



LAN'S LANTERN



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Dedication

To Maia, as usual,
and
To Mike, Mark, Evelyn and
Ben, without whose
travels this issue
would not exist.

LAN'S LANTERN #31 is published and edited by George "Lan" Laskowski, 55 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013 USA. Phone (313) 642-5670. LAN'S LANTERN is available for articles, art, letters of comment, even money (US\$3 post paid) and the whim of the editor. The opinions expressed are those of the contributors, and may or may not be those of the editor. This is Lantern Publication #17, a division of LanShack Press Unlimited. LAN'S LANTERN #31 is copyright (c) August, 1989, by George J Laskowski Jr., except where otherwise noted. Contributions (art, articles, reviews, letters) become the property of LanShack Press, but will be returned upon request. All rights return to the contributors upon publication. Business manager: Maia Cowan.

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Why You Are Receiving This

- Contribution (art, article, review, loc) in this issue
- Contribution (art, article, review) received, to be used in a future issue
- Comment or loc received, and it may be published in the next issue
- Trade You wanted one
- We're in an apa together
- Mentioned in Letter Column
- Mentioned in my Conreports & Ramblings
- I thought you might find this interesting.
- I would like you to contribute to one of the special issues coming up -- on Isaac Asimov, Robert Heinlein, Theodore Sturgeon, A.E. Van Vogt, and Fritz Leiber (see page 2 for deadline).
- This is your last issue unless you do something

From the Editor

TRAVELLING

by Lan



As I mentioned in my editorial in LL #30, I postponed publishing the Resnick and Leeper travelogues until this issue. As I surmised, theirs, with Ben Schilling's trip reports, took about 65 pages.

As I went through the stack of articles I had to find out what else would go with the travelogues, I found that I had a number of pieces that fit into the "travel" theme. So here is an "All Travel Issue" of Lan's Lantern.

Starting off with a wonderful cover by Rick McCollum, we turn to the trips to Africa by Mike Resnick and Mark (and Evelyn) Leeper. Diana Stein's artwork augments Mike's travelogue, and various artists lend their talents to Mark's comments about his and Evelyn's journeys -- some not quite what you might see in Egypt, or Kenya, or Tanzania.

Since not all fans plan to travel to the darkest continent, Dave Stein put together some travel tips on how to choose the convention that's right for you in "How to Judge a Con by Its Cover." Kathleen Gallagher follows with some practical advice with "How to Survive a Con Weekend with Roommates."

Ben Indick did some travelling last summer and treats us to a combination of future habitats and a journey out west in "Cities of Tomorrow." Then the other Ben -- Schilling -- tells of his travels in Egypt, Italy and Hawaii.

There are also some offerings of time travel. Bob Sabella returns with his ever popular "Ten Years Ago in SF," and from the archives of the Lantern files comes an interview with Stanley Schmidt from 1979, with an update from last year at INCONJUNCTION. Martha Soukup joins us for the first time with a review of Jane Yolen's The Devil's Arithmetic, a time travel story about the Holocaust.

Of course, I have to get my two cents worth in, and I talk about my travels from March through the end of the school year in the middle of June. Included as a special bonus is "The Unsung Collaborator," Lois McMaster Bujold's GoH speech from both MILLENNICON and KEYCON.

Finally, Mike Stein gives us some warnings about a certain hotel that caused the DC in 96 bid to fold, and the alternatives that were considered before making that final decision. "Never Trust a Smiling Sheraton" is an eye-opener. Ben Schilling does have a modest proposal, though, on what to do to the hotel.

Sprinkled throughout is plenty of artwork, and some poems by Tom Easton. And the letter column, picking up some comments on issues #27, #28 and #29.

I hope you enjoy this special "Travel" issue. Let me know what you think.

DEADLINE EXTENDED

Because of my jumbled publishing schedule and a number of other projects I'm working on, I am extending the deadlines on the Special Author issues. For those who have already sent me articles and art on Isaac Asimov, Fritz Leiber, A.E. Van Vogt, Ted Sturgeon and Robert Heinlein, thank you for being prompt.

For those of you who wanted to participate but didn't get around to it, now's your chance. Get your articles, reminiscences, poems, reviews and anecdotes on these "Golden Anniversary Authors" to me by September 30.

DIGGING THE TOMBS

(A TRIP DIARY)

BY MIKE RESNICK

ILLUSTRATED BY DIANA STEIN



1988: Things got out of hand early. Carol and I had decided to take a trip to Egypt, and add a week in Tanzania at the end of it. When Pat and Roger Sims heard about it, they decided that they would like to come along. So did my agent, Eleanor Wood. So did her two kids. So did my father and two of his friends.

Readers of these diaries will know that Carol and I always go to Africa with a private guide. But with a party of 10, this was out of the question...so we started doing a little homework. We knew we wanted to stay at the Ramses Hilton, as it gets a 5-star rating from the Egyptian government and is the only Cairo hotel which had never had a reported case of dysentery or botulism. We also wanted to cruise the Nile on either the Osiris or the Isis, the two top-rated cruise ships. As for tour companies, there were two that stood out: R & H Voyages in Egypt and Ranger Safaris in Tanzania. And, since Carol and I know Nairobi inside out, we didn't want to pay a penny for laying over there for a couple of days; we had friends there to drive us around, and a tour guide would be an unnecessary expense.

So I called Gametrackers, one of the better packagers of African trips, and told them what I wanted. They could do some of it, they said, but not all. Too bad, I said; you just lost a party of ten. Wait, they said; we'll look into it further. You do that, I said. Well, maybe we can get Ranger, they said a few hours later, but R & H is out of the question. Nice knowing you, I said. Well, perhaps we can get R & H, they said two days later, but we'll have to charge you for the Kenya portion. Not a chance, I said. Hold on, they said; do you really have a guaranteed party of ten?

And, 27 long-distance phone calls and five weeks later, we finally had exactly the itinerary and the tour guides that we wanted.

February 8, 1989: We flew to England via Detroit, so that we could pick up Pat and Roger along the way. What we didn't know was that the plane stopped to refuel in Toronto, where it also picked up most of its passengers.

Why did that make a difference?

Because we were all dressed for summer, and once we stopped in Toronto it was announced that passengers going through to England were not allowed a) to leave the plane, or b) use the bathrooms. Then they opened all the doors to load food, water, and whatever -- and in came a howling, five-below-zero wind, and we were forbidden even to lock ourselves in the bathrooms to hide from it. They left the doors open for 45 minutes, at the end of which we resembled four slightly blue popsicles.

I just love British Airways.

February 9: We joined up with the rest of our party at the Heathrow Airport in London, and Eleanor immediately gave me the galleys to PARADISE, which Tor had thoughtfully arranged for me to proofread while everyone else was enjoying the Nile cruise, and off we went to Cairo.

The Hilton was large and impressive and luxurious, and while the rest of us slept the sleep of the innocent, Eleanor spent most of the night at the local hospital, watching them stitch up her son's head after he split it open falling down some stairs.

Not the most auspicious beginning.

February 10: We had met our guide, an Egyptologist named Iman, who loves Americans and hates Khadaffi, the previous night, and told him that we wanted a hell of a lot more than the usual 45 minutes at the Egyptian Museum, so he picked us up right after breakfast and took us there for the entire morning, which was about ten days short of sufficient time to see it all. The museum holds scores of mummies, the entire contents of Tut's tomb, the first painting ever created, and about half a million other fascinating items. There is simply no way to begin doing it justice in less than a week, and when next we go to Egypt, we have every intention of spending a full week there.

Then it was off to Islamic Cairo, which reminded me a lot of the seedier portions of Mombasa, and to Coptic Cairo, where we saw the first Christian church in Egypt, the first mosque, and the Ben Ezra Temple (where, theoretically, Jesus, Mary and Joseph were hidden during part of their [theoretical] stay in Egypt). We also visited the Papyrus Institute, where we

picked up some authentic papyrus artwork (as opposed to the phony stuff they sell on every street corner), and then it was off to a lovely outdoor restaurant, well off the tourist trail, for lunch, where Iman, who had been giving us a condensed college course in Egyptian history, finally paused for breath.

In the afternoon we went to the pyramids at Giza. Everyone has seen pictures of them, of course, but photos lack a certain scale, which was best supplied by Napoleon's scientists, who calculated that if the pyramid of Cheops were disassembled, they could use it to build a wall one meter high and 30 inches wide around the entirety of France: it consists of 2,300,000 blocks each weighing from 2 to 15 tons. Being an assiduous student of terrible Hollywood epics, I had assumed that the pyramids had been built by slave labor, but Iman explained that while slaves supplied food and water to the workers, it was in fact built by volunteer Egyptian labor, who felt that they were destined to go to Heaven by virtue of having worked on such holy structures. Each pyramid took about 20 years to build, and they only worked on them three months a year, during the rainy season, when they were able to leave their farms.

We then went to the Perfume Institute, where they press the flowers and create the scents which are then shipped off to Paris, where alcohol, designer labels, and huge pricetags are added. Carol, for example, spends about \$60.00 for a quarter-ounce of Opium, her regular perfume. We bought an entire ounce of its essence for \$10.00, took it home with us, and will now add nine ounces of pure alcohol; if it works, we'll have \$2,400.00 worth of Opium for a total outlay of about \$15.00. (And if not, just anticipating the savings has already given us \$15.00 worth of guilty pleasure.)

After dark, we went back to the pyramids and the sphinx for the light show, which runs in a different language every hour. Very impressive -- and, given the time of year, very chilly.

February 11: The day began with a delightful drive out to Memphis, where we saw no end of enormous statues that had been buried and forgotten for, literally, millennia. We then stopped by a rug-weaving factory which employs only pre-pubescent boys on the assumption that only their fingers are small and limber enough for the work required. (Everybody involved in the project spent an inordinate length of time explaining to us that this was actually a school, the children were exceptionally well-paid, and this therefore didn't really constitute child labor. When all was said and done, however, they was a lot of labor going on, and all of it was being done by children.)

Next we visited the 6,000-year-old "Step Pyramid" at Saqqara, the very first pyramid ever built. (Architect #1: "Hey, Harry, wait'll you see the plans for this joker's tomb." Architect #2: "Not very cost-effective. It'll never catch on." Except that it did catch on: 69 Egyptian pyramids have been discovered thus far,



though a number of them were created out of limestone and have lost their structural integrity.)

Iman took us to another off-the-beaten-path outdoor restaurant for lunch. This one had about twenty feral dogs living on the grounds, and they had grown so fat off table scraps and garbage pits that they actually turned their noses up when we offered them anything but meat. (In fact, Cairo and the surrounding area are absolutely filled with feral dogs -- some of them, thanks to a regular supply of tourist handouts, considerably less feral than others.)

After we had finished feeding ourselves and the dogs, we drove to the Citadel, which was built to defend Cairo against Richard the Lion Hearted and his Crusaders, and is distinguished by the Mosque of Mohammed Ali (the Turk, not the boxer). When night fell we returned to the hotel, freshened up, and went out to a nightclub that featured some top-notch belly dancers and a young man who did what I can only call a Whirling Dervish dance, in which he spun around in circles, non-stop, for the better part of fifteen minutes. Makes me dizzy just to remember it.

February 12: We left Cairo and flew to Luxor, a very pleasant change since Cairo has a population of 15 million, pollution you wouldn't believe, and traffic that resembles Manhattan at rush hour. Luxor is a much smaller, more tranquil city, and we immediately transferred to the Osiris, a Hilton-owned ship which has a couple of restaurants, three bars, and a swimming pool.

And it was there that we met M. Hamdy M. Ismael, who was to change our lives for the next five days. Hamdy holds a Ph.D. in Egyptology and speaks three languages fluently, but he makes far more money from tips as one of the two resident guides of the Osiris than he could possibly make teaching in the university. More to the point, he has the soul of a track coach and the heart of a drill sergeant. It was Hamdy's job to teach the English-speakers aboard the ship (we were outnumbered about 2-to-1 by the French) absolutely everything he knew about his country, and with only five days in which to do it, he knew he had no time to waste. He also believed in the show-and-tell principle; he would never describe any monument that he could make us run to (walking was not in his repertoire), and he would never recite any hieroglyph or cartouche that he could make us climb and see for ourselves. He was also a great

believer in visual aids, and never took us to a temple or tomb without first displaying an inordinate number of maps, diagrams and/or posters showing us what to expect.

After we unpacked and had lunch, Hamdy took us to the temple at Karnak, which I think is the single most impressive structure I saw in Egypt. It was begun in the 12th Dynasty and completed in the 20th, and could easily hold a trio of football fields in its 22-acre interior. There are 134 columns, each 10 feet in diameter and about 60 feet high, there are a pair of 143-foot-high obelisks, there are about a zillion stone rams which once formed an avenue reaching all the way to the temple at Luxor, there are numerous enormous statues of Ramses II, and finally, there is a sacred lake. There are also chairs and refreshments, but Hamdy made sure we never saw them, since it would have cut into his lecture time.

(By the way, for those of you who may have seen documentaries on Egypt's various temples, you will doubtless have noticed that they are a) always crowded with tourists, and that b) the tourists always cluster together in groups of from ten to thirty. This is because each group follows a guide who speaks their language. There are always English, French, German, Egyptian, and Japanese-speaking groups, and on any given day you can find five or six other languages being bandied about.)

After three hours at Karnak -- and it took three hours just to walk from one end to the other and see the entire structure -- we drove a few miles away to the temple at Luxor, which would have been damned impressive had we not seen Karnak first. Then Hamdy went off to run laps around the upper deck and left us to eat dinner in peace. We later returned to Karnak for the most impressive sound and light show of the trip, and collapsed in our bunks at about nine o'clock, as Hamdy had warned us that after such an easy day, we had a lot of ground to make up in the morning.

February 13: Hamdy woke us up so early that we could still see our breath (a rarity in Egypt, unless you happen to be getting a complete 4-year Egyptology course crammed into 112 hours), and took us off to the temple at Dendara. We then rode through some beautiful Egyptian countryside (beautiful as long as we stayed within sight of the Nile, that is; it was desert anywhere more than half a mile from the river) to the temple of Seti I at Abydos, and finally to the tomb of Osiris. Hamdy then very reluctantly and begrudgingly told us that we had the afternoon to ourselves -- it took all his will power not to give us a written exam on what we had already seen -- and while everyone else sat on deck and sipped cool drinks and watched the Nile go by, yours truly got to spend the next six hours proofreading his goddamned galleys for his exceptionally thoughtful publisher, who had promised to deliver them by mid-January.

I assume we passed several fascinating and beautiful sights, but deep in my heart I hope we didn't.



February 14: This was Valley of the Kings day, and even without Hamdy's warning, we knew that we were going to do a lot of walking.

We drove past the Colossi of Memnon, which in truth were rather dismal failures in their job of spiritual scarecrows, since of all the tombs only Tut's was unlooted, and began with the Valley of the Queens, which covers a couple of hundred acres and houses perhaps 50 tombs.

That was just a warm-up. Next we visited the funerary temple of Hatchepsut, the only female pharaoh. (Easy name to remember: hat + cheap suit.)

Finally we got to the Valley of the Kings, where they have discovered 62 tombs, the most recent being Tut's in 1922, and where they think there may be six or seven more as yet undiscovered, but they haven't been able to get the funding to finance a thorough search.

Tut's tomb itself is amazingly unimpressive, four little rooms about the size of a small apartment. When you realize that they filled half of the second floor of the Egyptian Museum with the artifacts they found here, you have to wonder what some of the other tombs contained before they were looted by grave robbers. The tomb of Ramses III, for instance, goes on for almost half a mile, and has large chambers every few feet; one could probably have filled the entire Smithsonian with what was carried away from there.

After we had seen three or four tombs, Hamdy gave us half an hour to explore any tombs we wished. 90% of our group decided to explore the bar and restaurant instead. Carol and Roger tried the tomb of Amenophis III, which was reached by climbing about three stories straight up and then entering a tiny hole and climbing three stories straight down. It looked too strenuous to me, so I chose the tomb of a lesser pharaoh, which had a nice simple stairway. When I had gone down 300 stairs, I finally came to someone struggling up the staircase, which at least assured me that I wasn't descending to Hades. I kept going, past granite walls with no artwork or hieroglyphs at all until, 573 stairs later, I reached the burial chamber...and found an empty crypt and a

single painting, somewhat faded. I was somewhat faded myself, between the exertion and the lack of air, so I immediately turned around and spent the next 15 minutes climbing back up to ground level. I had just dragged myself to the bar and ordered a beer when Hamdy, bouncing on his toes like Mike Tyson warming up for the opening bell, stopped by to tell me the bus was leaving.

Our next stop was the Ramasseum, another funerary temple, this one for Ramses III (who, despite the temple and the tomb, doesn't hold a candle to Ramses II as an egomaniac), and then we returned to the boat for lunch. I don't know what anyone else did in the afternoon, but I stayed aboard and finished proofing my galleys, courtesy of the thoughtful people at Tor. A couple of Americans stopped to look over my shoulder, realized I was a science fiction writer, and spent the next couple of hours asking if Isaac Asimov really wrote all those books himself and why wasn't anyone writing really great stuff like Star Trek.



February 15: The boat docked at Esna, and we transferred to horse-drawn carriages to get to the Esna temple. The horses were the first unhealthy animals I had seen in Egypt -- all the stray dogs and cats were incredibly fat -- and since our guides had handled all the baksheesh up to this point, it was just a bit disconcerting to find, once we had paid for the carriage ride, that the horse needed a pound, his bridle needed 50 piasters, and his shoes needed another 10 piasters. We paid rather than argued, since it came to all of about 50 cents.

(I might point out here that all bargaining at the ever-present bazaars -- which have sprung up around every tourist attraction -- is a two-fold negotiation: first you reach a price, and then you have to do it all over again when they tell you with wide innocent eyes that they thought you meant English rather than Egyptian pounds, a difference of merely 500%.)

We returned to the boat for lunch, where Roger became the first of our party to get sick on foreign food and spent the rest of the day in bed -- most of the passengers thought, quite reasonably, that he was merely hiding from another energetic excursion with Hamdy -- and then, just because the horses needed a workout, we took carriages again, this time to the temple of Edfu, where I finally got an idea for a novel. It'll be a horror story, and I'm collaborating on it with George Alec Effinger, who, after producing WHEN GRAVITY FAILS and A FIRE IN THE SUN, certainly has the background in Islam to make it work.

February 16: We docked at Kom-Ombo and walked up the gangplank right to the temple, which would have been a lot more impressive had I not been pretty much tempted out at this point.

The boat then went on to Aswan, where we took a felluca ride (rather like a sturdy dhow or a cheap sailboat) to Elephantine Island to see the lovely and extensive botanical gardens and the tomb of the Aga Khan (and where the food got to my father, who entered the sick bay just as Roger was leaving it).

We bid Hamdy an exhausted (but well-educated) good-bye and drove out to the airport to catch a plane to Abu Simbel. The plane had already taken off, but R & H isn't ranked #1 among Egyptian tour companies for nothing, and they actually had the clout to call it back and get it to land again to pick us up, much to the disgust of the passengers who were already on board.

Abu Simbel is, after Karnak, the most impressive sight in Egypt, a temple carved out of a mountain -- and is even more impressive when you realize that they had to raise the entire structure forty-three feet to avoid it being flooded when they built the High Dam at Aswan. The colors of the paintings on the interior of the temple are exquisite, having withstood the eons much better than those we had seen everywhere else except perhaps in Tut's tomb.

As night fell we flew back to Cairo, where Eleanor and her children departed from our group -- she had elected not to go on to Tanzania, and besides, someone had to deliver the goddamned galleys to Tor -- and the rest of us caught a midnight plane to Kenya. It was the much-feared and much-maligned Egyptair flight, which, surprisingly, was the only flight we took the whole trip that departed and arrived on time.

February 17: We landed in Nairobi at 6:30 in the morning, and suddenly I felt energized, as I always do in Kenya. It was like being home again.

Our friend Perry Mason picked us up at the airport -- after getting IVORY dedicated to him, and having two different characters based on him in PARADISE, it was the very least he could do -- and took us to the Norfolk Hotel, which remains the only place to stay in Nairobi. While everyone else slept and/or unpacked, I hung around the lobby, and spent some time visiting with Perry's departing safari clients. (He's got Arlene Dahl and Jane Powell coming in next.)

In the early afternoon I took Pat and Roger to the Nairobi Museum, and then led them around the city center, pointing out various sights and landmarks to them. When we stopped in at the East African Wildlife Society, I found, to my surprise, that I'm getting to be the best-known writer in Kenya since Robert Ruark, thanks to Perry twisting every arm he can grab and forcing my books on them, and to the Wildlife Society's gift shop selling copies of all my African science fiction. Nice feeling.

Everyone but me was pretty tired from the flight, so instead of the usual dinner at the Carnivore or the Horseman, we all ate

at the hotel and turned in early. (Except for me: I spent a few hours speaking to various members of the Kikuyu staff, looking for material for more "Kirinyaga" stories. Found some, too.)

February 18: While my father and his friends slept in and had a late breakfast, I arranged for Perry to give us and Pat and Roger a game run through the Nairobi National Park. They were considering coming on safari in Kenya with us in 1991, and it seemed like an excellent opportunity for them to get to know Perry and compare his services with those we'd be receiving in Tanzania. (It worked; God and finances willing, they're coming back with us in 1991. Carol and I will also be spending a month in Botswana and Zimbabwe in 1990, and might possibly be able to add a week in Malawi as well.)

We also had Perry stop by the animal orphanage, which is run by Daphne Sheldrick, who wrote THE ORPHANS OF TSAVO (and starred in the television documentary of the same name), then left him to catch up on his paperwork, grabbed a quick lunch at the Norfolk, and went shopping at the Inter-Continental Hotel (which has the best gift shops in Nairobi).

Finally we met Perry for dinner at Marino's, an Italian restaurant which is owned by a business associate of his, and had an excellent meal. (In fact, once you know your way around, it's almost impossible not to eat like a king in Kenya.)

By the time we got back to the Norfolk, someone on the hotel's staff had placed my name with my books, and nothing would do but that I pose for some photographs for their monthly newsletter. I hope they remember to send me one.



AUTHOR MIKE RESNICK WITH A
BADGON AT OUR BOOKSHOPE. (MR.
RESNICK IS ON THE LEFT.)

February 19: We were picked up by a local safari company at 7:00 in the morning, driven to the Tanzania border, and transferred into the keeping of Ranger Safaris once we cleared customs. Our driver, the one who would be with us for the next five days, was a Chagga named Muro, who had grown up on the slopes of nearby Mount Kilimanjaro. He hadn't read IVORY, but we got to discussing the Kilimanjaro Elephant (whose tusks form the subject matter of the book), and he feels that, based on my information, he probably walked over the spot where the elephant died many times in his youth.

Arusha isn't much of a town, but we needed lunch, so we stopped for a surprisingly elegant buffet at the Mount Meru Hotel, and then continued on to the Ngorongoro Crater, which I had been longing to see since I first read about it at the age of ten, in 1952. Once we were about 30 miles south of Arusha the roads became as bad as any I'd ever seen, and how we managed to average 40 miles an hour on them without blowing all four tires and breaking both axles will forever remain a mystery to me.

The crater was everything I had hoped it would be, though we arrived too late to descend into it that day, and spent the night in the Ngorongoro Crater Lodge. They had a telescope on one of the decks, and I was able to spot about half a dozen elephants and a cheetah for our party. (It's just a matter of knowing their habits and figuring out where to look for them at a particular time of day. Carol, who knows this as well as I do, was unimpressed, but I graciously allowed the rest of them to think of me as Stewart Granger with a receding hairline.)

February 20: If you had but a single day to see a microcosm of African wildlife, if you could only take one game run in your life, you would be well-advised to spend that day and take that game run in the Ngorongoro Crater.

The crater itself is a caldera, or collapsed volcano. In fact, before it collapsed, it was a considerably bigger mountain than Kilimanjaro, which is currently the largest mountain in Africa. The floor of the crater is about 2,500 feet below the rim, some ten miles in diameter, and is mostly a grassy plain dotted with lakes and forests. Every East African animal exists within its confines, with two exceptions: there are no impalas (they don't find the vegetation to their taste) and no giraffes (they couldn't climb down the slopes).

The drive down from the rim takes almost an hour, and can be accomplished only with a four-wheel drive vehicle. Once within the crater, it's almost impossible not to run into enormous herds of game wherever you go. Within ten minutes we had passed hundreds of hartebeest and thousands of zebra and wildebeest, and were parked about fifteen feet away from the patriarch of the crater's elephants, a magnificent creature carrying almost eighty pounds of ivory on each side. (In fact, I saw a dozen elephants carrying better than 50 pounds a side, which is twelve months more than I've seen during almost two months in Kenya.)

The rarest of the big mammals in Africa, and the one in the most immediate danger of extinction, is the black rhino. We saw seven of them within our first two hours in the crater. In fact, one of them even charged our Land Rover, stopping about five feet from my door. (I ducked, but I kept my video camera running, and got the entire episode on tape.)

There were lions galore, and huge herds of buffalo, and birdlife that birdwatchers like Carol only dream about. (More than 450 species of birds have been observed in the

Crater; we must have seen close to 300 before we left.) We came across the body of a freshly-poached elephant who had died the night before -- not even the crater is safe from poachers -- and got tape of about a hundred vultures dining on his enormous carcass. We had lunch by a delightful hippo pool, where Roger didn't protect his lunch very well and lost it to some dive-bombing kites. We saw a wildebeest foal being born. And finally we returned to the rim of the crater for dinner, totally overwhelmed by the most productive game run we had ever taken. Pat and Roger, who had been only to the Nairobi Park, and my father's friends, who had never been on a game run before, did not realize then -- and may not even realize now -- just what a fabulous paradise the Ngorongoro Crater is...but after driving through the world-famous Serengeti Plains the next two days and seeing nothing to equal this, they may now have some inkling that the Crater is Special with a capital "S".

February 21: We left the crater at daybreak and set off for the Serengeti. Most travelers stay in the Seronara Lodge (which is frequently out of food, water and power), because it's nearer the flat grasslands that attract the great herds, but I had always wanted to see Lobo Lodge, which is much farther north but had won a number of architectural awards when it was built in 1973 (and which has never been out of water or power.)

It was an all-day ride, but it was actually an all-day game run as well. We stopped at the Olduvai Gorge for about half an hour, which is really all it's worth. The Leakeys built a tiny museum there, no more than thirty feet on a side, and the gorge itself looks like any other gorge unless you're an anthropologist who knows what he's looking for.

By ten in the morning we had entered Serengeti, perhaps the world's most famous game park, and at 5900 square miles one of the larger ones. The migrating wildebeest and zebra herds were at the south end, and we saw bits and pieces of them as we drove off the main track in search of cheetahs and lions, both of which we found. We hit Seronara at noontime, stopped for lunch, and then we north for a few hours to Lobo, taking detours to spot game all along the way.

The Lobo Lodge is everything it was cracked up to be. It's built amidst huge granite boulders, and the boulders frequently form the walls of the multi-leveled lodge. In fact, there's a swimming pool that has been carved entirely out of a granite rock. The entire lodge overlooks the Serengeti plains, and there's a water hole right below it, so one can observe the animals drinking at dawn and sunset. While Lobo doesn't measure up to some of Kenya's lodges in luxury -- it's a far cry from the Mount Kenya Safari Club or the Samburu Lodge, for example -- it is nonetheless the most beautiful single structure we've stayed at during all our African travels.

The baboons think so too. They spent most of the night running over the roof and trying to get into our rooms through the windows.

February 22: We took a pair of game runs, but due to the unseasonal rain (which meant water was available just about everywhere), the animals were pretty well-dispersed, and we settled for hunting up some of the rarer birds and mammals. At one point we went off the road in a likely-looking direction, and drove for almost an hour without seeing a living thing. Just as I was about to explain the old colonial acronym Mamoba ("Mile after mile of bloody Africa") we ran into a herd of buffalo, and things picked up from there.

February 23: We left Lobo before sunrise, drove south through the Serengeti, and reached the Lake Manyara National Park in time for lunch.

It was rather sad. Lake Manyara, a tiny park by African standards, used to have the highest concentration of elephants in the world. Perry told us that when he hunted there, it wasn't unusual to see 300 in a day.

All that has changed. The elephants are pretty much poached out, the rhinos are totally poached out, and the poachers have now begun concentrating on anything they can eat, which means that except for the ever-present baboons, just about every animal (and there aren't that many of them left) races away hell for leather as soon as a human or a vehicle gets within 150 yards of it. We did get some footage of hippos fighting in a pool, but by and large what we saw was a very lovely, very empty park that the government hasn't had the funds or the manpower to protect.

February 24: We left in the morning, explained to Muro (who obviously had orders to take us there) that we had no intention of shopping in Arusha, and instead stopped for lunch at a brand-new lodge that Ranger Safaris has constructed in the midst of a coffee plantation on a private, spring-fed lake about 15 miles out of Arusha. It's quite lovely, with thatched rondovals for the guests, and not only has the standard restaurant and bar, but a tandouri as well. It had only been open about three weeks, but it was already doing quite a bit of business.

Then it was back to Nairobi. When we arrived at the Norfolk we were too late to get our reserved rooms, so they gave us cottages instead. (In the old days -- and the Norfolk has been around since 1904 -- most of their guests were on hunting safaris, which frequently took from three to six months. The guests would stay in Nairobi while rounding up their help and outfitting themselves; they frequently possessed a dozen or more trunks, and a room simply couldn't accomodate them, so the hotel built a number of elegant two-and-three-room cottages. One of the men at the desk told me that Carol and I had expressly been given the cottage where Robert Ruark lived for five months while he was writing UHURU.)

The Norfolk's Ibis Grill is probably the finest restaurant in Nairobi, but it seemed a shame not to make use of the cottage, so we picked up the Ibis' menu and ordered from it through room service. It was such an enjoyable experience that we have decided that from now on, no matter what the

cost, when we're in Nairobi we not only stay at the Norfolk, but in one of the Norfolk's cottages. (Mine and Ruark's was #5; I gather Hemingway was partial to #7.)

February 25: I forgot to warn our party about the extortion that goes on at Third World airports, and Roger and my father's friends both wound up paying a few dollars to make sure their bags got on the plane to London. We took off on schedule, but a few hours into the trip our pilot announced that we had been fighting a 180-mile-per-hour headwind for quite some time, and that we no longer had enough fuel to reach London, not the most encouraging message one might wish for six hours into the flight. So we set down in Rome to refuel, arrived in London four hours later (good old trustworthy British Airways again), and checked into the Heathrow Holiday Inn with Pat and Roger, while my father and his friends went their own way.

Our room was #207, and when we got there, we found that someone had neglected to give it a closet. So I went down to the desk and asked for a new room. They gave us #212, which was perfectly acceptable until 3:00 AM when suddenly the radio began blaring at full volume. It was the Tyson-Bruno fight, and I told Carol I'd fix it as soon as Tyson put Bruno away, which didn't figure to take more than a couple of minutes.

When the fight had concluded (it took Tyson almost 15 minutes rather than the anticipated 90 seconds, by which time we were both wide awake), I began fiddling with the knobs and dials, but I couldn't turn the damned thing off, so I called down to the desk for help. They sent someone up a moment later. He couldn't turn it off either. Then, about five minutes into his labors, he frowned, placed his ear against the wall, and announced that it wasn't our radio at all, but the one next door. He called the guy in #210 and asked him to tone it down, which worked until eight in the morning, when our thoughtful neighbor began playing acid rock at full volume. You not only could hear it from our room; you could hear it from the elevator half a building away.

February 26: We gave our neighbor until noon to get his fill of 500-decibel rock music, then went to the desk and asked for a new room. They gave us #262, in a different wing of the hotel, and we spend the rest of the afternoon loafing around the hotel and its pool. We went into London to have dinner at the Bombay Brasserie (which is a beautiful restaurant, properly done up in colonial style, but the food isn't as good as that of its main rival, The Last Days of the Raj).

Upon returning, we opened the door to our room and found that it had been ransacked by a thief. We immediately called the hotel's security chief, and began trying to find out what was missing. It was almost unbelievable: with \$5,000 of camera gear and triple that in jewelry to choose from, our thief stole just three things -- a pair of Carol's sunglasses, a pair of broken

binoculars, and a copy of Egan Romney's GUIDE TO LONDON RESTAURANTS. I suspect he's not long for this line of work.

So, at two in the morning, we moved into #301 -- I know it's a lot of room numbers to remember, but bear with me -- our fourth room in 32 hours.

And people think Africa is exciting.

February 27: Everyone else went shopping, while I stopped by Century/Hutchinson Books and let Deborah Beale, my British editor, take me out to lunch. I did enough business with her to more than pay for my next safari, so I celebrated by picking up some rare Africana for my library at Rowland Ward's British branch.

We spent the evening in the theater watching a four-million-pound bomb, a musical based on Fritz Lang's METROPOLIS. I think the entire budget was spent on the magnificent sets; they'd have done better if they'd have spent a couple of hundred dollars on a script and score. We walked out in the middle of the second act; Pat and Roger waited until the audience began roaring with laughter during Brian Blessed's most tragic moment, then joined us.

February 28: When I went to check out, the computer decided that I had simultaneously been occupying #207, #212, #262 and #301 for three days, and tried to bill me for all four rooms. (See? I told you to bear with me on the room numbers.) It took the better part of half an hour to sort things out.

I just love computers.

The plane to the States was only a couple of hours late (British Airways, natch), and we got to experience the Great Frozen North again for an hour in Toronto. We arrived home to confront a six-foot stack of accumulated mail. The very first thing I opened was a letter telling me that "Kirinyaga" had made the Nebula Ballot. It made me almost happy to be back.

Sigh. Only 463 days to Zimbabwe and Botswana.

-- End --



TRAVELS IN EGYPT, KENYA & TANZANIA

with notes by MIKE RESNICK

with MARK R LEEPER

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Egypt

October 12, 1988

(4:30 PM): A journey of a thousand miles begins with the first step. Our first step was an hour ago and it was out the door of AT&T Middletown. It seemed like a good start. It was a sunny day with white clouds and a few grey ones. Just the second we stepped out of the door one of the grey ones started to rain on us. Nifty. Our very first step and something is going wrong. We rushed home because I had a list of last-minute things to do before the trip. I photocopied my AT&T id and wanted

to cut out my picture and put it on each piece of luggage. I mean if it is found by someone in some far-off bazaar in Africa all the finder would be able to tell from my name and address is that it belongs to some American. With a likeness of my pretty puss the finder would be able to tell if this absent-minded American is still around or not. I may have gone a little overboard in putting clues enough on my luggage to help any amateur Sherlock Holmes figure out what luggage goes together, is mine or Evelyn's. Each piece--I am taking a suitcase and a carry-on and Evelyn is doing the same--has our name, address, phone number, and a picture of either Evelyn or me. Further, I have wrapped an

Introduction to Resnick's Annotations

One day in December of 1988 I opened the mailbox and received, out of the blue, Mark and Evelyn Leeper's trip diary of their safari to Egypt, Kenya, and Tanzania.

Since Africa, and African travel, are among my passions -- as readers of both this fanzine and my science fiction well know -- I put aside everything else, sat down, and read their diary straight through to the end.

I should begin by saying that I've never, to my knowledge, met Mark or Evelyn, though I've enjoyed their reviews and columns in Lan's Lantern immensely, and I'm sure we'll hit it off when we finally do meet.

Mark's Introduction to His Response to Mike Resnick's Comments

People in my family are photographers. When they travel they carry photographic equipment with them and spend a lot of time setting up shots. Early on I decided that it takes too much time from sightseeing. And it takes it from the wrong part of the day. Often on a trip there is not much to do at night and entirely too much to do during the day to take

Yet there were things in that diary, enjoyable as it was, that made me want to write them a long, personal letter telling them certain things I thought they had done wrong, or facts that they had misinterpreted. Then it occurred to me that they would probably submit it to Lan, who, beginning with my own African trip diaries, seems to be hell-bent on becoming the Rand McNally of fandom.

I called Lan and asked if this was the indeed the case, and he said that it was. I then suggested that, since the Leepers' experiences had differed from mine in so many ways, it might be interesting for me to write an answer, of sorts. And the more I thought about it, the more it seemed to me that I didn't want to respond to the entire

time with much more than an automatic camera. So instead of taking pictures, I record what I thought about what I saw--as much of it as I can remember by nighttime. Like the pictures I take, the main reason to do this is as a memory-jogger to remember what the trip was like. I had been doing this for several years when a friend was going to a place I had been and I lent her the trip diary so she could get an idea of what there was to see--if she could wade through my handwriting. Very much to my surprise, not only did she read the whole log,

orange wire-wrap around each handle. As the name implies, a wire-wrap is intended to wrap around and label a wire. It is a strip of waterproof (I hope) cloth about 1/4" by 1-1/4". It is painted a bright color. It is small enough so that it does not look bad, but it is still noticeable by a luggage handler who should be able to recognize that the four pieces go together.

October 13, 1988

(3:33 AM): That's 10/12 7:33 PM EST if indeed Cairo is eight hours ahead of us; nobody really seems sure. At least the Travcoa representative does not know. At the airport we have been met by the "Travcoa representative." Now, silly me, I thought that it was awfully nice of Travcoa to send a representative to help out here. Our rep appears to be the victim of a vocational education. He didn't help us with anything. He was here to ask somebody to take with them a package of papers or drugs or something to the Cairo representative. I asked him how many hours off the time in Cairo is. He had no idea. He did tell us the name of the representative we were to meet in Cairo but then five minutes later he came back and said that the rep would not be meeting us. Instead we would be meeting someone from Cairo Transport. I guess that means we will be meeting a bus driver. He is not likely to be much help.

Well, as usual I am getting ahead of myself. Our limo ride to Kennedy was uneventful if you do not consider paying \$101 for a car ride an event. We got to the airport and checked in. As we were wandering around an oriental woman saw our Travcoa bags and asked if we were here for Travcoa. It turned out to be one of the Chong sisters, Pansee and Lillian. I had remembered their names from the list of people on the tour. They are second-generation Canadian. Both are retired hospital administrators.

trip report, which seems to run about 30,000 words, but rather to a number of particular statements in it. I therefore suggested to Lan that I annotate the diary, and he agreed.

This is being done entirely without

but her husband picked it up and read the whole thing also.

Since then it has become sort of an institution with our travels to write a diary and Evelyn makes it available to whoever wants to read it. I am still surprised that it has any audience at all. (And that statement is being frank; it is not false modesty.) Now a major science fiction fanzine wants to publish a travel account that has nothing to do with science fiction. I am flattered but I am still not sure why. And a major science fiction writer is commenting on it in great detail. Mike Resnick has been able to devote hundreds,

When we went to the gate we went through the most sensitive metal detector I had ever seen. I ended up dropping everything metallic on my body into their little basket and that old arch just squealed like a pig whenever I walked through. Turns out that it really is true that raisins are a great source of iron.

When we got to the gate there already were several people with Travcoa bags. We sat down near three who seemed to be traveling as a group, though one was from San Francisco, one from Atlanta, and one from Detroit. The San Francisco man seemed to be taking this tour as part of a much longer trip through the Middle East and I don't remember where all. He must be loaded! He claimed to be an artist but that was not where he made most of his money. He was a little cagey as to his sources of income. I tried to explain to him that in this day and age you cannot really survive without a business partner. He showed only polite interest so I guess I go back to AT&T when the trip is over. Hmmm! Just as well. He is probably doing something illegal. At about 4:15 AM we boarded the plane which was scheduled to take off at 4:40 AM. We were among the last to board since our seats are toward the front. We arrived at our seats in time to see someone with a lot of damned gall and a seat in another part of the plane trying to put his luggage into the hatch above Evelyn's seat. The instant he opened it pieces that were already inside fell out all over the seat. Our friend jammed the stuff back in the hatch and went off looking for other hatches to snatch. So here Evelyn is sitting under the Luggage of Damocles capable of being loosed by any passing person who takes a fancy to the hatch.

Almost immediately upon settling in I fell asleep. This went pretty much according to plan. I discovered by accident that one of the best ways to avoid jet lag on a big trip is just not to go to bed the night before. I can do that one night but I

malace -- hell, they enjoyed themselves, and I'm certainly not going to write a rebuttal to that -- but solely to show the readers why we have had contradictory experiences and possess certain contradictory viewpoints. There are numerous ways to tour

perhaps thousands, of hours studying Africa. The hours I have had to study Africa may number in the dozens--perhaps. I am grateful to get an expert's comments, particularly since much of what one is told on these trips one takes as facts.

Evelyn's Introduction
to Her Response
to Mike Resnick's Comments

One comment that perhaps should preface any of our logs: These logs were written "on-the-

become very tired the next night. I am okay during the day but really tired at night. Well, if night happens to be on a plane, the whole flight goes very quickly. I eat and sleep and that's about it. Then I wake up refreshed when we land. That is pretty much what is happening. Whenever I wake up I write a little more in the log and that puts me back to sleep. And if it does that for me writing it, what must it be doing to you reading it?

Also I save on renting earphones which this trip seem like no bargain. They are up to \$4 to rent and before the main feature they showed a television show complete with--or more accurately, packed with--commercials.

I should at some point get to my other traditional task of the first flight. I go through and number the pages of my trip log. (Get a grip on yourself; don't faint from the excitement.)

10:55 AM: The sun has risen over the Atlantic. (At least I assume we are over the Atlantic. There is a thick cloud cover under us. What I am assuming is that it is the Atlantic as opposed to land. Not the Atlantic as opposed to the Pacific. If it were the Pacific we would all be in trouble. Besides, it is tough to tell one ocean from another by air.)

Well, it is now 11:10 Cairo time and we are landing in Paris.

I have mentioned the Travcoa bags that most of the people on the tour are carrying, a flight bag that was sent to everyone, partially to help identify them. It is a fairly nice four-compartment

flight bag with a strap. The recommend for the safari you take just a flight bag but I hadn't realized they throw that in as part of the deal. Still, some people did not bring it. One woman at the airport opined that it was ugly. I don't think it looks all that bad. Travcoa seems to cover a lot of details. The Chongs say they always travel with Travcoa. I am hoping the extra we pay for Travcoa is worth it.

11:48 AM: Well, I am in Paris again. I haven't been here in eight years, since we stopped here on the way back from Israel. But the City of Light still looks the same. It looks like an airport tarmac. One difference is that this time stepped-up airport security is going to force us to deplane.

12:48 PM: Well, Evelyn now feels she has actually stood in Paris because she deplaned. We didn't go very far, just to a waiting area inside the door. It is kind of a grey, ugly morning here. We got a chance to talk more to the Chongs and to my next business partner whose name, incidentally, is Tom Stama. He is the one who seems independently wealthy. Tom apparently was all over the world with the Navy. He talked about a project he is working on to restore a Catholic church which he calls the number two historical site in California. If the church gets restored it has to use the same sort of brick for the walls and slate for the roof. That runs into money. The walls survived the great earthquake but it caused some damage that is only now showing up. Tom is going to use his help with

the Dark Continent, and this, in addition to my prior trip diaries, will allow the potential traveler to compare and contrast them, and decide the best way to spend his/her hard-earned tourist dollar.

I have a feeling -- I haven't begun annotating yet as I write this -- that 75% or more of my notes will be about Kenya and Tanzania. This does not mean that I differ with the Leepers more on East Africa or less on Egypt, but only that my knowledge of East Africa is far more profound. I suspect someone who has spent as much time studying and traveling in Egypt as I have spent on

East Africa would have exactly the opposite ratio of comments.

At the risk of redundancy, I do want to state once again that this is not meant to be a "put-down" in any way whatsoever. I have nothing but kind feelings for the Leepers for giving me an advance look at their diary, and I hope and trust they will take my comments in the spirit in which they are given: as one who has traveled the same path in a different fashion, and wishes to share and compare experiences and viewpoints.

-- Mike Resnick

spot" and will undoubtedly contain inaccuracies. Many of these errors we discovered later, but we had never intended these for wide-spread publication, and so never bothered to go back and make all the corrections. Some of the factual corrections Mike Resnick makes we knew; many we did not (and are pleased to find out).

Mike estimates the log as being 30,000 words. Actually it checks in as slightly over 44,000!

Re "doing our homework" on tour companies: We did do our homework. Several people (and other sources) recommended Travcoa as an excellent tour company in general, and also as a good safari company. They were wrong. As for the pros and cons of tour groups, we know them. We've traveled solo, on packages (hotel, airfare, and some tours pre-paid, but no group

or guide) and in groups. My personal feeling is that if I'm going to travel in an unstable area (the mid-East, Africa, South America) or in a Communist country (China, the U.S.S.R), I want to be with a tour group, or at any rate with someone who will notice if we fail to turn up for dinner and try to find us. So maybe that makes me a wimp. On the other hand, most people I know wouldn't go to those sorts of places even in a group, so who can say?

Much of what we write in our logs is written for people who haven't done any real traveling (Hi, Mom!) and don't know that if you are in a large group you have to make sacrifices. We know, and have decided the advantages outweigh the disadvantages--for us. For someone like Tom (see the Egypt log), tour groups are a big mistake--as I believed he discovered.

the building as a tax advantage. He also talked about going nightclubbing in Cairo tonight. He looks on this trip as a sort of party, I suppose. He was saying that wherever he goes he is going to take the Chong sisters. It is kind of a funny idea because they certainly do not look like the nightclubbing sort.

