There were things happening almost every weekend after MARCON. Jan Brown and Dan Story got married in an outdoor wedding in Ann Arbor. It was a pot-luck reception like Vicky and Sam had for their wedding the previous summer. The next weekend was MIKECON in Toronto, which is basically a birthday party for Mike Glicksohn and Mike Harper. It is a good time to get away from the States, since it is Memorial Weekend, and visit our Canadian friends. The weekend is also a time for a good poker game.



The next weekend was the heavy-study weekend—just before exams. I scheduled myself to be home and available for my students for extra help. Those who really needed it, however, did not show up, and thus did very poorly on the exams. And some failed for the year.

I managed to get through the correcting, grading and comment-writing part of the exams without too much difficulty, but those failures did bother me. On Thursday the faculty got together to vote on the seniors as to whether or not they would graduate. Some almost didn't graduate because of final papers in some courses which were plagiarized. Sometimes I do wonder about the intelligence of some of the kids—they think that they can get away with plagiarized material; teachers usually know enough of their field to know and recognize a lot of material.

On Thursday evening was the annual Awards Night, during which students receive academic awards for their performances during the year. One of my advisees received one of the highest awards. Hania Younis came here this year as a senior. Normally the admissions Office doesn't like to accept first year students who would be seniors; there is too great a possibility of them not doing well (especially if coming from a public school), and thus ruining their chances of getting into a good college. Well, Hania had never really been challenged academically before, and here she was challenged and she surpassed even her own expectations. She was accepted at the University of Michigan in an early decision (it was the only College she applied to), which was soon upped to the Honors College of the U of M. The college counsellor and I hope that she will go someplace even more challenging in a year or two; Hania has untapped potential, and I am hoping that she will be able to use it. Anyway, she received two awards, unheard of for a first year senior. And not only that, she was the nicest person in the dorm, pretty, and extremely self-confident--or atleast she was able to present herself that way. At semester time, while everyone was studying for exams, I asked Hania if I as her advisor had to worry about her, and she said, "No, I'm pretty much ready for all my exams; you can worry about your other advisees." I guess straight A's was good enough.

Friday, June 10, 1983: Graduation. They did it. Some of my favorite students, several of whom I wished were not leaving, but happy for them to be starting the next phase of their lives. "You have more opportunities now than any woman had before you in history. Choose what you want to be and go for it!" said the graduation speaker, Judge Hilda Gage. And I too hope that they choose wisely, and fulfill their dreams.

Thenext day, for the first time in the 7 years I have been teaching here, I attended the joint school reunion. I met several of the students I had taught in those years, and many I hadn't, but supported in one way or another. The names did not come to mind as quickly as they should have--next year I will probably spend some time going through old yearbooks beforehand. And amazingly I spent more time talking to the sister of one of my former students than anyone else--she graduated in '73. It was very interesting to listen to her perspectives of the changes that have occurred here in those 10 years.

OnSunday Maia and I attended a graduation party that my advisee Julie Cate threw. I was one of three faculty members invited to that party: the rest were relatives, a few students, neighbors, and some other former teachers. It was fun and interesting, and eventually Julie took Kim (her sports coach from school), myself, and a couple other people, out on the lake for some skiing experiences. It had been years since I went waterskiing, but I didn't do too badly. Kim and the others were pretty good. Then Julie got on the skis, and I saw with my own eyes how good she was.

The following week was filled with teachers meetings, the annual Kingswood faculty luncheon, the D and E meetings (where we discuss those students who received Ds and Es as final grades, and decided which should be invited back, and underwhat conditions they should return), and the annual joint faculty picnic. During much of this time I was spending time working in my garden when I could. As usual, the weeds were the most prolific. I had managed to get some manure from the horses of one of my students, which helped not only the vegetables, but also the weeds.

That weekend Maia and I had a party. Chuck and Bridget Gereaux, our neighbors downstairs, and their daughter Ellen were the only faculty people to show up; everyone else was a fan. They came as far away as Lansing, Michigan, and as close as a couple of miles away. The apartment into which we would be mov-

ing in a matter of days, was vacant, so we were able to show everyone the place. The move was actually going to be very easy--it was the apartment next door, and there was a connecting door between the two places. There were only three or four items which we were going to have trouble moving, either because of weight or bulk, but the rest Maia and I could move by ourselves. Anyway, we had fun showing off this larger place (the smaller bedroom was larger than the one we had been using as the master bedroom!), and pointing out that we would be having a fireplace as well.

On Sunday, we visited my parents to celebrate Father's Day, and assure them that we would be at my sister's the following Sunday to celebrate my nephew's fourth birthday. We might be a little late in the afternoon, because of MIDWESTCON, but we would be there.