Well, eventually we got in line to get back on the plane. There was an irritating sort of an incident. Two Israelis who came along late tried subtly to push in line in front of us. I would not let them in (also subtly) so they pushed in front of the Arab woman behind me. I guess culturally she was trained to be polite and basically not to stand up for herself. I consider myself to be pro-Israel and that is a very easy thing to be as long as I am in the United States and don't have to deal with Israelis much. But when you travel you see how many act as ambassadors of bad will. There also seems to be an attitude I have found among some Israelis that Israeli Jews are somehow superior to American Jews because they are living in Israel. It may be just a few, but they make themselves very evident. It is what I call a self-limiting behavior. Israel needs support and the more people they alienate, well...the more people who will be alienated toward them. Governments can change the attitudes of their people and as long as Israel does nothing to change this attitude it is a serious and ongoing threat to their international support.

The stewardesses are putting together the cocktail cart for first class just a few seats ahead of us. Usually they do that behind a curtain. I wonder if that represents a new attitude to show the coach passengers what they are missing.

It might be interesting to go with Tom to a nightclub in Cairo. I have never seen what the attraction is and I would be curious to find out. Of course I don't drink so can't have the same experience but surely there is more to the experience than interesting drinks.

2:58 PM: Lunch was actually not bad as airline meals go. It was chicken in a light sauce. The dessert was an apricot tart that was actually quite good. I suspect Evelyn has misled me and Cairo is only seven hours different from New York. We are not far enough along to be landing in the next hour.

4:11 PM (perhaps only 3:11 PM; there is a great deal of confusion as to what time it is in Egypt and it is the first thing we want to find out): We came in over the delta a few minutes ago and I just snapped my first picture of the Nile which for so many years acted as the newspaper of Egypt by bringing people together and bringing the first word of change but all the while never revealing its sources.

4:09 PM: Well, we are in the passport control line. In Egypt! All-mother Egypt! The rest of the

flight was enjoyable except for the fact that Evelyn and I were both struck with all the symptoms of hay fever. It's peculiar since neither of us have allergies.

Flying in is an amazing experience. We flew in over the delta which is for the most part green with large rectangular pools. Off in the distance the green ends in a sharp line and the rest is desert. Just over the edge you see pyramids except for a strip centered on the Nile. One side is bright green; the other side looks like modern city.

5:59 PM: We had been told that getting through customs would take about two hours. Instead it took about an hour. I guess we sort of lucked out or they made things more efficient. Most of the time was spent in a line to get our passports stamped. By the time we were through the line one of our bags was already off the carousel and the other one arrived within a minute or two. We had to wait while a few more people get their luggage and then we were out. We went to the bus and got a ride to our hotel. Various places you pass statues that are replicas of a famous statue of Rameses II. We also passed an obelisk.

Other interesting sights include an Indian palace or at least a building in that style. We went through Heliopolis, which is the modern part of the city and supposedly the section where most people want to live. It has modern apartments, but you still see laundry hanging from balconies.

The guide for today, George, told us that drivers in Cairo were the worst in the world. He says they drive kamikaze-style with one foot on the gas and one on the horn. No foot is on the brake. The major difference between Cairo and other modern cities is the number of minarets. They are all



over, including one huge one that towers over the city. It looked like it had a clock on the side, though I find that strange. This has been called the city of a thousand minarets. The city is about 85% Muslim and about 15% Christian. I guess most of the Christians are Copts. It is the Copts who are the real descendents of the ancient Egyptians whose culture built the pyramids. The ancestors of the Muslims came at a later time, though I am not sure when. I assume I will find out.

As in China, the film posters are hand-done from a published model. Apparently it is cheaper to hire artists to repeat the same task over and over than to print up multiple copies of the poster, which gives you a feel for how cheap labor is against the price of technology. Also the technology would put many people out of work. Evelyn was not pleased with some of the changes to the itinerary. First of all we had been told we would be staying in the historic Mena House, a hotel 150 years old. Instead we are staying at the Semiramis which is probably something like ten years old. (1) Our early morning flights are very early morning. For one breakfast is at 3 AM so we can get a 4 AM flight. For another we leave at 1:45 AM.

We got to the hotel and waiting for our keys, which took quite a while, we talked to Tom. He seems to have been all over the world. He hitchhiked through Kampuchea at the time the Khmer Rouge were running things. He was asked to leave Nicaragua during the time Somosa was in power. In 1971 he was asked to leave the Soviet Union for playing with a stuffed bear in his hotel. He was 18 at the time.

We got up to the room and discovered we have a spectacular view of Cairo with a beautiful Byzantine-looking minaret lit up. We look out on a river and a bridge over it. I'll have to get some pic-

tures in the morning. We turned on the television as we wrote. It is funny to see an ad of two Egyptians telling each other--over payphones--how much each like the Gillette disposable razor. Some of the ads for local products have a familiar feel. One showed people in fruit suits dancing but here it wasn't for underwear but for fruit candy. Curiously, one of the "fruits" was a carrot and while we would show a carrot with the greens on top if we would show it at all. They show it point up, greens down. Not that either way is right or wrong, but it is something of a surprise to see it that way.

I take it that the Egyptians are a very patient people. We turned on one channel and they had no less than ten minutes of straight commercials. Then they put on a sort of soap opera. While we would have about fifteen or twenty seconds of opening titles, this soap opera had about five minutes! Seriously. I can't believe people want to see the same five-minute sequence week after week.

10:30 PM: At about 7 PM we went down to dinner. We'd made plans to meet Tom. He was a little while late and service was slow so it took quite a long time to get served. Evelyn and Tom had pigeon; I had a buffet that included Egyptian delicacies on the side but featured things like whole baked fish and beef stroganoff. There were Egyptian pastries for dessert.(2) It was pretty good but I think I am going to aim for more uniquely Egyptian courses. Back at the room Evelyn hit the sack early to the tune of the film Bronco Billy on television. I am writing and when I am finished I will unpack a little and read up on tomorrow's activities. It's 11 PM.

A little background here. The ancient Egyptians had many names for their land, but the best known was Kemet, meaning "The Black Land." The Arabs referred to one of the arts of the black land as "al-

1. All standard package tours to Egypt offer pretty much the same itinerary: three or four days in Cairo, and four or five days on a Nile cruise. This does not make all standard package tours the same. The experienced traveller chooses his packager based on certain criteria: which hotel will be yours, how competent your local guide will be, and which boat will ferry you down the Nile. The Mena House is not the best or more convenient hotel in Cairo, but it is the one they chose, and before signing the contract the Leepers should have insisted on a certain agreed-upon refund if they could not get into it, which theoretically was one of the three reasons they chose to use Travcoa in the first place.

One general comment: probably the Leepers had no control over this, but the best times to visit Egypt are February and March, when the temperature at Luxor and Aswan is much cooler. By the same token, October is a lousy month to visit Tanzania, since more than two million Tanzanian animals have migrated to Kenya from July until November.

2. As you will see, this (and other) meals came back to haunt Mark. Had he done his research -- in this case FIELDING'S AFRICAN SAFARIS -- he would have known that the Ramses Hilton is the only major hotel in Cairo which has not had a single reported case of dysentery or botulism, and would (or should) have chosen a packager which offered accomodations at that particular hotel.

[To be frank I do not worry a whole lot about dysentery when I travel, and I would not rearrange my plans around it. I get it on nearly every foreign trip and try to ignore it like I do the weather. Its cost this entire trip was to spoil my concentration on my second trip to the Cairo Museum and to miss one good meal. I guess I have been fairly successful and lucky that only rarely have I ever minded that I had the problem and I almost never make it change my plans. Overall, I have had an order of magnitude more trouble with weather than with dysentery when I travel. MRL]

chemy," from "kemet." Alchemy is, of course, the root of the word chemistry. The Semitic people who conquered the land in 641 A.D. called the country "Misr" and that name stuck until today in Arabic as the name for the capital city. The capital became a very big city with many districts. Confused medieval Italian merchants confused the name of one of the districts of the city with being the name of the whole city. The district name "Al-Qahirah" was corrupted by the Italians into "Cairo" as a name for the entire city.

In 1176 Salah-ad-Din (called in the West Saladin) wanted to enclose all of Misr (i.e., Cairo) in a fortress wall. It was nearly complete six years later when Salah-ad-Din fought the invading Crusaders and it has remained the seat of government almost ever since. The minaret with the clock I mentioned before is inside the Citadel built by Salah-ad-Din. It was part of the alterations made to the Citadel by Mohammed Ali. He built it as part of the mosque he built between 1830 and 1848. We visit the Citadel and the Mosque tomorrow afternoon.

October 14, 1988

(6:00 AM): Well, I slept pretty normally last night. I went to sleep a little past midnight. I woke up about when I would in the U.S. and felt pretty much as I would there. Unless I come upon some nasty side effect, I think I can conclude that I have pretty much avoided jet lag. Of course I find that for some reason I don't need very much sleep anyway. I usually can get by on five and a half hours. When the occasion calls for it, I can get by on one or two and get up as if I have had a full night's sleep.

I did not sleep more than three hours or so on the plane, perhaps only two, and that seems to have been what was needed. Not having a great need for sleep certainly alleviates jet lag. And what did I do the night I stayed up at home? I watched a movie about Africa. Ever hear of The Naked Prey with Cornel Wilde? That would make me jittery about Africa if nothing else would. Wilde plays an 1850s safari guide who client is a particularly selfish and stupid hunter. Mr. Stupid refuses to pay tribute of a few gifts to local tribesmen. Tribesmen capture whole safari and put all but Wilde to death in the local manner, a variety of interesting ways. They understand enough of what was going on to tell that Wilde had wanted to give them gifts and was overruled so they are going to kill him in a more sporting fashion. They go to the edge of the village and throw a spear as far as they can. Wilde gets to run for it. When he passes the spear they send their best hunter to kill him. When hunter #1 passes the spear, the next hunter can start running and so forth until there are six or seven hunters out trying to kill Wilde. That's about the first third

of the film. The rest of the film is the hunt. Sort of a Most Dangerous Game with many hunters. The film is considered to be one of the great African adventure films. In fact it's one of the forty or so films in Thomas's book Great Adventure Films. It was actually filmed in Southern Rhodesia but the scenery looks much like where we're going.

It turns out that Travcoa subcontracts the tour business here to a local company.(3) That is something of a disappointment because it leads to having less accountability. Package tours come cheaper but have more disappointments. The subcontractor has already been paid and does not feel he has to please you. Few people complain to the tour company anyway after it can do them no good. That was the problem we had in Mexico and to some extent also Peru.

3:54 PM: Well, we have had our first day, though we are back a bit early. We had a sort of mediocre continental breakfast, then went to a lecture by an Egyptologist. Dr. Gohary is from Liverpool. I got to ask a question that had been bothering me, namely, why wasn't Tut-ankh-amen's tomb plundered? Now everyone knows why not, right? It wasn't discovered by grave robbers and most didn't find it worth plundering. Right? Wrong! It was plundered, but it was mostly intact. That is stranger than being plundered at all. Well, the answer is not well known, but it would appear the plunderers must have been caught or stopped before they could complete the task. There were signs of a cover-up, as if someone had cleaned up the tomb. Boxes did not contain what their labels said and worthless objects from the tomb were put in the boxes without the usual careful placement.

The lecture was mostly about Egypt today and the lecturer's own history. Egypt is 96% desert. It is a thin strip of oasis fourteen miles wide in a desert. There is an old and new Cairo; each has a different governor. Old Cairo is under the Giza governor. Between them there are 16,000,000 people. We know more about how much cattle there was in ancient times than how many people. Knowing how much cattle there was, was important to the ancients but it was only when the Romans came in and started taxing the people that someone started wondering how many people there were. The reason so much of the ancient was preserved was that the place is so dry. That helped preserve mummies and stone alike. Things are better preserved in the south because it is drier. The ancients would have good ways of predicting the amount the Nile would flood each year. Too little would mean not enough silt would be left

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3. All packageers, with the sole exception of Abercrombie & Kent, subcontract their tours. Mark should have found out the names of the two or three reputable local tour companies and made sure that Travcoa used them -- which, in fact, they did not.



on the land. Too much and the water would wash the silt back. It was a great discovery that you could irrigate the desert and get one crop from it a year before it dried up. The pyramids and temples were put in the desert just over the edge of the cultivatable land. Further out and you'd have to cross too much desert to get to them. But you did not want to put them over any valuable growing land. Pharaohs were selfish, but they weren't stupid. That area has remained dry and colors of walls remain bright. The flooding is July to October. The nicest month is October, just after the flooding has ended. That's why I'm here now. And it does not flood evenly on both sides. The cliffs go up to the water some places on the east bank. The west bank is what is mostly cultivated and that is what I said yesterday was most green. The east bank has more buildings. Lower (northern) Egypt is cosmopolitan. Upper Egypt is known for people very set in their ways, very conservative. The claim is made that progress comes from Lower Egypt, but when the country is in trouble, it is the Upper Egyptians who sort things out. A stubborn person is called a "block-minded Upper Egyptian." The Christians and Copts especially claimed to be more the descendents of the ancients. The Muslims came in 641 A.D. However, many of the Christians also have Turkish in them, especially Lower Egyptians.

Egypt is losing some of its past. The high water table from the Aswan Dam and water vapor from tourists gets sucked into stone by capillary action. It dissolves salt and the rock crumbles. There are a million new Egyptians every nine months but population control would incense the Muslim fundamentalists. With the population boom the median age is less than fifteen. Girls go to school until age 12, then many concentrate on being marriageable, though they cannot legally marry until 16 and men not until 17. In the cities you have a lot more double-income families than you used to but young couples try to have children right away. They want to prove they can have children. Once a woman has had a child she loses her own name and proudly calls herself "Mother of ..." (her first-born child). This lecture all took place under a variable light which acted up and started flickering, giving the feel of a torchlight lecture.

We boarded the bus to see the Egyptian Museum founded by Auguste Mariette, one of Egypt's great archaeologists. It was he who started digging up the Great Sphinx and found 171 others in Saqqara. As you come into the Museum you see four statues about twelve feet high from the period of Rameses II. Rameses II believed in building and during his 67-year reign did much of the building that remains.

I asked why Egyptian statues usually have hands closed around what look like pegs. Those are seals of office. One often sees motifs combining the lo-

tus of Upper Egypt and the papyrus of Lower Egypt. This shows a symbol of Upper and Lower Egypt combined showing the power of the pharaoh. Similarly they combine the cobra of Lower Egypt with the vulture of Upper Egypt. The same goes for the two crowns. The crown of Lower Egypt looks a little like an elongated Russian "onion-top" roof. The other looks from the side like a modernistic chair. The two crowns combine nicely into one.

We also saw a replica of the Rosetta Stone but we have seen the real one in the British Museum. How an Egyptian stone found in Egypt by French soldiers ended up in the British Museum must have a story behind it.

The deal I made with Evelyn was that she would tell the story of Osiris, Isis, and Horus; I will tell about the various souls. I will say that Osiris seemed to be a bringer of knowledge about culture and agriculture who was popular and then was killed only to return. There are interesting parallels to the Meso-American god Quetzlcoatl. He was a bringer of knowledge whose symbol was the feathered serpent (part vulture, part cobra?) who brought knowledge to the natives and then left with a promise to return. Osiris left and returned in a manner of speaking. Nothing conclusive here but darn interesting.

Anyway, the souls. The Egyptians believed in many souls. In school we learned about the Ka, the Ba, and the Rehu. I think the Ka was the soul in the Christian sense, the Ba was the body, and the Rehu was the appearance, meaning defacing a statue was stealing a soul. They described things differently here. The Ka was born and died with the person; the Ba is born at the death. The Rehu was the name. I am not sure which to believe. In any case the body is the Khat. The Ka is kind of a guardian spirit that remains in the mummy but it has become the Ba. The process of preserving a mummy is complex but most of it is irrelevant, at least as far as preservation of the body. What is important is that they dry and salt the body, cover it with resin, and then leave it in a very dry country. Had old Pharaoh said, "Hang the expense, I am going to put my pyramid with a nice river view," then his mummy would be in dust rather in a museum. In any case the first two steps are each used to preserve fish and the last works very nicely with flies who are found intact in amber. Combine the three and you get a body so unpalatable for any putrefactive process the old carcass is transfixed in time. It would gag a maggot. Assuming a maggot could even get to the body. This isn't really preserving the body; it's preserving the relative positions of some materials from the body.

Okay, so then we went up to the second floor to see what was found in Tut-ankh-amen's Tomb. The first question to answer is why did Tut die so young. Recent discoveries link his death with this

gaping hole from the back of his neck into his head apparently created by a sharp object in the hand of someone who perhaps did not have Tut's best interests in mind. Taking it one step further one might question why someone with a sharp object might not have Tut's best interests in mind. It may have something to do with Tut's direct predecessor Akhenaten. He said, "There are just too many gods out there. There is only one God, the true God! The Sun." When you come right down to it we are all made of stuff from the sun, it keeps us alive, it provides for us. It makes the crops grow. What more does the Sun have to do to be considered a god? Well, in Akhenaten's time that was enough. His son (I think) was Tut-ankh-aten. When old crazy Akhenaten died everyone realized what a dumb idea it was that there would be only one god and started to return things to the status quo. Tut-ankh-aten changed his last name to another god's name, Amon. As in Amon-Ra. It may be that in his degree of following or not following his predecessor's policies he perturbed someone who happened to be standing behind Tut with said sharp instrument. Of course it was kind of a screwy family anyway. Tut married his brother's daughter. He thus became his own uncle by marriage, as well as his own nephew. He had a nice brotherly relationship with his father-in-law. The niece, however, lost the nice relationship she had with her grandmother since women never really get along well with their mothers-in-law.

Seeing the contents of Tut's tomb is an odd experience. I have been familiar with the pictures for years. Actually seeing the pieces for the first time, they are as familiar as old friends yet they seem like imitations of the pictures. The great Anubis statue has cracked lacquer with missing pieces on its back. Some of the workmanship is crude. It just isn't the way it looked in National Geographic. With Tut were buried his childhood toys, the famous statue of Anubis about a meter long, and a set of 365 "answering figures." These deserve some explanation. They figured that for one day a year Tut did not have to be present. A little stone doll could stand in for him. You see why there were 365? It's like the old joke: "This book will do half your work for you." "I'll take two." We saw the canal key, the symbol of power; the djed pillar, a symbol of stability; and the udjat, the all-seeing eye of Horus; and a lot more in the statues. We saw the ceremonial couches in the form of gods like Hathor and Sekmet. There were, apparently, boomerangs. There were magic vases that revealed their patterns only when light shone through them. We saw ancient folding beach furniture. I mean this guy was ready for the next life. There were little boats for Tut to ride in. They were too small for him, but heck, if he's magic enough to return to life in the other world, he's magic enough to make a model boat grow into the real thing. Then there

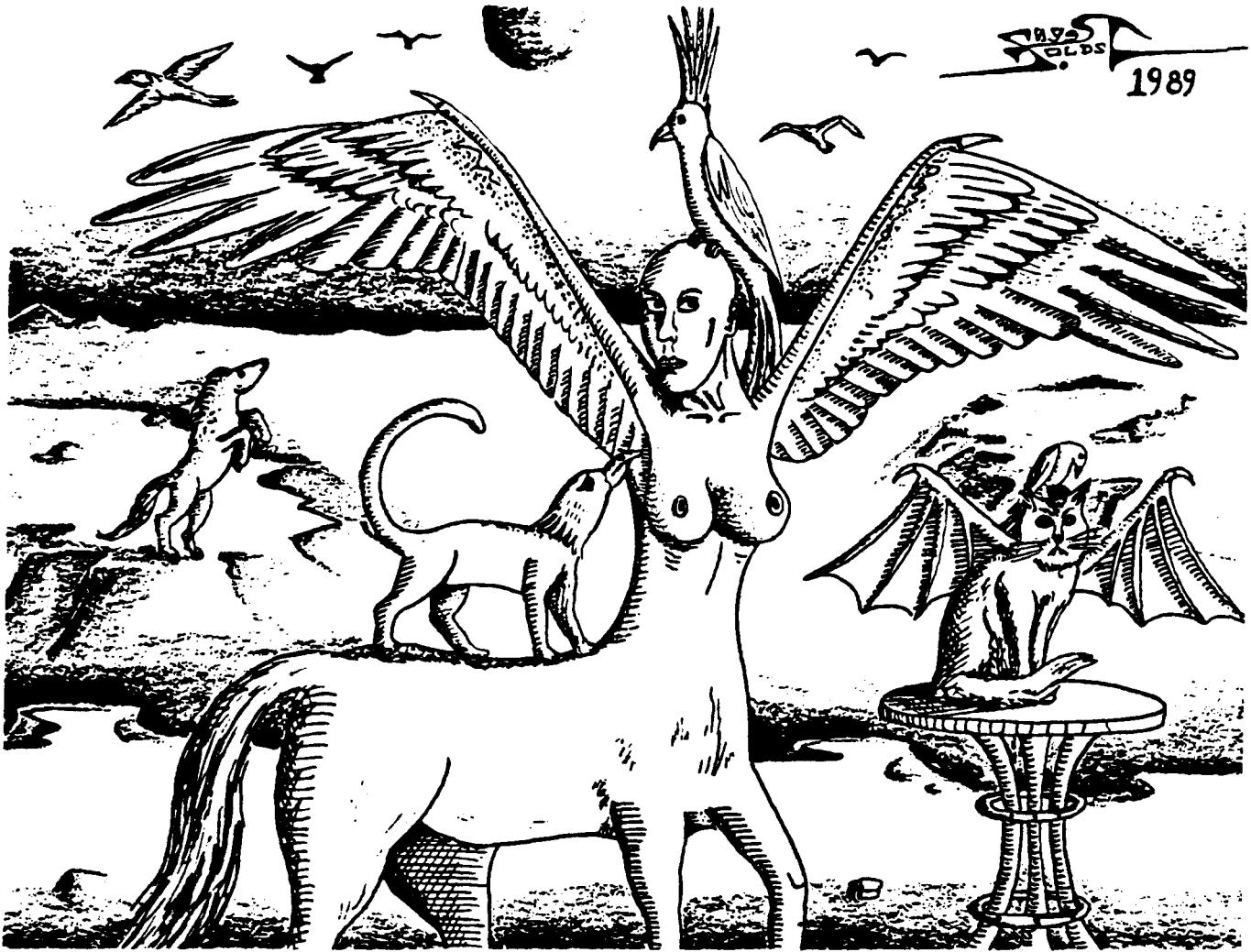
were his war chariots to help him conquer the land beyond death. Never mind the fact that all dead pharaohs got the same chariots. There were prefabricated shelters for the mummy case that had to be brought in piece by piece and assembled in the tomb.

October 15, 1988

(6:30 AM): It is rare I get this far behind in my log so early in the trip but there is not a whole lot of leisure time on this trip. We finished off the Egyptian Museum looking at a few things on the first floor but since nobody knew that on Friday the Museum closed at 11 AM rather than the usual noon we were sort of rushed and saw very little. There was a famous statue of an official and his wife that looked very lifelike. These pieces were found with the original colors preserved. The wife was white from living inside; the husband had a deeper tan. There was a claim made by the Affirmative Action programs at work that Egyptians were black. Sorry, it would have been convenient but it simply isn't so. I think most people didn't really buy the idea at the time and it ended up a dialogue about how much of what we call history is true and how much is subjective malarkey. Also, do we owe some responsibility to keeping history nearly true or can we change it to good purpose? It made for some interesting AA discussions but eventually somebody decided it was a logical wrong turn and AA went on to other questions. Pity. As Evelyn pointed out, if we came to accept that the ancient Egyptians were black, the claim could be made that they had enslaved Jews and the people who became Christians and it sort of evened things up.

From the museum we went to the Khan-al-Kalili Bazaar. We had time only for a quick run through because the guides had to put us on a street corner and go back to see if someone had gotten separated. We waited for about twenty minutes then we were brought back together and went to have a good lunch at a restaurant called the Arabesque. They had good tahina. My main course was veal. Evelyn had lamb. It was better than what I got. Smart woman, that Evelyn.

From there we went to the Citadel. As I said, this is a walled-in portion of the city built by Saladin. It was in this Citadel that Mohammed Ali massacred the Mamelukes. Mamelukes were a trouble-making faction--at least Mohammed Ali thought so. To bring peace to the land he invited all the distinguished Mamelukes to dinner. He had 950 Mamelukes one at a time announced and ushered into the Citadel for dinner. Eventually Mohammed Ali at dinner by himself since for one reason or another each of his guests found the Citadel to be unhealthy for them and none of them survived to eat dinner. In fact even of the uninvited Mamelukes most seemed to



choose that night to be their last (with a little prompting from Mohammed Ali's soldiers). The next day and in all the days to come, trouble with the Mamelukes and indeed most of the Mamelukes themselves were a thing of the past. And Mohammed Ali never again got Mamelukes to come to his dinner parties.

October 16, 1988

(6:31 AM): It is Sunday already. This is a day "at leisure" but I have a lot of catching up to do on my diary.(4) (There, don't you feel guilty.) I

4. When you are on a package tour overseas, the very last thing you want is a day "at leisure", since you're paying the same amount for it -- usually a few hundred dollars, if you go as a couple -- as for a day filled with guided sightseeing. Travcoa, as you will see, seemed to specialize in "leisure days".

[There was one leisure day and one leisure afternoon in Cairo (which I think we used well) and two afternoons in Nairobi that I could have done without, but at least one I think I used well. It really is a trade-off for having some flexibility at the cost of some work and some extra expense. MRL]

am further behind than I usually get this early in a tour. Why? Well, this tour plans evening activities most evenings, even beyond dinner, but also dinner in Egypt can take as long as three hours or can be quick and take only a little over two hours. At-leisure time each night is about an hour. You cannot write on the bus because there is too much to see and Hoda (our local guide) and Jane (the tour guide) talk constantly. With the possible exception of the length of dinner, these are all good things. When you come right down to it a tour that leaves you enough time to write your log is not as good as a tour that keeps you too busy. So let me now catch up on the last day and a quarter. Just as a side note, as it does in every trip, the time has come in this trip when my digestion says, "Ho, boy! You ain't home. I don't know where you are 'cause it's dark in here, but from da stuff you been throwin' down I know you ain't home." And of course, right it is. Well, right now it just wants me to know it noted the difference in passing (as it were). It will cause only minor inconvenience. Mexico was the only place where it really started fighting back and yelling "TAKE ME HOME!" Perhaps that time it learned it did no good to insist.

Well, I have come out on our balcony and am writing listening to the morning sounds of Cairo. Every city has its own morning sounds. Cairo sounds like the Bayshore Freeway with the horns honked more frequently and a whole bunch more insistently. I am writing on a table covered with a thin layer of dust. Even in the city you cannot get away from the desert. "Oh great Pharaoh, here is your dinner of peacocks' tongues and just a little of the dust of the desert. For your low-desert-dust diet." Oh, incidentally, that big minaret that is outside my balcony and across the bridge is something called "Cairo Tower" and it is every bit as sacred and holy a shrine as is the Eiffel Tower or Seattle's Space Needle. Now I understand better why archaeologists ascribe everything they find and do not understand to having a religious purpose. There are logical reasons for all Man's artifacts but the religious ones, but the religious articles only make sense if you fully understand the religion and you never can do that with another religion. A native would know like a shot that Cairo Tower looks too modern to be a minaret, but I did not.

So here I am. I've been writing for nearly an hour and I have not yet gotten my writing any further on Friday. Down to business.

The Mohammed Ali Mosque in the Citadel was built between 1830 and 1857. It has a large courtyard that has the actual mosque at one end and a clock at the other end. The clock was part of a gift exchange with Louis Philippe. He got an authentic obelisk. We all looked like we were walking around with duck feet since you either take off your shoes or rent shoe covers. Most of us did the latter. Out of respect, Evelyn took off her shoes. Also Muslim women cover their heads in the mosque (and usually elsewhere). This is so they will not be a distraction. Out of her deep respect Evelyn pulled a brightly colored scarf over her head. She had made it at Club Med.<sup>(5)</sup> It did not cover up enough of

5. It really should go without saying that one doesn't cover one's head with brightly-colored Club Med scarves when visiting Islamic mosques. (Women are also expected to cover their shoulders, their backs, and their legs above the knee. "When in Rome" is still pretty practical advice.)

[My account contains some exaggeration to kid Evelyn. I think it was clear to all that she was acting out of respect. The fact that Evelyn was making the gesture of respect in covering her head outweighed the color of the scarf, which was not so bright as I described it. When you travel, if you make a little effort to have reverence for the local culture, just about everyone local seems more than happy to ignore an inadvertent faux pas or even better, to point it out gently. Most locals who are likely to take offense at something tourists are likely to do stay away from tourists. I would hazard a guess that 98% of incidents of unfriendliness to tourists takes place in what we'd consider more affluent and better educated countries. MRL]

her head to fit Muslim custom. One or two people stopped praying just to stare at it with their mouths open. But these are a polite people so they did not ask her to do the obvious--take the darn thing off or leave. They let her stay because she was such a cute Ugly American.

The mosque where Evelyn committed her faux pas is 41 meters square. It has a dome at the top with lovely stained glass windows at the top with bright colors. Hoda told us about the five tenets of the Muslim religion: prayer; creed; pilgrimage to Mecca, Medina, or Jerusalem; fasting (at Ramadan for thirty days with no food or drink from sun-up to sun-down); and alms. Except for materials, the mosque is entirely foreign in design and construction. The opinion in Egypt is that anything foreign is better. Our Egyptologist that morning said she had gone back to England to study, not because she could get a better education there but because a domestic Ph.D. is not considered as good as a foreign one. The Tomb of Mohammed Ali is in the mosque in a side room.

After that it was back to the hotel to clean up for the "cocktail party" where we were told some of the rules for the trip and got acquainted. Dinner was at the hotel's French restaurant. I had quail soup with truffles, veal medallions in a cream sauce, and Egyptian pastries for dessert. The flavors were good but distinctly sub-exquisite. The main course of veal, potatoes, and vegetables weighed less than a McDonald's quarter-pounder and had decidedly less flavor. This was our longest dinner to date with absolutely terrible service. The waiters made every effort possible to be rude. I had folded a tiny piece of origami that had an Egyptian motif. One waiter in clearing the table snatched it from the table and crumpled it. I never met a cuisine I didn't like, but if I were choosing a nationality for a restaurant to go to any other nationality would be preferable.

That brings me to Saturday morning. We had the breakfast buffet at the Felluca. It has eggs, waffles, breakfast cereals of several sorts. They all looked very good. If that was all there was. I had felafel, foute, cheeses, fresh figs, I am still not sure what kind of juice. I figured it was best to leave the gringo food for the gringos. You get your best breakfasts if you eat what the locals eat.

Oh, during the previous night's description of what you should and shouldn't do, Jane was saying in our hotel it is safest to drink the bottled water but probably not necessary. She says in the hotel she drinks the tap water. Behind her an Egyptian waiter said very earnestly, "I drink the water too."

Anyway, speaking of water, one of the others in our group, Phil Pascal, wanted to be sure I noted in my log that his bathroom flooded when a flange of some sort came out of the wall behind his toilet.

et. The bathroom flooded to three inches before the flow could be stopped.

Our destination this morning was Memphis, the city founded by Mena (or Menes) in 3100 B.C. That was the start of the first dynastic period. The ride out by bus is interesting in itself. You see people in all kinds of dress, everything from European business suits to turbans and robes. The traffic is constantly honking. We saw one guy driving to work and reading his paper at the same time. Kids wave at the tour bus. The Egyptian people are genuinely happy to get tourists. You see horses and water buffalo and donkeys in the street. Getting to Memphis you see what one tourist said was what you think of as the real Egypt, a little village with palm trees.

Anyway, Mena dedicated his city to Ptah and the Apis Bull was kept there also. In Memphis we saw a colossal statue to Rameses II. It was lying on its back as it had fallen. It is eighty tons and fifty feet tall. It lies there on its back with its left leg forward. At the same site we saw a sphinx maybe fifteen feet long. Rameses liked to see himself immortalized in stone and he put his name all over things, a strategy still popular with some at AT&T. From there we went to Saqqara, named for Sakkar, on of the gods of the dead. There we saw the Step it is of a different style than most. It is really a set of six mastabas built one on top of the other with a uniformly decreasing size. Each tapers toward the top but the next one is set in a few feet so you have a sort of walkway at the base of each. This certainly was the inspiration for the more familiar pyramids. As you approach the pyramid you leave the green Nile and in the space of a few feet you are in the desert.

You come to some walls maybe thirty feet high and you are to the Temple of Zoser, whose name meant "The Glorious." You enter under what was intended to look like palm logs of a ceiling but they are hewn from stone. There are dummy stone doors all around the temple complex to fool spirits (who are apparently not very bright). There are stone columns all around on the colonnade and as you follow them you come to a court with the step pyramid at the far end. This pyramid was constructed by Im-ho-tep, whose name was immortalized not just in stone but was the person for whom Boris Karloff's sacrilegious priest was named in the 1933 The Mummy. (His denied lover Ankh-senamen was named after Mrs. Tut-an-akh-amen. Of all the films about mummies, only the original is at all consistent with Egyptology. In fact, I seem to remember there was some famous Egyptologist who was a real fan of the original. Certainly it was the only mummy movie in which it is not obvious that the mummy is wrapped all wrong!) The Pyramid of Zoser is impressive but we would see more impressive sights.

Two comments about animals in this area: I saw

an insect that looked unfamiliar and looking closer was surprised to find it was an ant. It wasn't big--about 1/4 inch--but its legs were about twice the length of those of a similar ant in the U.S. Probably an adaptation for walking on sand. There are lots of dogs, mostly of the same breed or no breed at all because they all look a lot alike. They greet the tour buses as they come and then lie in the shade of the buses. There were several in the courtyard of Zoser's Pyramid and at one point, as if by a signal, they all got up and started barking and walking to converge at a single point at which there was nothing we could see. I said it was probably Zoser still walking around. Or that it probably was a custom meaningful in their culture but not ours.

We then went to another tomb in the area; this one had a temple attached. It was the Tomb of Mereruka, the vizier and overseer of the town. He also had the title Inspector of Prophets in the Pyramid of Teti. The walls were decorated with pictures like faithful citizens paying their taxes and less faithful evaders being beaten and wishing they had paid. There was a picture--or a series--that our guide interpreted as being a scene of an animal hospital where a sick hyena is being operated on to cure him before turning him loose. The Penguin Guide to Ancient Egypt--and incidentally the BBC television history of technology, Connections--has a different interpretation. The subject was domestication. The hyena was being force-fed in the hopes he would come to like a steady meal and would stick around. Of course, the success of domesticating hyena can be measured by the popularity of house-hyena as pets today. If one is to believe the wall depictions, Mrs. Mereruka came up to her husband's knee and spent the day smelling lotus. Perhaps her size is the basis for the expression "me and the little woman." After that we got taken to a bazaar that offered us soft drinks and perhaps kickbacks to the guides. Evelyn bought a silver cartouche. Most people have their own names put on in hieroglyphics. Evelyn instead put my name on, presumably to placate the gods.

Lunch at the Mena House was a nice buffet with a lot of very nice Egyptian pastries. That is right on the edge of the pyramid complex at Giza. Just outside the hotel we rented camels for a camel ride to the pyramids.

It is quite an experience. A camel bounces a very great deal. I am told after the fact that you bounce with it, but I was not very good at it at the time. The camel driver claimed the camel's name was Silver and kept chanting something in praise of the camel which on the fourth or fifth hearing I realized was "Hi-o Silver!" The ride cost \$1 which we were given in advance and the driver insisted on a tip for the camel. I told him firmly "No." He wheedled, asking for a pen.(6) I gave him my pen

and presumably then Silver was happy. It is indeed a remarkable country that has camels like Silver who can write!

Actually a favorite form of baksheesh is pens. (Well, money is preferred but second only to money is pens.) Some guide books suggested the bringing of many cheap pens to hand out to kids. Why pens? Well, in another source I had heard that in Islam pens have a special significance. They are the instruments by which the word of Allah is transmitted. I have to ask if that is why.

Giza is perhaps the most famous site in Egypt. Even at first glance it contains three pyramids and the Great Sphinx. Actually many tombs have been discovered there and there is much to see. It is a veritable Disneyland of the Dead with the Pyramids and Sphinx being the E-ticket attractions, but there are several C- and D-tickets around. The Pyramids are of Khufu (Cheops), Khefre, and Menkaure. Cheops is the largest and considered the largest in the world by people who conveniently forget about Central America. The tallest peak is that of the Pyramid of Khefre, though being built higher on the hill it took less to beat out Cheops. Menkaure is a "me too." (Actually I should look up the order in which they were built.) So what is it like to go into a pyramid? We would have gone into Cheops but it was apparently closed for remodeling. Well, first the serious part. You are climbing down a rectangular hole so small you have to walk entirely bent over. You have to walk down a steep grade on one side and up one on the other. When people come in the opposite direction, travel in one of the directions must stop. There is no emergency exit. You are under incredible megatons of rock. Now the fun part. All of the above plus a little bit of nervous joking. You walk about four hundred feet and you get to a larger room, small by most standards for a living room, to see a rectangular hole in rock. The inscription says in Italian, "Discovered by Belzoni in 1818."

Who was this Belzoni? One of the more colorful characters in Egyptology. To start out with, his interest in Egyptology was about at the same level that a plate of linguini has. At the time he got interested in Egypt--well sort of--he was in England. His occupation was music hall strongman.

6. This is called baksheesh, and if you're unprepared for it, you're going to have a very difficult time getting around in Egypt or any other Islamic nation.

7. Literally any Egyptian guidebook would have told Mark just how low and uncomfortable the insides of the pyramids are.

[Actually, I knew years before I ever went to Egypt. Not everything I describe is something that was unexpected. MRL]

What's more, it was a time when the position of Italian music hall strongman did not come with a lot of status and worse, not much money. So he got into the waterwheel business. And who needs waterwheels? Egyptians. So Grevoni Belzoni came to Egypt in time to fail at selling waterwheels. Now what? Well, thar's gold in them thar hills. Particularly the pointy ones. So Belzoni went after gold. He would let nothing stand in his way. At times he is known to have used battering rams to get at antiquities. He was little more than a grave-robbber but he did record what he found, often sending back to displays in England. He may have given Egyptology a bad name, but lots of people got interested in it and better Egyptologists would follow. As the signs said, it was he who first got to the burial chamber of Khefre's tomb--well, sort of. The body and all the gold had long since been looted but he was the first modern European to get there and he was the first to advertise the fact that he got there.

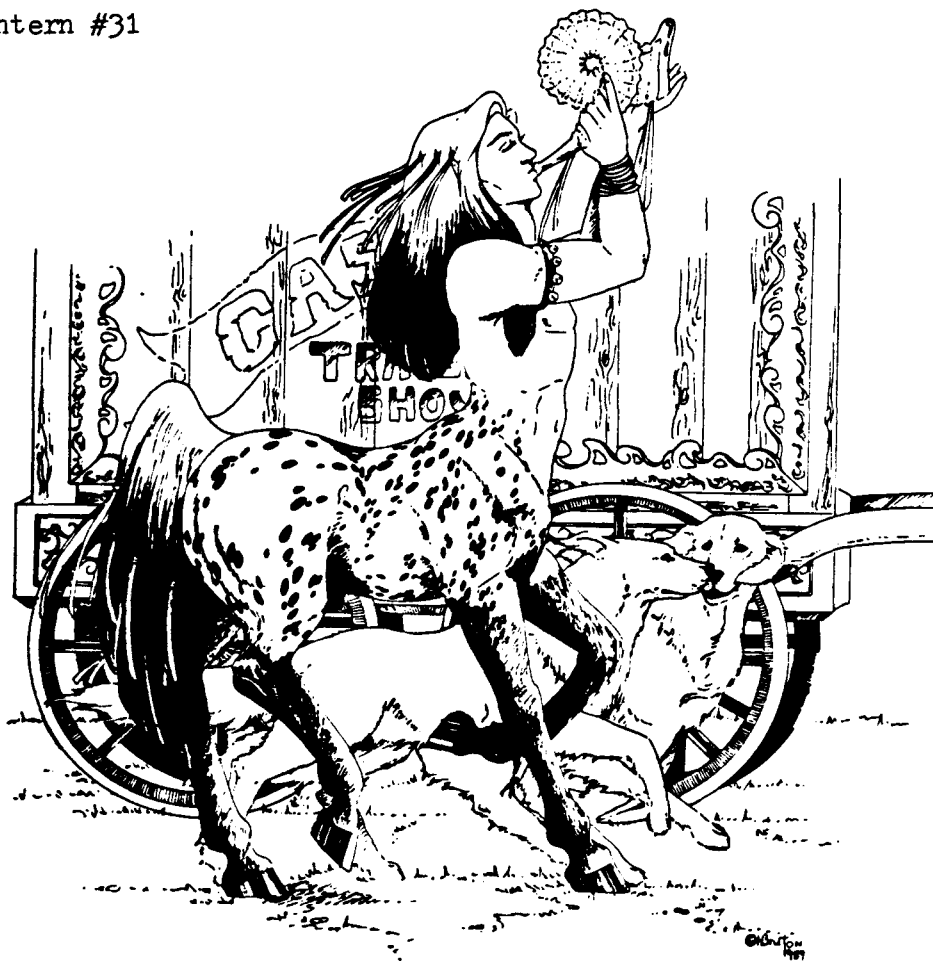
When I went to China I loved climbing all kinds of weird places. Then before the Mexico trip I ended up having to cling to the side of a hill in Massachusetts. It was literally crumbling under me and I got scared. I discovered in Mexico that I had developed claustrophobia and acrophobia. Climbing the inside of the great pyramid at Chichen Itza I found myself terrified. I was secretly wondering how I would do this time. This time I went in right in front of Tom Stama. We cracked jokes the whole way, two ugly Americans. The high point was when we both danced Egyptian a la Steve Martin. It was a lot of fun. Now I think I am ready for my next tight dangerous place. Never underestimate the therapeutic value of being a jerk.

Coming out I think Tom was telling people waiting to go in, "You're going to love it!" sarcastically and I was telling people how great it was.(7) Jeez, I've been inside the Pyramid of Khefre! I can look at pictures of megatons of rock and say I was there.

Walking back to the bus, of course, we were accosted by sellers. They are an ever-present part of life as a tourist in Egypt. You get a lot of friends when you get to Egypt: museum guards who want to give you a better view or let you see closed rooms, people wanting to sell you papyrus made from banana skin, taxi drivers who want to take you all over the city cheap.

Then there are the other Egyptians. They smile and wave at tour buses. They pass you on the street and grin at you and walk on. You see kids in the small villages who love to see tour buses going past. You see soldiers with machine guns salute you to be friendly.

And what is my response to all this? I feel even more strongly that China was a great place to visit before they commercialized it. I hope it does not become totally what Egypt is, but I have a great



respect for the common people of both countries. The whole world does not have to be like New York, where people take no pleasure in each other.

Well, our next stop was related to a recent discovery. In 1954 five pits were found around the Pyramid of Cheops. Two were covered over with monoliths of stone. They picked up the stone from one and found...a kit to build a boat. A do-it-yourself boat kit that put together would make a boat of Cheops' time. Just the thing for the afterlife. But too big to fit in a pyramid. So they left it in pieces outside. It didn't even come with assembly instructions. Hey, a god shouldn't need instructions; he uses magic. So why doesn't he just use magic to travel over water? If you have enough faith you don't question these things.

So they got someone to reassemble the boat. They used a camera to verify the other pit contained a congruent boat. Cheops will have to get along with just one. So now what? People can see it in three minutes. It lacks pizzazz. Americans to the rescue. They designed a building. You walk a path to see the boat. You are right under it and you see only the bottom, but you read about finding and assembling it. The museum is built over the pit where it was found so you can look right into it. You climb some stairs and there is another walkway where you see the boat from a higher angle but still under the hull. The next walkway is above the deck so you can look down. Finally you are on a walkway level

with the boat. Then you exit. Your view has lovingly caressed just about every square inch. Like at the mosque, you have to rent shoe covers here. Otherwise the sand of the desert would destroy the floors.

Next stop was the courtyard near the Sphinx. You are not allowed to get very near the Sphinx since it really is starting to crumble. Moisture in the ground and air are dissolving the salts that hold it together. Even as the Egyptians look on, the Sphinx is returning to desert sand.

Well, from there they took us to a papyrus shop. Papyrus is a favorite souvenir. To create papyrus you take the pulp from inside the triangular stem and soak it for six days. Then you lay the strips in two layers, one horizontal, one vertical. Then you put it in a press for six more days. Then they paint on pictures. We got a couple of pieces with Anubis as a motif.

From there we went back to the hotel to clean up for dinner. They were just getting to make up the room. Ugly American Evelyn made a fuss over this to Jane and anyone who would listen. There are certainly the roots of a bitter old woman in her.

Well, then we boarded a bus to head out for the Sound and Light Show at Giza. Before the show we went with Tom while he did some shopping at a little store called The California Bazaar. Then in for the Giza Sound and Light Show. What is a sound and light show? Well, they light up various combina-

tions of the Sphinx, the nearby temples, and the Pyramids. What the format is, is the Sphinx giving you a sort of Cliff's Notes on Egyptology, telling the story of building the Pyramids, Akhenaten and monotheism, and the decipherment of the Rosetta Stone, all in rather overblown terms. We are told that the building of the Great Pyramid was mankind's greatest achievement. The claim was made that the Pyramid was made by men of vision and that it is absurd to think that it could have been built by slave labor. Actually it seems almost impossible that it would have been built by any way but slave labor. Further, I am not sure why it would be considered the greatest achievement of man when you realize that much bigger pyramids were built in Meso-American. Actually the most recent theories are that the pyramids were much easier to build than previously thought. It had been claimed that they shaped stone slabs to fit perfectly together, then hauled them up and place them on the pyramid. Now it has been suggested that the stones were actually poured like concrete into forms right where they were to go. This is a much easier method than brute force. It requires much less manpower. In any case, the Sound and Light Show mostly worked by very good stereo effects. But that may be part of the problem the government is facing. They should explore if the sonic impact of the loudspeakers might not be helping the Sphinx to crumble.

Following the Sound and Light Show we returned to the Mena House for dinner and "entertainment." The latter was supposed to be belly-dancing but we all agreed the quality was not high. One of the pieces consisted of four boys coming out and dancing mock fights with sticks. Then three girls danced out and the boys started wooing them. I commented to Tom and Evelyn that now we know what it takes to bring peace to the Middle East. One of the dancers took great pleasure in snapping his stick over the heads of the audience. Evelyn was in the front row and winced the first time. I later told her that she should have taken her dinner knife and held it by the point as if ready to throw it at him. We all agreed that as bad as the food was, it was better than the dancing.

October 16, 1988:

(I've decided to date this based on the events rather than my writing about them.) Evelyn slept late and I wrote in my log till about 11 AM. I also felt a case of Mamelukes' Revenge coming on and decided to ignore it. We went down to lunch and had mostly authentic dishes. Tom came in. He had gone out early and had found a Coptic church he was looking for. He was all excited about the histrionics of the priest.

After lunch we headed out for the Egyptian Museum, all the while fighting off over-anxious taxi

drivers, salesmen, etc.

We got to the Museum and started through it when the Mamelukes' Revenge really hit me. This had little to do with a need for plumbing. I apparently can go longer without plumbing in this condition than some of our friends can go well. What hits me is an energy drain. I just sort of feel weak. I let Evelyn guide me through the Museum, using the museum guide in the excellent Penguin Guide to Ancient Egypt. I saw a lot but retained little. What I do remember is the female-bodied statues of Akhenaten about eight feet tall. Nobody is sure why he portrayed himself that way in those statues.

Well, as I was saying I was not at my best, so I will let Evelyn cover the contents of the Museum. About 4:30 PM we had seen all the most interesting items and Evelyn suggested that we walk through the streets. So far I had not let my sickness stop us from going anywhere but I really felt too lousy to do very much. I asked if we could go back to the hotel before shopping.

A few comments on getting back. The streets of Cairo are worth your life to cross. Worse than the streets of New York. Generally the technique from crossing streets in any dangerous megalopolis (where laws are ignored and red lights have no meaning) is taken from Greek myth. When Jason wanted to get between the Symplegades, he had his crew capture a bird. Birds, it seemed, could thread their way between clashing rocks without being killed. So Jason released the bird and had his ship follow it. In traffic you just follow a native. When he crosses you do too.

This is as good a point as any to mention the odd billboards you see in the street. They are ads for Fanta soda that show Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. They do not seem to carry the Walt Disney copyright. My suspicion is that they just ignore copyright which cannot be enforced in Egypt. The peculiar thing is that it appears to be an American corporation that is putting the screws to another one. So we get back to the hotel. I used the plumbing. (The toilet has a very uncomfortable seat, incidentally. Bad design.) I was ready to go out again, but Evelyn wisely refused to go. I spent the next few hours napping off and on and feeling sick. Evelyn ordered food from room service. She ordered me a fruit plate, some lentil soup, and two glasses of orange juice. She ordered for herself a big plate of greasy lamb chops. I took one look at it, buried my head, and went to sleep. I did use the orange juice as part of a formula for such disorders. You mix in a glass fruit juice, salt, and honey, and in another glass water and baking soda. You drink alternately from the two glasses. It restores fluids, salts, potassium, and other good things for you to flush away. I had no baking soda but I used Pepto-Bismol tablets which I would bite a bit off of, crunch up, and wash down with the



water. I also took Cotrim, a drug prescribed for this condition. My temperature was about 100.2. By late evening I was feeling better. We watched a little television but turned it off when they started showing a car rally in the shadow of the Giza pyramids.

October 17, 1988

The plan today was to wake up at 2:30 AM to catch a 5 AM plane to Aswan. This plan was about as popular as camel breath. I was still pretty shaky from "the condition" but I had a little orange juice for 3 AM breakfast. They did a careful check of all our stuff at the Cairo airport and we boarded a plane, the first of three flights in one day. We flew an Egypt Air 767 and I slept most of the way. About 6:30 AM we landed in Aswan. There was something of a wait while we got our luggage and I was still somewhat groggy. At 7 we got on a bus that took us to our hotel. We had had a second breakfast on the plane, a cheese sandwich and some wafer cookies. Our third breakfast was when we got to the hotel. I had juice, oatmeal, and a sweet roll. Then came a long wait to get our room and we were among the last two to get a room. They had asked us if we were willing to take a single with a double bed and we said yes.(8) We sort of thought this concession would get us a room sooner but, in fact, it had the opposite effect. We sat waiting for rooms and I dozed off and on. We also ordered our lunch so the kitchen would know what to make. I asked for an appetizer of stuffed grape leaves (dolmades) and a grilled cheese sandwich. Finally we got our rooms and it must have been about 11:30 AM when we went to lunch. Then we got ready to go to Abu Simbel.

I should say our hotel, the Aswan Oberoi, is on an island and you take a covered launch to get to Aswan proper. It is picturesque because of the felucca boats plying their way up and down the Nile. Next stop was the airport. We went through another check at the airport and one of the guards shook me down for another Shop-Rite fifteen-cent pen. Then started the wait. The plane to Abu Simbel was going to be late. All in all the only progress

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8. A reputable tour guide would have intervened at this point. If not, the Leepers should never have agreed; there's always someone hotter and more uncomfortable who will agree to anything to get out of line.

[It was the tour guide who asked us if we would take the lesser room. And we took it thinking to get a room earlier. In fact, it was the last room ready! Win a few, lose a few.... In general, Mark and I tend to be pretty laid back about difficulties when traveling--at least in comparison to many of the other people in our group! ECL]

we made was going from one waiting room to another. Aswan seems to have many more flies than does Cairo. Because we were waiting so long, they gave us a free drink of soda. Big deal. Then we took the plane to Abu Simbel. There were two tour buses at the other end to take. We started toward them and an Italian group of about fifty said no, the first bus would be taken up by them alone. Both buses were from the same tour company, they were just a sort of shuttle. They just decided their group should get the first bus.

So we got to Abu Simbel. You get off the shuttle bus and pass the obligatory bunch of salesmen of cheap items, walk along a sand dirt path, and then you see them. There are two colossal cliff face sculptures. The first shows four gods seated. Standing they would have been at least seventy-five feet high, perhaps ninety feet. Now any public figure has a public face and a private face. Some people just have to keep up a front for others. Abu Simbel is where Rameses revealed to the world his true vision of himself rather than all the hype he put at other sites. In moments that can only be described as "tender" we see him doing the simple things he enjoyed doing, things like crushing his enemies, communing with the "other" gods, that sort of thing. It is only with these insights that modern man can realize what an insufferable egotist Rameses II must have really been.

Well, that really covers what is inside the temple. As you move into it things get smaller, focusing on the Holy of Holies where a model boat was placed on the altar of the gods. I don't think we really understand the ceremony, but we have pictures of it. As we went into the temple, things also got darker, but this apparently was due to a power failure. All the lights went out and the lecture continued by flashlight. As Tom would say in his best Egyptian accent, it was very ro-mahn-tik.

Over on the next cliff there is another temple with four standing colossi. This temple is dedicated to the goddess Hathor. It is dedicated to Rameses II's wife Nefertari. There are statues of her with cow's ears. Our guide told us a different interpretation of the ankh. Usually it is seen as the head and arms of man, but it also can be seen as a map of the Nile with the delta at the top. There is a similar Holy of Holies in the back of Hathor's temple.

The temples are above Lake Nasser. Lake Nasser is the world's largest man-made lake. It is a by-product of the Aswan High Dam. It is made up of the water behind the Dam. Of course, pretty much everyone knows about how Aswan was salvaged by cutting it into blocks and moving it up to higher ground. The project was financed one-third by the Egyptian government, one-third by the United States government, and one-third by other governments. Hey, the

United States spotting so much of the bill almost makes up for the foreign devils backing Israel.

The flight back was a hassle. Three Italians pushed ahead of us in line. I tried for several minutes in the crowd to keep the third from pushing ahead but to no avail.

Well, finally we got on our third plane of the day and headed back to Aswan. We had 8:30 PM reservations at the nightclub at the hotel. We went with Tom. I shared a rack of lamb with Evelyn and was pleased to see that the lamb did not bother me like the previous night. Half a rack of lamb turned out to be three little lamb chops but they were tasty. From 9 to 10 the warm-up band played. They played what they thought Americans would like: "Tequila," "El Condor Pasa," that sort of thing. Blech. Tom and the two of us gossiped about whom we liked on the trip and whom we didn't. One person we joked about is from Oklahoma City. On the bus earlier in the day we had been talking on the bus about plays. Frank had liked Breaking the Code, at least the first half. I think he had also seen Phantom of the Opera. I guess he used to live in New York but now lived in San Francisco. The moribund gentleman from Oklahoma City whom I shall just call Mr. Jones said he had seen good plays only in Oklahoma City. He didn't think they had good plays in New York. The pained and incredulous look on Frank's face alone was worth the trip to Egypt. I asked Mr. Jones what sort of play he liked. He said, "Romantic stuff." He really liked Don Ameche in Oklahoma.

Tom doesn't take too many tours like this. He really thought we had a bad tour group. Actually I would say that we have an above-average tour group for this leg. At this point nobody really seemed to bother us. Well, as of this writing there is one person I want to try to avoid, but I will get to that later. Tom, perhaps rightly so, thinks that our tour leader does not know very much about the cultures she is taking people to.

Anyway, at 10 PM the actual floor show started. The first group was very good. It was North African music and dancing. The music sounded like it could go with an H. Rider Haggard movie. There was a heavy African beat. They played for about half an hour with various dancers coming in and leaving by the door near our table. Then there was a belly dancer and accompanying band for about forty-five minutes. Tom liked one of the drummers.

When that was over the first band started again so we left.

October 18, 1988

I woke about 6:30 AM and should have worked on my log. However, I remembered that we were expected to do a sort of skit at some point. I took some jokes from the night before and turned them into a sort of script. I was not entirely pleased with

it, but it really was just a first draft.

Then we went down to breakfast. It was okay. I really felt a lot more like eating than I did the previous day. Then we went back to the room and I sat out on the balcony and wrote my log.

This morning we were to transfer to our boat, the Oberoi Shehryar.<sup>(9)</sup> It is basically an over-night ferry sort of boat, similar to the one we took from Finland to Sweden. Our room is an exact duplicate of the one we had on that ship. The ship docks in Aswan, so we had to take a launch to the mainland. From there we boarded the ship. They marched us into the lounge and gave us each a glass of tamarind juice. Most of our group was confounded when faced with a new and different sort of fruit juice. I told people it tasted much like apple juice from tart apples with a very slight potato taste. Some tried it with varying degrees of success. After that we had some time to walk around beautiful downtown Aswan. On the main street we bought some postcards and a necklace that looked nice. A number of Arabs seeing Evelyn in her safari outfit thought it was a very funny sight. I had been telling her the same thing. It was nice to get confirmation from an unbiased source. We cut over a street and found ourselves in a very different sort of street. Instead of tourist shops this had a bazaar-like feel. Vendors sold spices from open plastic tubs. People walked around with goats slung over their shoulders. Stores sold cassettes of Arabic music labeled totally in Arabic. We could only walk on the outermost edges of this world and only for a few minutes. We had to get back to the boat and get our keys for our room. We moved our bags into our stateroom and then went to lunch.

Lunch was buffet. The food is decent, but not great. I think I had felafel, and a little lamb. The feta cheese we get here is a different breed from in the United States. It is much creamier here, sort of like cheesecake. We talked about film with Tom. He liked Who Framed Roger Rabbit?, but he said you really have to see it with THX sound. I told him it wasn't available where we are, only a few places in California...and in Oklahoma City. He laughed so hard he choked on his food. Okay, so you had to have been there.

We were on the boat but the plan was to wait till a day later actually to set sail. Our afternoon started with boarding a bus and heading out for the Aswan High Dam. Right before the dam is a tall monument, sort of an abstract lotus with a crown, that commemorates Egyptian-Soviet friend-

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9. There are six 5-star boats (rated not by me but by the Egyptian government) cruising the Nile from Aswan to Luxor; eleven different tour packagers have access to them, and they cost no more than the lesser-rated boats. The Oberoi Shehryar is not one of them.

ship. From there we drove to the High Dam.

There are really two dams at Aswan. The British built the first dam, now known as the Low Dam. The High Dam was built by the Soviets. It is two miles long and has changed Egypt more than anything else ever has. It changed the climate of the country, it has destroyed monuments, it has increased the crop lands by one-third but it has also meant that they no longer get the rich black silt, so that they need chemical fertilizers. It has increased the humidity, making the heat less comfortable. This year Africa had floods; previous years it was droughts. There are real disasters further up the Nile. Right up the Nile to Lake Nasser. But droughts and floods stop at Lake Nasser. In Egypt the Nile is dependable enough for tourist business. There is tremendous maintenance connected with the dam. Silt collects behind it and has to be cleared.

Next the bus took us to motor launches where we headed out for Philae. The temples at Philae used to be submerged part of the year when the Nile flooded. Visitors would come by rowboat. The High Dam ended that; it would have been submerged the whole year. Instead the temple was moved to higher ground.

Philae was the center of the cult of Isis during the time of Ptolemy. It was thought that the head of Osiris was found on the island of Philae. Philae was a center for the Isis cult. Later when the focus of the cult changed from Isis to Christ the temple underwent minor renovation so that worshippers would be won over. The new religion became a compromise of the two. The birth of Christ--which was only vaguely referred to as being in the spring or summer months when shepherds were in their fields--was moved to correspond to the festival of the birth of Horus at the winter solstice. Similarities between the ankh--symbol of life in all Egyptian religion--and the T-shaped cross the Romans would have used for crucifixion were noted. There would be part of the cross above the cross-piece but it would not be a whole loop; it would just be a single bar. I will say that all this was not what the guide said. There would have been too many people willing to hand him his head. But it does appear that much of where modern Christianity disagrees with the New Testament (e.g., birth of Christ at winter solstice) seems to have been adopted from Isis worship. Speaking of modifying things for convenience, I just realized that we were not on Philae Island as we were told but Agilka Island. The temple was not just raised, it was moved to another island entirely which was reshaped to fit the contours of the first island.

Being dedicated to the more universal deities of Horus and particularly Isis, the figures you see on the walls are mostly recognizable, unlike the temples to Sobek who was a local deity.

If you think architects are well-paid in the

United States, they had a temple to Im-ho-tep. He was the architect of the Step Pyramid of Zoser. They made him a god. There was a temple to him at Philae.

We saw panels of the sky goddess on top of the earth god. The air goddess was sent to separate them and that is why we don't have to duck our heads when we walk.

After Philae we took the launch back to shore. Tom was telling me he had talked to an Egyptian who saw his Dukakis button and said he should not vote for Dukakis. "Why not?" he asked. "Dukakis has a Jewish wife." Tom thought that was such an odd perception that the Egyptian would know it and consider it to be important.

Our final stop of the day was at an ancient granite quarry. The main attraction is an obelisk that cracked while it was being made. You can see how the stone was cut out. The original cut was made slowly by heating with boiling water. After the quarry it was back to the ship.

A number of the tour members have started to get tired of the trip and have started making fun of the things we are seeing. They seem to have no sense of wonder at the things we are seeing. They think of them as just funny wall decorations. I don't look at things the right way either. My viewpoint on Egypt is filtered through having seen old mummy movies. A whole genre of horror story was based around the weird gods of ancient Egypt. The actual religion is not as weird as it appeared in the films. It is about half as weird. That is still very interesting. I have to say nothing ancient about Egypt is disappointing but that so much was vandalized by the early Christians. They really did a number on the antiquities.

I said before that I would decide that there was someone on this tour I wanted to avoid. Oddly enough it was someone who started out as being interesting and someone whom I wanted to get to know a little more. Valere is from London originally but is living in Coconut Grove, Florida. From what hints I could get she has lived a very interesting life and is very well-read and articulate. We sat with her at dinner only to find to our discomfort just how articulate she is. Dinner is not fast in Egypt. You sit there for quite a while. I sat there smiling and nodding as she articulated on and on and on and on. Eventually I discovered she would not run out of things to say during dinner or even during the 1980s. A little experimentation indicated that while the juggernaut could not be stopped, a few words put in her path could deflect it. Ah, but what to do with this strategy? I bided my time until she happened to mention a group she belonged to that saw foreign films. I knew this was the moment of destiny. I had to get her onto the subject of films before she strayed away. If I could not get her to say something of interest about film an-

other interesting topic might not come up for half an hour. I jumped in and asked what kinds of films she liked.

"All sorts," she said and went on talking about problems with teenagers in Coconut Grove. The moment of destiny had come and gone. A lesser man would have sunk into deep despair. Not me! One more attempt! "What films has your group seen this year?" The seed took root. She talked about old movies and new movies and what was good and what was bad and how she met Greta Garbo just after Garbo had been visiting Onassis and then how Garbo lived by herself and how the photobugs for the newspapers had set up a vigil outside her house to find out how she lived and saw each day she got fresh salt brought in and how the paparazzi decided how they had to find out what the salt was for and how one servant was finally bribed and said it was what Garbo used to brush her teeth and how Garbo had only one set of clothes that she washed every day and how wonderful it was to have found such a simple way of life.

I could tell that we were moving from the fringes of film to simple lifestyles. I had seconds to act.

"Uh, what Garbo films have you seen?"

That was how the evening went. I had chicken piccata. It was nearly perfectly made but the chicken itself had an unpleasant flavor. That evening was to be a cocktail party. One free cocktail each. Tom, Evelyn, and I went. I had karkade, a juice somewhat like cranberry made from hibiscus. I had it at breakfast two or three times and found it very nice. Evelyn got the sangria which turned out to be non-alcoholic and tasted good also. I was sorry I had not gotten it. They played loud music and put on a disco light machine. It was all to no avail. Nobody wanted to dance. There must be about two hundred passengers, of which about half are from the United States. The rest are Italian, German, French, and Andorran. None of them seemed to want to dance. I joked about how the light machine with its scanning lights was bought as a missile tracker but this was what was delivered. We talked about all sorts of things. But what got me excited was when Tom said he had fooled around with the Fibonacci sequence. As it happens, that was a hobby of mine. I told Tom some of the things I had discovered.

October 19, 1988

The morning's activity was to ride a felucca around Aswan. A Felucca is a sailboat with a tall thin triangular sail. After breakfast we walked into Aswan and walked a little ways north where we were divided up in groups of eight or so and boarded feluccas. I was sort of chosen to be the boat's counterweight. When it leaned left I shifted to

the right side and vice versa. I did a lot of climbing. We went around to the far side of Elephantine Island. That was the island where our hotel had been the first night in Aswan. We started south of Elephantine Island and went around to the north and then northwest end to Kichener's Island. This is the home of a rather dull botanical garden and of 30,000 necklace salesmen. We were descended upon by less than a third of them. It would appear that Egypt is overwhelmingly made up of either desert or tourist trap and most of the Egyptians are closely packed into the remaining areas which are tiny compared to the rest of the country.

After that we were taken to the west bank of the Nile to see the Aga Khan's mausoleum. It is on the top of a hill. I will not describe the view from the hill onto the Nile with palm trees all around; I took pictures. Waxing enthusiastic here would be redundant. I will just say...it is very nice. The mausoleum itself is made from hand-carved marble of a creamy color. I am not up on modern Islamic figures but I can tell you that Jim and Tammy have nothing on him. You are not allowed to wear shoes or take pictures or talk inside. Spitting and burping are right out. On the side of the hill is the mansion of the Aga Khan's wife. The god business has been good to her too. Getting back in the feluccas, Ann sprained her ankle. We later lent her an Ace bandage.

A felucca took us around the south side of Elephantine Island. There us a temple there to Khnum. He was the god who designed humans in the first place. He has a sort of potter's wheel and designed us on it. Here my naturally round figure is closer to what was intended than is that of thinner people. He did not make us in his image because very few of us have rams' heads. Those who do usually have rams' bodies to go along. This is a temple of the Ptolemaic period when the pharaohs were Greeks rather than Egyptians.

Back at the boat (the big one) it was time for lunch. I had veal and ECL had the Nile perch. We had been warned that if it is out of the Nile it should also remain out of your mouth. I hope Evelyn doesn't end up filled with parasites. That would bother me.(10)

About noon we pulled out of Aswan and headed downstream for Kom Ombo. I sat on deck to see the passing parade and attempted to write my log. Actually I spent more time talking to people than

10. Actually, what you get from the Nile -- and from almost every other body of water in Africa except Lake Malawi -- is bilharzia, a disease caused by tiny flukes found in fresh-water snails; they have a complicated life cycle and use both snails and men as hosts. That's why the ocean's safe for swimming, but the lakes and rivers aren't, and why all drinking water should be boiled or chemically-treated.

anything else. Some time about mid-afternoon we arrived at Kom Ombo.

The temple at Kom Ombo is dedicated to two gods. One is Sobek. He is a crocodile god. One explanation why he was worshiped is that the locals did not want to be eaten, so they worshiped crocodiles to placate them. Another is that when Horus went looking for the last part of Osiris he changed his form to that of a crocodile. In any case, Izod shirts are very big in Kom Ombo. The other god worshiped is Harwar. Harwar is Horus the Elder. It is one of seventy-two forms of Horus that are worshiped separately. It is like saying, "I like Ronald Reagan the actor but not Ronald Reagan the President." This is the older Horus, good husband to Hathor. The roof is gone and many of the figures have been defaced.

While excavating Kom Ombo they found hundreds of mummified crocodiles. Each one was a devoted believer in the religion, I am sure. There is another temple to Im-ho-tep, this one celebrating him as a healer. An odd figure shows up on the walls. It shows an ankh with the usual cross-piece but human arms under it and they are holding a canal key with a head that looks like Anubis and clearly is some animal. There was also near the temple a well where the holy crocodiles were presumably raised.

On the way back to the boat I bought a galabeya (a long gown, almost like a nightshirt, worn by Egyptians). I bought a white one for \$4. I headed back to the boat with my purchase. Looking over my shoulder I saw Evelyn bought two, slightly more fancy, for \$15 and \$10. They were nicer, but not worth the difference. I am the shrewder bargainer of the two of us.

Back on the boat Evelyn went off (well, I claim she has been a little off for years) and I prepared for the galabeya party in the evening and wrote in my log. Before dinner there was an hour of cocktails hosted by Travcoa. I got sangria, asked for non-alcoholic, but they gave me the alcoholic one. Dinner was buffet-style and a real mess. Two of the three daily meals are buffet and they are not handled well at all.(11) There is one small table for all three courses and huge chaotic lines form. For once it is not the Americans who cause trouble. Europeans tend to crowd and then cut into lines. Apparently last night a fight broke out over Italians

11. Most meals on the African tourist circuit are, of necessity, buffet. The reason for this is that you'll have Indians who can't eat beef, Jews who can't eat pork, Americans who can't eat anything but hamburgers, vegetarians, etc., and no menu can cover the various dietary needs of the standard mix of tourists.

12. Ghod save us from tour groups where the entertainment is provided by the tourists putting on skits. At a nickel a night, that's over-charging. [Amen. MRL]

cutting into line. It would be one thing if you could take your own food once you get up to that point. There are crew members giving out the main courses and they give very little out unless you ask for more several more times.

After dinner we got dressed for the party and went to it. The passengers were divided into five groups and each put on a skit.(12) Very lame. When it was over everyone who participated got a prize. I got a grubby stuffed camel uglier than the one I had been turning down all day. After that there was African dancing which was pretty exhausting and then to bed.

October 20, 1988

After a very small breakfast we headed out for the temple at our port of the morning, Edfu. We parked at a dock with a very muddy stone stairway to the street. There in groups of four we boarded horse carriages. Three sat in the carriage and I sat next to the driver. We saw what Edfu looks like in the morning. Ugly. Just what you would expect for the poor Third World country we were in. There would be discussion about it later. The driver said to me, "America good." I had not realized that was true and I assumed that in time it would be explained to me. Oh, for the benefit of those who have not yet been to Egypt, I should explain. "America good" or something like that is an Arabic expression for "I am going to be asking you for money soon." The proper response is "Egypt good." That is Arabic for "Sorry, I am dense and do not understand matters of baksheesh." We drove for about five minutes and ended at the back gate of Edfu's Temple of Horus, one of the best preserved of the temples. Like many of the temples, it was found nearly covered with dirt. Each year the flooding Nile deposited a half-inch of silt on the ground until nearly the whole temple was consumed. There were mud brick houses over the roof. Mostly this temple is devoted to a single story. Isis told Horus how Set had killed his father Osiris. Set had made himself a Nile hippo. Horus was not fooled and hunted down Set and killed him.

The temple dedicated to worshipping Horus is just about the most spectacular so far. We walked into a great open courtyard. At one end you see a statue of the falcon Horus. You can tell he has a real mean on. From the look in his eye you know he is in a singularly unpleasant mood. It is soon going to be The Vengeance of Horus and Set is going to be written out of the story. Just so you do not forget who footed the bill, there are pictures on the wall of the ibis-headed scribe god Thoth and Horus anointing the current pharaoh. "This is Horus whose kill we celebrate; he sure loves our Pharaoh." This courtyard was as far as the rabble were allowed to go. Inside the temple which was reserved for the

clergy are huge columns decorated with lotus and papyrus.

Annually the big event is the reunion of Horus and Hathor. The Temple of Hathor is downstream of Edfu. The statue of Hathor is ferried upstream; the statue of Horus is ferried downstream. They meet in the middle someplace and a whole bunch more small statues are created.

Further into the temple we see the primary sanctuary with an altar and a red granite box for holy objects. There is also a back room with the crypt where the oracle was constructed. I noted in the colonnaded room that the faces of the gods were chiseled out where they appeared above our heads but were not where they were at eye-level. I concluded that the Christians had large objects covering up the lower pictures and felt it unnecessary to obliterate them. The guide said it was really the Nile silt that had filled the temple. We are starting to hit temples of earlier vintage and there was more mud collected by the time the early Christians came and defaced them.

Outside we saw pictures cut into the wall from the drama of the battle of Horus and Set. One of the tourists complained about how much had been defaced. Tom said off-handedly, "Well, they thought they were doing the right thing." I thought to myself, just like the people who ran the Inquisition and the Holocaust. The mark of a set of beliefs like a religion is what it will tell people is the right thing. We had a choice of walking for a while or going back to the carriages. Evelyn and I walked around the far side and discovered the entire front of the temple. It was spectacular and we would have missed it had we not walked around.

We found the carriage that brought us (they wanted us to find the same carriage). The driver greeted us, "America good." "Soon," I said, "soon." We went back to the boat and I got some pictures of the town. "Baksheesh," the driver said. "You're repeating yourself," I thought. We had each been given a pound to pay the driver. "One pound," I said. "More," he said. "One pound each." I held up four fingers. "Estilograph," he said. Okay, I gave him a pen and got a picture of the horse. Well, I mean I took a picture of his horse...I mean with my camera. On the boat I went up on deck and talked and wrote my log. We pulled out and started down the river. It is constantly fascinating to watch the shore and see what is going on.

Lunch was just okay and was the usual mess. Too many people, not enough buffet space. I discovered an Egyptian brand of hot sauce indistinguishable from Louisiana Hot Sauce. There was some discussion of hot sauces and spicy food. Tom is a fan of hot food also. Tom also seems to be getting angrier about our tour manager who is not at all specialized in this part of the world. She does not speak Arabic. That is bad in itself and the sign of worse

things. Everybody agrees that what is wrong with Jane is not her fault but she is leading a tour in the wrong country. She has two serious strikes against her. Along with her not speaking the language, many of the locals we deal with will have no respect for a woman.(13) It just is not how their culture operates. I guess Travcoa should hire based on talent, not sex, but should assign to countries based on where they can and cannot be effective. Assign perhaps a greater proportion of women to more enlightened countries; assign men as guides to sexist countries. Egypt is sexist. It is not really fair to Jane to deploy her here.

After lunch there was a little more time on deck to write and talk to Jean, one of the members of our group. Somehow I got onto mathematics and why I like it. On the subjects I am really serious about I am sure I am a crashing bore. About 2:30 PM we walked through town--we were in Esna--to the local Temple of Khnum. Remember Khnum? He formed humans on his potter's wheel. That's the one. This was also a town that worshiped fish. Now, I hate to pass judgement on other cultures but it is pretty tough for me to find personality traits I admire in fish. Maybe someone can contradict me but I think most fish they would find on the Nile were pretty dense.

Anyway, near the temple they found hundreds of mummified fish. Can you picture a mummified fish. Can you picture worshipping a mummified fish? I mean, you've got to be pretty hard up for something to worship to pick a mummified fish. And I thought the worst thing you could go with a fish was to gefilte it.

Unlike the Temple of Edfu, most of the Temple of Esna was missing. It probably was the same scale as the Temple of Edfu at one point. At the rate of about half an inch a year the floor filled with Nile silt and eventually other buildings got built on top. Any building that was not maintained would eventually be eaten up by the ground. It must give people an odd view of nature to see old things gradually sink into the ground (relatively speaking). On one side of the temple is a nice picture of the war god offering heaping handfuls of decapitated enemy heads to Khnum. Khnum is just super-pleased to be getting a nifty gift like that. (Well, who wouldn't be?) We were told how their temples were built (well, a few sentences about

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 13. It is unconscionable for a tour company to provide a guide who does not speak the local language! This is another reason why you must do your homework before shelling out your hard-earned money on a foreign trip.

Also, women are pretty much second-class citizens the entire length and breadth of the continent, so if you've got a female guide, you'd better make damned sure she knows her stuff. You do this by asking for references. Lots of them.

it). The temple is symmetrical around the center and there were two teams, each doing one side. Each foreman was responsible to report why any absentees were not present. The main hall has eighteen pillars done in a sort of floral motif. The inside with all the pillars looks a lot like the Saint Sophia Mosque (as it looked in From Russia with Love).

We had about ten or fifteen minutes to look around the temple before we had to be back on the boat. Evelyn and I took full advantage. The walk back through town to the boat involved trying to

get rid of a particularly insistent boy who thought I had a nicer pen than the one I was willing to give him. He saw the flashlight in my pocket and insisted he needed a pen like that for school. I found him to be pesty but about par for the course. I think Evelyn has gotten irritated at all the insistent hucksters and kids begging for pens. She just wanted to get back on the boat. Everybody was supposed to be on board at 2:30 PM for us to sail. I planned to sit on deck, write, and watch the shoreline go by. Actually I ended up talking to Phil and Sylvia Pascal about politics. The boat just did not sail. At first, this was because some people rumored not to have gotten on board until about forty-five minutes late. Then we sat there longer. Apparently we had lost our place in line for getting through the lock at the next cataract. Our next opportunity was to be near midnight. I wrote and talked a while. To concentrate more on my writing and to avoid interruption, I went to the cabin to write. Evelyn went to tea in the lounge. She brought me some crackers. Before dinner we saw a slide show of the sights of Upper Egypt. Quite impressive. After dinner was more of writing. I turned on the television and discovered a cultural program. It looked like a PBS or BBC program of Brahms' Third Symphony. After two movements they went to a commercial and never came back. Instead they went to a movie program called Oscar. The film being shown was the second half of a well-known Russian film Siberiade. This is considered to be a great Soviet film. It was dubbed into English with Arabic subtitles. We turned it off at the point where the handsome, callow young private was being congratulated for having saved the life of someone important. His cheerful response was, "I was only doing my duty to the Soviet Union." And they say American films are unrealistic. Along about 10 PM the ship finally started moving. At about 11 we actually were in the lock. We got dressed and went up to the sun deck to watch. There were a bunch of Europeans of various nationalities but we were the only two Americans.

Standing on the lock itself were men dressed in the robes and turbans of the desert and they were turning wheels that looked like ships' wheels that

were draining water from our section and letting it pour into the next section. When we came on deck we were about ten feet higher than the men on the lock. Then the doors of the lock started to swing open. On the side some of the Egyptians on the side of the locks were having a high old time bidding for one of the women passengers. But the show for the evening was over and we had to get up early the next morning.

October 21, 1988

This was supposed to be the grand finale of the Egyptian leg of the trip. The morning was to be a visit to the Necropolis of Thebes; the afternoon was a visit to the Temples of Karnak and Luxor. Breakfast was light and early, about 6:30 AM. 7 AM we were supposed to be leaving by bus. A boatload of passengers piled into the reception area to board the buses. 7:05 passed. 7:10. I went out to sit where I could see the buses coming. At around 7:20 they asked everyone to go back inside and withdrew the gangplank. Our boat started pulling out. No! No! No! No! This was the high point of the trip. They can't have screwed it up! The passengers were asked to go up on the sun deck. Eventually we met a ferry halfway and stopped and transferred to it. Tom, who had been smoldering at the inappropriateness of Jane to run this tour apparently let her have it with both barrels. Evelyn sort of got caught in the middle. She had volunteered to tell the people on the sun deck that they were to come downstairs. Evelyn had tried but could not make headway for all the people coming downstairs. Evelyn assumed everyone knew to come down. Tom's primary complaint was that nobody had told him to come down. Tom was popular with everyone on the tour, but I have a feeling this was the low point of his popularity.

The first stop was at the Colossi of Memnon. Again we have two very large seated statues, perhaps two-thirds the scale of the walls at Abu Simbel. That made them about fifty-four feet tall. They were erected around 1300 B.C. I think they were of Amon-ho-tep.

The next stop was the Valley of the Queens to see the Temple of Hatshepsut. This just has less of the feel of an Egyptian temple. It is full of straight lines and geometrical forms, looking much like a Washington DC monument. It is three stories with perfectly rectangular pillars that come out flush with the front of the building. There is a wide but plain ramp leading to the second story. We paused there to get our group picture taken and some individual ones. I hate how I look in them. On the walls were pictures of military victories. There was a scene of the army coming to Somalia in boats and the natives asking, "Did you come by land, sea, or air?" There were pictures of houses

in Punt built on sticks to frustrate the animals. Coming back to the bus I got myself a nice stone cat.

Next came the Valley of the Kings. This was where sixty-two tombs of pharaohs were. In this valley we visited a number of tombs starting with that of Khaemwese. The paintings on the wall of this tomb were colorful and very well preserved. Khaemwese was the son of Rameses III who was never really a king. The tomb was a long straight corridor with tiny rooms to either side. The walls are painted with pictures of funerary gods.

Next was the Tomb of Tut-ankh-amen. The sarcophagus and the mummy are still inside, but the rest has been removed. I guess I expected it to be several times the size that it was. Discount the walkway down and I have had basements larger than Tut's tomb. Nonetheless I knew the layout by heart and actually seeing it is not to be underestimated as a very real thrill. This tomb has been protected most of its life (or death) by having been covered over by the rubble from digging the tomb of Rameses IV. (14) The tomb had been very superficially plundered before that, as I have said earlier, and the rubble protected it from rediscovery. The wall at the back end of the sarcophagus room is a wall divided into twelve parts, each with a picture of a baboon, one for each of the twelve hours of night. There are actually more tombs in the valley than kings buried there. The idea was that you kept building them more luxurious while you lived and then got buried in the last (and most luxurious) one you completed. This valley was chosen for its stillness and because it was easy to guard from the vantage point of the high walls around the valley. The guide said Americans were always curious about the supposed Curse on the Tomb of Tut. He dismissed it by saying that if there were such a curse Carter, who opened the tomb, would have died from it. He lived to an old age.

Next was the tomb of Rameses III, not entirely finished. My primary memory here was of one of the members of our group. She was stepping down the steps in this tomb bracing herself by putting her hand on 3200-year-old wall paintings. I told her she should not be putting her hands on the wall and she said, "Break your neck but don't put your hands on the wall." Sigh!

After this tomb we had about thirty minutes to get a cold drink or to explore some of the other tombs. I decided I was hot, I was tired, I really wanted a nice cold drink. Big deal! Let it wait. Evelyn and I were the only ones climbing down the steep grade to the tomb of Amenophis II (a.k.a.

14. In point of fact, Tut's tomb was protected because the huts for the workers on the tomb of Ramses VI (not Ramses IV) had been erected over the entrance, and their rubble obscured the entrance for millennia.

Amon-ho-tep II) who died in 1419 B.C. Here the wall decorations were simpler and less ornate, almost like line drawings.

Speaking of drawing, my time was drawing to a close. Evelyn sold out for the cold drink. I went down as far into the Tomb of Seti I as I could. I stopped to sketch an odd-looking god with the body of a three-headed snake, the wings of a serpent, and four human-like feet.

Time ran out on me so I went back to the restaurant. I got a quick mango juice and headed back to the bus, pausing to barter on some cheap souvenirs.

One last stop was to take pictures of two gaily painted Muslim homes. Apparently if you have made the pilgrimage to Mecca you decorate your home illustrating the journey.

On the way back by bus and boat Tom bargained to buy a nice stone head which he got for twenty pounds. I admired it and he offered it to me. I paid him the twenty and got a piece that I think looks pretty nice. He also got into a discussion about sunglasses. I was not fond of my clip-ons. He made me a gift of a new pair of a kind he brought. They are like big goggles designed to be worn with or without glasses underneath. Wearing them on his hat he looked like something out of Rommel's Afrika Corps. I only took the glasses on the proviso I could buy him a drink. (I was still cheating him but felt better.) I gave my clip-ons to Lahoma Jones who had never seen a pair of clip-ons. So much for the cultural advantages of Oklahoma City.

Back to the boat to have a light lunch and prepare for the afternoon's discoveries. At 2:30 PM we climbed a dusty embankment and boarded a bus for the Temple of Karnak.

What can you say? This temple was built over a period of two thousand years. It was finished many times only to have additions. You have here the largest religious building ever built. Apparently by quite a bit. You enter via an avenue of small (seven-foot) ram-headed sphinxes. You enter through a gate in the same sort of inward-leaning walls that the Incas used to make their buildings stable even in earthquakes. Inside you find yourself in a huge hall of columns. There are really two kinds of columns. The taller ones look like open papyrus plants; the shorter ones look like closed papyrus. As you walk around you see temple after temple. There also is a rectangular man-made lake as part of the temple.

The original temple was dedicated to Amon. The Temple of Luxor, which we were to visit later, was dedicated to Mut, his wife. The same sort of boat ceremony I described with Horus and Hathor was done with Amon and Mut. The sphinxes each are decorated with a carving of Rameses at their feet. Further into the temple, however, are sphinxes with the

head of Tut-ankh-amen. Rabi, our guide, said a little more about Tut's history. His successor was also the High Priest who embalmed him and is the chief suspect in the death of Tut. His rather slapdash mummification is evidence that the High Priest had little love for Tut. But that is really only circumstantial evidence. Until better evidence is obtained, the case will remain on the books as unsolved.

Rameses chiseled out his predecessors' names throughout the temple and chiseled in his own deeper so no successor could pull the same trick. Rameses II's mummy has been found and it was mummified using Red Sea salt. He also ruled for more than forty years and was one of the few pharaohs who did. For these two reasons he is most often identified with the Pharaoh in the Bible (who would have had to have ruled for a very long time for a pharaoh).

The obelisks that one finds in several places were originally decorated in a mixture of 70% gold, 20% silver, and 10% copper so they appeared as golden needles. The two great ones that Queen Hatshepsut had built took over seven months just to quarry the stone before they could even be inscribed. They could be seen from great distances in those days and were sort of the church steeples of their day.

After the lecture we explored the temple, going off in random directions and finding delightful ruins in most places. We also ran into guards who had put some barriers down precisely so they could push us beyond the barriers to see what there was (not much) and then ask for baksheesh.

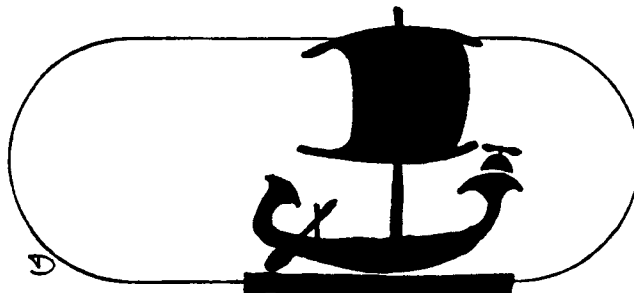
The last stop of the afternoon was the Temple of Luxor. Contemporary with (started at the same time as) Karnak, it was much smaller. Part of the center was converted to a mosque in later years. The Avenue of Sphinxes connects the two temples which are miles apart. The temple was decorated with two obelisks in front. One was given to Louis Philippe in return for the clock in the Mohammed Ali Mosque. The clock was broken, but the obelisk has been kept in perfect running order. The walls are also leaning in, at least at the entrance, to provide stability. The pillars that used to hold up the roof are of a closed lotus design. They are thirty feet high and fluted.

By looking at newer buildings at the top on the site one can see that sand and dirt once filled the building to a height of two stories. Alexander the Great removed columns to build a shrine here to celebrate the greatness of himself. He also had reliefs of himself being worshiped by the gods and his picture has a huge phallus, the only obscenity we have seen in Egyptian art.

Back to the boat for dinner and then back to the Temple of Karnak for the Sound and Light Show. This show was more impressive than the one at Giza. You

walk around the temple and see things lit up and hear something of Egyptian mysticism. You actually stand next to and are dwarfed by the great pillars. Pretty impressive. The last half is done over next to the lake in a sort of bleachers. By that point it runs a little long but it is still pretty good. We were there the night before Mullah Deneveh, the celebration of Mohammed's birthday. The local minarets had their loudspeakers on full-blast and at times it was tough to hear the Sound and Light Show. It must be impressive to be Muslim and hear one minaret in one direction, another in another, etc. You feel the whole country is celebrating. You feel you are part of something very big. The funny thing is the way they light up the minarets at night. It is in the style of early Palisades Park.

Evelyn bought a cassette of the Sound and Light Show. Back at the boat I bought Tom a gin and tonic because I wanted to do something, albeit nominal, to thank him for the sunglasses.



October 22, 1988

This was our last day in Egypt. We took the plane from Luxor to Cairo. The plane ride had been quite interesting. I had been cursing humanity in general for being just exceptionally rude. We had gotten there early and had to stand in line for the plane. Then they changed the gate. Everybody went as a mob. About half the people got there before we and had sort of lined up, but everyone afterward just formed their own line or pushed in and I and Evelyn ended up about second to last.

There was "free seating" on the plane which is just about the most negative use of the word "free" in the English language. It means people just swarm and the Devil usually takes the most polite. Luckily Evelyn and I did find seats together at the back of the plane. It was 3-5-3 seating and I sat between Evelyn and an Egyptian. He was just a young guy, married twenty days and going back to Cairo. He wrote about tourist matters for the Cairo newspaper Asisi. His English was not perfect and he probably would have preferred to talk in Arabic, but my Arabic was much too limited. We talked about his family and my job and I folded him an Anubis origami figure and spilled tea on myself in the process and he drew figures of the gods and in general we had a high old time. We ended up trading

addresses and he said he would write to me.

We got to our hotel (after the usual time of getting out of the airport) and started making plans for our last half-day of leisure in Cairo (and Egypt, for that matter). Tom said he was going to the Khan-al-Kalili Bazaar. We asked if we might tag along and he let us. First we had lunch together in the hotel and I think I ordered entirely too much. I got the mixed grill of lamb plus appetizers of tahina and something else that turned out to be fried meatballs. Tom had lived in Egypt for a time as a child and remembered the bazaar well so we just followed. We hired a cab and got quite a ride through the crowded streets. This guy drives faster on a crowded road than I would dare on an empty street in New Jersey. His motto was "Never pass up an opening ahead that is large enough to put a car into." He broke this rule only when the space was not large enough. In one place he straddled the lanes and cut between two cars the instant they were further apart than the width of a taxi. We had promised him about 50% more than the usual fare for driving, waiting, and driving back so we felt pretty sure we would have transport back.

Watching Tom in action bargaining is amazing. He clearly has one of those personalities that people take to immediately. He was looking for just about anything religious, particularly metalwork with phrases from the Koran. We got kissed by a shopkeeper with a grubby beard early on. As we went deeper into the bazaar we went to places where few Americans tread. This is the part of the bazaar where the locals trade mostly with themselves. I did not bargain for anything; I only watched. Tom bought finger cymbals and Koran jewelry. We looked at metal vases eighteen inches high with complex Islamic art. When we passed an old mosque Tom would stop to look at it and point out what era each of the columns was from. His art knowledge was pretty impressive.

When we went into a shop Evelyn and I would fade into the background and Tom would take over. Sometimes the shopkeeper might offer me something, but besides offering Evelyn a place to sit, nothing. She got little more attention than she would get in our country if she were a dog. This was all very much to her liking so she could watch without having to participate. Occasionally she balked a little squeezing into the narrow, tight back stairways to get to an upstairs showroom. At one point Evelyn was passed by a cat coming down the stairs carrying a dead kitten.

We saw a poor, dirty beggar with no legs and Tom gave him twenty pounds (a little less than \$10) and the man hugged and kissed Tom several times. As we walked away Tom said under his breath, "There is a man with a real problem." (15) We saw an artist sketching the marketplace. Tom asked if she was

British and she said Egyptian but by her looks she could have been either. More mosques. We passed by a sort of a junkyard in an alleyway that had rusty auto parts.