MIDWESTCON XXXIII

Actually, we left for MIDWESTCON on Thursday afternoon, and spent the night in a cheap motel in Cincinnati. The next morning, bright and early, we had breakfast and headed for King's Island, an amusement park along the lines of Disneyland/World, but whose main theme (especially in the children's section) was based around the Hanna-Barbara cartoon characters (Huckleberry Hound, Yogi Bear, Scooby-Do, etc.). Maia and I spent a delightful six hours or so riding the rides, wandering around in the 95° heat, making frequent cold-drink stops, being entertained by the various free shows around, looking at overpriced items in the numerous shops, and just having a good time.

About 3 PM we left and headed back to Cincinnati and the Midway Motorlodge, the new site for MWC. Registration took little time and we were soon ensconced on our airconditioned room. The pool of the hotel was completely enclosed with a huge skylight, so we got sun without the heat. It also had a jacuzzi, which was *hot*! And lots of friends were there--the usual regulars who attend MWC. Near the hotel was The International Market, a huge building housing shops and eating places from various ethnic backgrounds. It was a treat to explore the place and choose whatever we wanted for dinner. And across the street from the hotel was Benihani's of Tokyo, a Japanese steakhouse, where we had dinner the next night, after listening to A Prairie Home Companion on the local NPR station. The show was good--that is, we had a nice flamboyant cook, who interacted well with the ten of us from the convention--and the food was excellent. We were only halfway through the meal when I turned to Maia and said, "Let's make reservations for this place next year, or the next time we come to Cincinnati." She agreed.

I spent a number of hours with a neofan, introducing her to fandom at large, so to speak. Suzy Steele made a big impression on the attendees of MIDWESTCON, and everyone kept asking me who she was. Aside from being beautiful, she is a cello-playing herpatology major with a special interest in zookeeping at Ohio State University (starting her sophomore year in the fall) who dances ballet, volunteers time to collect specimens for the Cincinnati Museum of Natural History (or was that the Dayton Museum...?), reads, camps, and generally enjoys life. Her father and mother have been coming to MWC for the past few years, but this was her first con. She also likes to receive and give back-rubs, which made our initial contact a very pleasant one. Of course, I and many other fans encouraged her to come to other conventions, and we put her in touch with fans in Columbus (where OSU is) so that she would have some fanish contacts when she went back to school.

Saturday night at MWC was a spectacular one; never before had I seen so many parties given at that convention. There were at least 8, and at least one room was hosting a party for two cons. Wandering from party to party became the pasttime of the evening.

INCONJUNCTION 3

and the NAOMI KONOFF/RANDY PARDUE Wedding

The following weekend (4th of July) was INCONJUNCTION, and we shared a room with Ruth Woodring and Tim of Angle. Aside from wanting to see Gordie Dickson, the coGoH with L. Sprague DeCamp, and attend Naomi's wedding, and see Ruth again, I wanted to attend to talk to and spend time with Tim and Anna Zahn. We had made tentative plans to go out to dinner on Friday night, and a whole group of us did. Throughout the convention I spent blocks of time with either or both of the Zahns, treating them to a breakfast on Saturday morning, and having some fascinating conversations about all sorts of things. Tim and I talked briefly about classical music, and where some of the themes John Williams used in Star Wars may have come from. I had hoped that his novel THE BLACKCOLLAR would be out for the con--it was, but no one at the convention in the hucksters room had it. I found it in a bookstore when I got home. ((Read it, it is good!))

Susan Johnson, huckster extraordinaire, had the new cover for Heinlein's FRIDAY for sale as a poster. If you've seen the cover, you'll know why she made her expenses for the con on that alone (and she probably did that on Friday night!). Cathy Hoover, a native Indianapoliton, organized a dinner trip for Saturday evening to a good Mexican restaurant. We got a little mixed up on the times, and Maia almost got sick for lack of food (she's hypoglycemic and has to eat real food regularly). It turned out to be worth it, for the food was excellent.

INCON has had a tradition so far of presenting a play/musical having some connection with the GoHs. This year the play was called "Dickson's Dorsai de-Campej, or Cohan Meets the Doorsized". It was very funny, and the puns were truly atrocious.

Again, I talked with numerous people throughout the convention; Mike banks (gave him a suggestion on a story he was working on), Ray Beam (bought some original Tom Swift books from him), Jim Shepherd (heard some interesting things about Heinlein, Chicon, and Chattanooga fandom), Bernie Willinger (the fan GoH who sang the only filk I wrote), Lisa Morrison (who I encouraged to go to SPACECON), and many others.