You do not wave at women, but Tom pointed out that anyone we passed--no matter how serious or even angry they looked--would break into a big smile and wave if we did it first. Egyptians are a very friendly people. But most not as friendly as a legless beggar who forty-five minutes before had gotten twenty pounds from you. He hugged and kissed Tom like a very old friend two, three, four times. When Tom backed away he held up his arms to me and he bristled my cheeks kissing them and hugging me. He ignored Evelyn as if she were the family pet. As we pulled away Tom commented that he has had a very good day. (Well, he missed kissing Evelyn. I am not sure if this improved his day or not. I am sure it improved hers.)

Tom was bargaining right up to the end with shopkeepers, finally spending about a hundred pounds for a serving dish of intricately worked metal. We were about five minutes late to meet our driver. He said he had to park a few blocks away. What followed was a trek that could easily have been a mile and a half, much of it uphill. We passed a parade celebrating Mullah Deneveh and Tom led us, including the driver(!), in "Happy Birthday, Dead Mohammed." To make up for the long walk the driver got us back to the hotel much faster than he took us to the market. Someone looked at the speedometer and we were traveling at 65 mph. This was in streets crowded like those in Manhattan. The mind boggles.

At 6:30 PM there was a farewell cocktail party at which Jane handed out group pictures and key-chains with bone cartouches with each of our names. (I should explain that a cartouche is an oval with hieroglyphics that phonetically spell a name. It was how the pharaohs' names were written. A simplified set of hieroglyphics has been used as a common alphabet for making souvenirs for tourists.)

After that was a fancy dinner I was not at all hungry for and saying goodbye to everyone, including Tom who was everybody's favorite character from the first part of the trip. The party broke up about 10:30 and we went upstairs for a couple of hours of sleep before our 12:30 AM wakeup call to catch a plane in the middle of the night.



15. Give \$20 to every maimed beggar in Africa and you could double our national debt before you know it.

[I'll tell Tom when I see him. MRL]



KENYA

October 23, 1988

We woke up at 12:45 AM getting ready for a 1:30 AM pickup. I must have gotten all of two hours of sleep. We got down to the lobby to hear the nightclub band still playing. The trip to the airport was uneventful but dark. Catching the plane in Egypt was the usual hurry up and wait routine. What determines how good a seat you get is the usual combination of Law of the Jungle and Luck of the Draw. There was crowding and fighting to determine where people got on the bus to the plane. I ended up standing on the bus right against the back door. If the door had given it would have been all over for this log and probably its writer. I was grumbling about how they really needed crowd control when the door popped open and I did nearly fall out. I stepped out of the bus, still grumbling and there was the stairway to the plane with maybe two people ahead of me. I bounded up the stairs, not easy to do on two hours of sleep, and found the plane nearly empty. For once things worked in my favor. By chance.

I slept a little on the plane and wrote in my log. Nothing particularly interesting about getting out of the airport. We were met by the tour company. They drove us to the hotel, the Nairobi Hilton, getting a speeding ticket on the way.(16) There were four of us from the Egypt part of the trip: Evelyn, me, Margaret Zolliker, and Ann Cook. At the hotel they put us up in a day room for half an hour

so we could use the plumbing and repack the suitcases so we would not have to carry too much with us to the Maasai Mara. There will be twenty-three of us for the Kenya part of the trip but most got hung up in Europe and would be arriving late. There is one other couple making the current six people. We got a mildly terrifying orientation presentation. We heard how to avoid mosquitos and where there is malaria. We heard about black mambas;(17) we heard about pickpockets and clothing thieves. I won't go into all we heard about but it wasn't really encouraging. Then we went to lunch where the lamb was quite good. I did not eat a whole lot as my digestion seems to remain constantly a little out of sorts. Probably it is Mameluke's Revenge staying with me.

We talked a little with Matt and Marie Garfield. They are the new couple. They also do a lot of travel to many of the same places we went: China, Egypt, etc.

After lunch we boarded a van and headed out for Wilson Airport. Wilson has tiny planes exclusively. For our use, because we had a lot of people going to Governors' Camp, we got the big DC-3. As it happens it is forty-four years old and was used in the Berlin Airlift. It looked like the sort of thing that crashed in the jungle in 1950s films like Run for the Sun. I used to wish I could fly a jet plane back when props were the only commercial plane. Now it is just the opposite. There is something romantic about propellers. I was already a little sick before boarding and the less than smooth flying of the plane did not help, and I was half awake and half asleep, but I still had a ball. Toward the end I was seeing specks on the ground I could actually imagine were herds of elephants grazing. Just to see what they really were I looked at them with the binoculars. "My God! Those are ELEPHANTS!" We landed on a little landing strip, turned the plane around, and taxied to some waiting Land Rovers. We were here! I got out and could still see the elephants from the ground. I saw Ann Cook. I asked her, "Can you tell what those specks are just this side of those trees." "No." "Elephants." "Not really?" "Here, look for yourself."

Well, we got a tent assignment, or rather a pair of tents. Everybody gets a second tent with indoor plumbing, including toilet, sink, and shower. There is no electricity but there is a bright gas lan-

16. Poor choice of hotels. If you want tradition, you stay at the Norfolk; if you want modern luxury, you stay at the Inter-Continental or at Lillian Towers. The Nairobi Hilton is a drab, characterless hotel that specializes in large tour groups.

17. If you went out looking for black mambas, you might -- if you were exceptionally lucky and had a top-notch guide -- find three in a month.

October 24, 1988

tern. Two fairly comfortable beds. Some furniture including a desk or chair. Outside our front door is a little stream at the base of an embankment. (18) On the far side there was a family of baboons having their lunch. After we were in about fifteen minutes we went on a game run.

My first false impression was that you would drive a mile, then see something, drive another mile, see something else. Actually, animals live and wander in much closer proximity to each other than I would have suspected. Zebras will herd within one hundred yards of lions. They may not know the lions are there but the lions ignore them. (19) We saw impala, hartebeest, and topi (which look like hartebeest but have dark-colored flanks). We saw Thompson's and Grant's gazelles, buffalo, lions, zebra, hyena, and jackals. Many you can drive the Land Rover right up to. We saw a large family of lions who had recently fed and were lazing in the sun.

The game run lasted about an hour, I think. It is a little tough to judge the passage of time. You just sort of stay busy. I did my usual writing for a while before dinner. They ask you not to go to dinner without having someone to take you. The camp is dark around dinnertime. Very dark. The lighting is by kerosene lanterns that give out just enough light so that you don't stumble into them by accident. You have candles on your table in the dinner tent but a flashlight is still needed if you want to read the menu. If you don't have a penlight, don't worry. Everybody gets the same food anyway. The flashlight is recommended to show anyone who asks you, "How did you find your dinner?"

I had a Sprite with my dinner. It is a real luxury here. (20) All soda is. It is bottled in Kenya but it has to be flown in by plane and then driven by Land Rover from the airstrip. That's why they have to charge a full quarter of what it costs out of the machines at work. There is no television, of course, but after dinner we watched the Coleman lantern for a while. When it turned out there was nothing good on we went to bed.

I found it very restful to sleep in the wild like this. Not everybody finds it so. Some folks we talked to from another tent had problems with the bird noises and the elephant who tried to disassemble their tent. I think they just were not cut out for life in Africa.

18. I've been to Governor's Camp, and what appears to be a "little stream" that all the tents face is, in fact, the Tana River, across which some two million wildebeest migrate twice a year. It's quite long, reasonably wide in places, and is home to literally thousands of hippo and crocs.

[In a dry October, this stretch is indistinguishable from "a little stream." But I can imagine in other seasons there could be a lot more water here. MRL]

My digestion is still whining that it wants to go home. Thank God for the private bathroom. Next time we leave my digestion home.

They woke us at 5:30 AM for a 6:30 flight. It didn't give us a lot of time to get ready. At 6:50 we boarded the Land Rovers that drove us to Little Governors' Camp. We watched the hippo who had gotten up for his morning constitutional at the edge of the camp. We heard the jets revving up and by the time we got around to the field in back the sack was nearly inflated, but still lying on its side. The basket was still on its side. The balloon was filled by air from a fan (Little Governors' has electricity). Eventually the bag began to float and the basket went upright. It carried ten people plus the pilot, one Peter Langford. The basket held the ten of us the way a six-pack holds six bottles.

The pilot, who looked and sounded like John Per-twee in the bush, told us how to land so we did not get hurt, then we were off at 6:35. The land looks very nice at that time of morning and this particular morning it was uncluttered by animals. In fact, we didn't see much in the way of animals at all, just a few every now and then, mostly things in the antelope family. No elephants that time of morning, but we did see a few hippos. I snapped some pictures but I have no telephoto lens and it makes most of the photography much less interesting.

One tends to assume that ballooning is a fairly quiet way to travel. Actually the heating jet is so loud that you cannot talk while it is on. It gets turned on and off a lot. Apparently when ballooning over the Maasai Mara started, the animals were very shy of the balloons. However, since no animal was ever hurt by one, they got used to them and ignore them or run where they will not be right under them. Occasionally you find the studious buffalo who stops what he is doing to watch the balloon. One low-flying balloonist apparently saw buffalo getting up on their hind legs and trying to paw the basket. Peter the pilot said he would rather not know what a buffalo would do once he caught a basket.

After about an hour of flight we set down on the plain. The touchdown in the balloon is a little rough, but not uncomfortable.

Land Rovers that knew in advance about where we would be landing followed the balloons the last

19. The zebras know the lions are there. They also know from the lions' body language that they're not hungry.

20. No Coca Cola product -- Coke, Tab, Fanta -- is rare or expensive anywhere in Kenya, since it's bottled there. Pepsi, on the other hand...

mile or so. They were there to set up tables for us. There was champagne for those who wanted it and fruit juice for the others. Breakfast followed about half an hour later with bacon, sausage, French toast, fresh pineapple (very good!), and fruit juice. The whole time we were there, there were kites (birds not toys) flying overhead. I claimed they always started flying around over anyone drinking the local coffee. It seems they love French toast, so much so that they put up-pointed spears in the ground all around the table because it was the only way to discourage the birds from swooping down and taking the French toast right out of people's hands. I claimed they could make French toast for themselves but they hated to use up the eggs.

We probably saw more game from the Land Rover on the way back than we saw from the balloon. We saw wildebeest for the first time and it was a gnu experience. We also saw warthogs including some babies. There were debates on whether baby warthogs are cute. And finally back to Little Governors' Camp where we ferried across the river and caught Land Rovers back to (big) Governors' Camp and a chance to catch up on my log before lunch. I would have written some on the road, but you are constantly bone-jarred on the dirt paths that are used. A road starts as a path through the grass cars use. When the grass dies it becomes a road. When the ruts go too deep, they stop using it. About the most effort to do anything to make driving better was to throw some rocks where one of these "roads" crossed a stream. I told Evelyn I saw a sign that said in Swahili "Your highway taxes at work."

Well, after that it was back to the tent to record the most recent stuff in our log. Along about 1 PM we went to lunch. Lunch was better than dinner last night. Cucumber soup, pork chops, cold lamb, and quiche Maasai style. There was fresh pineapple for dessert along with various pastries, cheeses of many sorts, and crackers. Then back to the tent for more writing. The souvenir shop opened at 2:30 PM and I bought myself a little knickknack for our living room. I got a Maasai spear. First one on the block, too.

We met the rest of the Travcoa group, or at least some. They had been delayed at Frankfurt and arrived about a day late. I talked to them like I knew the ropes because I have learned a lot they need to know already. I walked them to their tents and pointed out the baboons across the river. Caesar, the one I talked to most, said, "Oh, look at the monkeys." Well, perhaps I learned a little stuff they should know--even before twenty-two hours ago.

At 4 PM we went out for a game drive. We got medium close to the elephants. You don't want to get too close. There are two--count 'em two--rhinos

in this part of the Maasai Mara. There is a mother and son. Dad went off about six months ago. He hasn't been back. He doesn't even seem curious to see Junior.(21) We did. We saw mother and son. I was surprised. The mother was no bigger than a buffalo. She may have been about six feet of black rhino. How can you tell a black from a white? If you said the color, you are probably wrong. They are pretty much the same color. You can see differences close up, but do you really want to get that close to two tons of meat with a horn?(22) No, what you look at is the upper lip; blacks have a point. We also saw at a distance an ostrich. Then Matt wanted to see hippos and we started on a long trek seeing things like jackals and hyenas and Thompson's gazelles and lots of dust on the way. Suddenly we came to a bend in the river and there were about twenty hippos to our left and at least six more to our right. On the way back we also crept up on a mother and child cheetah. They walked away a couple of times but we kept repositioning the Land Rover to better our view. Finally the child got curious about us. She walked around the front of the Land Rover and tried to jump up on the hood. That failed so she walked around the side. I think I got some good shots. The full moon had risen over the Maasai Mara. Gooooo stuff. We got back to camp about 6:45 and went back to the tent to freshen up.

Dinner was an okay but not really good beef stroganoff. We ordered two Cokes and a bottle of water. Coke is about twenty cents; the water is \$3.(23) Next time I will order only Coke. I left Evelyn at the restaurant tent. She wanted to ask some questions of the guide. I thought the main

21. Papa Rhino is not a family man, but lives a solitary life except when he's busy being attracted by Mom.

However, the likelihood is that Dad is dead, killed at the hands of poachers, who have lowered the Mara's rhino count from 1,200 in 1973 to 23 in 1988.

22. What black rhinos actually have is a prehensile upper lip, which white rhinos are lacking. "White" is a bastardization of "vid", which is Afrikaaner for "wide", describing the mouth of the non-prehensile-lipped white rhino. "Black" is a further bastardization, created solely to differentiate the prehensile or hook-lipped rhino from the "white" rhino. The white rhino is the second-largest land mammal in the world; the black rhino ranks behind the African and Indian elephant, the white and Indian rhino, and the hippo.

23. The water was supplied free, in a carafe, in his tent. (I know: I've been to Governor's Camp.) The \$3.00-a-bottle water was not mere "safe" water, but imported, and really an unnecessary expense. Any camp or lodge will refill your carafe upon request (as long as you don't make that request at, say, midnight), and you can have as much water as you like at each meal, simply by

reason they send a local to escort you to your tent is because it is so dark. Tonight the escort shone his light a couple of tents down from mine and said, "Elephant." Yup! There is another tembo in camp. On the Coleman all I can get is reruns of last night's programs. We went to bed about 10:30 PM. Evelyn and I both had some problem sleeping. Partly it was because we were excited about what we had seen the day before but it was a little more than that. It may have also been the elephant outside our door who was disassembling the fence and part of the tree maybe eight feet from us. At first all we heard was heavy breathing and sounds like a giant stalk of celery was being chewed. Later there was clearly the sound of snapping wood. We could look out our window and see our tree with a massive rear end on one side of it and a tusk moving around on the other side. Eventually it moved to lower tent numbers. I wonder if it is the camp mascot or something.

I woke up in the morning to discover large pieces of the fence pushed down. Just about everyone had seen the elephant's rampage and were pleased they had. They don't have to repair the fence.

October 25, 1988

This is our last morning in Governors' Camp. We got up at 5:30 AM for a 6:30 game run. Kenya has relatively few poachers. Someone who is caught poaching is arrested. If she resists arrest, they

asking for it. I don't think I've ever gone through a lunch or dinner on the safari circuit without requesting a second pitcher of water, and my request has never been refused.

[The local guide warned us not to trust the carafe water. In no uncertain terms. MRL]

24. Absolutely wrong. The only place poachers are killed is on the Zimbabwe side of the Zambezi River, a thousand miles away from Kenya.

One of the reasons poaching is so rampant in Kenya is because if the poacher is captured, he is put in jail -- where, for the first time in months or perhaps years, he has a roof over his head and three square meals a day, while the government is legally obligated to provide for his family. The average Kenyan makes less than \$300 a year; a poached rhino or elephant is worth a couple of thousand dollars to him -- and even if he's caught, he's probably still better off than if he hadn't tried poaching in the first place.

(Late-breaking news: As of November, 1988, President Moi has decreed an all-out war to the death on poachers -- but this particular war is limited only to the Meru National Park in the Northern Frontier District. One of the reasons Moi can't make anti-poaching measures stick is because most

shoot her dead. I think that they even said that if they are arrested the sentence is death.(24)

As we hit the plain we saw buffalos and a lone lion nearby watching them. We drove over for a better look. There are very few lone lions. This one turned out to be no exception. We followed them, watching them sneak up on some local buffalos and giving dirty looks to the Land Rover for doing everything but put a neon sign over them. There were two old males who looked wounded and hungry but the rest looked fat and well-fed.

Someone talked about how tough it must be for the little cubs to keep up with the big lions. I started to figure. I think the effort to travel at a speed may be proportional to (mass of animal)/(muscle of animal)*(stride)). As a lion grows up his mass will increase as the cube of his length, the muscle as the square of his length, and his stride will be will directly proportional. Those divide out to a constant. Say thirty yards will be as hard for a large lion, because of his mass, as it will be for a cub with less muscle and stride. The two stay in relative balance. None of this is very precise, of course, but you would expect approximate balance. Otherwise it would be very difficult for a pride of lions or a herd of people to stay together.(25)

We also ran a couple of times into a tremendous line of gnus in their annual migration. I seem to remember they have an annual migration in a triangle. Overhead a vulture flew calling out, "Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!"

poachers are Somalis, they can only be stopped by the army, and the Chief of Staff of the army and most of the high-ranking officers are Somalis who would be much more likely to go to war with Moi than with their own people.)

(Later-breaking news: As of mid-December, the army itself is poaching some 500 elephants a month out of Tsavo -- Kenya's largest game park -- since August. Moi can't stop them, and if they continue at this rate, there won't be an elephant left in Kenya by 1991.)

[Except for a change in pronouns (I am told I too often use the male pronoun for the indefinite), this is precisely what Cathy told us. Cathy's sister visited Cathy while we were there. The later account of dead poachers left by the road as a warning was from her. Apparently the treatment of poachers is fast changing in Kenya. MRL]

25. Great math, but the real reason a pride of lions stays together is because lions are territorial, and almost never leave their home area, which varies from 5 to 20 square miles.

When hunting, the females and the young males do the brunt of the work. The cubs are left behind with one or two females in a nursery unit of sorts. As for the grown males, they almost never hunt, although

The gnu is slow and stupid and always on the move. There is one thing that keeps the species alive. They are prolific. That also may be their chief joy in life. Their motto is "Live fast, die young, and leave a good-looking skeleton on the trail."

We saw two groups of giraffe (Swahili: twiga), some of whom allowed our Land Rover to get within nine feet. We got a nice view of a river of hippos, twenty or more sleeping in the early morning sun. No animal gets a happier look on its puss than a sleeping hippo. They get this big bristly grin.

Back at camp we had a nice breakfast, packed, and got ready to fly back to Nairobi. The plane was a little late but we got on. The DC-3 we had flown to Governors' Camp on had flown in the Berlin Airlift. This one in which we were flying back trained British paratroopers and then saw service in India. I got lots of pictures at the airstrip because any real airport has military and does not allow picture-taking.

Little delay at the airport and we were off to the hotel. The first six of us on this tour seem to have formed a sort of clique. There is Evelyn and me, Ann Cook and Margaret Zolliker from the Egypt trip and Matt and Marie Garfield, who are tall and tan and clearly fairly upscale. Matt is a consummate amateur photographer. Marie is attractive and very friendly. There was a bus for six and a larger bus so the Kenya Six, as someone called us, took the smaller. The Nairobi Hilton is comfortable, pleasant, and rather a delay in our safaris

they're first at the dinner table. Their function is to protect the pride's territory against other males, who, if they were to supplant the current males, would kill all the cubs and yearlings, thus assuring the dominance of their own bloodline.

[Mike is giving a behavioral explanation for long-term habits. I am using lions as an example but it goes for any species in which the young is approximately the same shape as the adult. The question is, do we expect that the young (not the very young, who have trouble walking at all) will have a really hard time keeping up because of short legs? or is it easier for them to leap because of lower mass? The answer is neither, because the two factors balance out. On the whole we would not expect the range that an adolescent animal can go in an hour to be significantly different than the range of an adult. If it was, it would be really disastrous for migratory species. MRL]

26. If one must take a package tour in Kenya, rather than using one of the many private guides available, one really ought to go with one of the old, established firms: UTC, Gametrackers, or Abercrombie & Kent -- or, once on the scene, with Flamingo or Rhino. One of the reasons is that they are experienced in this area. Another is

that we are really here for. Our luggage arrived late so we got in on the tail end of a buffet at lunch that was only okay.(26)

Cathy Porter, our tour director, is flinty and cold. We discussed her over lunch. She seems a very strong-willed, no-nonsense sort of person.

Well, after lunch we decided to walk around the streets. Now it should be explained that we have been warned repeatedly about crime in Nairobi. Like Mexico, many have come to the city looking for jobs and many who cannot find jobs turn to crime. A popular scam is to find an American and talk to him about school in the United States. Then tell him you have been accepted and have nearly all the money to go. A couple of hundred more is all that is needed. (27) Someone on the Egypt trip had a friend who handed over \$200 only to find out that three others on his trip had also been asked. We were out our door for all of two minutes before someone started welcoming us to his country and asking where we were from. "New Jersey." "Ah, near New York. Do you know Cornell University? I would like to talk to you." He could have been sincere but it was unlikely. I brushed him off.

The East Africa Wildlife Association is a conservationist group with offices near the hotel. They have a gift shop. We figured it was a good place to buy gifts for people and bought several there. They may have been a little more expensive but by American standards even there goods were cheap. At a bookstore I bought a book of myths and legends of the Swahili and another of popular sayings in Acholi, their translation into English, and

that they know a simple fact that Travcoa seems never to have learned: that almost all the upscale accommodations on the safari trail in Kenya, with the notable exception of the Mt. Kenya Safari Club, are run by Block Hotels. They include everything from the Samburu Lodge in the north to the Nyali Beach Club on the Coast, to Keekorok Lodge in the Mara, to the Norfolk Hotel in Nairobi, to the Lake Hotel at Lake Naivasha, to the Kiliguni Lodge in Tsavo...and almost every experienced Kenya traveler stays at Block hotels and lodges whenever he can, since they cost very little more than Kenya's run-of-the-mill accommodations.

(This, by the way, is not just a matter of my personal taste. The Kenya government rates all hotels and safari accommodations; the only Block accommodation that does not receive the highest rating is Treetops -- which, perhaps not coincidentally, is the one Block accommodation that Travcoa used.)

27. This is called the "Uganda Student Scam", and is so well-known that it has even been featured in a front-page article in the Wall Street Journal. It got its name because the original approach was to tell the tourist that the "student" was from Uganda, and couldn't go back because Amin or his even more bloodthirsty successors, Obote and Okello, were slaughtering his people.

what the heck they mean. Such popular sayings as "Generosity killed Latina" or "The nose never smells excrement" and all your favorite Acholi expressions. The book is serious, by the way.

After that we went back to the room. Evelyn has a tendency to get weak when she travels. When she has pre-planned activities she can overcome it. If it is time at leisure, she zonks out. She did this in Quito and in Oslo. She zonked out here also so I went out walking on my own. And guess who I ran into! "I wanted to talk to you about University of California; do you remember me?" "How can I forget?" I grumbled under my breath. This time he wanted to take me someplace off the street so he could talk to me. When I told him this was my only chance to see Nairobi and that I didn't want to go, he lost interest. Thus I think I avoided getting mugged.

Nairobi reminded me a lot of Guayaquil, Ecuador. It has a bunch of rundown stores like Woolworth's; it has the same sort of open fruit markets, things being sold on the streets. It seems a little more modern in places but on the whole it is much the same.(28) After about an hour of walking I went back to the room. I worked on the log and napped a little. At about 7:30 PM I asked Evelyn if she wanted dinner. She was willing to go some place in the hotel. I would have preferred going out. I looked at some of the guides to Nairobi and they listed French, Italian, Japanese, and Chinese restaurants, but only one African restaurant. That was the African Heritage Cafe. Not far from our hotel, either. Evelyn said she's be willing to try it. In

28. Had Mark done his homework -- The Nairobi Guide is available in the U.S.A. -- he would have found dozens of truly interesting ways to fill his "free day" in Nairobi: the Bomas of Kenya, the MacMillan Library, Karen Blixon's house, the Nairobi National Park and its world-famous Orphanage, the Arboretum, the Railway Museum, the Jamia Mosque, the National Museum, day trips to Lake Nakuru or Lake Naivasha, a ride on the "Lunatic Express", etc.

[I had "what to do." I just did not want to go and leave Evelyn alone in the room. I'd want her to come too. MRL]

29. Had Mark bothered to pick up the Guide to Eating Out in Kenya for something like \$1.50, he would have discovered that there are four 5-star restaurants in Nairobi in addition to the Carnivore, which is mentioned later: the Norfolk Hotel's Ibis Grill, the Tamarind, Alan Bobbe's, and the Horseman. None of them are expensive and three are within walking distance of the Hilton; he managed to miss all four.

[To be honest, I would rather eat authentic food, as we did, than eat at a five-star restaurant. MRL]

a town where we could get dinners up to \$30 or more apiece, with the tour company paying, we got modest buffet dinners at about \$6 apiece.(29) Most interesting meal of the trip so far and one of the best. There was injira bread which had a consistency between that of crepes and pancakes with a sour flavor. There was fish and meats in various sauces, some spicy. Nothing that would have cost much but all unfamiliar and worth trying. Fruit salad for dessert and fresh fruit. WHY DON'T THEY GIVE US AUTHENTIC AFRICAN FOOD IN THE RESTAURANTS?(30) It's cheap, it's good, and probably most of the "tourists" wouldn't know what to make of it, but it should at least be an option.

Then back to the hotel. I put a movie on the television and wrote my log.

October 26, 1988

Just in passing, a word about beverages. I mentioned Cokes were really cheap. We got a bottle of water. It cost about seventy cents in Egypt. Here a bottle of water is \$3. I think it is mostly foreigners who buy the bottled water.(31)

I woke up about 5:30 AM and got caught up on my log. I was two days behind when we left Cairo and wanted to put current impressions of Kenya in my

log so I skipped ahead two days, just noting the place in my log. Since then on separate sheets I have been trying to catch up with my account of those days. It was the right strategy since my impressions of Luxor, Karnak, and particularly the

30. They don't give you authentic African food in the restaurants because it would be too bland to appeal to the American and European palate, and the restaurants will never get rich catering to the average black Kenyan who earns less than a dollar a day.

[African Heritage Cafe was pretty good. I love eating but anyone who comes all the way to Africa and then trades away a palatable meal that is a cultural experience for a five-star meal that teaches him little is being very foolish. MRL]

31. There is no reason to buy bottled water in Nairobi. The eight or ten top hotels -- of which the Hilton is one -- have perfectly healthy water coming out of the taps, and the water is safe in every restaurant that caters to tourists.

(In fact, it is supposed to be safe everywhere in Nairobi, but I have my doubts.)

[Actually the bottle we bought was at Governors' Camp; it was the only one we bought in East Africa. We in fact filled empty water bottles from the tap in Nairobi. MRL]

bazaar in Cairo are among the strongest of my visit. I was surprised how much I did remember of the hundred or so minutes of the bazaar. Well, as of this moment, I am caught up.

Nairobi has one of the supreme luxuries of the trip: tap water you can drink safely. Even Cairo doesn't have that. I have been brushing with bottled water. I rinse the brush under the tap, but then have to wash it off in bottled water. Even so, this could well be the source of my digestion problems which have followed me the whole trip, but at a much lower level than that one Sunday in Cairo. However brushing with bottled water was one thing in Egypt, where the tour paid for the water. It is quite different in Kenya where we pay at \$3 a bottle.

Water for washing was a problem at Governors'. Cathy told us that you have to let the water run a long time before it gets warm.(32) Well, for our tent when we ran the hot water, it not only did not get hot, it didn't even get wet. Wet was reserved for the cold water tap. I brushed my teeth (in virtual darkness in the morning, by the way; the little kerosene lantern didn't do much) without water or toothpaste.

This was our day of no safari. Nairobi day. Today we toured the city. Now even the tour director says there isn't very much to see in the city. Around the city you see arches over the street and signs up celebrating ten years of Nyayo. What is Nyayo? It is Swahili for "footsteps." Daniel arap

Moi has been in for ten years with a policy of following in the footsteps of Jomo Kenyatta. Kenyatta was to Kenya what Gandhi was to India and is held in the same reverence. That is why Moi is content with the statement that he has had a decade of "me too." In fact, to draw a crude parallel, Moi can be said to be the Nehru of Kenya.(33) He struggled with Kenyatta for independence and sort of inherited the Presidency at Kenyatta's death.(34) In this country everybody is broken into one of three categories: European, Asian, or African. We are Europeans to the locals.

Apparently one of the hot local issues right now is poaching. Apparently the anti-poachers are getting really militant. They are doing things like leaving dead poachers by the side of the road. There has been a big hubbub over it. I don't know; it seems reasonable to me.

We drove around the city for a while, seeing the Kenyatta Conference Center, seeing the United States Embassy and the train station and then a view of the skyline from a distance. Just when we were all breathless wondering what the next terrific sight was, we pulled up to the National Museum. Small, but not a bad little museum. It is mostly devoted to natural history.(35) It has things like stuffed animals, fossils, that sort of thing. Hey, nobody said the whole country was exciting.

There were some flower paintings by Joy Adamson (author of Born Free). Apparently Cathy Porter had been an assistant to Adamson.

32. Power -- electrical or gasoline -- is at a premium in Kenya, so the proper time on the game trail to shower is in midafternoon, when the stored water has been heated by the sun. In fact, at that time of day it'll scald you if you're not careful.

33. Moi is not the Nehru of Kenya. In point of fact, Moi has managed, in 10 years as President, to acquire ownership of every Mobil gas station in Kenya, every DC-3 plane in Kenya's commercial air fleet, and about 2 million acres of prime farmland in the so-called White Highlands. At the same time, he's gotten himself blacklisted by Amnesty International for torturing political prisoners.

Incidentally, a good rule of thumb for the tourist: never discuss local politics when traveling through a dictatorship. You won't get straight answers, and you could get the person you're questioning in serious trouble if his/her answers don't follow the party line and are overheard.

For the record, of the 50 black and Islamic African nations, only Botswana is a true democracy. No matter what it calls itself, Kenya is, for all practical purposes, a dictatorship.

[The Nehru comment was only about how he inherited power from another independence fighter. I did not refer to his policies. MRL]

34. Moi did not struggle with Kenyatta for independence. No one did, at least in terms of bearing arms. Independence was granted in 1963, seven years after the Mau Mau Emergency was over. Kenya was granted independence for the same reason that Britain's other African colonies were granted independence: because Britain's economy could no longer sustain a colonial empire.

Kenyatta was the only Kenyan politician of international stature, and was elected by acclamation. Had he not been, Tom Mboya, a member of the Luo tribe (who was assassinated in 1969), would almost certainly have been Kenya's first President. Moi was not even Kenya's first vice president; that honor goes to Ogingo Odingo. Moi was elevated to that position when Kenyatta decided to remove Odingo from office.

[Nehru didn't really struggle along with Gandhi either if you count only struggling in the sense of bearing arms. I meant only that both were part of the effort for independence. Moi did his work as one of the first Africans in the Legislative Council. There he fought (figuratively) for Kenya's release. MRL]

35. Had Mark asked -- they are not on public display -- he could have seen, at no extra cost, a) the world's largest collection of butterflies; b) the world's largest collection of seashells; and c) some of Richard Leakey's more recent finds.

Oh, there was also some talk about the so-called Elephant's Graveyard. There sort of could be such a thing. When elephants get old and lose their third set of teeth they have to go to the swamps to find soft stuff to eat.(36) Elephants go to grow old and die in marshes.(37)

Across the way the snake park was more interesting. It is a collection of reptiles including the most dangerous snakes like the green and black mambas and some cobras. There is a crocodile and the sign on his cage says, "People throwing litter in the crocodile pool will be forced to retrieve it." Another revelation about Cathy is that she did not want to go into the snake park. Apparently she has a fear of snakes.

Next stop was a tea farm. Heading out we passed the local headquarters of the United Nations. According to Cathy, the locals would like the U.N. to go someplace else. Anyplace else. Why? They come into the country with tax-free status, they drive up the cost of rent, their programs mostly fail but it doesn't matter. They get funded, succeed or fail, so they have no incentive to work hard on a program.

This area has a volcanic soil that is perfect for planting coffee, tea, and hot chocolate. Okay, not hot chocolate. We passed some coffee plantations and learned about growing coffee and how it takes four years to get a crop, that sort of thing. Coffee- and tea-growing require something hard to get most places that Africa has in abundance--cheap labor.

Our stop for lunch was at Mitchell's Farm.(38) It is a piece of the first tea plantation in Africa. The woman who greets you is the daughter of the man who built it, an affable octogenarian. Africa is the sort of place where anybody who gets anything done is a remarkable person! Out of Africa's Karen Blixen was remarkable but no more than the Mitchell family. Mitchell's daughter now "has the world come to her" by having tour companies bring people as her guests, telling them about the old days and then serving them lunch.

She has a talk of at least a half an hour about how her father tried various crops and experimented

36. Elephants grow six sets of teeth, not three.

[We were told three, but I bow to better knowledge. MRL]

37. Most of Kenya's elephants died where they lived -- in the arid Northern Frontier district or on the parched, dry plains of Tsavo, where there are no marshes.

[Again, we were told differently here, but defer. MRL]

38. Mitchell's Farm, like Meyer's Farm with its dancing Maasai "warriors", is well-known as a tourist trap, avoided by all but package tours.



with tea. How the crude home they had burned down and the new home was built on a different site. How tea is processed; how it is cut (always two leaves and a bud are cut off the top--later some workers drove by and they showed they pickings and chanted "two leaves and a bud"). How her father decided to process his own tea rather than use a nearby factory that was built. Then there was how she herself inherited the farm as the eldest son of four daughters. She ran the farm as she thought her father would have. Eventually most of the farm was sold to a Bantu because none of the next generation really wanted it.

I took a few notes but I am afraid I have forgotten most of what she told us and don't have space to write it all down. The talk was of course over biscuits and a cup of tea. (She mentioned that she really wished we would get off of this coffee binge and return to tea. And none of this herbal stuff either. A little caffeine won't hurt you.) She had a good sense of humor.

Afterward she showed us some of the land and the Colobus monkeys in the trees. She really tried to talk to as many of us as she could. She asked what I did and when I said I worked with computers she said she was a little terrified of them.

She seemed very much what Evelyn calls "colonial." There were little complaints about how the workers didn't really want to do their jobs and she called one driving through on the road a real idiot.

Then came a drink--sherry for most--and lunch which was buffet style taken from the dining room and eaten under canvas on the lawn.

At lunch I talked with one of the women on the tour who was from Cleveland. Most of my family comes from Akron so we had a little to talk about. She is sort of the Ladies' Garden Club sort but her thing isn't flowers, it's Nobel Prize scientists. She is a big fan of the Michelson-Morley experiment which took place near where she lives. Her group has tried to find the exact spot. They do have pieces of the equipment. They have get-togethers where Nobel Prize winners come to give speeches.

I had commented about how I thought the Penzias and Wilson Nobel Prize should have included the guy at Princeton who knew Penzias had nuisance radiation he could not explain and knew someone else who wanted to look for background radiation from the Big Bang and associated the two ideas together.

We also talked to a friend of Mrs. Mitchell. He sat at our table over lunch. He asked about how big a problem vandalism is in the United States. I thought it was an odd question, but now that I think about it, each of the farms I saw looked a little like forts. They had big fences with spears sticking up; some had barbed wire. According to this person, it is really a problem that gangs break into houses looking for money. If they find people they beat them up, often killing them. The police do little so people hire a security service. It seems to be a bunch of bully-boys-for-hire service. You get a button installed in your house. You press it and the guards come by car and "beat up" the intruders. Now that I thought about it you see the name "Securicor" all over. On the way I had seen a car fortified like something out of an Australian car movie. There was metal grill over all the windows and there were a bunch of tough-looking guys sitting around it. On the way back I looked and you really do see the name all over the place.

After leaving Mitchell's Farm we stopped at the church that Mrs. Mitchell's father had personally built. I guess the chief point of interest here is the grave of Louis Leakey. I was rather surprised when someone said they didn't know who Leakey was. He is, after all, one of the pivotal people in current African history. I knew of him in relation to archaeology (or perhaps human paleontology) only. The current film Gorillas in the Mist paints him as a naturalist. Some of the animal conservation movements he started make him also a potent political force.(39)

39. Leakey's greatest fame in Kenya is neither as a naturalist nor an anthropologist, but as the "White Kikuyu" who defended Jomo Kenyatta during his 1951 trial.

In fact, his autobiography is entitled WHITE KIKUYU.

After that it was back to the hotel. (Are you getting bored hearing I am getting caught up in my log?) The hotel closed-circuit television had on The Breakfast Club. I wrote and listened to the film. If that seems low-brow, I honestly tried reading a book while I wrote in my log and it didn't work out...well.

At 6:30 PM we went down for the "Meet-Your-Fellow-Travelers" cocktail party. Unfortunately, nobody told what names went with what faces so it was a waste of time. One guy buttonholed me and talked about stocks. After half an hour we had our lecture for this part of the trip. The lecture was on just why Olduvai Gorge is important to our understanding of prehistoric man. Dr. Coch was a United States citizen who teaches at a local university. He brought plastic models--very life-like--of fossils found at Olduvai. He talked about the descent of modern man and what fossils were likely to be ancestors rather than cousins. Come question-and-answer time I asked if what made Olduvai unique was the original population density or the preservation. He seemed very pleased with that particular question. There are about seven things that have to happen for a fossil to be found at a site. The animal has to be present, when it dies it must be covered quickly so that the bones don't decompose, it must have the right minerals to replace the bones when they decompose, then geological forces have to uncover the fossil. (There must have been three more necessary steps that do not come to mind.)

I also asked him to comment on the recent apparent discovery that the entire human family tree fans out from a single female in the last 10,000 years. I got the figure wrong. It is actually 50,000 to 100,000 years but he gave a technical explanation of about five minutes about mitochondrial analysis, and how the mitochondrials are in the ovum and only the female passes it, and how by probability studies we can tell how often it should mutate and yet in samples from women in eighty-six or so parts of the world it has not yet mutated and is in fact identical in all women. So while it is not quite true that we are all brothers and sisters, we are all related less distantly than has been previously thought.

The explanation was technical and went on for about five minutes. When it was over the next question was from one of the others: "I have heard that we all came from a common ancestor fairly recently. Can you tell us about that?"

Oh well. So it goes. The talk got over at 7:50 PM and we had to catch a taxi for our 8:30 reservation at the Carnivore. This is a restaurant built around meat as the title suggests. It works almost like a Chinese dim sum restaurant except that it is all-you-can-eat for one price. You sit down and the waiter brings you preliminaries like salad, pickled

vegetables, and soup. Then he brings out a plate of the same material we make pancake griddles out of and nearly as hot. Then waiters come around with meat on three-foot skewers. "Some sausages, sir?" "Some broiled chicken?" "Some eland?" "Would you like to try some camel?" If you say yes, you get the bottom piece on the skewer. Actually eland is much like tough beef and camel is like a slightly better cut of beef. So much so that I rather suspect fraud. Also they gave us rather lousy seating next to the restrooms. It was an okay restaurant, but much less than its reputation. The meat needed some spicing that was missing and the sauces you got with them didn't do the trick. They are lucky I am no longer writing restaurant reviews for the computers at work. All my readers in New Jersey would be warned away.(40)

Back to the hotel and to bed.

October 27, 1988

My digestion started acting up again and I also woke up a little nauseated. (And not from eating camel!) This sort of problem follows me the whole trip much like the weather, and has about as much effect on my activities. Generally I just try to ignore it, but I am aware it is there. The first Sunday in Cairo qualifies as a digestive storm. I took a pill and had gas pains five or six times in the day, but of short duration.

In any case, we had a light breakfast, then boarded buses for Mt. Kenya Safari Club. It is about a three-and-a-half-hour drive from Nairobi over very bumpy roads. There was a lot of complaining about the roads we had to travel, but none from me. When I complain, it is about problems they can do something about, and I do very little complaining at that. In fact, I think I may be getting a reputation for being Little Mary Sunshine, one of those unbearable people who always says something positive in any circumstance. I am always the one who says, "Hakuna motata" ("No problem"). I figure if Kenya has bad roads (and Tanzania reputedly has much worse) it is part of the country we came to see. If you have just eaten the frosting, you haven't eaten the cake.

In any case, it is a long trek punctuated by stops in one town that is in the plumbing business. That is, it is a long way between towns and tourist buses stop to use the plumbing. Of course they try to sell you souvenirs in the process. This is the first and so far the only place I have seen them selling shields. Now I already bought a spear. I am starting to get visions of crossed spears and a shield over the fireplace. Very British. I paid 110 shillingis for the shield, bargained down from 400. A shillingi is about five-and-a-half or six cents.(41) Things are either very cheap here or the locals learn about large numbers very quickly.

A shillingi is divided into one hundred cents. A Kenyan cent doesn't buy a whole lot. Even in Kenya.

We made a second stop at the equator to get pictures taken and we got hustled by souvenir vendors.

Then on to our destination, the Mt. Kenya Safari Club, founded by William Holden. This was envisaged as a place of high convenience and first-class service, of very fine cuisine, where we could rest up between safaris. It was an unmitigated disaster. Governors' Camp treated its guests better than the Mt. Kenya Safari Club.

First, for scheduling reasons we could not stay between safaris but had to come here right after our Nairobi reoperation. Six of us were put in a building that is a ten-minute walk from the main building where the rest stayed. The haute cuisine was not so haute either. Lunch buffet with fair-sized lines was mediocre. It used to attract people from as far away as Nairobi, we were told.(42) This stuff was really nothing special and the meat was very gristly. Our bedroom was reasonably nice, with a fireplace they light for you before dinner so the fire is nothing but embers by the time you get back from dinner.(43) It did give some light to a side

40. We have been to the Carnivore on four separate occasions, and have always found the food and the service to be excellent. On the other hand, while there I have seen large parties of package tourists shunted into corners and virtually ignored. This is one of the disadvantages of package tourism.

(Another science fiction writer who has been to Kenya confirms this. She went to the Carnivore with her package group and got terrible service, but she liked the place, so on her next "free day" in Nairobi she and her husband returned without the group and were treated royally.)

[No, it was just the two of us at the Carnivore. They did not know what kind of tour we were with. MRL]

41. The proper term is "shillings", from the British coin of the same name; "shillingi" is the native way of making a plural out of "shilling" (although theoretically "wa-shilling" would be grammatically correct in Swahili.) The Kenya shilling has been pegged to the American dollar rather than the British pound since 1986, and is worth about 6.25 cents. (Or, the other way around, it takes about 16.5 shillings to make a dollar.)

[I am holding a receipt from Governors' Camp. For \$50 they gave us 875 shillings. I figure that at 5.714 cents/shilling, or 17.5 shillings/dollar. (6.25 would only be 16 shillings to the dollar, wouldn't it?) MRL]

42. It still does draw people from Nairobi -- and it is the best buffet lunch we've had in all our foreign travels.

43. All we did was tell the gentleman to come back for his tip after dinner -- and to bring some more firewood with him. Worked like a charm.

of the room that would have been dark due to missing lightbulbs. We were supposed to get two carafes of boiled water in the room.(44) We had to go to the front desk to request them specially and got only one. The bathroom was spacious. It featured towels for one, a crushed ant on the wall, a shower without a curtain that got the floor all wet and a drain in the shower, or at least it appeared to be a drain. It functioned much like a stopper. Also, just because we were staying here, all the men had to wear coats and ties which means they had to pack coats and ties, which is a real pain.(45) I am probably better off not knowing what I paid just to

stay at this posh country club. I do know that you pay a bit extra to use the facilities. We took horses out for an hour's ride and it was four hundred shillings (\$24) a couple.

Very strange. Even as I write this it sounds like there is a radio on the other side of the thin walls. I wonder if some of the rooms come equipped with one. I know ours did not. When you come to a Third World country you expect conditions to be bad, but when with very little choice you are paying for much better conditions at the Mt. Kenya Safari Club, you don't expect it to be so much worse than tent-living at places like Governors' Camp.

Well, as I said we had a mediocre lunch, then the Garfields and we signed up for an hour of riding at 4 PM. We did a little walking around and then the rains started. At 3:45 we were to come for our ride (they asked us to arrive fifteen minutes early). I had forgotten my hat but I figured if my

head got a little wet during the ride, so be it. Marie bought a hat at the giftshop at about three times the Nairobi cost. So the four of us were ready to ride, even in the rain.

3:45 came around and we went to the desk. "But it's raining," we were told. "Oh." So we sat around waiting to see if the rain would stop. It finally did about 4:10. Now the two women had never ridden horses. My riding was limited to when I weighed about fifty pounds and had someone on the ground hold the reins. Marie was dreading riding until she got on the horse and discovered it wasn't so bad. Then she was just terrified. The six of us rode out single-file First there was a stableboy, then me, Evelyn, Matt, Marie, and another stableboy. I found after five minutes that it was pretty easy to ride as long as the horse was not going downhill. It took a while longer before I was comfortable going downhill. These horses were all pretty gentle. My horse was Mighty. I would say things like "Mighty mzuri" which sounded like the name of a river but really just meant "Good Mighty" or "Mighty good," I am not sure which. When Evelyn and I got off we were still rested. Marie had been holding tightly to the horse with her legs and she was pretty tired. We went for drinks and I had a Coke.

Back to our rooms to write in our logs and I memorized a little more Swahili, like our room number. I am trying to learn and use as much Swahili as I am just because I would feel a real boor otherwise.

At 7:15 PM we went to dinner which was really to

44. You don't need boiled water at Mount Kenya; the tap water is as safe as it is in Nairobi.

45. Mark seems to resent having to wear a coat and tie to dinner. What he must remember is that Kenya is a former British colony, and the British are more formal than we are. Hence coats and ties are required not only at the Mt. Kenya Safari Club, but at such upscale Nairobi restaurants as the Ibis Grill and La Chateau and Alan Bobbe's, and such coastal resorts as the Nyali Beach Club and the Mombasa Inter-Continental. Almost all of the many guidebooks state which Kenyan restaurants require such attire, so it should never come as a surprise.

Mark and Evelyn's experience at Mt. Kenya seems to be another case of a) package tourism and b) not doing one's homework. The place to stay at the Mount Kenya Safari Club is in one of their private cottages, which are as luxurious, well-appointed, and well-serviced as any hotel suite I've ever stayed in, but must be reserved well in advance. (I can personally recommend cottages #3, 5 and 6.) Package tours are usually kept in the least favorable accommodations, here and everywhere else on the circuit -- though I am surprised to hear that any accommodations at Mt. Kenya were less than world class.

[Every tour we researched went to the Mt. Kenya Safari Club. I don't resent them requiring coat and tie; I resent the choice of this over-rated club. The tour seemed to concentrate more on the British heritage than the native Kenyan heritage.

[Experience tells me that Mike overstates his case against package tours. In China we stayed at state guest houses not open to the general public. In Stalheim, Norway, the Stalheim hotel (with a commanding view of Sognefjord) will not accept reservations for only one night from individuals, but they would accept tour groups for one night. Stalheim is famous for the view from this one hotel, but there is little to do during the day that is not better elsewhere. To see the view you must waste a day to spend two nights, or come with a package. In general, I agree with Mike on this point, but there are notable counter-examples. And there are lots of places you can go with a group where I do not recommend going alone. MRL]

[We also got a room at the King David Hotel in Jerusalem which had a view of the Walled City when we were part of a tour group. If there is a better place to stay with a more beautiful view, I'd like to know where. ECL]

46. They were Chukka dancers, an offshoot of the Kikuyu and Embu.

be at 8, but beforehand there were to be native dancers.(46) They were good as far as I can tell. Afterwards I took their picture with their drums and feathers and ceremonial paints. "Mzuri sana," I praised them. "Okay, thanks," one of them responded.

Dinner had some good things including fresh avocado. But the lamb was very tough, so much so that the table shook when people were trying to cut it. Dessert was lunch's apple strudel but with vanilla sauce. Then back to the room to see the last little glow of our fire. There is no other heat in the room so things got rather cold. Evelyn, to keep warm, crawled into my narrow twin bed. Well, I guess it's an ill wind...

October 28, 1988

I woke at 5-ish, wrote, took a messy shower, and then went with Evelyn to breakfast. Over breakfast Cathy told us how things had gone downhill but how most people really preferred staying here to being on safari. We also heard horror stories and complaints about the rooms. I misjudged this place. They weren't giving us a lower standard of service than they gave the other guests. Nobody liked them.

Most of the rest of the day was spent traveling to Treetops. We boarded the micro-buses and rode for the Outspan Hotel. It is a nice hotel on nice grounds adjoining the home of Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts. The grounds are nice, with lots of flame trees and jacaranda, but its biggest attraction is half an hour's drive from the hotel. They own Treetops. Well, we had an okay buffet lunch featuring oxtail ragout, a walk around the grounds, then boarded buses for Treetops.

What is Treetops? It is a treehouse that must be about 175 feet wide supported in part by a tree,



but also having built supports. Some places it is four stories high including the ground floor. It is built between two watering holes so that it is no more than fifteen yards from either. It is L-shaped with one wing devoted to food preparation and building maintenance. The other, longer wing is tiny guest rooms, a bar, and lots of observation decks. I would not claim things are going on all the time, but usually there is something going on. You cannot get as close to the animals as you would in a Land Rover, but they act much more naturally. The watering hole is really the local community center. And to make it even more appealing to those easily impressed by such things, they put out stale bread on the roof and salt on the ground. Some of the antelope family find it is almost worth the trip for the salt alone. Of course nobody is really keen on having these humans in the neighborhood. More often than not humans mean trouble with a capital "T". But for the sake of the water and the salt they still come.(47)

You get some insight into animal behavior by watching beasts like these cape buffalo. Why do animals prefer to walk on two legs? Bipedals get a much nicer view when walking single-file than do quadrupeds.

You see things like warthogs competing with each other. Talk about face-to-face confrontation, these things put their faces right up to each other and shove. If you actually push the other back you win. However, usually it goes to a decision by the judges involving grace under fire, stance, and in the event of a tie the ugliest warthog wins.

We also saw a hyena and thirty-seven breeds of antelope, including the one with a white stripe on its chest and a black tail, and the one with a black stripe on its chest and a white tail.(48) Also there is the one that looks like he stood too close to a wall just painted black, turned around, and did it again. This year's new model has straight horns and white cuffs on its legs. Also rally stripes on its sides. I don't know who's designing them all but he's free to stop any time.

Not that it is any more or less appropriate to say now than at some other point, but I have been looking at Kenyan money. The front of every denomi-

47. Treetops, although world-famous for the fact that Princess Elizabeth became Queen Elizabeth while staying here, is nonetheless the one less-than-stellar Block operation, far inferior in room size and comfort to its rival stilted game-viewing lodge in the Aberdares, the Ark, which not only gives you considerably plusher accommodations but is visited by the elusive bongo, which for some reason avoids the Treetops salient.

48. I think he's describing a reedbuck and a bushbuck. It sounds like the dark one in the next sentence may be a waterbuck.

nation bill looks much the same. There is a picture on the right of President Daniel Toroitich arap Moi in a not very flattering pinstripe suit and a tie that fights it with every fiber of its being. Then in the middle is the seal of Kenya and on the left is an empty space. Hold the bill up to the light and you see an imprint (or watermark?) of a lion. But what are interesting are the pictures on the back of the bills. I don't recognize the picture on the 200-shillingi bill, so I won't talk about it. The 100-shillingi bill has a picture of the Jomo Kenyatta Conference Center. This is considered one of the big important buildings of the country. It is kind of like putting the Prudential Center on a bill.

On the 50-shillingi is a picture of the airport. Odd, but not tremendously so. On the 20-shillingi bill is a picture of women in a native village smiling and reading a newspaper: female literacy. "Our women can read." I cannot imagine putting anything of the sort on an American bill.(49)

The 10-shillingi bill shows school children with book bags happily drinking paper containers of milk.

Well, anyway, dinner was less than totally comfortable. You eat on long benches which are overcrowded. One individual not from our group was fat and rude and basically just did a lot of shoving. The dinner was chicken, one piece per person; he took a double portion. I don't know who did without, probably two people shared half pieces. Hippo Man, as some of us have privately dubbed him, is English Cockney. I thought the English were more polite. Generally I think of them as being no worse than any other Western European country and probably better.

Well, when dinner was over we looked out and there was a group of three male elephants who had come for the salt lick, the watering hole, the bright lights, and the excitement. I went down to the blockhouse--that's how one of the ground-level observation posts is built, so that's what I call it--to watch. I snapped quite a bit of film; how often do you see three elephants? There was also a hyena who stood by the blockhouse and stared at us with big eyes that some of us--okay, myself included--popped flashbulbs at.

Well, just when I thought all my pictures were looking alike, along came ten or twelve female elephants and the males--who couldn't stand the giggling,

the gossiping, the talking about how to wears ears this year, and the other fundamentals of female conversation--went off to discuss their recent discoveries in naturalism and anthropology.

The females sort of milled around licking salt. All of a sudden one elephant committed a real faux pas. Now, maybe it was something not meaningful outside of their culture, or it may be something as simple as stepping on a neighbor's nose--which is considered a faux pas even in human society--but the ladies chased one of their number away. Miss Contrite stood by herself with her back to the group for about ten minutes. Then she nonchalantly walked to the hole and turned her back to the other ladies, about ten feet away. She stood there for about ten more minutes, then looked over her shoulder. She took a few steps backward, then looked ahead so the others wouldn't notice. Only an elephant can fail to notice an approaching elephant. Miss Contrite had backed up two or three more times when the ladies decided it was time to move on to their next social engagement. All left together.

The males returned to lick salt and to discuss the economic situation. If it sounds like I am being sexist, realize that elephants have no memory and that makes their economics very simple.

During the elephants' visit a bushbaby dropped by to nibble dried bread. The bushbabies eat the bread crumbs, the elephants come for the salt, the cape buffalo do too, the hyenas come for the table scraps. These animals are on their way to being tamed.

When the elephants were gone for a while a bunch of cape buffalo came in for their 10:30 appointment. I watched them, talked to tourists, and wrote in my log. At 12:30 AM the last of the others went

to bed and I continued to write. At 1 AM I noticed it was raining and this was probably why no more animals were showing up. They really do not come out in the rain so I headed to bed.

October 29, 1988

Up at 5:30. Still very few animals about. There were several guests who get up early. I went to an observation room and wrote while keeping an eye out. There are a lot of birds but somehow I don't want to get involved writing about birds for lack of any strong interest or previous knowledge of them. I will say that an island in the middle of the water hole is packed with the blighters. They leave in clouds and fly around and return.

A half-hour drive back to the Outspan hotel and a decent breakfast. Then back to the buses for a long day of driving.

A couple of moments from the previous day's travel. We stopped in a coffee field. The coffee is a sort of berry. A coffee picker will work forty-

49. It is unimaginable because America had a written language 90 years ago. Kenya did not.

[No, I meant the United States would not brag about United States female literacy. Kenya's lack of a language made it unimaginable only to brag about Kenyan female literacy ninety years ago. But then we rarely brag about Kenyan anything on our bills. MRL]

eight hours a week, five and a half work-days. He will pick eighty gallons a week. This part cannot be automated because only ripe berries can be picked. A good coffee picker can make as much as \$400 a year. Then there is the ever-present danger that El Exigente will not like the beans.

Speaking of the beans, we opened up one of the berries to see it. It is not brown until it is roasted. In its natural form it is a sickly white and moist and sticky. It is reminiscent of a segment of a tapeworm or a maggot. I knew I had a good reason for not liking coffee.

I was also asking about the site of Isandhlwana. (50) Cathy didn't know what that was. I explained it was the battle that the Zulus with shields and spears soundly defeated a battalion of British soldiers. (Those of you who have seen the film ZULU: it is not the battle depicted in that film. The film begins just after the battle and is about the defense of Roark's Drift the next day. The movie Zulu Dawn, also very good, is about Isandhlwana.) In any case the Zulu Wars took place in South Africa though the Zulu nation is thought to have migrated south from this area.

In the bus today I was asking about Jomo Kenyatta and the Mau Mau movement. It is sort of a sore subject since our driver and our guide would be on opposite sides. She is English and he is Kikuyu. Kenyatta himself was Kikuyu and the Mau Mau movement started with the Kikuyu. I did not associate Kenyatta as being part of the Mau Mau movement. My impression was that he was diplomatic and Mau Mau was more the militant group. (51) Apparently now the Mau Mau movement is associated with the entire liberation effort and Kenyatta was Mau Mau. I hadn't heard differently; I had just never heard one way or another. (52)

Stopping on the way at another plumbing village, this one with a view of a waterfall to help you along, I got my second Maasai ceremonial spear. I paid \$12 for the other spear which unfortunately I misremembered as 120 shillingi. I let him barter me up to 180 shillingi for this one because it was a little nicer. This one ended up considerably cheaper due to my mistake: 180 shillingi is about \$9.95. I also bought a Maasai knife.

Back at Nairobi we had a half-hour to shop and then an hour or so at the Hilton for lunch. I had lamb curry, which is almost local food since there is a large Indian population in Kenya. In fact most of the shops catering to tourists are run by Indians selling native goods.

This afternoon is the drive to Amboseli through Maasai territory. The Maasai have got to be one of the most attractive people. They have thin arms and legs and torsos like every bone has been stretched by 25%. They seem to be wearing a cloth rectangle they wrap around themselves called a shuku. To see one of them herding a line of sheep, the wind blow-

ing the shuku on, the plain dotted by acacias and the mountains in the distance, has to be one of the most idyllic scenes in the world.

We are in termite country and we see the weird towers of the termites all around, some as high as seven feet. Some almost look like brown cacti.

The weather this morning was cold and rainy, but as we go south it has become hot and dry. Soon we will go to unpaved road and it will be dusty as well.

While I think of it, I should mention the books I have found particularly useful this trip.

For Egypt I really like The Penguin Guide to Ancient Egypt by William J. Murnane. In Kenya there are two good books. For the parks I have liked A Field Guide to the National Parks of East Africa by J. G. Williams. For every place else the other good one is Insight Guide: Kenya by APA Publications. (53)

Actually we also had the Insight Guide for Egypt. I did not find it as useful as the one for Kenya.

The afternoon drive was dusty and thirsty and hot but there was some nice scenery and toward the end there was majestic Kilimanjaro, two mountains with two crowns, Mwenzi and Kibo. The latter and the higher was shrouded in cloud and snow.

Well, we got to the Amboseli Safari Club (54) and sorted things out. On our way to the cabin there was a mother and baby monkey. I wanted a picture of the baby. It seemed curious about me but

50. Isandhlwana is about 2,500 miles south of Kenya -- just a tad more than a good stretch of the legs.

51. Kenyatta claimed to the day of his death that he was not a Mau Mau and did not even know what the term "Mau Mau" meant. He was jailed not for being one, but because he alone had the power to diffuse the situation and he refused to exercise it.

52. Mau Mau was not a national liberation effort; it was an attempt by the Kikuyu (and some tribal offshoots from the Embu and Meru) to reclaim the White Highlands, the best farmland in Kenya, from the British. (The land was called the "White Highlands" because it was reserved, by British decree, for whites only, and it was the traditional homeland of the Kikuyu.)

[I guess you and the driver disagree. I hadn't thought Kenyatta was Mau Mau either. MRL]

53. The best book, by far, for a Kenyan trip, is the Thornton Cox Traveller's Guide to Kenya and Northern Tanzania. The current edition is written by Thornton's son, Richard. (I have 31 Kenya guidebooks; none of them, not even the Insight guide, comes close to the Cox.)

54. Amboseli is the least attractive of all Kenya's parks, but it does have an outstanding lodge: Amboseli Serena. At least Travcoa was consistent.

the mother grabbed the baby in her arms and wheeled around so all I could see was the mother's back. It would have been easy enough to go to a different angle but I would have had to use a flash and that might frighten the baby. I let the opportunity go.

At dinner I ended up sitting next to Dorothy Hovorka. She talked more about the upcoming celebration of the Michelson-Morley experiment. She says that if her efforts inspire one person to go into physics, they will be worthwhile. Like Valere the first part of the trip, she can talk for hours with only an occasional nod from her audience.

After dinner we went to bed. This is "mossie" country. Before going to bed you spray for mossies. Then you sleep inside a mosquito net. When Evelyn pulls down her netting she looks like a cake at a picnic.

October 30, 1988

I had a talk with Cathy this morning about current Kenyan politics. Her father was active in Kenyan politics. In fact, on page 54 of the Insight Guide there is a picture captioned "Kenyatta is freed and his supporters salute." On the right side of the picture is a distinguished-looking Englishman. That is John L. Porter. He lives in England and in fact would prefer his daughters did also since, appearances to the contrary, there is some political instability. She also suggested, at my request, some books that would present the other side's view of the revolution. I like to get opposite points of view together. (For my home film festival I showed back-to-back Z and Eleni.) She suggested, if it was available, Hunt for Kahmathi by Ian Henderson, Something of Value by Robert Ruark (which was made into a movie with Rock Hudson, if I remember), and White Man's Country by Huxley.(55)

It is apparently the opinion of some that the Kikuyu are a very aggressive and nepotistic people. They led the revolution and Kenyatta was Kikuyu. (56) Moi was part of the revolution but was not Kikuyu. His coming to power helped to break the Kiku-

yu concentration of power.(57) I don't know if that is the source of tension or not. I get the impression that there is a great deal of political tension and this is the quiet before the storm, but I am not sure who the two sides are. I was going to ask but Caesar Clement came along asking about the monkeys in the trees and that was sort of the end of the conversation. I cannot tell if it is Kikuyu versus anti-Kikuyu or (as she did mention) the lawless criminal elements against each other.

Well, 6:30 this morning we went for a game run. This area is not as green as Governors' Camp, though there are marshes. Lots of elephants cross the roads; we saw lions, and a hippo wading in the marsh and eating. Of course there were the usual gnus, cape buffalo, and all sorts of antelope.

Back at camp we had a good breakfast from 9:00 to about 9:45. The rest of the day until the 4:00 game run was scheduled as being "at leisure."

You see a lot of monkeys swaggering around the camp and taking pride in all that "we primates" have accomplished.

Well, I walked around the camp for a while. It turned out there are few places to walk, particularly because you are not allowed to walk on the grass. Dorothy buttonholed me and showed me some of the materials from her Michelson-Morley Centennial book. I owe her an apology. She's got a pretty impressive lineup of people involved. She has people like Freeman Dyson. She has one of the leading names in superstring theory (I recognized the name but have forgotten it). The program book has letters of introduction by Dorothy and by Ronald Reagan and people like the head of the American Chemical Society. Philip Glass is writing a new piece of music for the event. I'll give Dorothy her due: she seems to have created a major event in the scientific community.

Well, after that I went with Evelyn to the bar area and we had some Cokes and gassed with some of the other gringos. Lunch was curried chicken, not too bad. Then there was more log writing and waiting for the game drive.

At 4 PM it was time for the game drive. We piled

55. All three of these are excellent books. However, SOMETHING OF VALUE was written from the "white" point of view before the Mau Mau Emergency was over, and is a work of fiction. WHITE MAN'S COUNTRY, Elspeth Huxley's biography of Lord Delamere, was written two decades before Mau Mau. THE HUNT FOR KIMATHI is a description of a military operation in the Aberdares led by Ian Henderson, who is currently the much-feared security chief of an Arab country on the Persian Gulf. Excellent books, all, but none of them except the Ruark will give you any insight into Mau Mau, and the Ruark is both fictional and tremendously biased (as is his later bestseller, UHURU.)

56. There was no revolution. Even

Kenians are trying to rewrite their history now and turn the Mau Mau into a unified national group of freedom fighters, but the fact remains that it was basically a guerilla action by a group of Kikuyu extremists to regain possession of the White Highlands. In point of fact, less than 100 whites were killed during the Emergency, as Mau Mau came to be known. The greatest sufferers were the "loyalist" Kikuyu: more than 14,000 of them were slaughtered for refusing to take the Mau Mau oath.

57. Moi's tribe is a Kikuyu offshoot, and he is their front man. This hasn't stopped him from becoming a multi-millionaire, but the day he stops playing ball with the Kikuyu, he's dead. Literally.

into the cars and headed out. They even packed cold drinks for us in ice. We had the game drive; we had nice weather. The only thing that was missing was game. And it pretty much stayed missing. I don't know where the animals were, but they were mostly elsewhere. Not that we didn't see anything. We saw a few zebras, some gazelles, quite a few gnus--that sort of thing. But still not very much. It was discouraging. As we passed other Land Rovers the drivers shook their heads no. There just were no impressive sights as far as game. We did see lots of dust devils. These are tornados of dust as tall as our tornados at home, cones reaching a long way into the air. They seem to be around the base of Kilimanjaro and don't seem to move a whole lot all day long.

Steve, our driver, says they do not do any harm, but my guess is that may be because there isn't a lot to damage where they are. There is no way for us to tell if they have tornado force or not.

From a distance we did see two ostriches mating. Just a lot of wings flapping around a central mass. Oh, it was very romantic. Then the two ran off in different directions. Well, so it goes.

Well, on and on we drove with more and more disappointments. Had this been our first game drive it might have had some excitement, but after a week of safaris this was the weakest so far. Toward the end we saw some elephants and finally a black rhino. This was a very nice specimen with a big tall horn. There were a number of vans following him. Ours went on the grass to pass another van. This is strictly forbidden and a small jeep-like vehicle --not very impressive--that was apparently an official vehicle pulled up and gave Steve a good talking to.

The rhino is pretty much doomed to be poached into extinction in the wild because of the supernatural belief that the horn (actually it is matted hair) is an aphrodisiac. (After all, it stands up straight!)(58)

Someone has suggested cutting off all rhino horns so there would be no reason to hunt them. I think they might have more success poisoning the horns and announcing to the world that it has been done. Cutting the horns kills the supply but unless there is something to inheritance of acquired characteristics it will only work for the animals they

58. No one still believes that rhino horn is an aphrodisiac. Honest. More than half of all poached rhino horns wind up in Yeman to be turned into dagger handles; the remainder surface in Hong Kong and the Far East as (totally useless and prohibitively expensive) powdered heart and arthritis medicine.

[We were certainly told it was considered an aphrodisiac. The idea that they want it for dagger handles seems, if anything, more tragic. Then they are not being killed for supposed unique properties but for fashion. MRL]

have done it to. My solution would cut down demand and would help to protect the next generations. If you could never be sure the stuff you were buying wasn't poisoned, you might be hesitant to buy, and no government is going to certify that a particular horn is safe. You would have to trust your dealer, which is tough in an illegal market.(59)

After three hours we were back. Some time before dinner to read. We got told the plans for entering Tanzania, then had our last dinner in Kenya, then to bed.

TANZANIA

October 31, 1988

I have been dreaming about meeting someone who had made a sort of science fiction comedy record album. He had talked to me for several minutes before he asked me if I recognized him; it turns out his picture was on the album. Suddenly I hear a bang on my porch and wake up. My watch says 2 AM. Did something come into the room? It would have been monkey-sized. Cathy says to leave the windows open at night. Well, there are no more monkey-like sounds. What there is, is a sound like a radio-controlled airplane. Not so loud, but the same sort of whine. MOSQUITO! Is she inside my netting? No, I would still be hearing her fly around. Can she get in? No, I am completely surrounded. My hand itches. It's got me! I swat. No, it was my imagination. This close to Tanzania they must carry malaria. Some of them. Cathy says they are also rumored to carry AIDS. No, wait. Evelyn says that's ridiculous. WHAT THE HECK DOES EVELYN KNOW ABOUT IT? She's just heard it is impossible or unlikely. Ah. There's that safe feeling of netting on my face. Wait! If I can feel netting on my face the mosquito can get to my face there. I huddle into a ball in the middle of the netting. Evelyn's netting looked brand-new. Mine has been repaired. They had bunched up the netting around the holes and put rubber bands around it. But I had seen several holes that hadn't been repaired. Can the mosquito find them? I keep hearing the buzz. It is louder than the sound of a mosquito alone. It's as loud as a bee. That must

59. Poisoning a horn that is due to become a dagger handle is, shall we say, counter-productive.

Actually, the Zambians seem to have the very best answer to rhino poaching: they are making and selling phony rhino horns on the black market, and supplying most of Yeman's needs (since the number of real rhinos left doesn't begin to meet the demand.) Zambia's President Kenneth Kuanda has, incomprehensibly, outlawed this practice, though it still continues.



be some mosquito. What time is it? 2:10 AM. At home it is 7:10 PM October 30. Hey, I think I wanted to be up at this time. Aren't we just coming up on exactly fifty years since the Orson Welles War of the Worlds broadcast. Hey, maybe I'm letting myself get a little panicked. Actually, all this is kind of funny. Will I remember it all in the morning? Probably not. Maybe I can write it down now. I just have to get to my notebook. It's outside the netting. No. If I reach out of the mosquito netting the mosquito will get me. Can I get the netting back down so I am safe? Oh, what's the chances the mosquito will hit me while the netting is up? Jeez, it's loud! I'll just reach out quick. The notebook is right where I left it. I have the pen. Where is the penlight? Maybe I should wait until morning. She's still out there. Oh, I felt it. I felt the cold metal case. There,

I've got it. Now pull down the net. Turn on the light. Oh yeah. I remember what I was dreaming about. Maybe I'll start there.(60)

Well, it's 8:10 PM in Grover's Mill, New Jersey, where the Martians landed in War of the Worlds. I'm sorry I'm missing the festivities. How many science fiction-related public events like this are there? No use fretting. This is a better place to be. And tomorrow we cross to Tanzania.

One more book I have been told I might want to read is Big Footsteps by Hammond Innes. Cathy recommended it as a good book about elephants. It follows an elephant herd for some period of time.

Well, our first stop was the airstrip. One of our number has a bad neck and the roads are pretty bumpy, so he had to take a plane out. Then there was a snag. They would either sell three seats on the plane or none. We found two more people willing

to pay extra for the flight while we were waiting for this bruhaha to lose its bru.

Steve, our driver, is a Kikuyu so I asked him about the legend of Wanjiru. There is a Kikuyu legend that in a time of famine a girl named Wanjiru was to be sacrificed to end the drought and famine. Wanjiru did not want to be sacrificed but the people of the tribe bribed her parents with goats. Wanjiru found herself sinking slowly into the ground as if it had become soft. Eventually she was completely engulfed. Her lover heard of what had happened and decided to rescue her. He went where she sank into the ground and he sank also. Underground he found a strange world and after some effort found Wanjiru and brought her back to the surface. The remainder of the story tells of Wanjiru's revenge.

I wanted to see if Steve knew of the story and could compare it to the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice. His only comment was that there were many old stories but they are only in books now. He does not know Kikuyu stories.

Well, we set out for our destination in Tanzania. The first stretch was leaving across Lake Amboseli. This lake has long ago dried up but as you drive much of it still looks like it is filled with water. It is flat enough to give a mirage effect. Apparently the effect confuses the heck out of the local animal population.

Near the border of Tanzania we regrouped, fought off souvenir salesmen (61), and went to the border checks. The border check was pretty simple on the Kenya side, though they took two couples and really looked at their currency transactions in detail.

60. When you travel to Africa, you bring along malaria pills. If you take them regularly, getting bitten by mosquitos will be nothing more than the same annoyance that it is here. If you don't take them after all the warnings you will receive from doctors, tour packagers and guidebooks, you deserve anything that happens to you.

[I assure you that while I do take chances with dysentery, I do not with malaria. But even with chloroquine, there must be some risk, otherwise they would not recommend that you also carry Fansidar. In any case, some of my fears were extremely exaggerated by literary license. I don't usually like literary license, but here I am using it to poke fun at myself. MRL]

61. Really, the only time the "salesmen" become offensive is in the Maasai game parks: Amboseli, Tsavo, and the Mara. This isn't to say that they don't exist elsewhere, just that the other tribes are nowhere near as pushy about it as the Maasai.

[Here I beg to differ. I may have to take someone else's word for how rhino horn is used, but pushy I can recognize for myself. This is one place where I think Mike is assuming his experience is universal. MRL]

One of the couples was the Cohens and Evelyn suggested that their name might have been part of the reason. We changed vans and got a Tanzanian driver (ours has a name like M'chou). We drove past the gates into Tanzania. M'chou parked his van in front of the customs office and said we didn't all have to come in. Well, that's convenient. He collected passports from the six of us in his van, five ladies and myself, and also our currency statements. Then he said only one of us has to go. Me. He hands me all the documents and says, "Come on." "Okay," I say, "hakuna motata [no problem]!" So I walk into this dingy building with M'chou and hand over the passports and currency statements. Oh, and the country entry forms. He starts to look at them. He does not understand how Ann Cook filled out her currency form. He starts asking me about it. I don't know anything about her currency form. I begin to wish I was back with last night's mosquito. She was supposed to fill in a figure for travelers' cheques total and for cash total. She has two different dollar amounts on the travelers' cheques line. I am supposed to explain this? Either that or cause an international incident. So I start to look at her form and I figure it out. She misunderstood the form. The second figure on the travelers' cheques line is the total of cash and travelers' cheques. "Ignore it," I say. Ann's entry card is filled in in pencil. "Copy it," I am told. "Okay, do you have another card?" "Copy it," he explained. So I take out my pen and start writing over her pencil marks with my pen. Like a gentleman I try not to notice her birth year (1924). All the while I am thinking "What is going to happen when I get to her signature? Am I going to have to trace it?" No, that he will accept in pencil. Then into another room to turn in the currency declarations. That went okay.

Back to the van. I pass out passports and their copies of the currency declarations. They each owe me a Coke, I tell them. I also tell them that someone who shall remain nameless filled their forms out in pencil. Ann owns up but says she lost her pen. I reach into my dwindling supply of pens to give out, now about five, and give one to Ann. Big mistake. A little face at the window says, "Give me a pen for school." "Okay," I say, "just one." Suddenly there are six or seven little faces at the window.

"Give me a pen for school." "Sorry, all gone," I lie. "Give me a sweet." I give out my last two sticks of Dentyne. Still the throng remains insistent. "You've taken my last pen," I say. "Give me a pen." I put on my most pitiful face. (All my friends say I do pitiful really well.) The nearest face at the window mimics me. It really is pitiful! How about if I fold you a bird? He looks quizzical. I pull out a piece of paper and tear it into a rough square and fold the flapping bird. I show him

how to make the wings flap.

Another voice: "Fold me one." The first boy is trying to toss his bird like an airplane. Good luck. I fold a couple more birds and am folding a fourth when the bus pulls away.

There seem to be distinct differences between Kenya and Tanzania, much like there are between Finland and Leningrad. Things are a little more downbeat. Perhaps the buildings and definitely the roads are not as good.

Cathy has been to Tanzania several times but these days she usually flies in. She used to go with her family to Tanzania along this road we were taking but she has not been on it in thirty years. Thirty years ago elephants used to crowd across the road. The wildlife has been hunted to a small fraction of what it used to be. Also, it was on this road that her father and mother were driving when a zebra already across the road backed up in front of the car. Cathy's mother was killed and her father was critically injured.

There are lots of handsome Maasai on the roads but the rules say you cannot take their pictures without first bartering and setting a price they are to be paid. It puts a sizable crimp in my picture-taking. I am not sure if I really think it is reasonable. If someone wants to take a picture of me and the way I am dressed I should have some say in the matter. If someone wants to take a picture of a New York City street and I am one of the people on that street, I don't think I really have a right to ask for compensation. The question is where to draw the line. Certainly if I am asked to pose I have some rights. If I am the main subject of the shot I have rights.... Well, it seems like it is just a way some people have of making money. (62)

Along the roads we saw genuine donkeys, not the striped cousins we had seen so much of already. Lots of shepherds. The road took us to Arusha, a nearly totally uninteresting town from what I could tell. We had lunch at the New Arusha Hotel. Before lunch we got in a very slow line to exchange money. The reason it is very slow is that they have to write down the serial number of every bill they got. After about fifteen minutes a Swiss tourist came along, stood for a couple of minutes near the front of the line, and then pushed his way in. An argument ensued in which the pig kept insisting he had been in line all along. Perhaps there really are rude Americans and I am sure there are polite Europeans, but every time we have come in contact with Europeans (or Israelis) at least some have been extremely rude. Something is breaking down in Europe.

Well, our lunch was not so hot. It started with a roll they found in Olduvai Gorge. Then there was some lamb fat with meat, some soggy vegetables. The dessert was a dilute fruit cup.

After the meal was over we got briefed on the schedule. Evelyn asked me to watch her purse and went off to leave a deposit in the plumbing. Everyone else left. I sat watching Evelyn's purse. Time passed. I wrote in my log. Travcoa had provided the drinks as a service and Cathy got the tally. If we had drunk as much as they said we could have sloshed our way to Lake Manyara. The staff started clearing the table around me. It was getting close to the time we were supposed to leave. It occurred to me to take Evelyn's purse and try looking for her but they have some funny laws in Tanzania. You cannot wear clothing that looks too military for one thing. I doubted they would look too kindly on a man carrying a purse. Finally it was one minute before we were to board the bus. To hell with the laws--I grabbed the purse, holding it like I had found it, not like it was mine. Evelyn was upstairs just getting out of a line for the ladies' room.

We boarded the van and headed for Manyara Lodge. Now a word about Tanzania. The word is "poor." The country is a financial disaster area. Well, it went and spent all its financial reserves. It had something it really wanted to do and it spent a lot of money to do it. What was this extravagant thing it wanted to do? Well, when it got invaded by Uganda, it wanted to counter-invade and depose one Idi Amin Dada. It did it. And it spent half a billion dollars doing it. And nearly everybody in the world breathed a sigh of relief and told Tanzania it did the right thing. They did as much as they could do with words. Talk is cheap. But Tanzania was a lot poorer and little money has come into the country to replace what was spent. (63) Most people

62. The government supports the people in this particular, which is really all any tourist needs to know. It is one way for impoverished people to make a few bucks off wealthy tourists, and the tourist who disobeys the rules and gets caught is going to spend a few nights in an East African jail while arguing his case...not a very pleasant prospect. (And if he photographs any military installation, he's going to be an old, old man before he sees the sun again.)

[Ah, yes. I was taken in by the notorious Tanzanian propogandist Geoff Crowther of Yorkshire. In his Shameless political tract Africa on a Shoestring (p. 600) he says, "[After the invasion] the OAU [Organization of African Unity] refused to endorse the action and Tanzania was left with an estimated bill of US\$500 million. This effectively wiped out its foreign currency reserves." That was my source. (Please excuse the tone; I do not mean to deride Mike.) MRL]

63. Mark is the victim of Tanzanian propoganda. In point of fact, Tanzania was the second-poorest country in Africa long before the Uganda invasion, bankrupted by President Julius Nyerere's well-meaning but totally ineffective and ultimately disastrous socialist experimentation.

are pretty sure Tanzania also helped to avoid a bloody revolution in the transition of Rhodesia to Zimbabwe by helping convince the white government to concede to the black majority and by convincing the black government not to slaughter the whites. (64) So everybody likes Tanzania's idealistic government. Right up to, but not including, the point where they have to show financial support. In any case, this makes Tanzania one of the pluckiest but poorest countries in the world. (65) Much of the road that would be tarmac elsewhere is gravel. That means in these little tour buses--all of which are Japanese, by the way; Nissans and the Land Rovers are Toyotas in both Kenya and Tanzania--you get a real bone-jarring shaking, the worst of which is in the back seat. There are six of us passengers in each of the tour vans and we rotate seating, though Evelyn and I tend to volunteer to take the back a lot. All this has been going on most of the trip, but the back seat is particularly bad in Tanzania. For the long drive into the country we had the back seat. The drive is hot, and it is a constant effort not to be bucked out of the seat. Another problem is that there is nothing to hold on to. This is one place where you really wish you had a seatbelt purely for the sake of comfort. Thinking about this, I took the belt out of my traveling bag and the strap from my bag and strung them on either side of me around bars of the divider between me and the luggage section. Now I have two loops almost like subway straps hanging down. I put my arms through the loops and I have effectively lashed myself to the back of my seat. I soaked a kerchief in water from a bottle we have been carrying and put it over my head. I held it in place with my hat. I put it in front of my face at times

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 64. The bloody revolution that Mark thinks Tanzania helped Zimbabwe to avoid is now known as the Zimbabwe War of Independence, a fierce and bloody battle that lasted from 1965 to 1979.

[The infamous Geoff Crowther says on the same page of Nyerere: "His influence on the Zimbabwe leaders, Mugabe and Nkomo, has been considerable, and doubtless has been a major factor in Mugabe's moderate stand towards the white population in that country." MRL]

65. "Plucky little Tanzania" remains the only African country other than Amin's Uganda to cross its border and invade another country. After deposing Amin, Nyerere installed his old socialist friend Milton Obote as Uganda's president; Obote proceeded to kill more of his own people than even Amin had, before he was deposed for a second time.

Tanzania also overthrew James Mancham, the capitalist, pro-Western, democratically-elected president of the Seychelles, replacing him with a communist dictator who remains in office to this day. Mark really shouldn't repeat everything he hears from pro-Tanzanians as absolute fact.

or in back of my head, depending on if I wanted to see the surroundings. All this made the trip somewhat less exhausting even if I looked like something out of Dr. Frankenstein's lab.

One of the features of the new landscape is baobab trees. These are trees with huge trunks, some twenty feet in diameter, though they are usually not circular, and then they have little thin limbs, very twisty. Apparently no leaves visible. It has been nicknamed "the upside-down tree" since its limbs look like you would expect its roots to look.

Lake Manyara is a small soda lake next to an escarpment from the rift. That's fancy talk for saying there are cliffs nearby overhanging the lake. (66) The hotel is overhead on the cliffs and has a spectacular view of the lake.

We arrived and checked in, and I wrote for a while before dinner. The hotel has electricity only from 6 PM to 11 PM and 6 AM to 8 AM.

The food was just okay, nothing special. We hit the sack pretty much right after dinner.

November 1, 1988

Our first activity of the morning was a visit to the game park at Lake Manyara. There is a long twisty drive down the escarpment. You pass people winding their way down the road going to the market. You also pass the occasional baboon.

Waiting to go into the park we watched a family of baboons playing in, playing near, and eating a nearby tree. The park is more foresty than most we have seen and while it has almost all the same animals, certainly nothing new that you could really see, they do different sorts of things with trees around. The most famous different sort of thing is that the lions climb trees. You may have seen pictures of lions in trees looking totally shagged out. Well, those have probably been taken in the Manyara region. (Incidentally, it is pronounced man-YARA.) They have been telling us, "You may see tree-climbing lions." We saw only a group of a few landlubber lions and then only from a distance. Cathy later told me that it is very rare to see a lion in a tree any more. It seems a lot of what this tour was sold on is what Africa was twenty years ago. They are counting on you not knowing that poaching and other animal depredations have made this a much less interesting trip. We spent about two and a half hours in the game park. It would have been more but we wanted to get to Olduvai Gorge where we might still see the Zinjanthropus walking around (but I doubt it). We had been

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 66. That's un-fancy talk for saying that Lake Manyara is in the Rift Valley, which extends from Asian Russia all the way down to Botswana, some 4,000 miles in all; and that the lodge is set atop the Rift escarpment.

told we would see flamingos so I guess there was a unique animal, but we saw them only at a great distance. But I guess there was one new animal. We saw a herd of impala, or perhaps it was a harem. There were about twenty females and one male. He could be distinguished by his horns.

There are a lot of baboons in the park. They reminded me of a comment made by one of the guides at Treetops. He said that part of the ground below was fenced off so you would see no animals in it but baboons. Baboons get into it because "baboons are like people." They just duck under the fence. We see a lot of signs that baboons are like people. Watching a family of baboons you might almost think you were seeing a family of humans picnicking. The faces look human and the behaviors are quite human.

In the park there was an incident that bothered me somewhat. A bee had flown into the bus. Some of the women were talking about it and trying to pull away from it. Dorothy pulled out a can of bug spray to kill it. "Oh, don't kill it," I asked her. "Then you sit next to it." "Okay, I will." But before I could move back she sprayed it.

Later on the road her constant conversation turned to bees and how two different people she knew had been stung by bees when gardening and had died. She turned to me and said, "So you see, that's why you should be careful." I tried to explain to her that the people gardening had probably been seen by the bees as a threat to the hive. A bee has two priorities: 1) protect the hive, and 2) save its life. As long as we didn't act threatening toward the bee, we could have moved it to an open window and sent it on its way. I told her it was

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67. The bee is territorial; why shouldn't the riders in the bus be the same? If he invades your turf, he's made his choice and must now suffer the consequences of his actions. Believe me, he'd do the same to you if you invaded his hive.

[Some of my comments have been a little flip. I sincerely have not meant any disrespect to Mike. This one item is an exception. I think this attitude of callousness toward wildlife, even of non-endangered species, is the basis of a lot of the problems the humans face in East Africa and, even more, that the animals face. I am generally unimpressed by macho turf arguments, but I will point out that the entire philosophy of the game parks is that they are strictly the animals' turf, not the humans'. And the visitor who does not want to play by those rules has no business being in the game parks no matter how much fun he finds it. In any case, I expect that a human has greater facilities than a bee for recognizing when danger can easily be avoided, assuming the human chooses to use those cautions. The only time the bee was really dangerous, as I have confirmed, was after it was sprayed. Oh, yes, I am very surprised that someone with Mike's reputed animal expertise refers to a foraging bee as "he." As most readers probably know, the male bee or drone has no sting and does not leave the hive to forage. MRL]

very unlikely that anyone would have been stung by this bee. She said we didn't know for sure. I said you don't know for sure you wouldn't be killed riding in this bus either. You take some risk either way. Dorothy responded, "You are too intelligent to make an argument like that." Evelyn piped in, "You're really comparing apples and oranges." (I should point out that Evelyn will rarely join an argument on my side claiming, "I figured you could take care of yourself and I didn't want to get pulled into the argument." However if she sees what she thinks is a flaw in my argument she is much more ready to enter the fray. If I am going to try to argue a point 97% of the time I am better off, or at least no worse off, if Evelyn is not around.)

I could have argued on but at this point the perception would have been, "If even his own wife is arguing against him, he must be wrong." Fine, if they want to assume that the intelligent response is to kill the bee and the stupid response is to try to find a way that neither the bee nor the humans are hurt, fine. I have long ago discovered that I have a lot of ability to make people think but almost no ability to convince people. The former takes logic; the latter takes charisma.(67)

We pass more kids on the road. They smile and wave, shouting something. We asked the driver what they were shouting and it was, "Pay us. Give us money." They want us to stop, take their pictures, and pay them.

I think the reason we loved the trip to China so much was that the people were as curious about us as we were about them. It was a chance to communicate with them. Perhaps one of the reasons we travel so much is that we want to recreate that experience. Now we are discovering that going to other countries is very much like going to our mailbox. You go with high hopes to communicate with the world and 95% of the communication you receive is, "We want your money. Please give us your money." I don't think we would enjoy China anymore the way it is today. Too many Americans have gone who did not really want to go the China. They didn't want to eat what the Chinese eat and enjoy the hospitality that the Chinese in their small way could muster. They wanted to bring the cuisines they were used to with them. They wanted to bring their Holiday Inns with them. So China has responded by saying, "Sure, we can give you that, just bring us your money."

Oh, while I think of it, I have gotten a chance to talk to a local and find out a bit more about what the political tension is in Kenya. A lot of it is vast numbers of poor and fewer rich, but it breaks down along tribal lines. The Kikuyu are very power-hungry and tend to be the wealthiest tribe. They are also the most devious tribe and are probably behind a number of political murders of opponents. Opposition leaders are ending up in mysteri-

ous road accidents or being shot in Nairobi streets. The local used the phrase "Kikuyu Mafia" to describe techniques used. Moi, being from a minority tribe, is breaking up some of the concentration, but there is a definite Kikuyu attempt to jimmy the constitution to give more power to themselves. This goes somewhat further than what Cathy was willing to say. This, in any case, seems to account for the tension I noted in Kenya.(68)

Well, I have digressed a long way, but as I left my narrative we were being jounced and shaken on the way up Ngorongoro Crater. At some point you start climbing the outer wall of the crater until you get to a sort of a lookout point where on one side you can see the valley outside the crater and on the other you look into the mouth of the second largest volcanic crater on earth. The roughly circular bowl is about 2500 feet deep and nine miles across. You have to look at the entire panorama to see the bowl is completely enclosed and not just a mountain range. Inside the bowl is a plain with trees and animals who never leave the bowl.(69)

The Ngorongoro Crater Wildlife Lodge seems better put together than the Lake Manyara Lodge, but still is crude by Western standards. Except for a private bath, it is little more ornate than our dorm rooms at school. Every room comes with a spectacular view of the crater.

I had curried vegetables and spaghetti for lunch and a roll. The rolls have been uniformly bad in Africa, and this one was very good. Others also commented on how good the rolls were.

Our scheduled activity for the afternoon was the trip to Olduvai Gorge. We were told this was going to be a hard trip. The roads were bad. It would be a ninety-minute ride each way for about a forty minute visit. Masochist that I am, I couldn't pass it up. I don't pass anything of the African experience up (except for the occasional dinner item). So off we went. As promised the road was no bargain. Along the side of the road we kept passing tribal children wanting to be photographed. These

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68. The Kikuyu have done more to pull Kenya, kicking and screaming, into the 20th Century than all the other tribes combined. It is the Kikuyu who have made Kenya the only capitalist nation in East or Central Africa, thus guaranteeing it an ongoing flow of money from the West, and it is the Kikuyu who have made Kenya into a true multi-racial society. It's a dictatorship, of course, but so is every other black African nation except Botswana; and the Kikuyu are the dominant tribe, but on a continent where tribalism is far more important than nationalism, they have never practiced genocide on smaller, weaker tribes, as has happened in Uganda, Central African Republic, Zimbabwe, and almost a dozen other black African countries.

Once the romantics are through admiring their picturesque Maasai, I'd love to have

come in roughly two categories. There were the disco dancers and the bar mitzvah boys.

The disco dancers were children from ages of about 5 up to about 13. They were in brightly colored robes of different colors but they all wore the same sort of stiff necklaces that formed disks around their necks about a foot in diameter. As you passed them they chanted and gyrated in unison--there were from three to a dozen of them in a group --and shook the disks on their necks up and down in unison.

The bar mitzvah boys were all thirteen years old and made up for the rites of manhood which include circumcision.(70) They wear jet black robes, they have their skin painted jet black and in contrast they have bright white paint on their faces like war paint.