Sunday morning we all got up early, went to breakfast, and headed to Bloomington, Indiana, for the Wedding. It was held outside at a countryclub south of Bloomington. The ceremony was one that Naomi and Randy had written themselves, and was a nice combination of the Jewish and Baptist rites. There were a number of fans from the convention in attendance, some of whom still had their name badges on when they arrived. The reception following the ceremony was in the clubhouse, and was an interesting mix of fans and relatives. There really was no problem; I congratulated the parents, and remarked to Naomi's father that I liked his beard (the same as mine, except gray-er). When everything was over, we headed back to Bloomington to spend the night with Ruth, Tim, Jerry (who was the minister officiating the ceremony) and the others who live in Ruth's household.

The evening went by all too quickly. Maia and I attended the local SCA meeting after dinner, went out for coffee and other refreshments afterwards, and then back to the house. There conversation ensued until almost midnight. I got caught up massaging Alisa's back--Alisa was Naomi's (now former) roommate)--and when everyone else turned in we went out to her car and continued to talk until about 1:30 or so. I hope to see her again at a con realsoonnow. She's an interesting person to talk to.

RAMBLINGS 13.8

We moved. As I said before, there really was no

problem since the apartment we were moving into had a connecting door with the one we were in. We enlisted the aid of Chris Swartout and his wife Pat, and Bob Reagle, all around good-guy and husband of the other psychologist on Campus (Chris is head psychologist), and everything was moved in a matter of an hour or so. We just needed the help for the heavy/bulky stuff, but they insisted on carrying the little stuff as well. Who were we to stop them? They were invited to stay for dinner, but Bob begged off with the excuse that he had some work to do that had to be done by the next morning. He also explained that his wife Kathy would have come, but she is pregnant, and could not have helped that much. We will have to invite them over for dinner one of these days soon.

We managed to get everything in shape by about 1 AM Sunday morning. Maia was in bed when I finished repacking the paperbacks in uniform boxes. We were ready for visitors. Maia had invited Steve and Ruth Simmons for lunch on Sunday, and later invited Chris Clayton as well. He informed us that Steve's Birthday was the following Wednesday, and suggested that we invite a whole bunch of people and turn it into a surprise birthday party. Which is what we did. Steve was late--and he missed the first turn into our circular parking lot, and thus saw Dan Story's van in the lower lot (it's unmistakable). "Are Jan and Dan here?" he queried when he got out of the car. "Yeah, they stopped by." He didn't even notice the other cars parked around the van were those of his friends. When he got upstairs into the apartment, someone shouted out, "You're late!" He peeked into the living room and saw this crowd of people in the living room. Turning away he muttered, "Shit, am I stupid!" It turned out quite well; Steve was surprised, and we had a pre-housewarming party.

Inspite of desires to attend RIVERCON, we decided that we could not afford to go. So we stayed home the following weekend, and Saturday evening entertained Bruce Schnaier and Icky who were in town for a gaming convention. As with everyone who comes to visit us, they were very impressed with the grounds of the campus, and wondered if we wanted someone to move in with us, do housework, etc.

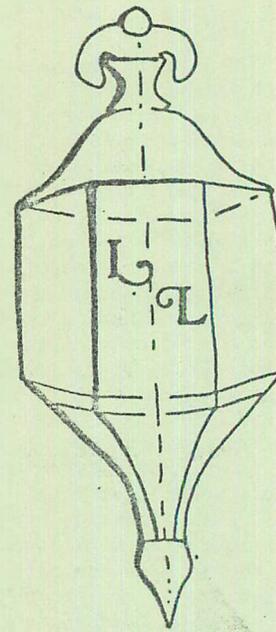
The following week, in addition to working in the garden, working on my apazines, on this zine, and working on the geometry syllabus I was putting together for the fall, I made lots of bagels for the coming SPACECON. We also had to combat heat and dry weather. It wasn't all that great running in an effort to lose weight when the temperature was in the 90s and the humidity was up there as well, but I did manage to do some running, swimming, and exercises. The weight is not exactly melting off, but it is slowly coming down.

SPACECON 5

SPACECON is one of the several relaxacons in Ohio and the only order of business is to decide whether or not there should be one next year. There are always heartfelt yeas on this. Maia and I arrived in time to register, say hello to several friends, take a dip in the pool and go out to eat before the majority of the crowd arrived. Steve and Denise Leigh were there, with their new daughter Megan. The whole con was relaxing and laidback. In spite of the proliferation of cigarette smoke in the consuite, we still had a good time. Maia and I managed all our meals alone which was nice, especially on Saturday night. Since it was our first wedding anniversary, we had a good ~~add/expet-~~ ~~live~~ dinner in the hotel restaurant. We ate early so that we could open our room for A Prairie Home Companion Party, complete with the bagels I baked, cream cheese and butter. Sam and Vicky donated some homemade jam to the cause. Dick Smith celebrated his birthday at the con, and Lisa Morrison did show up. We left early on Sunday morning to attend my neice's first birthday party in New Baltimore, Michigan.

Empathic Post Scriptings

Letters of Comment on the last issue of LAN'S LANTERN. There aren't that many, since it's been such a short time between issues, but they are interesting.



Ben Indick
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#12 was very nice, although I think published authors or editors should not waste their time replying to critics. If

the critic is of the stature of a John Simon--learned, witty, vitriolic--it will result in heavy spleen; if the critic is a fan, it is not worth the time, as it is truly a case of swatting a fly. Swat & forget.

Still, it *is* rather fun to sit on a sideline, read and laugh!

Carolyn CD Doyle
(address withheld
by request)

I enjoyed the interview with Joan Vinge, which is interesting, because I usually don't care for a printed transcript of an in-

terview--there seems to be a lot that should be weeded out, condensed. But I enjoyed this one, because it seemed to tell me a lot about what Joan Vinge is like as a person, what her manner is, not just her thoughts on this and that. That it conveyed this is a credit to your questions, and to printing the whole thing, not just snippets.

((I prepare as much as I can for any interview that I do--reading as much of an author's work as I can, and preparing a list of questions I want to ask. For this interview, once we got started, one question flowed into another from the answers Joan gave; it was the best interview I had ever done, and we both felt very good about it. When I did the transcription, I did some editing, then sent it off to Joan for her to edit. I did some minor final editing as I typed it for the fanzine. Glad you enjoyed it.))

Re DRAGONSLAYER -- I saw it a CHICON, and really enjoyed it. I agree with reviewer Mann that it's unlike any other fantasy film I've seen -- it's definitely not cutesy. But I always knew the couple was going to make it, didn't you?

I certainly agree with Steve Bridge when it comes to John Varley -- he's fantastic. Amid a wave of swords and sorcery and fantasy, he's one of the writers creating the kind of science fiction I like, and hope to see more of it in the future.

The Ambsbury controversy could become tedious -- hope this is the end of it. Hmmm, you've printed two responses to that review, and a response to a response to an article on cryonics -- hope this isn't becoming a trend, George! (A few issues back, a COLUMBIA JOURNALISM REVIEW reader was chiding the magazine's editors for replying to so many letters, instead of printing them with no comment.)

((Well, at the risk of becoming tedious, or even setting a trend....))

Clifton Ambsbury
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I see Reinhardt and Page got quite upset that anyone would not regard them as quite glorious. My opinion of Reinhardt

was not changed by this. The point about him was that he was so super-snooty about the folks who use common usage of specialized words, and then he made essentially the same sort of error in the fact that there *was* a Roman sword which was "just a tool," but there also, which he does not yet realize, was an aristocratic sword which was not "just a tool." And he's still acting the same way.

I am sorry if I let the typo get by. My handwrit-

ten copy correctly called the sword a gladius and the flower a gladiolus or *little sword*. Every time I read over a piece I've typed, I find new typos I missed before.

((I know the problem--just check out this issue...))

Reinhardt is correct, the Roman cavalry was not much of a fighting arm because they had no stirrups and their lances were very light, not the kind later full-armored knights carried on heavy Northern European horses. They were primarily show-off units of noble "knights or cavaliers, not working soldiers. Also higher officers on campaign rode. For one thing they were RHIP and for another they were older men and didn't keep in shape as well as the infantry. (I understand some had themselves carried in covered litters.)

He's both wrong and right about Hallstadt having daggers: they also had long swords and they had shortswords, which the early finders, having no recent shortsword tradition, called daggers.

As to whether I wrote a review, I don't know. I call it comments. I am neither officially a reviewer or a critic, and certainly not a competent typist. I'm an anthropologist and have been reading fantasy and science fiction since before World War I. I can't match Reinhardt in haughty pedantry (which is what his tirade over mail amounted to when coupled with his remarks about Roman swords), but I did make another point which I imagine stung them. The stories and the collection were capably crafted, but simply less memorable than I expect from a DAW anthology.

And that *is* too bad.

Oh, yes, I almost forgot about Mr. Page. I ignored our digging tool being a spade because we get that word from the Scandinavian or the Saxon. I understand they use the tool to cut straight-sided blocks of peat from the bogs. (Maybe they formerly used a broadsword. Imagine the men exercising their sword-muscles slashing "mit dem Spaten, ins Moor.") I also ignored the fact that the spade blips of our common playing cards are shaped like a common shovel, because the actual origin is the sword. And if that be pedantry, try again.

What I was trying to say to Reinhardt, and am now also saying to Page, is that they have no call to sneer so arrogantly at others. They are obviously not perfect either.