I hadn't actually given it much thought, but not too surprisingly you do not get to walk in the gorge itself. You just see it from overhead from one side. There is a shaded area where a representative of the Institute of Human Origins tells you a little something about the work done in the gorge. He is a local tribesman but clearly well-educated and he gives "australopithecus" the pronunciation "aus-tral-o-PITH-ee-koos." The gorge itself is about fifty-five miles long and really called Olupai Gorge but the name was misheard at some point. It was named for the sisal plants which the locals call oldupai. The gorge itself was first discovered by a German butterfly collector shortly after the turn of the century. He was looking for butterflies but found bones. German scientists investigated and found skeletons 17,000 years old. I already mentioned earlier in this log how the Leakeys came to the gorge and what they found. The Leakeys, on July 17, 1959, found their first australopithecus, which they called Zinjanthropus and the rest is pre-history. The guide was talking about Johanson and the work he is doing at Olduvai and how he came from Berkeley. Dorothy piped in, "and before that he came from Cleveland." Later

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them tell me what the Maasai have managed to accomplish.

(In fact, if I can put in a plug for a pair of science fiction novels that address these topics, among other things, let me recommend my novels IVORY for a survey of the Maasai, and PARADISE, for an allegory of Kenya's history in its entirety. Both are published by Tor, in 1988 and 1989, respectively.)

69. The "bowl" is called a caldera, or collapsed volcano.

70. About 80% of all Kenyan and Tanzanian males and females undergo circumcision as teenagers. Jomo Kenyatta spent about 20,000 words of his book, FACING MOUNT KENYA, explaining why he thought it was necessary.



one of the other tour members told me what a "crock of shit" all this Cleveland stuff is. I told him about Oklahoma City and the first part of our trip.

Dorothy is kind of an odd fish. She has elevated her adulation of her late husband--a college professor--and her chauvinism for Cleveland into the driving forces of her life. She has sort of formed her own "great scientists fan club." And she seems to be treated by Nobel prizewinners much in the way movie stars treat their fan clubs. If the truth be known, they are a little flattered to know they have fans and as long as they do they treat their fans cordially and (perhaps not entirely sincerely) as equals. And this reaction in turns flatters Dorothy as it would any fan. How she differs from a film fan is that her subject is generally considered to be important so she has actually been able to get corporate grants, some large, to subsidize her fannish activity. She seems to have pulled together this Michelson-Morley conference that way. She claims to have gotten something out of each of the presentations but one but I doubt that she (or I) could understand them in their full profundity.

Next to Olduvai there is a museum smaller than our living room. We went through it in about ten minutes, then headed back to the hotel. We had plenty of time to write in our logs before dinner, except for about a five-minute power failure. For that I pulled out my Itty Bitty Book Light which would have been indispensable on this trip if I had put in new batteries. Unfortunately, the batteries which seemed fine in New Jersey started fading early on in the trip so I have been using it sparingly.

There is a big fireplace in the lounge and we went to sit in front of it and to talk before dinner. After dinner we returned to the lounge and talked a little more before bed. I sat with the Garfields and the Cohens. I told Matt, who incidentally is Jewish, that I was talking to my driver about his tribe. I had considered telling the driver that I was from the tribe of Levi, but decided it would take too long to explain.

November 2, 1988

I woke up at about 4 AM and went to the bathroom only to discover there was no electricity.(71) Apparently this is one of those places that they turn off the electricity at night, but here they didn't tell us they were going to do it. I operated with the last of the power from my book light and then from my flashlight. About 6 AM I tried the light over the bed and it worked. About 6:30 Evelyn tried

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71. Except for certain upscale Nairobi and Mombasa hostelries and the Mt. Kenya Safari Club, every hotel and game lodge in East Africa turns off its electricity at nine or ten at night, and again during midday. Power is at a premium.

to use the toilet and found it would not flush. We got dressed. Evelyn suggested we sit in the lounge and on the way report the problem with the toilet. We did that only to be told that all the water was turned off.

After breakfast we headed out for the crater. For this drive we had the genuine Land Rovers like in movies like Hatari. (Nice scenery, lousy story. Incidentally, "hatari" is Swahili for "danger." You see it all around, mostly on things like high-voltage lines which are sort of a local attraction; there isn't much electricity around. But I digress.) The interesting thing about the real Land Rovers is the only shock absorbers are what Nature has provided you already. Don't try cutting a diamond in one. Don't even drink a Coke. I think the driver was expecting we would be all excited about the game we would be seeing. So in the front seat he ended up with Jerry, a very laid-back ex-contractor with a low-key laconic sense of humor. Jerry is traveling by himself so he must want to see things, but takes things very matter-of-factly. We got into the crater and set out and Jerry promptly dozed off. The driver was also disappointed that we had only one or two cameras and no telephoto lenses. They expect tips for illegally driving off the roads to get better views of animals. He asked us if we wanted him to do that and we said not. He did it anyway. They always do. Major sight of the morning was some high grass decorated by four males just lying together. Why were they off by themselves, someone asked. "Maybe they're gay," suggested Jerry. We saw the usual pool of hippos. (We are getting surprisingly blase' about such things.) These were particularly placid and sleepy. I took four or five shots and we may ask as a puzzle which hippo has moved between each shot and the next.

We also saw flamingos you could really see. The day before at Manyara you saw only a pink stain on the water.

We illegally harassed a black rhino and her baby by driving much closer than the law allows.

We also found lions by a pool and shot them (with cameras, of course).

Come lunch time we pulled up under some trees and had an unappetizing box lunch. It had to be eaten in the Land Rover so the kite birds overhead did not snatch the food out of our hands. And often taking fingers too.

The real problem with these safaris is that different groups see different things (kills and such) and get to brag about them. We never really got to brag. We'd seen a lot of the usual stuff but nothing special. So I announced to our group that we all had seen a leopard...making a kill...and he was killing a lion! We all agreed on the story. What was so beautiful about the story is that we had inside information that there are no leopards in Ngorongoro Crater and leopards would never go after

lions. Nobody else would have seen it. I would have used the story that night but nobody wanted to hear our story. Apparently one of the other Land Rovers saw kangaroos riding elephants. But they saw it for real.

In any case, as we were eating lunch the other Land Rovers of our party showed up. We split into

two groups. There were those who wanted to go back to the lodge immediately and those who wanted to stay and see more game. Three guesses which group I and Evelyn were in.

We saw some elephants at a great distance, though these must not have been the ones with the kangaroo riders.

We also stopped near a water spigot and discovered a colony of vervet monkeys. One kept picking something off very, very red rump and eating it. Ann, who has been complaining about my humor the whole trip, said, "It's nice to be able to grow what you eat." Now whenever she rides me about my humor I will remind her of this joke.

Well, when we were done with the vervets we were done with our last safari. From this point on our trip was ending. It had taken over an hour to get into the crater. We asked how long it would take to climb back out of the crater and get to the lodge. "Twenty minutes." "I'll believe that when I see it," I thought. It took twenty-five.

There are discussions of whether it is worse pain to have a baby or a kidney stone. I have experienced one--I won't say which--and can tell you

it was no picnic. However, if you really want to know pain my recommendation is to sit in the back of a Land Rover that has no shock absorbers as it climbs a mountain path that is only somewhat smoothed rock and the Land Rover is traveling about sixty miles an hour.(72) Be sitting on seats that are basically metal racks with thin foam rubber cushions.

We got back to the lodge and then I started to notice the lovely brown tan I had gotten during the day. My arms were a deep brown. And when I blew on them the brown came off in billows. Oh, that's not a tan; that's road dust! We were covered with road dust like a beignet is covered with powdered sugar!

Getting back to the hotel we asked if the water was back. It was. We went to our room. I took off everything and turned on the shower. Hot water! What luxury! I called Evelyn to join me. Who knows how long a luxury like hot water will last? Evelyn jumped into the shower too. (It's okay; we're married. However, for once I will leave off visual details. You understand.) We had a good five minutes creating mud pies on our skin and then washing them away. I didn't dare look at the runoff mud. After about five minutes the water turned cold and that was it.(73)

We got dressed, wrote, and eventually went to the lounge and talked before dinner. At dinner we were given Travcoa evaluation forms to fill out. As is much like Cathy, we did not get envelopes to keep our comments private. She just said to return the sheets to her and she would post them. She also lent us a booklet on the Maasai. Herb Cohen and Matt Garfield lit up cigars. That was Evelyn's signal to leave and go sit by the fire. Herb came over by the fire and Evelyn told him that, "We'd already left the table to get away from the cigars." Herb went off in a huff and a puff. We were sitting alone. I started to go back to our room when it hit me I wasn't really happy about Evelyn's use of the pronoun "we." (Evelyn later said to me that she meant Marie and herself. Marie is not happy about her husband's cigars, but she isn't rude about it.) As it happens, the hotel has high ceilings and good ventilation and I could at no point even smell the cigars. I went to the Garfields and the Cohens, who were at this point sitting together and asked to join them. We filled out evaluation forms and the five of us compared notes. A while later Evelyn joined us and explained she was bothered by cigar smoke. She later termed this redundant comment an "apology."

Anyway, we sort of compared our responses on the Travcoa forms and then off to bed.

November 3, 1988

I woke up about 4 AM again and tried to use the bathroom. No light. Fine, that's what happened yesterday. I tried to use the toilet. (That's not fair. I did use the toilet. I tried to flush the toilet....) No water. I went back to bed and wrote by flashlight, though I turned on the light over the bed. Come about 5:45 the toilet flushed and a little later the light came on.

72. I hate to keep pointing it out, but had Mark done his homework he would have known that Abercrombie & Kent keeps a brand-new fleet of Land Cruisers, each with heavy-duty suspension, at their own Ngorongoro Crater lodge, and he would have arranged his trip through a packager that used them.

[As I would hope would be obvious by now, I am not particularly interested in brand-new Land Cruisers with heavy-duty suspension. I'd rather have authentic 1950s Land Cruisers with all their faults. I think I would always prefer authenticity over comfort. For once I do prefer Travcoa. MRL]

73. You must understand that about \$10 to \$12 of each day/night's rent at a game lodge pays for that five-minute shower. Water and power are the most valuable commodities in East Africa, and the tourist who expects to take a 30-minute shower anywhere except Nairobi, Mombasa, or the Mt. Kenya Safari Club simply hasn't done his homework.

Breakfast was okay. I tried the cornflakes and they sogged up quickly in milk that tasted powdered. I ended with eggs. Breakfast, lunch, and dinner, Africa has been the Cholesterol Continent. It is tough to have a meal without fatty meat or eggs.(74) I am afraid of what this trip is doing to my diet. I usually find that I gain a pound or two traveling and in the next day or so after I return I gain two or three pounds. I don't explain it; I only report.

We were leaving a little later than usual because there was not much in the way of activities planned. I read Cathy's booklet on the Maasai. It contained a photo sequence on how the Maasai take blood from a cow to mix with milk. Gack! What they do is hold the cow and shoot an arrow into its neck just so. The blood comes fountaining out and they collect it and mix it with milk. The classic Maasai have cattle for only this purpose. They do not eat meat. In fact, the Tanzanian Maasai use the epithet "eater of wild animals." That is considered bestiality. (Someone mentioned that he heard a Maasai cursing a Greek and the worst thing he could say was to call the Greek a "goat eater.") In Kenya, the Maasai do eat meat, but males do it in secret where no females can see it. Of course any eating habits which are not like ours in the United States are pretty disgusting. In America we take the glandular secretions of a cow, separate out the fatty parts, let them congeal and presto! fresh creamery butter. Great for frying chicken ova in. When it comes to eating animal products, what you grew up with is what you can stomach. Me? I never met a cuisine I didn't like. I'm not sure I want to test that by trying blood-milk, but then nobody has offered it either. I took a few more panoramic pictures of the crater basin. Then it was, "Adios, Ngorongoro."

At 9:30 AM we gathered by the buses, saw some marabou storks on a nearby tree, and headed out for Gibbs Farm. This was supposed to be our chance to see a coffee plantation, but for us it was really just a glorified restaurant. We weren't told anything about coffee farming; it was just nicely kept grounds and a place to have lunch, but since there was insufficient table space we had to eat on our laps, but I am getting ahead of myself. We drove onto the grounds of Gibbs Farm and all got out, then were told nothing. So what were we supposed to do? Not a clue? There are people sitting in lounge chairs but no free chairs. Finally we get told that it would be forty-five minutes to lunch and in the interim we could have soft drinks and do whatever we wanted. There isn't much tougher to do

74. This was true of the lodges Mark and Evelyn stayed at. It is not true of all lodges. The Block lodges, in particular (and excluding Treetops/Outspan), feed you as well as any sextet of New York restaurants.

on a coffee plantation than anything you want. Most people decorated the furniture and talked.

Looking around for something to do we saw a game on a table with instructions next to it. The instructions covered a simple and a complicated version of the game and together they made two full typed pages. And they were tough to follow. The game itself was carved from wood and looked like a carved beanpod which had two rows of eight cups each. Each cup held three coffee beans. Even the simple game seemed complex. Each side chose a row and you used only the central six cups on each side, each starting with four beans per cup. You start by choosing a cup on your side, scooping out all the beans and distributing them, one each, to all the adjacent cups in a clockwise direction. The last cup you put a bean in you scoop out all the beans from and again distribute a bean each to each adjacent cup going clockwise. When your last bean goes into an empty cup, your turn is over. Whenever you put the fourth bean into a cup that had three, you remove these four beans and put them next to the board on your side. That's four points for your side. You keep going until all the beans are off the board. (If the last bean in your hand goes into a cup that had three beans, you still get the four beans but with the cup being empty it is the end of your turn.) If any game ever begged to be computerized, this one does. You spend all your time in the clerical task of moving beans when a computer program could just show you the final configuration of beans. I played the game with Evelyn and beat her, but it was purely a matter of chance. Neither of us was playing with any strategy. I continued playing for about half an hour, just looking for patterns.

When I was done with that, I looked in the gift shop. This one had a fairly unique feature. It had a book exchange. If you want any of the fifty or so books, just contribute a book and take the one you want. They had a classic old Ballantine book on the Reign of Terror in France. We had brought a copy of King Solomon's Mines by H. Rider Haggard and Evelyn was reading it but planned to abandon it when she was done since we had copies at home. She suggested she could hold off on reading it until she got home so we made the trade. I am sure a copy of King Solomon's Mines will not stay on the shelf long in Tanzania.

Lunch was nothing special to us, but the flies thought it was pretty good stuff. Dessert included moolaberry cobbler. Moolaberries are any fruit you cannot recognize, I have so decided. The jelly they put on the table each morning is moolaberry jelly. In this case moolaberry turned out to be rhubarb and pear. As a kid I hated the concept of rhubarb. An orderly universe should not allow the existence of a vegetable as ugly as rhubarb. This tasted like tart cherry cobbler. I am impressed

with anyone who can make a dessert that tastes this good out of an ugly vegetable.

After lunch it was back in the buses and on to Arusha. This is the same road we drove a couple of days before, but it seemed a lot smoother now. Perhaps because the driver was taking it more slowly or perhaps because the bus had new shocks, but most likely because we'd darn well learned how bad roads or the lack thereof can be and we might as well just stop belly-aching! I'll tell you this time we didn't have any smartasses strapping themselves to their seats.

Well, the driver said we would get into Arusha by 4 PM. So our van's buddy got a flat. (Every van has a "buddy van" so if one van gets run over by a cape buffalo the other van will at least get it on film.) Anyway our buddy van got a flat. So we pulled up to it and the two drivers started changing the tire. A couple of Maasai came over to watch the process of changing the tire. Nobody invited them so I figured I had a right to take a picture of the process with them looking on.

Hey, I had a right to go further than that. I almost grabbed a bunch of Evelyn's trading T-shirts and went over to try to sell them. It wasn't that we really needed the money, but I wanted them to know what it bloody well feels like!(75)

Well, I have to tell you these drivers had the wheel off and the other wheel on with speed that would do credit to the Grand Prix. We all knew something was up. What we didn't know was that we were coming to the high point of the trip for the drivers.

I should describe the town of Arusha. A lot of these places sound like they smack of elephant tusks and leopard skin living. I know that's how I used to think of them. Now I don't know what Cuba looks like today, but Arusha looks like how the United States government would like us to picture Cuba today. A lot of it is banana trees and tin shacks. Then occasionally you see a lot that has two goats fighting for the last three clumps of grass, a wood branch frame with the walls actually made of mud and manure packed together, a grass roof, and a sign over the door that says "The New York Bar."

We pulled into Arusha's downtown area. We were hot, we were dusty, we were tired, and the drivers took us to a market to shop.(76) I could hear voices from the other van saying, "We don;t want to shop; we want to go to the hotel!" We told our driver that we felt the same way. "But you have to shop now. The shops will be closed later." "But we don't want to shop." "But Miss Porter said you would shop now." "Okay, we shopped, we just didn't buy." A very crestfallen driver drove us to the hotel. Can it be that no shopping means no commission for the driver?

At the Mt. Meru Hotel we piled out of our bus.

As we stepped out on the curb the driver found a bag we had left on the bus with two pairs of shoes. He brought it out to hand to us. "These are shoes we have no room to pack. Do you know someone who can use them?" "Oh, thank you very much," he brightened right up. We had been told in advance that shoes, any shoes, are an expensive luxury. A couple of pairs of shoes of no use to me at home would probably get more useful life in Tanzania than they ever had in the United States.

The Mt. Meru was a pleasant surprise. It was no more comfortable than a Motel 6 room in the United States but for East Africa that was real luxury. (77) We got cleaned up for our final activity of the trip, a lecture on Tanzania. We were ready early so we sat down by the pool. Ken Funchess came along with a gift. He claimed it was a favorite T-shirt of his but he wanted me to have it if I promised to wear it. It bore the message "I'm fat, but you're ugly and I can diet." I was even able to tell him at least part of the origin of the slogan. Some Brit--it may have been Bernard Shaw--was seen drunk in public.(78) A woman came up to him with obvious disgust and said, "You're drunk!" He replied, "Yes, and you're ugly, but I'll be sober in the morning."

Well, then it was time. We were joined by a few people from another Travcoa tour that included Rwanda and a gorilla trek. One of the men sat at our table to chat and we found out all about it. What we heard convinced Evelyn more she wanted to go but raised some questions in my mind. It is a pretty rigorous trip to climb to the gorillas and then by law you can spend just sixty minutes with them. At the end of sixty minutes even if you found

75. Turnabout is certainly fair play...but that would require Mark to know what it feels like to earn 53 cents a day (Tanzanians are much poorer than Kenyans) and to be hungry all his life.

[Uh, it was a joke. Mike's attitude seems somehow inconsistent with his footnote 15. MRL]

76. There are no cities in Tanzania that are really worth seeing, but if you absolutely must see two, you visit Dar Es Salaam (the current capital) and Dodoma (the future capital). Most of the upscale tourist companies avoid Arusha these days, since you can't really do anything there except buy a meal and then drive back onto the safari circuit.

77. Again, I have to point out that Mount Meru is not a real luxury for East Africa. It may very well be a real luxury for Travcoa clients who are visiting East Africa, which is an entirely different matter.

[Good. That's plenty. MRL]

78. It was Sir Winston Churchill, not George Bernard Shaw.

[I knew it was one or the other, but Bartlett's is hard to come by on safari. ECL]

a gorilla to love and she loves you, the law says you have to separate and never see her again. You come from two different worlds and after a brief encounter you must separate like two sheeps that pass in the night.

Well, then we had our lecture from Dr. Hirji of the Serengeti Wildlife Institute. He talked about the triangular migration patterns of the wildebeest. They are headed south to the Serengeti where in one month all the year's new calves will be dropped and all the new gnus will join the migration. He talked about the distinction among the National Parks (only tourists allowed), National Game Reserves (limited human activities; some tourist hunting), Game Control Areas (hunting license required), and Ngorongoro--a separate class to itself where in dry weather shepherds can bring their cattle in to drink but only during daylight hours; at nightfall they must be out. There is a 3.2% annual growth in population which he said triples the population every twenty-five years. (He was wrong about this; 3.2% triples in thirty-five years.) The cattle population has remained just about constant while the human population has increased, implying increased poverty.

Dr. Hirji got on the subject of poaching in the question-and-answer period. He described recent incidents in which poachers massacred twenty rhinos and two park rangers. 4% of the Tanzanian budget is spent on conservation and .04% of the United States budget is. But the United States budget is so much bigger that it means the United States can have a lot more money to spend. Hirji is basically telling people coming to Tanzania that the elephants and rhinos will be gone by the turn of the century. He is not modifying that with any unleses. he is saying they will probably be gone. Period.(79) On the open market ivory is worth about \$1000/kilogram and ivory-running is entirely analogous to drug-running in the sort of networks which are used for the illicit traffic.

There was also discussion about the life of the Maasai and how much schooling the Maasai get. Educating a nomadic people who do not value schooling represents some special problems. Schools for the Maasai tend to be boarding schools. The government also has a policy of arresting tribesmen with children all of whom are not in school. They will hold the father in jail until at least one child goes to school. One of the tour members whom most of us had already felt was a bit past it kept asking questions out of order. (Hirji had said he would take questions from people in a clockwise order.) The less-than-all-there member kept asking why tractors could not be used to farm the land. Hirji answered that they are just too expensive and could not be made cost-effective. "But wouldn't tractors increase the produce?" he asked. Hirji repeated that the increased produce could not offset the



cost of machinery in a country where technology is expensive and human labor is cheap. The third time our member asked the question Herb Cohen pointed out that Evelyn was still trying to get her first question in. Evelyn did get a question in and two more followed in quick succession when our less-than-with-it member interrupted again, saying, "I move that we adjourn to dinner." This suggestion was met with people shouting no and one person calling the interrupter "Jerk!" I was not quite as irritated as the others. It was just a suggestion, and it might have been construed as being polite to the speaker. In any case, after a few more questions we did adjourn. We stayed around to ask some questions and to talk to Ken about poaching. He is a member of the NRA and, while we have gotten to be friends, we have some political differences. Anyway, by the time we got to dinner, which this night

79. Dr. Hirji is probably right about the rhinos, and probably wrong about the elephants. There are still 85,000 elephants in Tanzania. About 55,000 of them live in the virtually impenetrable Selous Reserve, and even with relatively unrestricted poaching, they're only wiping out about 5,000 a year. The Tanzanian elephants should be good until 2015 or so.

(In Kenya, the elephant population has dropped from 167,000 in 1973 to about 19,000 in early 1988, at the same time the rhino population was dropping from 23,000 to 450, all due to poaching. The rhino will be extinct in the wild within a decade, but will exist in heavily-guarded parks for another few decades. The elephants will probably survive, in diminishing numbers, for half a century, since tourism is Kenya's biggest foreign currency earner, and smaller numbers will be easier to protect. Always assuming that the army stops blowing them away while there are still a few thousand left, of course.)

(And, to round off the East African situation, there are no rhinos left in Uganda, and less than 800 elephants. Prior to Amin, Uganda was said to have the two finest game parks in all of Africa; today, very little grows in either of them except grass. [On Amin's behalf, if that is the right word and I suspect it isn't, his two immediate successors, Dr. Obote and Gen. Okello, each killed more Ugandans than he did.])

was in tables of four, there were no two seats together at the tables of or anywhere near the others. We ended up sort of exiled for being late.

The dinner was on the grill outside. I had chicken, beef, and goat. It was okay, but didn't have a lot of flavor. We also had banana stew with beans over rice. It tasted a lot like rice and beans. While we were eating, the waiter came over and asked if one of the seats at our table was being used. We told him it wasn't so he took it away. I complained to Evelyn, "Bad enough we have been exiled; now they are cannibalizing our table for spare parts!"

Cathy came around to our table as she had to each of the others to tell us the plans for the morning. We were to fly on Air Tanzania. Cathy kept telling us not to expect to fly. Apparently the flight is almost always canceled, usually because the President of the country commandeers the plane. I told her that sounded really good to me. I can tell people I had flown on President's Nyrere's private plane. Well, then to bed. I wanted to stay up as late as possible so I could avoid jet lag as I explained earlier in the log.

November 4, 1988

This was my day for waiting, for saying goodbye to people, and for flying. We woke up about 6 and went for breakfast about 6:30. By 7:15 we were on the way to the airport. We got some spectacular shots of Kilimanjaro and caught our plane for Nairobi. It turned out the plane really did go, but the customs check to get on it was about the most rigorous in East Africa. I was hoping that I would end up sitting next to one of the locals. No, Evelyn and I got three seats to ourselves. Well, it was going to be only a thirty-minute flight anyway. I got a nice shot of just the top of Kilimanjaro above a layer of clouds.

After a while I felt a little tug on my seatback and looked. There was a little hand an inch and a half across with nail polish on the fingernails. I looked around and saw there was an Indian girl about three, an Indian boy about ten, and their father in the seats behind. To say hello I folded an origami bird and passed it to the boy. I started to fold another piece and the boy asked me if I would teach him to fold the bird. I spent the rest of the flight teaching the boy origami and folding pieces for him. The father called me "genius." I shook my head no, modestly. (Okay, so I lied to him, but he probably should not make such snap judgements based only on origami. Next time he might be wrong.)

We landed back in Nairobi and went through immigration. It is a lot easier to get a smile from immigration people in Kenya, particularly if you demonstrate that you know a little more Swahili than

"Jambo." I have gotten friendlier responses using "Habari" and "Mzuri sana" than I would have imagined. (80)

Getting our bags was a hassle, but customs was little more than a wave through.

It was at this point we split off from the rest of the group. Only six of us had the tour ending here without seeing Victoria Falls. There were we two, Ann Cook, Margaret Zollinger, Ken Funchess, and his mother Sue. It took a while to get ground transport. Alfred, the local rep, had not shown up to take us. He finally did and we said goodbye to Cathy and the others.

It turned out the airport had given Alfred the wrong time for our flight and he was not expecting it for an hour or so. He took us back to the Nairobi Hilton for the last time. We were to have day rooms until 6 PM, then wait in the lobby or Residents' Lounge until 9 PM to go to the airport.

While we were waiting to get our bags off the bus I looked across the lobby and there saw Jane Vermuellen, our travel representative in Egypt! She had been talking to Alfred setting up her next tour, which was to be pretty much the same East Africa tour we were just finishing. I saw her walking toward the elevators and so as not to lose her I ran across the lobby and over to the elevators. "Hi, Gringo!" I said. Apparently I took her by surprise, but she was pleased to see me. We talked for about five minutes and then she came over to see Evelyn, Ann, and Margaret, all of whom had been on her Egypt tour. We talked about the tour and her plans. Eventually, Ken and his mother and Ann and Margaret left also. We just kept on talking to Jane until we realized Ken and his mother would be waiting for us for lunch.

We dropped our stuff off in the day room, called Ken's room, found him not there, and went to lunch. Ken's mother was in the coffee shop, but she said Ken was looking for us. He showed up a minute or so later. We had lunch together and I had the buffet which had very good Indian food.

After lunch we went out to spend our last slot-niks. (Ken's mother stayed and rested.) We were back to our room by 2 PM to get four hours of rest. The hotel closed-circuit had two films we watched while we rested: Agatha Christie's Murder with Mirrors and Ladyhawke.

80. Since "Habari?" means "What's new?" or "What's going on?", one really ought to know a little Swahili before using it, since it is designed to elicit a response that you will theoretically understand.

[Mike is right. You really need two more words. 97% of the responses you get are either "mzuri" ("good") or "mzuri sana" ("very good"). (In Tanzania substitute "nzuri.") The grin you get that you rarely get with "jambo" is optional, but be ready to smile back. (The same attitude I referred to in note 5 applies.) MRL]

At 6 PM we checked our luggage and went to the Residents' Lounge, a fancy room in the hotel which had a nice library and a bar. The six of us talked, mostly about how none of us was really hungry for dinner. After about an hour a group of people came in who were following a similar set of safaris and we talked to them about our experiences and what to expect. At 7:45, with about an hour to spare, we went to the coffee shop. We each had a shrimp cocktail and shared an ice cream sampler for two. A few minutes after we came in, Jane came in and we talked to her through the meal, telling her what she should tell her tour group that we were not told. At 9 PM we said goodbye to Jane and got driven to the airport by Alfred. He had a couple of people there handle our luggage. One of them asked me for a tip and I told him Alfred would pay him. He said, "Oh, yes, I forgot."

Well, it took a while to get our seat assignments and then it turned out there were no two seats together on the plane.

Next there was getting our bags checked. We were supposed to identify our bags to have them put on the plane. One of the guys who put up the bags for this asked for a bribe when he thought his supervisor couldn't see. His task was simply to put the bags on a belt. His request for a bribe took me a-back a little. I mean, he had no freedom of how he put a suitcase on a conveyor belt. What was he going to do, move the suitcase to the belt better??? No bribe here (or just about anywhere else) no matter how many times I was asked!(81)

Before getting on the plane we said goodbye to Ken and Sue. Now there were just four of us. We talked to more people coming off safari from a tour company called Questers. They had been mostly to the game places we had but they had also been on the Serengeti. Also we talked to someone whose group really had something to remember. One of the people on their tour died the first night. The wo-

81. I agree that you don't bribe everyone -- although a little bribery does make the wheels spin more smoothly. But, when traveling in the Third World, you tip like crazy. Not big tips, but something. Most of the porters, waiters, and what-have-you that you see on the circuit make 100% of their living from tips. Giving twenty American dollars to that Egyptian beggar was crazy...but on the other hand, hold onto that extra 25 cents and some African kid will go hungry tonight even though his father did exactly what you asked/told him to do.

[That was pretty much my attitude also. If a service is performed it should be rewarded. But there's a difference between a tip and a bribe. MRL]

[In this case us was obvious from the gesture that he wanted a bribe for pushing our luggage through before the inspector would have a chance to look at it rather than a tip. The porters who carried our luggage as a service did get tipped. ECL]

man said it was a pity the guy had not had at least one game drive before he went. It took a while to get our bags checked because the xray machine kept breaking down.

Some time not long after 11 PM we took off for Amsterdam.

November 5, 1988

My seat on the plane was between two Germanic women of Herculean proportions. Since I tend to have broad shoulders all three of us needed the arm rests and things were a little tight. Now when an airplane changes time zones, some of the people on the plane will already be thinking in terms of the new time zone and some will be thinking in terms of the old time zone. Meals are carefully timed to screw up the internal clocks of both sorts of people. Dinner--or at least something dinnerish--was served at 10 PM Amsterdam time and midnight Nairobi time. Why anyone would want to eat at that time is beyond me.

KLM gives everybody earphones free even though they show a film. Our film was Crocodile Dundee II. When a bad film gets good reviews and its sequel gets bad reviews, avoid that sequel. I saw most of Croc II and mercifully slept through part of it. At least the plane had a good musical program: "Academic Festival Overture," some Mahler, some Mozart.

Breakfast was served 5 AM local time and we landed about 6 AM. There is a short film they run on the plane telling you that Amsterdam Airport (Schiphol) has six times won awards as the best airport in the world. It certainly is a pleasant airport and speaks well of the Dutch economy. Much of it has the feel of a pleasant shopping mall and it certainly has a variety of shops. We bought some Marvel comics in Dutch for a friend who collects obscure comics. We bought a Time magazine, international edition, for about \$2.50, but it included free a paperback book that is a biography of Mikhail Gorbachev. And with it we also got a little piece of culture shock. The cashier talked to us and was very friendly. Okay, that can happen in the United States. It isn't. We also bought a stuffed toy at another store. The clerk couldn't give us all our change in American since she had only a single dollar bill in her register. It turned out the bill had really been through the wringer. Evelyn commented it was worn, showing it to me. The clerk said it was the most worn U.S. dollar she had ever seen. She gave us the rest of our change in guilders and suggested in a friendly way we could get coffee for the Dutch money. Now two friendly clerks, one right after another.

The four of us went back to the waiting area to get our seat assignments. The desk finally opened and we got our seat assignments. The women went

while I wrote in my log and watched the carry-on luggage. Then Evelyn was supposed to take the passports downstairs and identify the luggage. She came back up and said there was some trouble and I should bring the carry-ons down. I did. Well, it turned out a security guard wanted to hear from me as well as Evelyn that we had packed our own bags and that we had not accepted anything from anyone that we did not know the contents of. Then he looked through our passport and commented on how much we had traveled. He had been to South America too and talked to us about what he liked. Now this was too much. Three people in a row who were friendly and pleasant, one of whom was a security guard. The odds of hitting three really friendly and pleasant people in a row in the United States would have been vanishingly small, even in places like the Deep South or California.

Next we had to get our carry-on luggage checked. They frisked me thoroughly. They pulled the stuffed animal out of the bag and examined it. With a smile this guard admitted he knew there was nothing wrong with the stuffed animal; he was just curious to see what it looked like. Is it possible all the Dutch are so pleasant? We sat in the waiting room. One of the ground crew who was going to go out through the walkway was frisked by a security guard. You don't see that in the United States.

A staff woman came off the plane. She started looking at the heating registers. I was a little chilly. She hugged herself and looked at us, asking if we were chilly too. We nodded. This too is something of culture shock. Everyone we see seems to be thorough but they seem very friendly; nobody is officious. I think I am going to like the Dutch. We already had plans to come back a year from next August for the World Science Fiction Convention. But at the time I was not all that interested in spending a lot of time in a country that didn't have much to offer in the way of non-Western culture. But if the people are so friendly, I may want to come just for the atmosphere.

We boarded the plane. The seat configuration is 2-3-2 in the 767 plane. Evelyn and I sat in the center with a man we did not know. At some point I said to him, "It is my guess that you are an engineer, you are successful, and your company has put you in a position of high responsibility." he thought for a second and said all three were correct. I normally am not very good at the Sherlock Holmes sort of thing but this time it was pretty clear. Perhaps even elementary. In his pocket he had two mechanical pencils and two centimeter rulers. One pencil could be for any sort of work; two indicates either considerable use or two different lead widths. Together with the rulers they point to engineering. He wore an expensive watch and ring indicating a fair degree of success. Most engineers

cannot afford such niceties. Further, carrying engineering tools back from Amsterdam on a Saturday morning indicates he was on a business trip that sent him this distance. They don't send just anybody on such a trip; it would cost too much. Therefore his company expects a lot from him to make it worth their while to send him all that way. That spells responsibility.

It turns out he is an electrical engineer for a chemical company called ICI. He designs control mechanisms. I don't believe in Sherlock-Holmes-style detectives; it is too rare that all the clues really are present.

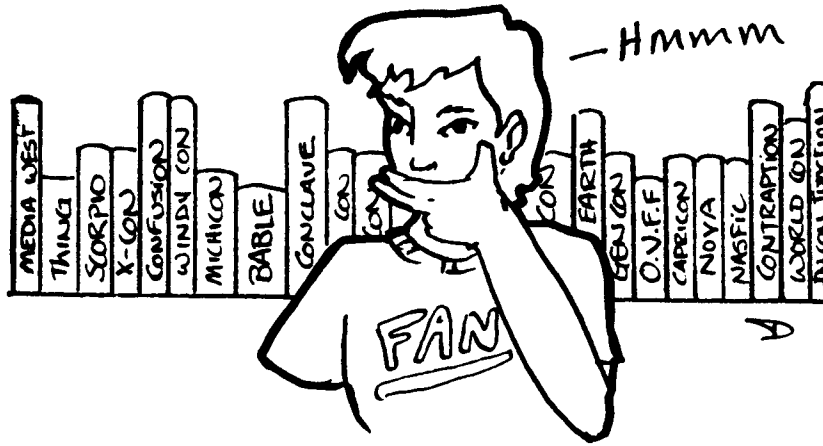
TWA charges a hefty \$4 for earphones. The movie was Arthur 2: On the Rocks. A wise man once said, "When a bad film gets good reviews and its sequel gets bad reviews, avoid that sequel."

Today turns out to be my record for getting checked luggage after a flight in both the customs and non-customs class. Ours were among the first dozen items off the plane. Customs was a verification there was no dirt on our shoes. Picking up the luggage and going through customs could not have been much more than five minutes. A friend picked us up and we went out for some really good-tasting Chinese food. Well, what can I say? I was looking forward more to the Egyptian leg and I enjoyed it more. Evelyn more wanted East Africa and that is the part she enjoyed. I guess what is a little disappointing is that the trip was just a little too safe and familiar. After the China trip we could talk about the people at great length; after South America we could talk about nearly being arrested by military police or about fighting pickpockets. The primary unusual memories I will carry from this trip will be the legless beggar in the Cairo market and from East Africa it will be the elephant tearing down fences outside our tent. In China things were upbeat. People felt better times were coming and were curious about us. The people made that trip so good. The predominant feeling in Africa is that we were seeing monuments and animals while we still could. In another decade or two these animals and many of the monuments will be lost to human greed. As it was, the trip played not so much off our wonder as our pity. Elephants, rhinos, lions were not the fierce fearful things we grew up thinking they were. The monuments were not as timeless. They were frail things like flowers that are inevitably fading. [*]

[[Editor's Note: Evelyn's report of the trip will be published next issue.]]

How to Judge a Con by Its Cover

by David Stein



You get a flyer from a convention that you've never been to. It's at a time when you're free and you decide to investigate attending. Now the last thing you want to do is waste your time and money going to a convention that's not going to be worth it. Here are some helpful questions to ask yourself that may help you determine the validity of a convention before you get there.

Type of Convention

Is this a Media Con? Are any of the guests (if they have guests) known TV stars? Are the words "Doctor Who" or "Blake 7" or "Creation" featured prominently on any of the advertisements?

Being a Media convention is not really a problem. Media conventions can also be a lot of fun, but they have a different mindset than straight SF cons. For one thing, there are very few parties in the sense that one usually thinks of a con party. (I mean, if you want to go to a party and spend three hours watching Miami Vice episodes, that's fine.)

Is this a single interest group con? Is the convention dedicated to any one group of people (like "The Slug Owners of Dune")?

Again, like Media conventions, you can't condemn all single interest conventions. You better be sure you are really into the single interest to which the group is dedicated or you may find yourself in real trouble. (If you don't like Star Trek, don't go to a Trekcon.)

Is this a gaming con? Are Phrases like "Dungeons and Dragons" or "Big Tournaments" or "Game Masters Needed" featured on the flyers?

If you've never been to one, a gaming convention is enough to send a seasoned con-going fan screaming into the night.

The Flyer

Is it a multi-color flyer? Is it professionally typeset or does it feature professional graphics? Are there actual photographs of the guests? Is the flyer printed on glossy paper? In other words, did they spend a lot of money on the flyer?

This may not be a problem, but spending an overt amount of money on a flyer may be an indication of bad money management. Don't be confused by a laser-printed flyer. As we all know, there are many computer people in fandom and many of them have access to some pretty spiffy equipment.

Does the convention advertise more guests than their probable membership?

This could be an indication that the committee has gone guest-happy and will be spending so much time "escorting" and "hobnobbing" with the guests that they'll neglect the attendees.

Does the convention run only two days?

This most likely means that there is zero nighttime activities and the convention will come to a screeching halt when the sun goes down.

Is the flyer written with at least an appearance of a sense of humor?

If the committee is too tight-minded not to put a little humor on the flyer, then they may be too tightminded to put any fun into the convention.

The Cost

Does it cost a weird amount of money to attend (e.g., \$13.95)?

Fans tend to like nice even amounts of money that make it easier on the poor harried treasurer. A weird amount probably means they're thinking too much about money and have worked out the cost to an exact figure, which in turn means that they are pinching pennies and will skimp in important areas (like the con suite).

Is the pre-supporting membership more than about \$5.00 or \$6.00 a day? (At the door doesn't really count)

This means that the con committee is:

- 1) probably not sharp enough to keep the hotel from stepping all over them;
- 2) dreaming too big and is going hog-wild spending, thinking that fans will be impressed by how much money they can spend;
- 3) trying to run a money-maker and may be pocketing the money;
- 4) lost and has resorted to pulling numbers out of a hat;
- 5) saying things like, "My father runs the National Sheet Metal Workers Convention and that's what they charge."

The Motel

Is the convention being held in a hotel or a hotel-convention center complex?

This doesn't necessarily apply to Worldcon since there are few single hotels big enough for one. Conventions not held in a hotel complex tend to have limited hours of operations and being separated from your hotel makes it very difficult to "bop" back to the room to drop something off (or do anything else you'd like to do back in your room). If a non-hotel convention doesn't also have an "official" hotel, this will make evening socializing nearly impossible.

Is the convention being held in a chain hotel (not Bob's Roadside Motel and Insect Farm)?

With chain hotels, you know what you are going to get. For the most part, Hyatts, Hiltons, Marriotts, and the like are basically consistent wherever you go. An independent hotel may not have the amenities you are expecting, or the prices. There are exceptions to this rule, though. The Red Lion in San Francisco, California, is a fine hotel and has hosted many conventions. Contact someone in the area for information about the hotel's reputation. If you're really worried about it, you can check with the local AAA; they maintain a hotel rating system on nearly all hotels.

Most seasoned conventioners will have their own standard for choosing conventions. Many a fan has attended a seemingly awful convention because they want to meet the guest of honor, or friends have said they'd be in attendance. Many fans can only go to "X" number of conventions each year and it would be awful for them to go to one that was a waste of time. Spending a little time examining a convention's preliminaries may save you a weekend's worth of disappointment. [*]

How to Survive a Con Weekend with Roommates

by Kathleen Gallagher

Did you come back from your last con thinking how great your roommates were? Or steaming at them for all sorts of real and imaginary offenses? We've all heard stories of how someone's weekend was spoiled by a roommate's lack of consideration. (We never hear about how we or our friends spoiled someone else's weekend.) Horror stories range from sloppiness to sexual escapades to and unannounced parties. The worst is the no-show of a roommate who was supposed to make the reservation, and didn't. Worse, he or she didn't tell you about it.

Roommates can get into problems about expectations from each other. I don't like my roommate to be my constant companion. I do like companionship at meals. I ask my roommates to introduce me to their friends, because I like to meet new people and this is an easy way to do it.

And we've all seen conflicts arise out a roommates with differeneing ideas about a good time.

Styles of Roommates and Some Expectations

The Shadow, also known as the Faithful Indian Companion and an assortment of swear words. This roommate never leaves your side, night or day, never seems to have any plans of his own, and all of yours are just wonderful. No matter what you do or how rude you are, this person won't go away. It just seems easiest to pull a disappearing act.

The Disappearing Roommate. The roommate disappears on Friday night and briefly appears for purposes of eating, sleeping, and depositing purchases. This person isn't there to share any good times with you or give you any grief. Usually a good roommate, unless you are a Shadow.

The Great Lover. This person came to the con to get laid, and by God! he will...as many times as possible. On the positive side, this person may pursue his amorous activities away from your room. On the negative sine, he decides to pursue them in your joint room. You may always be locked out of your room, have great opportunities to walk in on a romantic encounter, or worse, be woken up in the middle of the night by noisy lovemaking. Unless you are open minded enough to join these lovers, enjoy watching, or plan on shooting a sexually graphic documentary (or porn film), you're going to be embarrassed.

The Great Socializer. This person comes to the con to see all of his friends that he hasn't seen since the last con. The con itself is one big party and his room is just a smaller extension of that party. His room is always open to meetings, groups of friends, and spontaneous parties. This person can be lots of fun. This person can also prevent you from indulging in such mundane activities as sleeping.

FANOMENON



DIANA STEIN

Conclusions

The Drunk/Druggee. This person believes in losing touch with reality, even more so than is possible at a con, and for him it is the only possible way to spend his spare time. Unless you share this point of view, don't share a room with this person. Under the influence of legal and illegal chemicals he can't be reasoned with at all.

The Gossip. In most ways this person always seems to be the most reasonable of people to have for a roommate. This person can be very insidious and destructive. All of your personal foibles and all of your otherwise private conversations will be the talk of the con before the weekend is over. There never seems to be any kind of foreknowledge or protection against this kind of person.

The Crasher. Actually this person didn't start out as your roommate at all. Somehow before the weekend is over, you have an extra body to trip over, you have lost your bed to someone else, or you simply wake up with a stranger in the room that you didn't even know was going to be there. If you get a crasher, either you or one of your roommates is a soft touch.

Roommates come in all types of packages and ideas about how to spend their time, and what is a good time, at a con. If you can't afford a room of your own and you want to go to conventions, roommates are the only way to go. Discuss in advance:

1. Financial arrangements.
2. How many people will be in the room, who gets the beds, and whether or not you will accept crashers.
3. Establish acceptable levels of cleanliness /sloppiness.
4. Companionship and privacy are touchy issues. If you have different standards, negotiate open and closed periods of time when the room is or is not available for certain activities.

To have a good time, be flexible and honest. Talk to each other. Con weekends are meant to be fun. Don't spoil them by getting upset over things that can be worked out. !*

THE TEMPTRESS

by Thomas A. Easton

See how she smiles, that sparkling wench!
She decorates the magazines
Of fashion and astronomy,
Set astride a bottle.

Her work is parting fools from cash
By telling them that lovers' moons
Are best enticed with wine and beer,
Cigars and Cadillacs.

We know our coins are shrinking fast.
Should we spend them on the future?
See her winking, urging wisdom:
Drink up! And grab some ass!

Please do excuse my ironies.
Spirits make an ugly breakfast
By dawn of day or age of space,
And fools deserve their pain.



Cities of Tomorrow

by Ben P. Indick

A monograph could well be written on "Cities of Tomorrow", indeed a full length book, copiously illustrated. Films which really showed their futuristic cities would provide numerous stills: Metropolis, Just Imagine, Things to Come, Blade Runner, Max Headroom, and many more (you supply them, since this is not (yet) a monograph!). Many science fiction stories describe their cities in detail, particularly the late 19th and early 20th century books, when technology was new and marvels waited around the bend. Ignatius Donnelly's Caesar's Column takes several chapters to introduce its out-of-town yokel to the marvels of the 1870s Big Apple, before getting to the story at hand; Hugo Gernsback's magazines often included covers on the subject, which would appear in Amazing Stories long after he had left. Aldous Huxley's "Savage" is awed by the Brave New World he discovers. Thomas Temple

Moyné's Intrigue on the Upper Level, Stanley G. Wienbaum's Ubrs in The Black Flame, Heinlein's "The Roads Must Roll," Hubbard's parody of the perils of night club life in an unearthly big city, set in the futuristic world of Voltar in The Invader's Plan, the list goes on. Fill it in with our favorites. One must mention the endless features in newspapers such as A. Merritt's The American Weekly, and non-SF magazines such as Popular Science.

George Alec Effinger parodied delightfully that early ooh-ah microscopic style of super-city description in his Bird of Time:

Thomas More, Samuel Butler, Bellamy, Huxley, Skinner, Effinger, the rest of them... They have one thing in common, they all stop the story dead in its tracks while one of the utopia's citizens gives the visitor a guided tour....

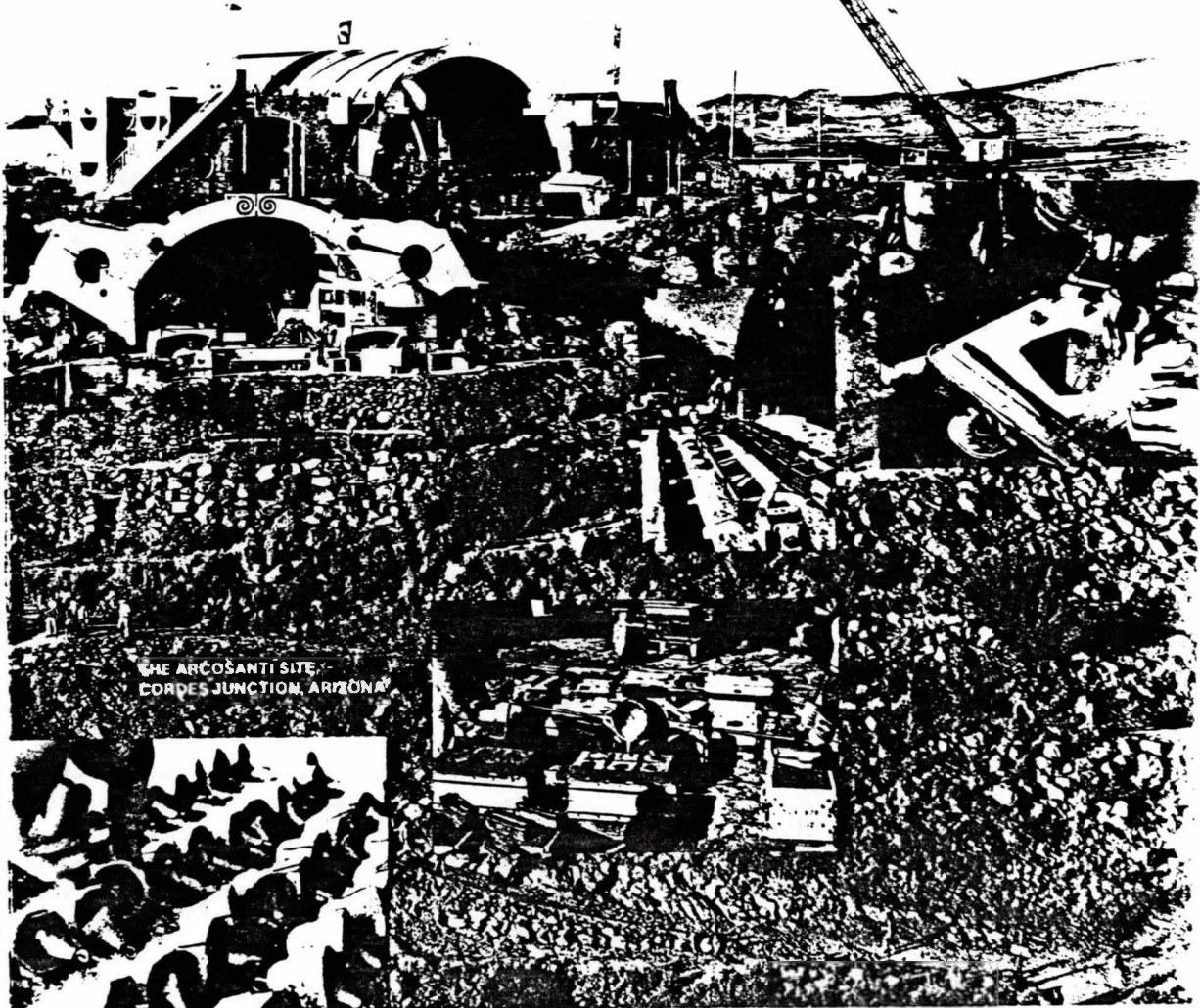


Which of us senior fans can forget the glorious New York City World's Fair of 1939, with its Trylon and Perisphere and, within the great globe, a model of The City of Tomorrow? Plus, in the General Motors Building, a cross country moving chair tour across America in miniature ending up with a beautiful model of a city 20 years to come, and then emerging into a full-size model of an intersection of that city where pedestrians walked a level above the street, something already found in some cities.

Few dreamers have dreamed of future cities as radically as has Paolo Soleri. Frank Lloyd Wright planned his city and others did as well, some achieving their ideals of a city of harmony in its part. For Soleri this was not enough. He proposed tearing apart the entire fabric of our architectural/sociological way of living, as a means of saving the earth itself. He foresaw four decades ago the growing population and urban/suburban sprawl which must follow. In time Man would war for space with his environment, and ecological balances would be destroyed. We see it now, in the encroachment of housing and cities into park and forestland, the destruction of vital rain forests for the mineral wealth they possess. He proposed architectural harmony with ecology, "archologies" he called them,

and these would be enormous population structures, capable of housing thousands to millions of people, and, more important, capable of generating their own power, heat, light and food supply. Within these colossi would be everything of which our lives are composed: homes, businesses, manufacturing, entertainment, educational, and enlightenment centers. They would be located on plains, mountain ranges, bridges, even in space, but all separated so that the land between would be able to remain alive, and the heritage of natural beauty, its flora and fauna retained.

My wife (herself an artist) and I first discovered his ideas and his brilliant models in a mind-boggling show at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York City some 18 years ago. My kids, then perhaps 15 and 12, loved the show and have never forgotten it, as much for its ideas as for those wonderful models (of cardboard and plastic) and the ramps which had been constructed to move between them. I bought his bells, which he was already making to raise money, and such books as I could find,



including the huge MIT edition, The City in the Image of Man, now a scarce item (once reprinted in smaller format and scheduled for reprinting in that form). The book is absolutely awesome in its imaginative projections (done by him and his staff).

He had gone to study with Wright at Taliesen West in Scottsdale, but left soon to pursue his dream. This he did first on the edge of Scottsdale in a studio home he called Cosanti. Here he gained students, who would come for years to work and study with him, paying for the privilege. Finally he commenced work on a real Arcology. He obtained several hundred acres on a site 65 miles from town into the desert (the state of Arizona would later grant him a long term lease on several thousand more acres, as well as declaring his work an Historic Site, so that it would always be free of any encroachment by developers.) He began work on a prototype, calling it Arcosanti.

He dreamed modestly, a structure 50 meters high, across six acres, housing 1500 people. This would actually be a school, and he planned it for the individual rather than the family -- students, architects, planners. It would face into a valley, with an exposure which would guarantee it the ability to draw the sun's power, and thereby develop all its functions in a completely self-sufficient manner. The years passed by. He is now nearly 70; his wife, who shared his dream and organized the cultural life, has passed away. The dream still persists, but he has never gotten any financial backing to really get his project moving, and so it languishes. And the student enrollment is small as well. Not that it has ceased; we saw concrete being poured when we visited it. The Board hopes to get some backing and Soleri was to have a show at a bank the day we left the area. His philosophy and engineering seem to a novice like myself to be quite feasible, and Arcosanti, visible now as a small structure two miles from the highway (reached by a dirt road) would be an eye catcher indeed, at 15 shining stories high on a generally flat plateau (which begins rising about this point and rises to the beautiful peaks of Sedona and eventually the grand canyon).

As it is now, the rough quality of the concrete structure reveals the amateur nature of its workers; the attention to interior design is negligible, so that the rooms it has are without charm. This may be because they were intended, like a college dorm, for students and are more functional than beautiful, although some of the soaring arc/hemisphere structures have a simple elegance, with bands of pastel paints dripping along them. The absence of air conditioning and screens is of no help either, at least to a visitor when Southern Arizona is at 110 degrees.

I have always been both fascinated and frightened by his ideas, but they seem inevitable: con-

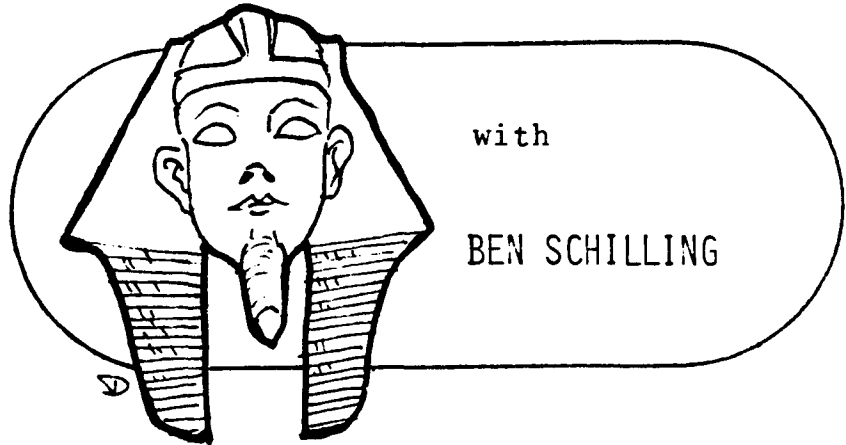
sider how building construction has been tending increasingly toward apartment, condominium and town house living -- bunching together of people, albeit without the self-sufficiency Soleri postulates. The problems are immense: our technology, which has produced wonders, is prone to failure. In a building of a half a million people, this could be a disaster, despite engineering techniques which would treat it like a great ship, with compartments. Also, it is not immune to the ills of our present society. What of the malcontents, troublemakers and thieves? The trouble they can cause is all too imaginable. Artists, writers and musicians are not productive in the ordinary sense; will they find a place here? (Do they find it on our own society?)

Pictures of the present building are from the brochure, rather than the photos I took. The former is a photo which can be taken only from across the valley, which is not open to visitors, and is likely home to scorpions, snakes and other creatures who prefer not to be disturbed. My own photos are only details and may not copy well. I have added a copy of Soleri's own projection for Arcosanti. I cannot pretend that the building as it is is not a disappointment, nor am I cheered by his plans to construct an adjoining motel, built along the lines of Holiday Inns (but capable of holding paying guests and interested donors. Not only would they escape that 130 mile round trip from Scottsdale but they could stay for musical events, which are encouraged). One of my photos shows, if it is clear, the current plan for Arcosanti against a huge 25 story macro-Arcosanti, in a somewhat worn model, revealing the agricultural plan in the terraces facing the sun and the general orientation of the entire structure to derive maximum power benefit from such exposure.

Paoli Soleri has always seemed to me a genius, a brilliant madman, intent on his dream. Unlike Frank Lloyd Wright, who also dreamed but was practical enough to blaze his mark across a nation and history (and whose Taliesen West is a very beautiful and practical school compound), Soleri has never sought to practice architecture elsewhere, and his only supplementary income has been from the beautiful earthen and metal bells made on both sites by hand (we observed several young men pouring molten metal into sand molds) and also tiles individually designed and made by his students in his manner. One hardly builds a 15 story building on the sale of bells.

He is stubborn and patient, not mad after all, but possessed, and we who are workaday folk (quite content with our individual house on its own 1/8 acre) must stand in awe of such a will and such an imagination. Its effects will persevere, if in the minds of others. [*]

TRAVELS IN EGYPT, ITALY, & HAWAII



Lan asked me to write up something about my experiences in Egypt during the Summer of 1988 for inclusion in the next general issue of Lan's Lantern to go with Mark and Evelyn Leeper's report on their trip to Africa. I'm not sure that this is such a good idea, but I will give it a try.

Since I was there on business, I won't be doing this in diary format. The most of my days were all the same, get up, get breakfast, go to work, come home, get something to eat, go to bed. It was not very exciting.

For those of you who believe in the glorious past, the ancient Egyptian culture is completely gone. This is not surprising, since Egypt has been invaded several times since the sixth or seventh century BC. First the Nubians took control of the area, followed by the Greeks under Alexander the Great and the Ptolemies until the first century BC. Caesar and the Romans arrived then and held the area until the Arabs swept in during the seventh century AD. The Turks occupied the area during the sixteenth century and the French and British arrived during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, with the British staying until about 1946. All of these groups left their marks on the Egyptian culture, with the Arabic culture being the strongest.

One of the major problems with living in Egypt was the people there do not think the way that Westerners do. They are working on the basic ideas of democracy and free press, but they just don't seem to have caught on quite yet. The ruling party expects to govern more or less by fiat, and to have the press support them because they are the government. I have been told that Egypt is the most Westernized of the Arab countries. I would hate to

see what the other countries are like. Additionally, the Islamic law is, while not totally enforced, a very strong force in the culture. Among other things, this means that women are less than second class citizens. I cannot condone this sort of thing, and it made me extremely uncomfortable being there. I do not understand how this culture ever managed to survive. I would think that the women would be killing off the men in amazing numbers.

The entire Middle East is a desert. The only way that Egypt survives is because of the Nile. Without that water, the country literally would not exist. All agriculture depends on irrigation. The border between a farm and the desert is, effectively, a line drawn in the sand. Where the irrigation stops, the desert begins. Because of the water, Egypt is the most populous Arabic country, with about fifty million inhabitants. Of these, between twelve and fifteen million live in Cairo and its suburbs. I was, effectively, in Cairo for the entire three months that I was in Egypt, so my impressions are mainly of Cairo, not the entire country.

Cairo is an extremely crowded and dirty city. There are amazing contrasts between the extremely poor and the extremely rich. There does not seem to be any middle class to speak of. You will see mule carts next to Mercedes sedans on the streets. The trash collection system consists of people who come along and drag your trash off in hopes of selling it to someone else. I really felt uncomfortable living so nicely while the normal Egyptian was doing so poorly.

However, I did manage to go out and see a few things while I was in Egypt.

Early in my stay, the company that I was working for arranged an outing to a beach in the Sinai on

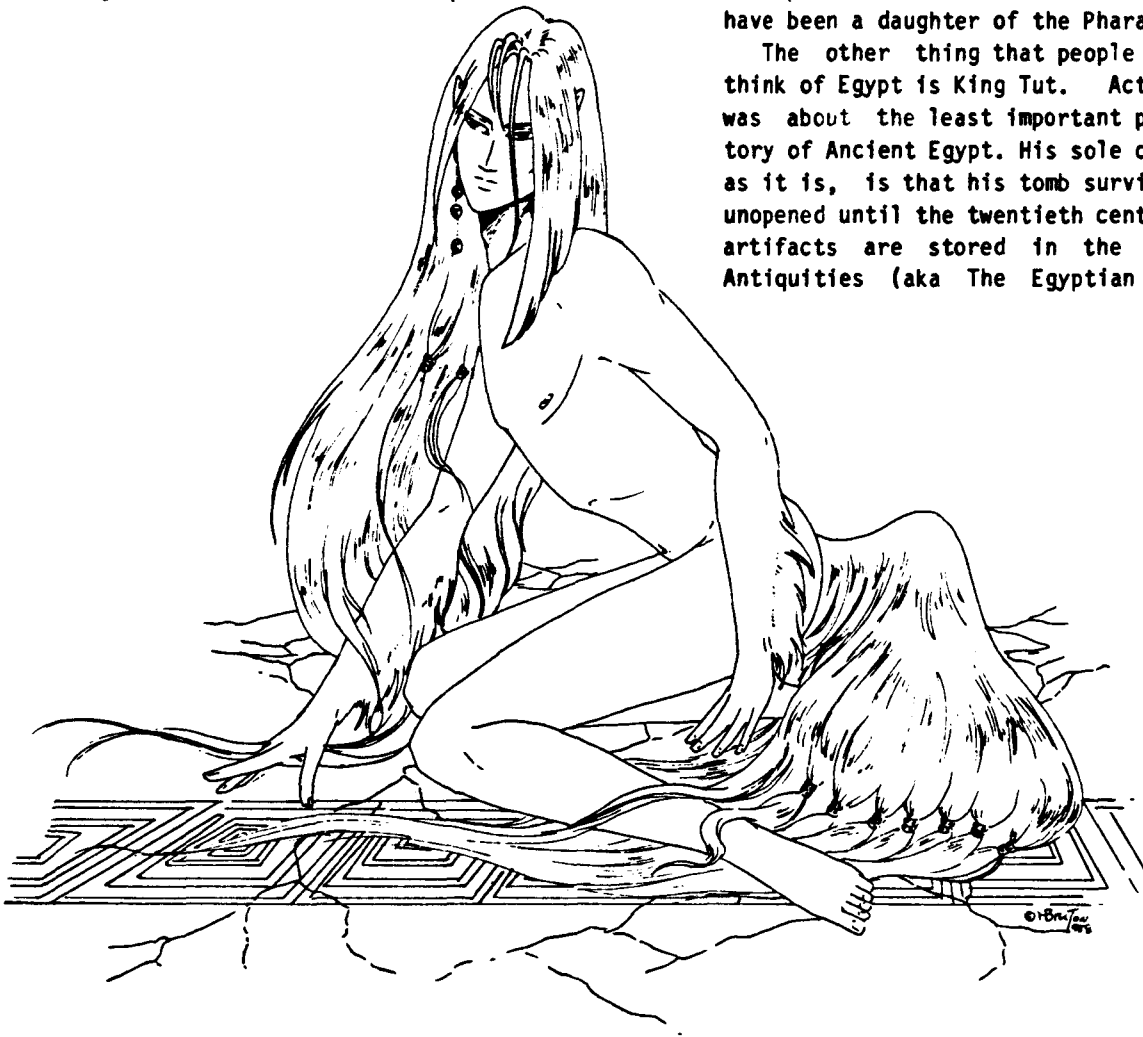
the Red Sea. This was my main trip out of Cairo while remaining in Egypt. As you may recall, the Egyptians fought the Israelis for a few years in the Sinai during the sixties and seventies. Many areas were mined, as in land mines. Unless an area has been cleared, it is dangerous to travel off the main roads, and most of it remains uncleared. The beach itself was fairly nice, but it had almost no facilities to speak of. The Red Sea is one the saltiest parts of the ocean, with almost no fresh water additions to it. The sight of the ocean-going ships headed into the Suez Canal (and thus across the desert) was also very unusual. It was a fun day, but not one that I'd care to repeat that often.

When people think of Egypt, they tend to think of two things. One of those things is the Pyramids and the Sphinx. Egypt has more pyramids than most people realize. The three Great Pyramids at Giza are not the only pyramids at Giza and there are many sites with pyramids around the Cairo area, and many more sites outside of Cairo and Giza. The Sphinx is remarkable because of its size. Once again Egypt is full of Sphinxes, the one at Giza is the largest surviving one. The way it looked this Summer, it may not be a survivor much longer. It is about forty five feet high, and is in a pit. You can't get near it because of the pit.

The Great Pyramid of Cheops is the oldest and only survivor from the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. It is huge. When you first see it, it really doesn't look very large. Then you realize how far away from it you really are, and the size begins to overwhelm you. When you get close enough to it to see the individual building stones, you begin to get an idea of the task that building it must have been. The exact volume isn't known (it was built on a hill) but it is immense. When you finally approach it, you feel quite insignificant. You are allowed to climb the inside of it, however climbing the outside is both illegal and dangerous. I did climb the inside and found it to be a long, hot, stuffy, steep climb, with very little to see when you reached the top. It is, however, supposed to be good luck to stand in the center of the Great Pyramid.

I did manage to see a few other pyramids, the Step Pyramid of Zoser, which is supposed to be the oldest surviving structure in the World, and the Pyramid of Unas, with the oldest surviving inscriptions from the Book of the Dead. These are located at Sakkara, a few miles South of Cairo. Sakkara is the location of a vast cemetery dating from the Third Dynastic period until the Fifth (c 2900 BC until 2300 BC). I did manage to see one of the better preserved tombs that of Ti who is thought to have been a daughter of the Pharaoh Unas.

The other thing that people think of when they think of Egypt is King Tut. Actually, Tutankhamen was about the least important pharaoh in the history of Ancient Egypt. His sole claim to fame, such as it is, is that his tomb survived (more or less) unopened until the twentieth century. Most of his artifacts are stored in the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities (aka The Egyptian Museum) in central



Cairo. The Egyptian Museum is a fairly large two story building. The artifacts from Tutankhamen's tomb fill about twenty per cent of the whole building. They are about the only attraction in that museum; which is crowded with literally thousands of unlabeled artifacts before the Third Century AD. It is almost impossible to determine what you are looking at when you get there, except for the Tutankhamen exhibit. I have to wonder what some of the important pharaohs may have tried to take with them. Tutankhamen died quite young, was buried in the smallest tomb known in the Valley of the Kings, and had so much stuff buried with him that it was almost unbelievable.

Travels in Italy

The Muslims have a holiday which lasts for six days during the last month of their calendar. In 1988, this celebration occurred in late July. I used this time off to make a side trip to Italy. This is not the time of year to go to Italy. It's hot and humid and almost everyone is on vacation during July and August. As this was a pleasure trip, I can do it up in diary style.

Thursday, July 21, 1988

I woke up quite early on this Thursday morning to get to the airport in time to catch my flight to Rome. I got through the exit procedures at Cairo Airport with some difficulty, but they did let me leave the country. The border guards insisted that I pay them about fifty seven Egyptian pounds (about twenty five US dollars) before I could leave. I was glad to do so; it was well worth the money to get away from these crazy people if only for a few days, and I did get a receipt, so it wasn't a bribe or shakedown attempt. Once I was done with that, I had to wait for the plane to leave and had to deal with the rest of Egyptian Security.

The plane to Rome was right on time and the service from Alitalia was outstanding. I had been told that European airlines are the only way to fly, and that's reasonably correct. Italian customs was a breeze and they didn't even bother to stamp my passport. I managed to change some money, catch the bus to my hotel, and arrange for my tours of Rome and a tour to Pompeii.

The first tour was that night, and was a tour of Rome by night. We saw several of the main sites in the main city of Rome, including Trevi fountain, which is much larger than it appears in the movie Three Coins in the Fountain, the outside of several of the major churches in Rome, including St Peter's, the Flavian Amphitheater (better known as the Coliseum), and the city lights from the Garibaldi

monument. I also discovered that the fabled Seven Hills of Rome are really quite steep.

Friday, July 22, 1988

My second day in Rome found me with an afternoon tour that took me to several of the churches of Rome and the Coliseum. I spent most of the morning wandering around the area of my hotel and just taking in the sights and sounds of Italy. The interesting thing was that there were stoplights and people were paying attention to them. Also, the streets of Rome are extremely clean. There are trash baskets on the light poles every ten to fifteen meters and they get used. The churches that I saw included the Basilica of St Paul Outside the Walls and St Peter in Chains. St Paul Outside the Walls is so called because it was outside of the ancient city wall and is reputedly the site of St Paul's tomb. It is a very beautiful building, almost completely covered in mosaics, with fairly large statue of St Paul in the front courtyard. The interior contains circular mosaic pictures of all the Popes. Legend has it that the World will end when all the circles are filled. However, there are still about thirty five unfilled circles, so that shouldn't be a problem in our lifetimes.

St Peter in Chains is another interesting building. This is the site of Michelangelo's statue of Moses and also contains the chains which were supposed to have been used to bind St Peter when he was in prison. This building was under renovation while I was there.

The Coliseum dates from the first century AD. Certain portions of it have been reconstructed to keep the remainder from falling down. It is a huge stadium where the ancient Romans held their blood sports. The floor is mostly gone as are the seats. It is an interesting relic of the Roman Empire and shows how far along they were in engineering and crowd control.

That evening was spent wandering around again as I began to get a feel for the area near my hotel.

Saturday, July 23, 1988

This was the day of my side trip to Florence, one of the great Italian city states of the Renaissance with its amazing art Museums. Florence is about two and a half to three hours North of Rome by bus. The main museums in Florence are the Galleria dell' Accademia (for statuary) and the Galleria degli Uffizi (for paintings). Among the statues on display is Michelangelo's David. I am not a great student of statuary, but I did want to see the Michelangelo pieces (Moses, David, and the Pieta) while I had the chance. David is the main attraction in the Accademia, and I really don't remember

all that much else being of any great interest to me.

The Uffizi was another story completely. This museum is packed with outstanding paintings by many of the Renaissance artists, including da Vinci, Michelangelo, Raphael, and Botticelli.

After touring the museums and the basilica in Florence, we got lunch. Unfortunately, our party of about fifteen included about ten Spanish-speaking people and five English speakers, three from the US and two from Zimbabwe. The couple from Zimbabwe were really quite angry that the guide would give the little speech about the art work in Spanish first and then give it in English. I understand Spanish reasonably well and there wasn't much difference in the content.)

They also didn't seem to understand how Italian food is served in restaurants. The pasta is a preliminary course; you get your main course after that and they gave the waiter a hard time about removing the pasta dish so he could serve the main course. The ugly American isn't the only nasty type out there these days.

After lunch they attempted to sell us some of the famous Florentine leather goods (I didn't buy) and put us back on a bus to Rome.

Sunday, July 24, 1988

This was the day for a walking tour of Rome and a visit to The Vatican City. The walking tour started near the Quirinal Palace, residence of the President of Italy, and proceeded down the Spanish Steps (past the McDonalds (not a joke)) in the direction of Trevi Fountain. This time the crowds were much smaller and I managed to throw a coin (fifty lira, about four cents) into the Fountain.

From there we moved on to the Pantheon, which has been a church for years. It is also contains the tombs of two of the four kings of Italy. The Vatican City is the easiest country to enter that I've had the opportunity to visit. There aren't any border guards at all, just fashion "police" (there is a dress code for entry: properly dressed means that no shorts or bare shoulders are allowed in). It is also the smallest country in the world and is a country that is scattered throughout Rome and some of the neighboring countryside. I did manage to mail a few post cards from the Vatican (which arrived home after I did, postage due).

I saw St Peter's basilica which is the largest church in the world and which houses Michelangelo's Pieta. It is also said to be the site of St Peter's tomb. The church is immense and it is difficult to imagine the amount of work required to build such a structure even today with modern equipment not to mention during the sixteenth century when it was built. The Pope, however, was on vacation and we missed the traditional Sunday blessing. I'm not

sure that that would have helped me, but I don't know how it could have hurt me.

I spent the rest of the day just wandering around Rome, looking for things that were open. Like most European cities, Rome closes for Sunday and holidays. I did manage to find a place to get something to eat, but otherwise everything seemed to be closed up tight.

Monday, July 25, 1988

This was my final full day in Italy and I took a side trip to Naples and Pompeii, a place I'd wanted to see for quite some time. Naples is not all that exciting and I don't think that I'd want too much to do with the Bay of Naples, which is rather polluted. I did see, from the bus, the Palace of the Kings of Naples and the birthplace of Enrico Caruso. We were taken to a cameo carving establishment where they showed us how cameos are made and attempted to sell us the finished product. I didn't buy anything, but the work was quite nice. After we got lunch, we managed to get to Pompeii and into the excavated area.

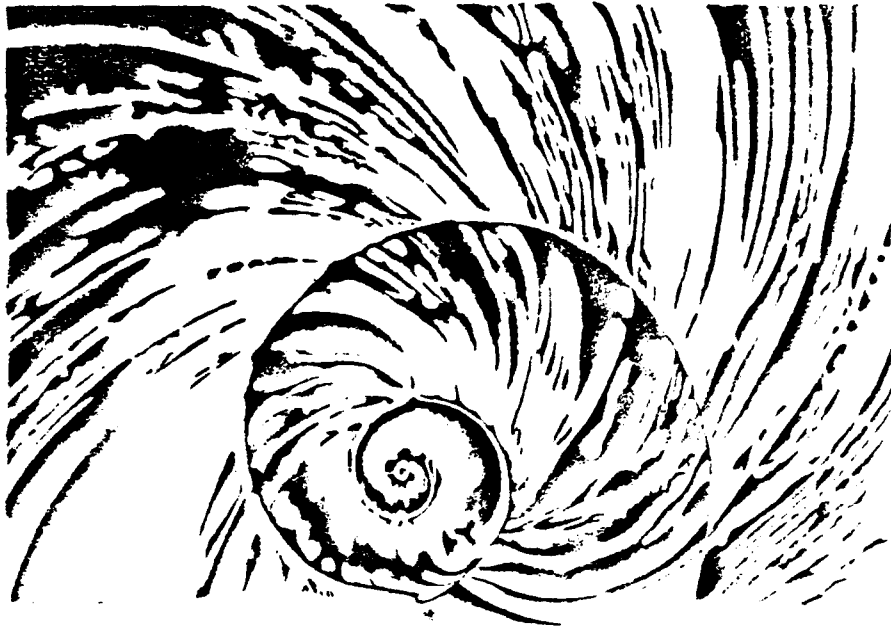
Pompeii has the advantage (if you want to call it that) of having been completely buried in ash over a three day period. It is believed that about two-thirds to three-quarters of the area has been exhumed. The main area has been uncovered and it is possible to see the various temples and public bath houses in the center of the city. There are stones on the pavement which indicate that some of the streets were one way and others two way, although that is not a certainty. We also got the opportunity to see the erotic paintings in a house. They are not very erotic by today's North American standards.

Quite a number of people died in the eruption of Mount Vesuvius of 79 AD which buried Pompeii, and there appear to be many life size statues in various odd poses. In reality, these are castings made by the archaeologists of the bodies of these people. Then you realize that Vesuvius is still an active volcano and that the eruption of 79 AD was mostly without warning...

Finally, we moved on to the seaside village of Sorrento. This is a very beautiful area, on a high cliff overlooking the South end of the Bay of Naples. We were taken to a factory which makes in-laid tables and such, and, once again, were shown how the work is done and were given the opportunity to buy the products on sale. Once again, I left empty handed.

Tuesday, July 26, 1988

This was my final day off and I spent the morning wandering around the area of my hotel. I did find an English language book store where I managed



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to buy a couple of SF books for outrageous prices, but mostly spent the time walking around in relative peace for the last time in about a month. That afternoon I managed to spend the majority of my remaining lira on Danish beer, and got back to wonderful Cairo in the late evening.

HAWAII

My friend Bonnie and I went to Maui the middle of February. Hawaii is an excellent place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there all the time. It's a bit too isolated from the rest of the world for my tastes.

We left Detroit early in the morning on February eighth. With a change of planes in San Francisco, we managed to arrive in Honolulu in the early afternoon. After getting the car from National Car Rental, I drove through the afternoon rush hour to our hotel on Waikiki beach. The beach was a major disappointment. We were there at high tide and it isn't very wide and it is wall to wall people. We wandered around a bit and then had dinner at the hotel before crashing around eight o'clock, Hawaii time. Since there's a five hour time difference between Detroit and Hawaii, we were exhausted.

The next day we went to Pearl Harbor. Bonnie went through the submarine museum. I went on the USS Arizona Memorial tour. It is quite a moving sight, and the ship is still leaking oil. I wasn't sure what I was expecting to see and it really can't be explained, but I'm very glad that I went to see it. After that, we went to the International Marketplace and did some shopping and then headed out to the airport and our flight to Maui. It was only about a forty minute flight. We did have some difficulty dealing with National Car Rental in

Maui. They lost our prepaid reservation, and their agent wasn't about to do any work to correct the situation. After we got this fixed we drove to the condo that we were staying at and managed to get ourselves more or less settled for the rest of the week.

On Friday we went to the tourist trap of Lahaina. We had an overpriced lunch and then drove around the North end of Maui. Like all the Hawaiian islands, Maui is volcanic rock. We were advised that the going got quite rough after the road passed D T Fleming Beach Park. This proved to be true. At several points we were forced to stop to allow another car to pass us. I did manage to handle the drive without too much difficulty. The hard lava rock makes for very nice dirt roads. The scenery is spectacular, especially when we got to the West Maui Forest Reserve. We managed to get back to civilization before dark.

Saturday we took the fabled road to Hana and the Seven Sacred Pools. Bonnie drove the first part (to Hana) and the road, while narrow and winding, was not as bad as the road beyond Fleming Beach Park. The scenery, especially as we got closer to Hana, was outstanding. Every few minutes we found ourselves looking at a waterfall or a beautiful green valley. We also found a black sand beach and managed to obtain a small sample of the rare crystals. Hana is the only port on the Southeast side of Maui. There isn't all that much there in terms of facilities, but we did manage to get lunch at the better of the two restaurants in town. I took over the driving and we continued along the Southern shore of Maui. The first part of the road was not bad and we soon found the Seven Sacred Pools in Haleakala National Park. Haleakala is a dormant, not an extinct, volcano. After we left the park,

the road deteriorated and was worse than that along the Northern shore of Maui. We drove past several marvelous views of the rugged coast and through the lava flows from the 1790 eruption. The lava areas were rather treacherous and gave an eerie cast to the landscape. We just managed to get back to the pavement by sunset and returned to the condo without any problems.

Sunday we drove down the coast from the condo to the Southeast. We had breakfast at the only IHOP in Hawaii. It was not a treat. Then we did a bit of shopping and lay around in the Sun. After two days of rain, it was great to be out in the Sun. That evening we ate in the most unlikely looking restaurant. It is in the wide spot in the road called Olowalu. The restaurant is called Chez Paul and is absolutely wonderful. It isn't much to look at, it's very small (about a dozen tables), but the staff and the food are fantastic. It wasn't cheap and you definitely need reservations if you're interested.

Monday was our last full day in Hawaii. We managed to cram in a boat trip to the island of Lanai and a Polynesian dance show back on Maui that evening. Lanai is, except for a few small plots, entirely owned by Dole Pineapple. It is a pineapple plantation although they are building two fairly large hotels on this island. Currently there is one hotel with a total of ten rooms. Lanai City is the only town and has a population of roughly twenty three hundred people. We motored across the channel from Lahaina, passing a couple of submarines and looking for whales. We did see a few in the distance. When we got to Lanai, we headed for the beach and did some snorkeling in Manele Bay.

The surf was moderate that morning and we got to see quite a bit of marine life as the bay is a protected area. No fishing allowed. Bonnie managed to get out to see a coral reef, while I didn't get quite that far out. The crew of the boat sailed, gave snorkeling lessons, cooked and served lunch, and handled all of the details. On the way back to Lahaina we saw several whales including a mother and calf and their escort. It was a thrilling sight. Due to federal regulations, we couldn't get too close to them. When we got most of the way back to Lahaina we picked up a bit of wind and sailed a small way. It was a very nice day. We then had to fight the rather laid back traffic jam on the way to the Polynesian dance show. We didn't do a luau, mainly because the food isn't that great. We did get a sample of poi, which is very starchy and greasy. Definitely an acquired taste. The dance show was very nice and featured dances from all across Polynesia. We did spend some time shopping for souvenirs and then went back to the condo.

Tuesday was our travel day. We did a bit more running around along the shore and then headed across the island for the airport. We managed to get a flight on Aloha Air which was quite a bit better than the flight on Hawaiian Air on Thursday. From there it was all airports and airplanes. We did land on the Reef Runway at Honolulu, which was built as an emergency landing site for the space shuttle. Of course, Northwest had a computer problem which caused us delays in getting our boarding passes. Otherwise we were just on the plane for an extremely long time, changing planes in San Francisco again.

The whole trip was quite an experience.

QUARANTINE LAMENT

by Thomas A. Easton

Some diseases have no cure
But quarantine
To stop contagion
And purify affliction
With the death of all our dreams.

Mine is a plague of millions,
And quarantine
Must bring to its knees
A society that finds
For my ill no better cure.

My nurse has a gift for song.
I have heard her
Celebrating cures
At her station down the hall.
I pray to hear her sing for me.



Ten Years Ago in SF

Summer - 1979

by Robert Sabella

Galaxy Magazine editor Hank Stine announced he was not buying any new fiction due to a full inventory. Most fans considered this yet another nail in Galaxy's inevitable coffin.

Gregory Benford sold rights to his new novel Timescape for a package that, if sales were high enough, would surpass Heinlein's \$500,000+ package for The Number of the Beast.

The Hugo Awards for 1978 were announced at SEACON, the Worldcon in Brighton, England. Winners included Dreamsnake by Vonda N. McIntyre as Best Novel; John Varley's "The Persistence of Vision" as Best Novella; "Hunter's Moon" by Poul Anderson as Best Novelette; C.J. Cherryh's "Cassandra" as Best Short Story; Superman as Best Dramatic Presentation. The John W. Campbell Award for Best New Author went to Stephen R. Donaldson.

The John W. Campbell Memorial Award for Best Novel was given to Michael Moorcock for Glorianna.

Ted White was named editor of Heavy Metal, the American version of French graphic arts magazine Metal Hurlant.

As science fiction continued to grow, so did the number of major stories and books published each quarter. Summer of 1979 saw the publication of the following:

- Barry Longyear's "Enemy Mine" in the August IASFM;
- George R.R. Martin's "The Way of Cross and Dragon" in the June Omni, and "Sandkings" in the August Omni;
- Edward Bryant's "giANTS" in the August Analog;
- Orson Scott Card's "Songhouse," the sequel to "Mikal's Songbird," in the September Analog;

-- Samuel Delany's fantasy mosaic novel Tales of Neveryon;

-- Stephen King's bestselling The Dead Zone;

-- Thomas M. Disch's critically-acclaimed novel On Wings of Song;

-- Charles Sheffield's The Web Between the Worlds which shared the same premise as Arthur C. Clarke's The Fountain's of Paradise; it might have been the better novel but received much less acclaim of the two;

-- C.J. Cherryh's Fires of Azeroth, the third "Morgaine" novel and possibly the best of the series;

-- Richard Bachman's The Long Walk which received little notice until six years later when author Bachman was revealed as a pseudonym of Stephen King. [*]



11 years ago in June of 1979, Stan Schmidt and I sat down in the Holidome of a Holiday Inn at MIDWESTCON 29 and had the following conversation. I had hope to follow the "Stanley Schmidt: WRITER" interview from an earlier Lantern with this, but things went slightly awry. Last year at INCONJUNCTION I had the opportunity to interview Stan once again, and updated some of the information. Both events are included here.

-- Lan

Stanley Schmidt: EDITOR

LL: How did you become chosen as the editor of Analog?

SS: Sheer dumb luck. I had been writing for the magazine for quite a while, and in the latter part of that I had gotten to know Ben Bova. He claims that part of what led him to think of me as a likely successor is what he saw when he came out and visited the science fiction class that I was teaching at Tiffin.

Anyway, he called me up one day and said that some things were in the works that he would be moving into some other job at Conde Nast in a couple of years and would like to see if I could replace him. This wasn't something he expected to happen for a while, so that was where it stood at that point.

I was going to stop by the office and meet some people and see some of the operations. That was essentially the last I thought of it for a few months, until one day in June when I was going to take off on a trip, he called and said, "Guess what? I turned in my resignation yesterday." I said, "You *what*?"

I was already planning to go to Syracuse a short time after that. I went on into New York City to interview with people for the job there. I think they interviewed some other people, but they wound up offering me the position, and I took it.

LL: Is it a big, time-consuming job?

SS: No worse than college teaching. The time gets distributed in a little different way. I normally go into the office three days a week. I work on the train, so those wind up being very long days. Any leftover work gets done some-

where in the rest of the week; it's quite flexible. I don't have the long vacations. I don't have the long single chunks of time that I used to in college. But there are compensations.

LL: Do you feel you've given up your role as a teacher?

SS: No, not at all. It's one of the most important parts of what I'm doing here, helping talented beginning writers learn to write the kind of things I want to publish. In a way it's probably the kind of job that most teachers secretly -- or non-secretly -- dream about at one time or another. I can do individual teaching, and I only have to bother spending time with those students who seem imminently worth it. Among those would-be students are some of the brightest people in the world. They can be a lot of fun to work with.

LL: I can see that, being a teacher myself. What happens when you receive a manuscript?

SS: Well, when a manuscript comes in, someone else opens the envelope and types up a tracer on it that indicates when it came in and when it was opened, and puts it on my desk. Eventually I read it, fast or slow as the case may be.

LL: You have two reading speeds?

SS: Yes, as a matter of fact that's my first criterion for judging the manuscript. Obviously, when I'm getting a hundred or two hundred manuscripts, there's no way I can read them all slowly. Fortunately, I don't have to. I taught myself to read very rapidly a long time ago

when I was in an 8th grade social studies class with a friend who had a bigger allowance than I did and got a lot more science fiction than I did. So I liked to borrow some of his books and magazines and read those while sitting in the back of the room. By reading very fast, I could finish a novelette in a class period, while giving the appearance of paying attention.

So, I cultivated a very fast reading speed, but I don't like to use it for things I'm reading for enjoyment. When I have something I'm reading that I'm really interested in I read it much slower than that. I start off trying to read everything very fast, and I find the good things won't let me do that.

My first criterion is, "Does it grab me and make me slip down to the slower speed?" If it does, it's worth seriously considering. If it doesn't I reject it. This sounds harsh, but I checked it out pretty carefully and I think it works quite well.

If I decide to buy it, then I write up the necessary paperwork and somebody else takes care of the rest of that.

LL: Have you followed the tradition of John Campbell and Ben Bova in that you don't use slush pile readers?

SS: I do all the reading.

LL: Is there any preliminary sorting you do besides this first criterion? Of course, when you see the transcript you may want to strike this out. Do you want people to know about it?

SS: I do want people to know about it. I think a lot of people know about it, and completely misunderstand it. Yes, there are a pro pile and a slush pile, if you want to call them that. No, it does not mean that the pro pile means the things we're going to seriously consider, and the slush pile means things we don't seriously consider, though that's what people think.

The difference is that when the mail is opened, if it's opened by our regular staff, there's a list of people that they know we have dealt with and who have a high probability of producing the kind of thing we're interested in publishing. If they recognize those, they put them in the pro pile.

Incidentally, that may not mean somebody we've bought from. It may mean a complete beginner I've noticed I'm interested in, that I want to watch and give careful attention.

The slush pile is everything else. Everything is considered. The sole reason for the separation

is that statistically the two piles need different kinds of separation.

Remember the "speed shift" mechanism I told you about. I work in the office part of the time, where the phone rings and people come in and ask questions, and all sorts of distractions occur. I also work on the train, and at home where I can get away from those distractions. Now, I think it's pretty obvious that the kinds of manuscripts that I can read very fast, which means most of the slush, most of those I can get through in a very short time and tell that there's nothing in them I want to do anything more with. Therefore, those are easier to read in the office because it's easier to get a complete one done in between a couple of distractions.

Ones that require close attention, by the professionals or ones that are quality that I want to seriously consider publishing, are going to require more attention with fewer distractions. For that reason it's better to read the so-called pro pile on the train or at home, and easier to read the slush in the office.

There's a secondary reason, namely that when something is almost what I want to use, it needs closer attention and takes me more time. Therefore a 6-inch pile of professional stuff takes longer to go through than a six-inch pile of slush. I couldn't pack enough slush in my briefcase to keep me busy from the time I leave the office to the time I come back.

For those two reasons, the pro pile is the ones I want to read away from the office, while the slush pile is the ones I want to read in the office. As I said, I generally start reading everything in the fast mode. Reading something in the slush pile, if I find that I'm interested in it, usually what I'll do is not to finish reading it. I'll put it in the pro pile, for two reasons: It's going to want closer attention, and I want to read it in a more realistic context to judge the value.

A lot of the unsolicited manuscripts are really a long way from publishable. If I find something that is just literately written, it's likely to appear in that context like something that is a literary gem. It's better to put it among a bunch of people you know can really write well, and see how it compares with those. Once in a while, I will go ahead and finish on the spot. something that I find in the slush pile. Sometimes I hit a long, arid stretch and I get really desperate.

One of the real rewards of editing and going through the slush pile yourself is that once in a while you can have the experience of having spent eight or nine hours reading and finding nothing that interested you in the slightest,

and then when it's quitting time and you're picking each manuscript up with the idea of just getting it over with, you'll suddenly find that your attention is completely in the grip of somebody you never heard of before. That makes it worthwhile.

LL: Does it happen often?

SS: Not often. But it has happened.

LL: Are there some "Analog writers" you're cultivating?

SS: Oh, yeah. It's hard to say early how any of them will pan out. I was watching who else was appearing when I was starting to write, and discovering that some of them went on to become very well known, and some we never heard from again after one or two stories. There are definitely some people that I'm watching and have some hopes for.

LL: How about the sale of Analog to Davis Publishing? Has that changed anything?