Tony Renner
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LAN'S LANTERN #12 was the first genzine that I've seen in quite a while. I don't know what it is but people just don't seem to be interested in printing book reviews and interviews and such like. There should be some way to encourage new fans to publish genzines. Hell, I wish someone would encourage me to publish a genzine.

I don't read nearly enough SF (or anything else) to base a genzine around my writing. And since there

are so few genzines around, I don't know which writers to try to get to do reviews for me. You know, the more I think about this, the more excited I get about doing a genzine. But first, I have to publish ETHEL THE FROG #6, which is *almost* finished, and has been for the past 6 months or so. EtF is sort of an "art-zine" with short fiction and poetry, and as such will be of little interest to fandom at large. Goddam it, Ian! I'm gonna do it! You could help, of course, if you and/or Maia would send me a book review or three. I also want to print something by Clifton Amsbury, who seems to have that magical ability to cause controversy every time he sets pen to paper, so I'd appreciate it if you'd give me his address.

(Good for you! Publish or perish, as it is in most university circles. Good luck on ETHEL THE FROG--I don't know if I'll have time to submit anything, and Maia is working on her own bookreviewzine called OCTOGRAM, so I don't think she'll have time to do extra reviews. We'll see what happens after I get this issue out. As for Clifton causing controversy, indeed he does, His address is on the previous page.)

I remember but don't remember you Clifford Simak issue. I do remember John Thiel's piece and recall thinking, "Why'd he print that in a tribute issue?" Now John is one of my fannish idols and holds a special place in fannish history by having published the best "worst" fanzine ever, PABLO LENNIS. Actually, PABLO LENNIS was probably the most nearly perfect fanzine ever. John Thiel tried to publish a zine that would inflame & enrage & aghast everyone who ever read it. Physically, PL was horribly ugly; 8½" x 14" in size, stapled in one corner, printed on tan or orange cheap, cheap twilltone, illustrations scratched directly onto stencil, and text crammed into every available space. Editorially, PL was, as they say, a hoot. John went out of his way to interrupt every loc-writer. John called me a "pussy-eater" in the midst of my first PL loc (not that I didn't deserve it; I had been vehemently denouncing John & PL). John's book reviews were quite simply wiggled out. Often one got the impression that he simply jotted down title at the book store & wrote reviews based on that. And fanzine reviews! Of the most popular zines John would write, "Simply not very good." In the end, PABLO LENNIS degenerated into a core of 5 or 6 readers, two of whom (Flint Mitchell and myself) merely tried to see who could be the most insulting & sociopathic. I believe I came out on top. Finally, PL folded, mostly I think because John had alienated almost everyone in fandom. Whoops--that was quite a digression...the point was that I was amazed that anyone would print one of John's "tributes" in a respectable fanzine.

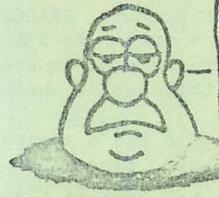
(The digression was interesting--a bit of fannish history that might have remained buried (as I'm sure several fans would like it to be) for ages.)

Speaking of Clifford Simak (as I started to do), I can still remember how absolutely blown away I was by ENCHANTED PILGRIMAGE when I first read it. I would gladly have traded places with anyone in that world. I've been tempted to reread the book to see if it really is as wonderful as I thought it was when I was 13 or 14, but that would only spoil the magic. I'm gonna have to search out GOBLIN RESERVATION as it sounds similar to ENCHANTED PILGRIMAGE.

"Twenty Feet of Science Fiction" didn't strike me as being that much better than the average fanzine article & I would have thought that OMNI had higher standards than that. It seems that OMNI could have found someone who had actually met Campbell to have written the article so that they wouldn't have to have Biggle quoting previous reminiscences. Oh well, it's a little late to bitch now.

All in all IAN'S LANTERN was a nice enjoyable fanzine. It would have been nicer if it hadn't been two years out of date, but that's fandom.

LAN I'M BELIEVE...



...BUT I HAVE GRAVE DOUBTS ANYONE COULD POSSIBLY BE NAMED GEORGE J. LASKOWSKI, JR.!

Frejoc

(I believe Lloyd Biggle submitted the article to OMNI and since nothing else along those lines was submitted, they accepted it. // One thing that you could do is write up your impressions of ENCHANTED PILGRIMAGE as you remember them, then reread the book and write about your new impressions and how they changed, if they did. Might be an interesting approach to writing some reviews.)

John Thiel
30 N. 19th St.
Lafayette, IN 47904

It was nice to see the reactions to my article. Gary Diendorfer, Anders Bellis, and Laurraine Tutihasi should be friends of

mine--I have sent all of them fanzines and exchanged correspondence with them. Apparently while they were somewhere else their attitude changed. On the other hand, David Palter is supposed to be an enemy of mine, and his remark was quite nice. Acquaintances from way back, Jarog and Indick, have been intimate enough; I was surprised they did not mention my article, or there might have been more good comments about me. Truly, Simak's works have great potential.

Someone wrote just a few days back saying he was trying to get material from people on Andre Norton. I wrote back saying you were one fan editor who might do such a special as he visualized. Lo and behold, with little passage of time, here's you announcing a Norton special. Quite a surprising coincidence in timing.

Douglas Scott Carey
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I found the real meat of the issue to be the Joan D. Vinge interview. She is one of the few short story authors who manages to confound my guesses on a regular basis.

(Have you tried the stories by Timothy Zahn? He regularly confounds me, as does Joan.) So far, I have found her longer works, e.g. THE SNOW QUEEN, to hold fewer surprises. In the interview Vinge discusses the range of female characters she endeavors to present. I must confess that I am more intrigued by the quality of characterization of the men in her work. I read a comment of Alice Sheldon's (James Tiptree, Jr.) once, in which she described her disappointment with all the applause over her female characters, when she secretly wanted feedback on the accuracy of her male characters. I wonder if there is anything to the question of how an author creates and expresses an opposite-sexed person. My suspicion is that it is primarily the result of traditional sex roles being played. Is it really easier to understand the workings of the mind of another man, being a man? (I don't understand my own mind!) Perhaps the domination of science fiction by those who have grown up in a less strictly divided society is beginning to show at last.

Re DRAGONSLAYER: ...being that literary form

which requires suspension of disbelief, and science fiction being a subset of that genre, it has been a great fannish pasttime to distinguish between the two. Perhaps the best distinction is that one brings the sense-of-wonder at the start of a fantasy, whereas science fiction forces one to believe. (In this respect "mainstream" is more closely allied to SF.) This concept works fairly well in literature, but cinema seems of a different ilk. For example, DRAGON-SLAYER's brilliant realization of a dragon as a living animal forced me to believe the evidence of my eyes and feel genuine concern for the townspeople threatened by it.

Just saw JEDI last night, and it had a somewhat different effect...it provided a solid picture to match a mental picture I had from the time of reading the Foundation books, an image of space armadas at war. This was a quantitative leap from the "dogfight" sequences of past films in the series, and possibly a qualitative leap as well, with no easy cinematic reference to draw upon.

My fiancée, Mary Barbara Piero, and I are interested in your upcoming Norton Issue. Could you send a list of what you already have?

(I have a couple of appreciations, and little else that I can use at present, so almost anything goes at this point--write and submit often. See the inside back cover about coming issues of LAN'S LANTERN.)

Sally A. Syrjala Am glad to see you included a segment on Philip Dick. His books are such that once they have entered into your mind, they refuse to leave it. In that way he will never really leave us. In fact, the more I see BLADERUNNER, the more I think of it having that touch of Dick that keeps nagging at the mind, making it take one more look and seeing yet another aspect of that which is there, if you but look deeply enough.

I have managed to get the videodisc rendering of BR. I fully admit to having originally gotten it because of Harrison Ford. Now each viewing gets me more deeply involved with that which the film has to say. The symbols are quite abundant within it. The unicorn for one. I have heard it say that the original ending had it be known that Deckert was really a replicant, and the unicorn played a role in his coming to this conclusion. He also had dreams implanted and one involved chasing a unicorn through the forest. The finding of the unicorn when he came back for Racheai was where he finally accepted that which was.

The unicorn is a good example to use for the symbolization of a replicant. It does represent the moon, and the moon is but a reflection of the sun—a replicant.

Toc, the film gets into memories being given so as to keep the replicant under control. Which memories are real and which are those implanted? The film says to deal with the present as it is what is real. Past and future are questionable, but here-and-now is what must be dealt with. History and memories--manipulation is possible in both areas; in both, "points of view" can make a difference as to how they are interpreted. Damn that is a good film; the more I see it the more I like it.

It was good to see Patricia Wrightson's books included in the book review section. THE ICE IS COMING was the first book of hers that managed to catch my attention and I eagerly awaited each of the following two parts of that trilogy. Indeed I want to seek out more of her work.

Is STAR WARS really a rendering of LotR? Han does equate to Aragorn; Mount Doom and the Death Star are one and the same. Gollum tossed the temptation of the ring into the chasm; Vader tosses the temptation of the dark side of the Force into the chasm. Han gets his elven princess. Will Luke now sail off

to lands unknown to mere mortals? Will Han become the just king who will rule wisely for many years to come?

Han has served his time in the company of the dead. The gray company of the gray mist--Han is in gray carbonite and the mist enveloped him to be put in that state. He served his "ranger" apprenticeship as did Stryder. One wonders if the redwoods could equate to the tree of life. I like the thoughts that saga can cause to come to mind.

Why be afraid of physical death? Just because the body dies does not mean the soul has died. Just as birth is part of the life-cycle, so is death. You could take the tenant that freezing is merely a no-change situation and in that view, physical death would be the true life as it would be the change from one plateau to another whereas the cryonic situation would be merely the death of the status quo. The only real way to live is to accept death and not fear it. Then you can live to the fullest and learn to appreciate the rose-like transcendence of that about you. Would you find such enjoyment in a rose if it were long-lived, or does the fact of its short term of existence make it all the more appreciated?

Stephen Bridge
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Indianapolis, IN
46218

While I don't believe it is worthwhile to get into a long nit-pivking discussion of this issue, I do wish, as co-editor of CRYONICS magazine, to comment on your readers' thoughts about cryonics. Frankly, I was quite surprised at the nearly complete fannish condemnation of the idea. Some of the comments in LL #10 were particularly hard for me to understand--"when my time comes, it'll come." "Consider the cultural shock of being awakened in a distant future." "I have no real desire to go to sleep for X years and wake up in a world even stranger to me than Midtown Manhattan would be to Shakespeare."

These are people who claim to be interested in the future? Why do so many people, when confronted with a new idea, spend much more time trying to spot everything wrong with it than they do thinking about its possible merits? Just because something creates difficulties to overcome doesn't mean it shouldn't be tried. And just because something seems impossible now doesn't mean it won't be possible in fifty years. Where would our civilization be with negative attitudes like that?

When I first encountered fandom, I heard a lot of talk about how gifted and intelligent fans were, about how they were "special" people who would influence the future. Sadly I have discovered that in reality most fans are talkers, not do-ers. They live only for their conventions and fan magazines, sealing themselves off from the real world. They talk about space travel, or equal rights, or life extension as if these were intellectual games invented for them to play; they are annoyed and intimidated when it is suggested that they do something. How many fans are members of the L-5 Society, or NOW, or Amnesty International, or any other organization which is actually doing something to make a better future on this planet? Very few, even for the L-5 Society. And yet, as do all do-nothings, they feel perfectly right about sniping at those who are actually pursuing their beliefs about the future.

Some of the comments printed in LL #12 require more specific replies. Diane Fox and Maia both mention how many stories they have read which give negative portrayals of cryonics or immortality. They somehow assume that since these stories were published, they must necessarily be true. Stories are not reality; and SF stories are very poor predictors of social change, even if they occasionally (not often) have predicted technical innovations. The stories of the 40s and 50s said nothing about the great social changes of the last 20 years, with the changing positions of blacks, men, women, and other social groups. None predicted the social changes made by television or computer. There have been stories which predicted nuclear power would either save or doom humanity. Neither has yet happened. SF stories are ways to

explore possible futures. They are not infallible predictors. Stories about cryonics and immortality could be written either way—and have been.

There are reasons to think that long life spans would actually benefit humanity, not stifle it. Each person would have time to change careers several times, to add the experience of one "life" to those of the next, several times, in fact, and to combine all of this learning into something new. In addition you must realize that pollution, economic fluctuations, famine and wars are totally the result of people planning on short-term time scales. Would a politician be likely to start a war or allow dioxin pollution if he were jodardizing not 10 years of his life but 100 or 1000 years? What might be the results of truly long-term planning on space exploration, human rights, public health, etc. There is no reason to think that long-lived individuals would be less creative in the arts or in anything else. Life extension will give the creative people a chance to be so longer, and might give more people the opportunity to try creative occupations sometime in their lives. (Look at how many people take up painting when they retire.) There would always be many people who would not create and who would probably sit around on their butts for a thousand years at a time; but I personally think the percentage would be smaller than it is now.

Yes, workable cryonics would cause great stress and change in society; so have computers, automobiles, the Plague, Christianity, antibiotics, and the American Revolution. The effects of these upheavals could not be well predicted, but the race has survived these in the past and has grown in ways which could not have been expected. Life extension and cryonics are not likely to be different. (And I thought SF fans liked change.)

To pick on Maia a little further, she says "It is possible that the proponents of cryonics are terrified of death, which is a bad thing..." First, I don't know why you call it a "bad thing." Being afraid to die is the normal condition of anyone who realizes he is mortal. The fear may be overcome to some extent by belief in a religion which claims an afterlife, but it is foolish to claim that the fear does not exist. Secondly, such a fear is a bad thing if it incapacitates one for enjoying life. This certainly does not happen with cryonicists. Sociologist Arlene Sheskin in her book, CRYONICS: A Sociology of Death and Bereavement (Irvington, 1979), said that cryonicists were extremely healthy in their attitudes toward death. A recent survey of CRYONICS magazine subscribers showed that more were involved in cryonics because they loved being alive and wanted to see the future than because they were afraid of death. None thought fear of worms and decay had anything to do with it.

Furthermore, Maia's statement that "I suspect, moreover, that if you suggest to one of their advocates that they test the validity of their beliefs by being frozen and rethawed, they'd react with less than overwhelming enthusiasm for that notion," completely misses the point and reflects the general misunderstanding of what we are trying to do. We don't know if freezing will work and no one is claiming that. Certainly freezing itself is not a cure for anything; it's a last-ditch attempt to forestall the end of our existence. We would all rather live for hundreds of years healthily and happily, without experiencing death. This is not likely to happen for a couple of hundred years, so we accept freezing as a slightly better alternative. It is a safety net which may or may not give us a chance to be part of the future.

There is no way I have space to completely refute all of the possible arguments against cryonics. Anyone who is truly interested may get a more full discussion by sending \$1 to Alcor Life Extension Foundation, 4030 N. Palm, Fullerton, CA 92630 for a copy of our booklet CRYONICS: THRESHOLD TO THE FUTURE. Please do not write us if you just want to argue philosophy. We don't have the time. We are busy doing something.

Sheryl Birkhead
23629 Woodfield Rd.
Gaithersburg, MD 20879

A fillo comment from page 3 of LL #12--my first thought was a response to the comment "People sometimes wonder why I date all my cartoons..." Uh, that's wide open--no one else would go out with me...

Pain in the pinfeathers department. For the past two years I've given a 5 or 10 point pop-quiz everyday for the last unit. By then I am usually so fed up with student performance that I don't mind the lost time involved. Ironically the first two or three take them by surprise: they work for the next few, and after that it's back to the don't-bother-to-pay-attention/take-notes/do-the-reading--and of course the grades drop back. The biggest plus for this is I have a rationale for failure of those kids whose parents have complaints: toomuch/littl homework; too many/few tests; and so on (and on and on....).

((In one class this year I was having trouble with falling grades of some students. I kept careful watch of them for about three weeks, and when I wrote comments, I had plenty of ammunition to blast them for doing many things other than paying attention and taking notes: writing on desks, no paper or book, sneaking conversations while I wrote on the board, etc.))

If it's not asking too much...if I haven't sent you something for the Norton Issue, please send me a note. ((You bet!! Also, see below!!!!))

Jim Gray
3043 Briarcliff Rd #7
Atlanta, GA 30329

I am extremely flattered by those letters you printed that praise my two art pieces. I notice that the ALL SKIN IS TREES got

the most mention. ((ALL SKIN IS TREES is Jim's name for Simak's ALL FLESH IS GRASS.)) I must be somewhat hungry for compliments, because I was wondering if there were more letters of comment (that you didn't print) on my stuff. Did anyone like my Wheeler? I think it's a lot less ambitious but has a lot of humor in it.

((I believe I printed as many comments about the artwork of that issue as I got. But you should feel honored about getting individual mentions--most locs give a general comment about the artwork; few mention individual pieces.)) If I can force myself to do any spot illos or whatever, I'll be glad to submit them to you for publication. I think it's safe to say that your LANTERN has been my most successful audience. Your reproduction on my stuff was very good. ((All illos gratefully accepted. See ad below about upcoming issues of LL.))

Robert Teague
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Panama City, FL
32405

I can't say I've ever managed to finish anything by Dick I ever picked up. I can't really remember. But I do recall not being particularly impressed by the man's writing. The recent movie

BLADERUNNER was one of the biggest bummers I've ever seen. The production values were great, but not much else.

Most of the artwork was quite nice, and while I thank you for running my cartoons, I can't think why you did--unless you were really hard up for material. The art is so bad. Maybe it's "Be Kind to Bad Aspiring Fan Artists Day"? ((I just kinda liked it...))

I ALSO HEARD FROM: Bob Greene, Bill Terkeurst, Rusty Hevelin, Bob Taylor, Maia, Lynn Hickman, David Palter, Micky Weeks, Steven Fox, Harry Andruschak, Melissa Manchester, Virginia Bauer-Tapia, and others probably whom I've forgotten to mention.

UP AND COMING ISSUES OF LAN'S LANTERN

LAN'S LANTERN #14 -- an issue dedicated to Superhero comicbooks; I'd like art and articles about the various comics, superheros, groups, etc. Hopefully out early next year.

THE NORTON SPECIAL--dedicated to and all about Andre Norton--art, articles, essays reminiscences, etc. about her and her writing. Out late in 1984, her 50th anniversary as a published writer.



BILL BRYAN