SS: What Davis says he wants to do, basically, is to keep Analog Analog. That is, the look, character, and so on that it has now. That's my job. His philosophy is that he's the business brains of the company and I'm the editorial brains of the magazine. We can make suggestions to each other and we can ignore each other's suggestions. The editorial decisions I make, the business decisions he makes. We want to keep the character of the magazine the same, but do a lot more promotion to improve the circulation and the audience it reaches. If that's what actually happens, that's wonderful. That's exactly what I was always wishing would happen before.

LL: Since Davis also owns Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine, do you see any conflict?

SS: None that I can see. Really, the kinds of things that we like to publish in the two magazines are quite different. There is some overlap. There are some things that either of us could publish, but I haven't seen any signs of conflict. We're both buying the same kinds of rights for the same kind of pay. George Scithers comes into the office from Philadelphia two days a week. I come in three days a week. We talk to each other briefly at times. Sometimes if one of us sees a manuscript that he doesn't want and thinks the other is likely to be interested in, we pass it across the hall and say, "Take a look at this."

LL: Trade slush piles.

SS: Something like that. It's more a matter of calling attention to something that might be suitable to the other magazine. In a sense there's a certain competition. We would each like our magazine to be the best in the field, but we're on good terms and we're operating essentially independently. We talk to each other but that's about the extent of it. There is no way that his decisions are influenced by mine or vice versa.

LL: Davis really wants the two separate magazines.

SS: Yes, separate personalities. We both want that, too, and we're both going out of our way to avoid any moves that would tend to minimize the differences.

LL: You've been editor for a year and a half. Your name was on the December, 1978, issue.

SS: It's a little hard to say where it really began. My name appeared on that, but I had nothing else to do with that issue.

LL: The November, 1978, issue had Ben Bova giving his farewell editorial. In December you had your name, and there was a guest editorial. You started officially with your editorial and your magazine... you putting the jigsaw pieces together to form the magazine in January of 1979.

SS: As a matter of fact, if I remember rightly, I didn't even have very much to do with the jigsaw puzzle until about March. I believe Ben had already assembled the issues pretty well through February. Then, for two or three months after that, it was mostly his inventory but I did assemble the jigsaw puzzle. My selection didn't really start occupying any significant part of the magazine until May or June. There were still some of his selections straggling even a little after that. By the middle of the year it was mostly mine.

LL: Which one of you bought "Class Six Climb" [by William Cochrane, serialized in the June through August, 1979, issues]?

SS: He did.

LL: Did he notice the pun in it? [The story is set on a planet covered with gigantic trees; its name is "Kyle Murre."]

SS: I don't know. About two readers pointed it out. I didn't notice it at first because I was pronouncing the name the way that it didn't work.



LL: "Kie-ul myur," instead of "kilmur."

SS: Right. I don't even know if Bill Cochrane noticed the pun, whether it was intentional or not.

LL: I can't see how it could *not* be, after you see it. "Climbing Trees, by Kyle Murre." Anyway, your editorials ... you've had editorials that ranged on a number of different topics from education ["Liberal Education," April, 1979], with which you're actually still involved, though it's different from what we usually think of as education, all the way through the various safety measures that we've had fail -- the DC10 crash in Chicago, the Three Mile Island thing ["Safety First," October, 1979], to comments on nuclear energy. The most recent editorial is on the energy crisis, the hostages in Iran, how the U.S. is becoming energy-independent if it is at all ["Energy and Freedom," April, 1980]. Are you going to continue with more of the contemporary issues that are going on?

SS: Occasionally. I do not want to be timely as a principal thing. What used to be a four-month lead time is now a six-month lead time; you can't be timely anyway. Really, what I am getting at in my main thrust with editorials is I hope people will see a considerably wider scope than the local thing. I'm interested in the principles involved in things. But of course, where those principles have obvious applications to our present situations, I certainly will feel free to use our present situations as examples. And also because I'd like to see some thought going into those. But my emphasis isn't mainly on the contemporary.

LL: You mentioned your "Sins of the Fathers" [serialized in Analog, November, 1973 through January, 1974] in one of the editorials, where Henry Clark had to make the decision of getting the Earth started on its journey. Too many people were haggling because they could not foresee and accept a long-range plan for preparing the Earth for this journey. He had to make it an immediate problem for it to work. You mentioned that we seem to come off well when there's a crisis situation.

SS: Or it has in the past.

LL: Will we continue? In your editorial, "Safety First" you mention that the odds against a reactor blowing up have far exceeded the actual percentage of the rules of chance, the probability. The safety factor for a nuclear reactor is far better than anything else -deaths on the highway, and so on.

SS: So far, but of course one major accident of that type could change the figures quite a bit.

LL: So do you think, with the crises that may be coming in the next 20 years, will our percentage of being able to deal with crises catch up with us?

SS: I think it may depend more than anything else on how acutely the crises are perceived as crises. If they are, we'll do better than if they aren't. The crises that are likely to do us in are the ones that we don't recognize.

Incidentally, one thing I'd like to point out about the generalities in my editorials, if there are any, is that in general, like John Campbell, I am not offering answers nearly as often as I'm asking questions. A great many people miss this point completely. If I pose an alternative answer as a means of posing a question, to make people think about another possible answer to it, they think immediately that I'm seriously advocating an answer. I'm trying to avoid actually taking stands on things, but tentatively taking all kinds of stands on all kinds of issues just to get those mental muscles limbered up again in a bunch of people who haven't been using them very much.

LL: You mentioned that several times throughout your editorials. You state that you're only posing questions around this particular issue from different viewpoints.

SS: In fact, another thing I find in retrospect, running through the editorials, is that I'm criticizing various groups of scientists or

politicians or such for precisely the same thing that people mistakenly think that I'm doing sometimes; that is, making questions sound like answers. Some of the best examples of that aren't in print yet, so they're beyond the scope of this interview.

It's always problematical, because if you question an accepted view, a great many people automatically assume you are trouncing that view and completely rejecting it. That's not the case at all. I think actually one of the best expressions I've seen of the basic philosophy that underlies what I'm trying to do with the magazine, and what I think Campbell in particular tried to do with it comes, oddly enough, not from Campbell but from Poul Anderson in the guest editorial he did right after they ran out of John Campbell's editorials after he died. It was called "The Asking of Questions [January, 1972]." That deserves to be re-read, I think. In fact, to that end, I'm including it in the anniversary anthology (The ANALOG Anthology #1: Fifty Years of the Best, published 1980).

LL: I noticed that you brought in one of John Campbell's editorials from 1958, the one on hyperdemocracy ["Hyperdemocracy," June, 1980]. When you talk about timeless editorials, that has so many applications today just as it did then.

SS: That was one reason I used it. The first reason was I thought somewhere at this time -- and that happened to be the month of John's birthday, which is a peculiarly appropriate place to put it -- I wanted to reprint one of his editorials because enough time has elapsed that a lot of people have never seen one, have never read one. I wanted to get one out again.

Of course, it's a terrible problem to be faced with to decide which one. There's no such thing as a typical one. That was one that made quite an impression on me at the time that I read it. I still vividly remember where I was and what I was doing when I read it. I thought most of what was said in it needed to be said again.

LL: Being a teacher, I'm very aware of that editorial now. I'll probably read it again before the fall.

How have reader reactions been to the editorials, to the stories?

SS: I like to think that they're in general quite favorable. It's hard to judge since I can't really compare all my correspondence with all the correspondence of my predecessors. But it's pretty much the kind of thing that I would like to have. There's a good deal of favorable com-

ment and a good deal of people arguing with things. An editorial that doesn't make several people mad doesn't work. But most of them do.

In fact, one of the interesting things about watching reader reactions -- half the fun of being editor is reading the letters that come in -- is that when things seem to be working well you judge it not by the amount of praise you're getting per se, but by the amount of ferment you're generating. By that standard I get the feeling that things are going well, though still not as well as I'm aiming for eventually. Ben told me this before I got in, and I realize now very vividly how true it is: A really strong story or article is going to generate a lot of favorable mail. It's also going to generate a lot of very unfavorable mail. You can almost measure the impact of the story, or the quality or whatever you want to call it, in terms of the polarization it produces in the readers. Because in general, a story or an article or an editorial that nobody hates, nobody's going to love, either. It's the ones that nobody bothers to mention that we worry about. *laughter*

LL: What about your own writing?

SS: I think it's sort of working again. It was hard to get very much writing done at first, with various and sundry distractions such as adjusting to the whole new routine of going into New York three days a week, working on a different kind of job, all the hassles attendant on moving to a new part of the country, later on getting married.

Various things have managed to conspire to take up time, so I found the writing really wasn't getting very far for about the first year and a half that I was there. I eventually realized that what had happened, I think, was that while I was in grad school I had one set of working habits which depended very heavily on being able to work in small bits and snatches. If I only had 20 minutes available one day I could sit right down and do something with that, and then plunge back into it if I had 30 minutes the next day, and so eventually it piled up. Now, living alone in Tiffin I got out of the habit of working that way. I sometimes had long chunks of time available, and I think what happened was that I became dependent on those, and I didn't work when I didn't have them. What I have done just this year is relearn the kinds of working habits I had in grad school so I can utilize small chunks of time.

A couple of weeks ago I finally finished a draft of

a novel which has been haunting me for some years. I'm now in the process of reading over it and I hope in the rather near future to have a complete draft of it typed and go see if I can find somebody who is interested in publishing it. It's a somewhat strange type of story. I don't know how easy it will be sell, but I wanted to write it whether I could sell it or not. I think I'm reasonably pleased with the way it turned out, so hopefully I can find a home for it.

LL: It's one of the things you pick up as a challenge and want to do.

SS: Yes, I learned a lot from doing it in any case. I had fun doing it. This is the one I think I've mentioned to you before, an alien-alien contact story with no human characters.

LL: I'm not sure if anyone else has tried that.

SS: I'm sure some other people have.

LL: C. J. Cherryh, maybe, but she uses humanoid characters anyway. What about the third book of the "Lifeboat Earth" trilogy?

SS: It's probably the next big writing project that I want to do. It has one other competitor. It's sort of a toss-up between those two. I think I'll try to do that one next, then get started on the other one in between all the distractions. There is this fact that I live in rather an interesting part of the country, and keep finding things to do there.

LL: Since you like to get out into the country and hike and camp. You're in the Catskills.

SS: Well, we're not really in the Catskills. The Catskills are about a couple of hours away, but we are in the Hudson highlands, which are a little more interesting from a mountain hiking standpoint than you might guess just from the raw altitude figures. There's nothing there which is much more than 1500 feet high in our immediate neighborhood, but remember that that goes up immediately from sea level, so you see all that. In terms of what you actually see, they tend to be about half the size of the Catskills or maybe even more. There are literally hundreds of miles of trails in our immediate neighborhood. We keep trying to find one we don't like, but we haven't done it yet. We're very diligent about our research. *laughter*

LL: You're enjoying your job at Analog, and the fringe benefits?



SS: Yes.

LL: Whatever they happen to be.

SS: Well, the fringe benefits are the chances to do other things that we like to do.

LL: Any particular problems you're having with Analog or...

SS: No, I don't think so.

LL: Encounters on the New York train system?

SS: *laughter* I don't want to singe your tape recorder. The commuter trains are not quite all that one might like, shall we say. You may have noticed a reference to that in the "Quality Control" editorial [February, 1980]. Unfortunately, Conrail went through one of its worst periods right after we came back from our SEACON trip [England, 1979]. For a couple of weeks we were riding all over England, Germany, and Switzerland in their trains, and there's no comparison!

LL: They're efficient.

SS: Well, we always rode second-class coaches in Europe. The worst second-class coach we rode

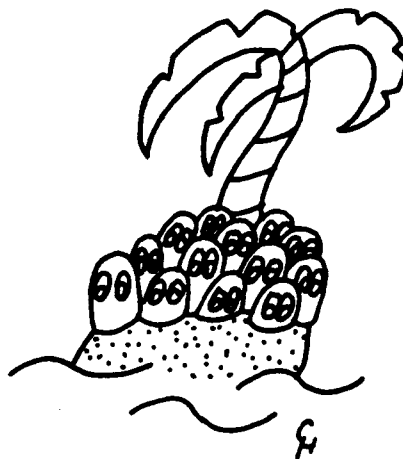
was better and more comfortable service than the best we ever get from Conrail.

LL: How about a nice exit line?

SS: Gee, endings are so hard *laugh*.

LL: Do like the last one: Let's go to the bar.

SS: That'll do.



Ten Years Later

LL: Well, here we are, ten years later, and I'm waiting for the books you were working on. Where are they?

SS: Maybe someday I'll get around to the third book of the Lifeboat Earth trilogy. I intend to write it so that it can be read without reference to the other two novels. Of course, I also hope that it will be a ploy to get the other back into print.

The second novel is the alien-alien contact story. Part of me wants to see it through to completion; another part is tired of the silly thing. I won't finish it till somebody actually pays me to do so.

I haven't stopped getting published completely. I had a couple of stories in Twilight Zone, and recently I had an article in Writer's Digest on my favorite SF cliches, meaning, of course, my not-so-favorite cliches. The topic seems to get a lot of response. When I did this on a panel in Brighton at the Worldcon, the hall was packed -- so much so that my wife Joyce couldn't get in!

Some of the cliches included: The surprise ending that wasn't -- "His name was Adam, hers was Eve;" or "The planet was named Earth;" or "It was just a game;" or "It wasn't just a game." After you've been editing a while, you can tell which "surprise" ending it's going to be by the end of the first paragraph. It can be fun to work the cliché so readers don't realize it's being used. Another thing an author can do is to set up the story to expect the cliché, then twist it.

LL: What DO you look for in a story? What do you like to publish?

SS: I look for things I don't know I'm looking for. People come up with a story that impresses when they write something I don't expect, something that is new to me.

It occurred to me before John W. Campbell died that he wouldn't live forever, and who could I trust to keep Analog the kind of magazine I wanted to read. Ben Bova did it well, by now I can do it my way. There are two guiding principles that I use: 1) have fun; 2) present a forum for questioning and explaining all types of ideas.

With my editorials I have fun by making people mad, by giving them something to question. Since different people are interested in different things, to make them ALL mad I have to cover a variety of topics.

Occasionally I read some of the older Analog or Unknown stories. In fact, I have an anthology of stories from the old Unknown coming out from Baen books. In my introduction, I say that the magazine only lasted four years but had some of the best writing of the period. If you are interested in more, let me know. If I get enough letters, I can use them to convince my boss to revive the magazine.

LL: I've seen that you have put "Formerly Astounding" in the cover of Analog. Does this mean you are going to change back to Astounding?

SS: We are using the "Formerly Astounding" bit at the suggestion of our lawyer. Some people want to use the name since we're not, and we don't want them to publish something and draw on the reputation of the name. So, to protect our right to the name, we've put it on the banner. John Campbell changed the name of the magazine in 1960 because he thought Astounding was too sen-

sational. He chose Analog because an SF story is like an analog simulation of a possible future. Few people understand this before it's explained, but that's it.

So I look for new authors who write about new futures, using new discoveries like nanotechnology and hypermedia.

LL: Which authors are your "discoveries"?

SS: Timothy Zahn, David Palmer, Arlan Andrews, Harry Turtledove, Joe Delaney, Elizabeth Moon, Marc Steigler, just to name a few. Maybe I can claim Michael Flynn but not really, since he was published elsewhere first. Donald Kingsbury was first published by John Campbell, but he dropped out of the field for a while. He returned with a few short pieces, then dropped Courtship Rite on me. It's one of the few stories that developed a completely alien civilization. It included cannibalism, and had more than the usual quota of sex and violence, but the letters of complain didn't arrive until everybody had all 4 installments!

LL: Do you like to run serials?

SS: When there are dry spells in the shorter lengths, we can run a serial -- better to run a good serial than a mediocre short story or novelette. We're doing that less often than we used to. Some of the serials we run are not always sold as novels; they are of special interest, or have add lengths, or they are just not picked up by the other publishing houses. So the magazine is the only place to get them.

LL: Do you still read all the stories?

SS: Oh yes, that's my job as editor. I used to go into the office three days a week; now I only go in once a week. The office is a terrible place to get anything done; I separated the "slush"/pro piles then, but now everything is packed up and sent out to me UPS, and sort things out at home as I go along.

I still use the two-speed reading process. If the story is good, but has mechanical problems, I'll return it to the writer with suggestions and ask for a rewrite. I won't do the patch-ups myself -- I don't have the time. But writers should be aware that mechanical weaknesses reduce the chances of selling any story.

Some people complain about sexism in stories. Many times it is necessary for the story, other times not. In the latter category are usually writers who were active years ago and have come back to writing SF. I'll give them advice, but

not censor. I usually tell the writer that there will be significant complaints.

LL: What about the science fact articles? On what topics, how long or how short do you want them?

SS: I'll look at everything. It's rare to find a fact article under 3,000 words that goes into enough depth to satisfy the readers. The general guideline suggests about 4,000 words. Readers object if the fact article gets too long, but that favorite one this year was a 10,000 word article.

LL: How do you choose the art?

SS: It is almost always commissioned to fit the story. Either I myself, or the art director reads and visualize a scene, which is then suggested to the artist. There are some exceptions, of course. Vinnie Di Fate did two paintings for Lois McMaster Bujold's Falling Free, and we used both -- as covers for the first and final episodes of the serial.

Then there was "Nanny" written by Michael Kube-McDowell. He saw Todd Hamilton's painting with that title, wrote as sold the story to me, and then asked if it would be a cover story. I agreed that it had possibilities and asked who he might suggest as an artist. He said, "Funny thing you should ask...", and sent me a photo of the painting. I bought it immediately.

LL: Any last words, or shall we end this like the last two interviews and head for the bar?

SS: We'll do that, but let me conclude with this: Although Analog is primarily an SF magazine, I will look at and publish borderline fantasy. Let me make the decision, though. If a writer thinks it's good, he shouldn't make up my mind for me before I see it. So send in those manuscripts! !*



The Devil's Arithmetic

by Jane Yolen
Viking Kestrel, 1988, \$11.95

A book review with comments by Martha Soukup

While Science Fiction is in a breathing space between controversies, here's one from down the hall in children's literature: how can a writer have the unmitigated gall to center a book about the Holocaust around a fantasy element? This is a question that's meaningless here in SF and Fantasy, where it is taken for granted not only that weighty issues are fair game for such treatment, but that it can illuminate them in ways purely mimetic fiction cannot. So when we look at the time-travel story of The Devil's Arithmetic, we make no sweeping decisions about whether time-travel is "appropriate" in a description of the murder of six million Jews; we simply look at whether it helps Jane Yolen tell a story she couldn't tell, or could less effectively tell, without it.

Yolen puts a lot into a narrative that doesn't quite hit 40,000 words. (Writers of trilogies, take note.) She uses the first five thousand or so to establish a comfortable, ordinary Young Adult novel sort of world: 12-year old Hannah and her little brother Aaron being taken by their mother to visit the relatives for Passover.

Hannah is a bright but normal child, and her occasional whining and rivalry with her little brother would probably be annoying if they weren't as ordinary as they are (and if we didn't remember doing some of that ourselves). What she complains about most is that "all Jewish holidays are about remembering." She's sick of having to remember things that don't seem important to her upstate life full of school and shopping malls. She's embarrassed by the way her grandfather loses control sometimes when the television shows Nazis and death camps, and resentful when she remembers how an old attempt to please him by drawing numbers on her own arm merely set him off again. She'd rather be having a cozy Gentile Easter of candy eggs than a (slightly disorganized) Passover of bitter herbs.

After grumbling aloud about the unfairness of such a downbeat holiday and downing some ritual wine, she finds herself, by page 20, somewhere else entirely. Yolen never explains how Hannah comes to be in a small Polish village, apparently now a city girl named Chaya ("life," in Hebrew, and Hannah's Hebrew name), who has barely survived the illness that killed both her parents and is now recovering in the country with her aunt and uncle.

Hannah's insistence she comes from New Rochelle, not Lublin, is easily dismissed by her "aunt and uncle" as the effects of her fever. She can't understand how she's speaking Yiddish. She wants, of course, to wake up and find herself at home. Then with another ten or eleven thousand words she is caught up in the vibrant life of the village. By the time, the next day, the villagers have finished their trek into town for the romantic wedding of her "uncle" Schmuel and the rabbi's lovely daughter Fayge, Hannah is already close to her boisterous uncle, her sharp-tongued, loving aunt Gitil, and Fayge (who tells the younger girl, with the optimism of every bride, "We are going to be such good friends.... Life will be good to us forever and ever, I know."). Selected as "best friends" by one village girl, entrancing the others with retellings of strange stories like Yentl, Star Wars and Little Women, Hannah finds herself for the first time the most popular girl on the block -- "except there wasn't any block."

They reach town to find trucks and soldiers. Unwelcome history lessons come back to Hannah. The Germans tell the villagers they are to be resettled, and only Hannah knows what that means. She can do nothing to stop it. They begin the ghastly, meticulously researched journey to and into the concentration camp. And death.

Until this point, Hannah's origin in the present day has been useful as a bridge for a modern young

reader, for whom the forties might as well be a thousand years ago, to the past in which the atrocities took place. Now Yolen develops the theme she explicates in her afterword:

There is no way that fiction can come close to touching...how heroism had to be counted: not in resistance, which was worse than useless because it meant the death of even more innocents.... [T]o resist being dehumanized, to simply outlive one's tormentors, to practice the quiet, everyday caring for one's equally tormented neighbors. To witness. To remember. These were the only victories of the camps.

It's easy and sometimes fashionable to say that, if they had resisted, six million Jews need not have died. Presented with a small group of isolated, unarmed Jews with nowhere to go, surrounded by machine guns, it's not easy to say in what manner they could have resisted. Frightened, overwhelmed, with tragic deaths already beginning as they journey to the camp, Hannah's village friends gather their strength to simply survive.

Much of the heroism in the camp is shown in a little girl named Rivka, who at ten knows how to make the best of all her unlikely resources -- including, as she shows Hannah, the number tattooed on her arm. Two months after reading the book twice I can still remember, without looking, Hannah's tattoo and the sermon for life she builds from it: J because she is a Jew; 1 because she is alone; 9 because "nein" means "no: no, I will not let myself die;" 7 for the seven days in each week she will survive, one at a time; 2 for her village family, aunt and uncle; 4 for a real family she can barely remember; and 1 again because, in a way she can also not quite remember, she is more isolated from her home than anyone else in the camp.

Because Hannah has been granted, by the shock and the horror of the camp, the wish she made at her family's Seder, when she said she was tired of remembering: she has forgotten. Like many other camp victims whose memories are too painfully happy to deal with, she blocks her earlier life out. This amnesia is a resource, too, helping her concentrate on the moment to stay alive. She can look at her aunt's gift of a blue scarf she has "organized" (or stolen back from the Nazis) as truthfully the best gift she has ever been given: it is, after all, "the only one I remember." She becomes part of the "quiet, everyday caring;" she remembers what is good in the camps that cannot be crushed by the evil around her; and she ultimately makes a heroic sacrifice of her own, closing the circle of the book back to the present day.

So does the time travel element add to the book? Would it have been possible instead to tell the tale as a straight historical, with Hannah's great aunt and grandfather living or relating their youthful experiences in the camp; is this simply a gratuitous candy-coating of fantasy to make the Holocaust palatable to a bored audience?

Of course not.

Yolen's examination of the peculiarly Jewish tradition of embracing tragedy into treasured memory is perfectly served by the physical movement of her protagonist through time, and of the changes in her own ability to remember: from rejection of history, to the loss of her own history, to her bonding with the history of her people and her own family. With each passage Hannah's understanding becomes deeper and more timeless. In the bitterness of her new memory there is powerful strength. When Hannah cries out at the end of the book that she remembers, she and the reader see vividly how much she has gained.

Yolen further strengthens the immediacy of memory by borrowing heavily from her own family, none of whom were in the death camps, which she carefully notes. Part of the message here, and part of the point of throwing an ordinary young girl inexplicably into the past, is that any horror like this, so unearnable, is arbitrary: it could happen, in the wrong circumstances, to anyone. If that is all a young reader comes away with on first reading, it is enough. It's always too easy for anyone who didn't live through the Holocaust (or Kampuchea, or any of too many other human horrors) to say: That was long ago and far away.

It will never be long ago or far away enough.

And maybe we should be keeping a closer look at what's being done in "kid's books." The writing in this book is plain but eloquent, its emotional and philosophical force far surpassing most of the "adult" SF crowding the shelves. The Devil's Arithmetic is an important book. Children's or not. 1*



by Lois McMaster Bujold

GoH Speech from MILLENNICON/KEYCON

t h e UNSUNG COLLABORATOR

I've had a bit of occasion lately to reflect upon the meaning of the term "literary merit." It seems to have a most slippery definition. My suspicion that it might indeed be so subjective as to have no discernible meaning at all began with two early rejection slips of mine, both for the same story. Let me quote: "Some of the writing is clumsy, especially at the front, but this is overall a striking story." And the second: "Although it is nicely written, I really don't think you have much of a story here."

And I said, "Huh?"

Well, the story eventually sold, and even made the Nebula preliminary ballot. (This is not a rare distinction: about a hundred short stories make the prelims each year.) The tale is still one of my personal favorites. But what made the difference in the responses of my two editor-readers? They both read exactly the same words.

We see a similar phenomenon in the response to cover art and other illustrations. "But it doesn't look like the character!" is the typical wail. We see it again in varyingly violent arguments over what constitutes a "good" book. We even see it in viewer responses to television. Now you'd think the visual media would be far more objective than the written word. It's easy to see how everyone reads a slightly different book, but surely everyone sees the same thing when they look at the movie or TV screen. Don't they?

I first had this blinding insight while watching a Star Trek rerun a while back. Now, you must understand, I was an ST fan back before Trekkies were ever invented, when it was all brand new and nothing like it had ever been seen on TV before. I was in high school, the perfect age for a strong emotional response to escape literature. (I used to read a lot of history about WW II prison camps about that time too, as I recall.) So anyway, I and about six of my girlfriends would gather every Thursday evening for what my parents called "the prayer meeting," and we would enjoy the show vociferously. My parents were baffled, and it was only lately, watching the show in very cold blood, that I have realized why. They thought that what they were seeing on the screen, the plot and effects and

dialogue, was all there was. They had no conception of how much work our willing brains were doing on the initial stimulus after our senses took it all in. We took the show in and fixed it, and it was to this fixed-up version that we gave our passionate response.

It's increasingly clear to me that the reader and the viewer --the active reader or viewer-- does a lot more than he or she is ever given credit for. They fill in the blanks. From hope and charity, they explain away the plot holes to their own satisfaction. They add background from the slimmest of clues. They work.

They work so hard, in fact, that they end up remembering not the actual words on the page, but the events described as if they had been there. Twenty years after reading the passage, I can remember sitting behind the Gray Mouser's eyes on the deck of a sailing ship, spearing sun-warmed plums with his dirk. I remember with clarity details I don't think the author ever described anywhere on that page, the smell of the sun-heated deck planking, the exact sound of the water bubbling from under the hull -- pulled, I believe, from my own sailing experiences. True, I never have been able to find, in a grocery store ever after, plums to match the melting perfections of those the Mouser was eating. Nasty cold sour things all. Yet I keep buying them out of hope.

So for me, this sheaf of inked paper with the gaudy cover glued to the spine is not the book. The book is not an object on the table, it is an event in the reader's mind. It's a process through which an idea in my mind triggers an idea, more-or-less corresponding, in yours. The words on the paper are merely the means to this end. The book, therefore, is only finished when somebody reads it. Hence my personal addiction to test readers. I am not one of those authors who clutches the manuscript close to their chest until it's finished; in fact, I have to restrain myself from running out after every paragraph to find someone to try it on to see if it works.

The book, if you like, is not the story but merely the blueprint of the story, like the architect's drawings of a house. The reader, then, is

the contractor, the guy who does the actual sweat-work of building the dwelling. From the materials in his or her head, the ideas, the images, the previous knowledge, each one actively re-constructs the story-experience -- each according to his measure, knowledge, gifts. And charity.

Sometimes a very fascinating thing happens. Sometimes the reader doesn't stop with your provided blueprint. Sometimes they continue building. Add a gazebo, a garage. The characters go on talking in their heads even after the book's covers are closed; the universe continues to build around the edges. This is a creative event I've never heard discussed in any literature class. And yet it seems to be a common factor in all the great, truly beloved literature of the world. It's not sterile. It doesn't stop with the printed page.

Ideas, and idea-people, do have a kind of real existence. They live because someone gives them brain-room, feeds them with his or her personal psychic energy. And so they grow, leaping from mind to mind. That's something very close to being alive. One of the prime examples of a character who has taken on this sort of independent existence is Sherlock Holmes. He transcends the bounds of literature. His author, Conan Doyle, was almost ashamed of Holmes, insisting he wanted to be remembered for his "serious" novels like The White Company. It's possible, I suppose, that he didn't realize the immense power reserve he'd tapped into -- that he thought the Holmes in his head, and the Holmes on the written page, was all there was, the only true Holmes. Seeing only what he'd done, he failed to see how much energy was pouring into his creation from the reader's side of the page, and so underestimated Holmes's power. In the end his creation so escaped Conan Doyle's control, the author himself couldn't even kill Holmes off.

The ability to call up this immense creative power from readers is not all what is usually defined as "literary merit." Star Trek is certainly a recent example. Few claim or defend ST as "great literature." I think this means there is something missing from the definition of literature; and what

is missing is the recognition of the reader's part in it all. Narrow critics mistake the book as something only the writer is doing. And so they miss at least half of what's really going on.

So, does this mean that all books are created equal? That it is impossible by any measure to separate good from bad? Literary criticism doomed to be totally subjective, all judgment meaningless? Style is nothing, content all?

I don't think so. Certainly content is "judgeable", but the same measures we bring to events in real life. We are certainly free to say: This content is objectionable, it pushes life-denying values -- violence, pornography, racism, what you will; That content is commendable, it is likely to inspire people to try to be better persons. And we can surely argue, critically, for whatever values we happen to espouse. (We surely cannot, however, deny works the right to be published and argued about, and attacks upon authors should be limited to words, not extended to Uzis and plastic explosives.)

But what about style? What the devil is style, anyway, that we should be mindful of it? Certainly there are profound differences of style. I recall noticing this once again when I was reading the late novels of Henry James and the Doc Savage series more-or-less simultaneously. Happens I enjoyed both, but reflected at the time that if only those two could have collaborated, they would have been the perfect writer, James for characterization, the Doc Savage author, Lester Dent, (whose characters were absolute cardboard but who got off some lovely vivid landscape now and then despite his medium) for ingenious lively plots. So was James's style "better" than Dent's? College professors (well, most of them) would certainly say so.

I would like to suggest two possible yardsticks for judging style. First, obviously enough, does the style fit the content? Unusual styles can be fully justified by the stories they are used to tell. Two examples that spring to mind are Roger Zelazny's "Twenty-four Views of Mount Fuji," that won the Hugo for best novella a few years ago. His



choice of first person present tense, which at first glance seemed awkward and self-conscious, proved splendidly vindicated by the story's end. An even more unusual story stylistically was Geoffrey Landis's "Vacuum States" (*IASFM*, July '88), which used the rare second person to slyly, and effectively, draw the reader in to the conundrum at the story's end.

A second yardstick, and the one that I have not heard suggested before, is: Does the style act to exclude readers? There are two ways a style can exclude readers.

First, through crudeness. A crude style can drive away that portion of the story's potential readers who are sensitive to language. This group includes many of the finest active readers.

Second, a style might exclude readers through being hyper-stylistic, self-absorbed -- a style, if you will, with its head up its own ass. An even large group of readers can be driven off by this sort of thing. The practitioners of this second choice are more likely to complain that their readership base is too small and they're starving because the philistines don't appreciate *True Art.* This, I fear, is yet another example of the Blame-The-Victim mentality in action, the victim in this case being the hapless reader. This style choice conceals a hidden moral judgment: that some sorts of readers, namely an ill-defined literary elite, are more worth pleasing than others. (It can also be spotted as a secretly puritanical belief by its covert implication that pain is good for your soul.) It's the sin of spiritual pride, I suppose,

and surely as much a sin as the sloth of crude style. But both literary sins share the same bad effect of excluding readers.

The best style, therefore, would be the one that can please the most kinds of readers and exclude the least number. (Though it's equally true that not every story can be for every reader. Each writer has his or her congregation, and that's why, thank Heavens, there's room for more than one book in the bookstores.) My personal prejudice happens to be toward a transparent style, for I feel that it's the story, character, images and ideas, not the words, that the majority of readers will carry away. (Remember the Mouser and his plums.) And yet I also remember much poetry, where style and substance are most firmly interlocked; where the right word, as Mark Twain says, makes all the difference between lightning and a lightning bug.

The best reader, therefore, is also the least exclusive one, exhibiting neither pride nor sloth; able to find delight in both the easy and the difficult, never mistaking simplicity for stupidity nor mere obscurity for profundity.

So my author's prayer is: God give me willing readers. Lots of 'em. May you continue to bring your energy to my books; may you continue to make space (and a multi-dimensional space it is) in your minds and maybe even your hearts for my brain-children, for that is the only way that kind of child can grow and get more life. You are my invisible partners, always, and I am grateful for you.

Thank you. |*|

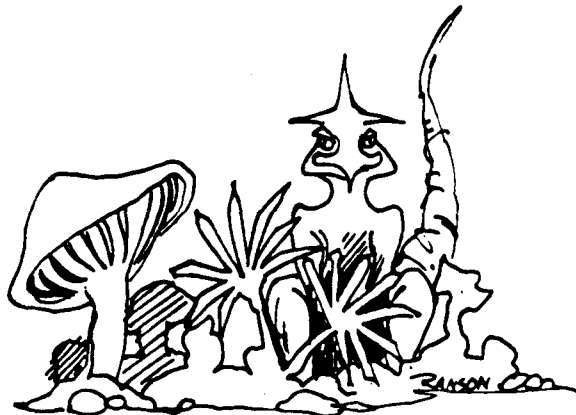
HUNTING TRIP

by Thomas A. Easton

When my lover left me lonely
I, in cooling weather, sought
The russet forest gate
And chose to argue
Wisdom with the wind.
Did echoes reach my lover's ears?

Mists hover in the gateway, and
Wisdom lies cool on my cheek.
A pickup truck goes past
With shotguns ready
Behind portentous
Belling hounds tracking prey by night.

Headlights gild raindrops as they freeze
Into pure wisdom crystals
That, golden, sketch the wind
Caressed by voices
Of pursuing hounds.
I shiver on the cold hillside.



CONREPORTS and RAMBLINGS 31

by Lan

RAMBLINGS 31.1

Reading through my "Conreports and Ramblings" from the last issue, I realized that I sounded quite depressed and distressed over a lot of situations. For the most part, that was true. That things weren't "going my way" in many cases had that effect. Overall, in retrospect, I'd say that the year didn't end up too badly, as you will see below.

I also realized that I missed a few things that happened. Maia and I got a new car. The Alliance was still running well, but the Datsun gave up the ghost, and we replaced it with a new Toyota Tercel. It handles well, gets good mileage, and we broke it in with a nice long journey to Champaign, Illinois for CHAMBANACON last fall.

My parents sold their house in Roseville, Michigan and built their retirement home on Lake Tyrone (one of the many lakes in Michigan), near Fenton. My older sister and her husband built their "retirement" home as well, but they are nowhere near retirement age. Judy and Denis found a plot of land on a lake in Oxford, Michigan, and had the house built to their specifications. They said that this is the home they will live in and retire to when that time comes.

Looking back over the school year from the beginning of Spring Break (March), I saw several ups and downs, but overall things really were ending on the positive side. It's just that the "down" side seemed more apparent. My first and eighth period classes (first and last periods of the day) turned out to be the fun classes. The mix of students was strange, but I had fun, and I hoped the students did too. I got to know some of the individuals well, and that made teaching more personal, and more rewarding. My two seniors in the eighth period class, Tim and Jill, made me especially proud of them. Both were in my Algebra IIB classes last year, and when given a choice for regular versus slow Geometry for their senior year, both opted for the regular class. And both ended up in my class. And both ended up in the A range for the year, and membership in the Cum Laude Society!

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

My third, fourth and seventh period classes were okay, but these were the ones which gave me the most problems. But again, there were individuals in each class that balanced the overall feeling to the positive side -- in the end. In retrospect, while I concentrated on the problem kids, I found it difficult to pay attention to the better, more industrious students in those classes. Every once in a while, however, I stopped and looked carefully at the progress of the students in those classes, and I found that I did have reason to enjoy them; many were doing quite well, and the disruptive kids, the grade-grubbers, and the incessant talkers were only a few. But those annoyances sure preyed on my mind.

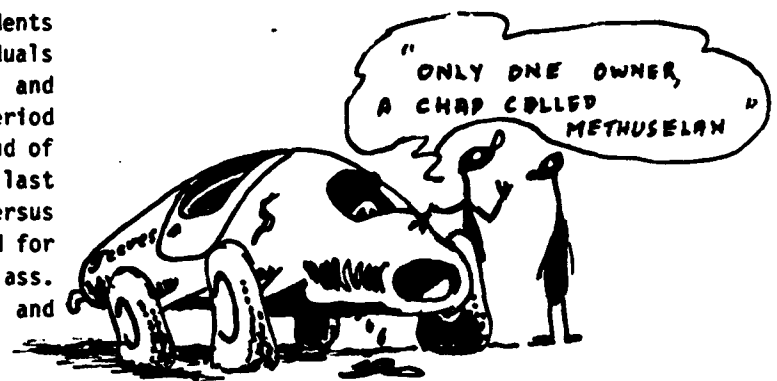
My seven advisees were wonderful this year. None of them were in a position to be talked about at the grade review meetings throughout the year; all I had to do was sit during those meetings and comment on my other students who were doing poorly.

There was also one student who, under the guidance of a new science teacher, Fred Higgins, developed a science project and entered the Detroit Area Science Fair competition. She won a four year scholarship to one of the four Universities in the area and continued on to the international competition in Pittsburgh. There, Lina Farris garnered one of several fourth place prizes. Her work consisted of a study of the effects of sugar and artificial sweeteners on fruitflies. Her results showed a significant increase of mutations in those that ate the artificial sweeteners, to the point that by the third generations the flies were dead.

Anyway (rambling on here, as befitting the title), I left off last issue with the end of classes on the day of Spring Break. And that first weekend I celebrated by going to a convention in Dayton, Ohio, called MILLENNICON. It's a small, pleasant gathering which has had some wonderful moments. I've met some very good friends there for the first time, and last year I was the fan GoH. I was really looking forward to it.

MILLENNICON -12

This year's drive to MILLENNICON was very pleasant. They had not had an ice storm as last year



(this year it went north and hit Michigan), and one day the temperature was in the 70s. I registered with the hotel and con, loaded my stuff in the room, and made it late to opening ceremonies. Paula Robinson had come up from Cincinnati, and we had several good discussions over the next 20 hours or so. Since Maia had opted not to attend (she was swamped with work and had to go in on Saturday), I had an extra bed in my room, on which Paula spent the night. She was very grateful; after not attending a convention since CHAMBANACON, she was anxious to spend more than four hours at one.

Lois McMaster Bujold was the Pro GoH, and was marvelous. She's marvelous anyway -- if you haven't read any of her books, you should do so. Lois's Guest of Honor speech, which she also reserved for KEYCON in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada in May, was an interesting look at her "Unsung Collaborator," the person who completes the transfer of ideas from her mind through the medium of the printed word: the reader. [[Read Lois's speech on page 88]]

Bob Tucker was the Fan GoH and Toastmaster. He told the story of how Bob Bloch got kicked off the airways in Louisville, and how he, Tucker, achieved the same notoriety a couple of years ago in Iowa.

Once again, the hucksters room was small, but I picked up a few things from various dealers. Mary the Mystery Lady had some Avengers bookplates, and an issue of the Modesty Blaise comic book that I was missing. She also had a copy of The Avengers comic book, but for \$40 I decided to pass it up. From Buck Coulson I got Harlequinade, the first tape of three from the various filksings at NOLACON II, put out by Wail Songs.

I had passing conversations with other fans and pros, like Hal Clement (who has made an appearance

at MILLENNICON ever since his GoH-ship at -14 two years earlier --which says something about the warm feelings engendered by the convention).

BJ Willinger told me about his new job with Toyota of Kentucky, and I said that we were pleased with the Tercel that we had bought. "Did you know that the original name for the Tercel was supposed to have been 'Caribou'?" he said. "All the Toyota vehicles' names begin with 'C' -- Cressida, Camry, Corolla, etc. -- except for the Tercel. The company didn't think that a car named after a moose would sell." I replied that some people might have bought the car FOR that reason. BJ also informed me how well-inspected the cars are at the Camry plant. With production up to 90% capacity -- higher than the parent company plants in Japan -- the home office is very interested in finding out why and how things are going so well.

I was on five panels, and had a great time. "How to Enjoy Your First Con" was the usual fare, but the panel, I hope, gave enough hints to the newcomers to help them enjoy the convention. One thing that does help is to go with someone who has experience with cons, and is willing to play "tour guide" for them.

"Science Fiction Activities" actually expanded the topics from my first panel. Conventions and its activities are only some of the things that fans do. We explored other things and areas of interest, which do show up at cons: watching and criticizing films, writing, amateur publishing, filking, costuming, reading, and exploring many of the related groups like Dr Who, the Avengers, etc.

Some of the people in the audience of "Writing for Publication" didn't know much about fanzines, the different types of zines fan and pro, and in many cases how to go about submitting material for publication. Which, I guess, was the reason for the panel. One person pointed out that The Scavengers Newsletter is a good source for markets in the small and amateur press, and I mentioned "The Market Report" appearing semiannually in Science Fiction Chronicle which lists professional markets in SF and Fantasy. Mike Banks pointed out Writer's Digest, which he writes for, which has a good selection of all sorts of markets. When I said that I publish very little fiction, yet showed the audience the thick issue of Lan's Lantern (#27), many asked what I did accept. "Reviews, critical essays and articles about SF and fandom, and an occasional story," I replied. I also plugged my special issues on Golden Anniversary authors.

From there I immediately jumped to a panel on "Recommended Reading in Science Fiction." I pushed Lois's books, she being the GoH, and Mike Resnick's and Timothy Zahn's novels. Some of the other panelists echoed those I mentioned, and I endorsed some authors they talked about. Mike Banks pushed for



Orphan of Creation by Roger MacBride Allen. Books by Carolyn Cherryh, David Brin, Hal Clement and Orson Scott Card were also mentioned.

Sunday breakfast was spent with Sherriann Lea, a fan from Columbus with whom I've been corresponding for the past several months. At CONTEXT (sort of) and CONFUSION we have had breakfast together on one morning of the convention, so we just HAD to do it again. And we made plans for a similar morning meeting at MARCON.

My Sunday morning panel was on "Living with Creative People." Even though Maia was not there to confirm this, I did mention how difficult it was living with me when I got into the last stages of putting together a Lantern. Other people on the panel talked about the same things -- the spurts of creative energy which make a relationship difficult, unless the other person understands what's happening. Even then, that does not make it any easier. And when two creative people live together, it can create more trouble, especially if the creative spurts are not synchronous.

I left soon after my panel on Sunday afternoon. I needed to take a side trip to Jackson, Michigan, to visit my sister. My nephew Nickolas was celebrating his birthday and I had a few presents to give to him. I also gave my brother-in-law Jim an autographed copy of Lois's novel Falling Free.

MINICON 24

I had fun being the Fan GoH at MINICON. I flew into the Twin Cities on Thursday afternoon and Polly Peterson picked me up at the airport. After getting me settled at the hotel and sharing lunch, we went off in search of Guest of Honor gifts for the other people. I didn't know what I was going to get, but Polly assured me that it was something special.

I met several people for the first time. Mickey Zucker Reichert, Patricia Wrede, Eleanor Arnason, Fritz Leiber, John Sladek, Adrienne Martine-Barnes, Lon Levy, Chris Claremont, and Sheryl Birkhead, to name a few. I spent (not enough) time with other friends: Bob Tucker, Paula Lieberman, Laurie Mann, Lynn Margosian, Jeanne Mealey, John Stanley, Marianne Hageman, Polly Peterson, Eric Heideman, Laurie Winter, Teddy Harvia, and others I know I'm forgetting to mention.

Thursday was very relaxing. I swam in the pool and wallowed in the jacuzzi for a while, talked with Tucker, Teddy Harvia and Paula Lieberman (who mentioned that the NOREASCON Committee was counting Hugo ballots this Easter weekend and hinted at some ballot stuffing), and had a nice dinner with some members of the programming staff and the other guests who were there.

The consuite was open for the pre-con party that evening, and I met Harry Harrison for the first



GUESS WHO?

time. He is a jovial fan and author whose accent bespeaks of at least his East Coast origins (Massachusetts) if not his present, long-standing home in Ireland. Among the other people I managed to corner into conversations were Gerri Balter and Herman (and some of their stuffed animals), Jeanne Mealy, John Stanley, Linda Lounsbury and Teddy Harvia. It was wonderful seeing many of these people again after so many years of being out of touch with them. I finally turned in about 3 AM.

On Friday there wasn't too much to do. I got up for breakfast with Polly, and later in the morning we went to the airport to pick up Maia. The concom was very good about letting Maia and me split our arrival (and departure) times. (I was on Spring Break so I could arrive early and leave late; Maia had to work.) After getting Maia settled in our room and a quick lunch, she headed for her first panel: "The Achievement of Robert A. Heinlein." I managed to sit in for the last half of the discussion. There were no great revelations, and it was not a one-sided eulogy of Heinlein's work; there was criticism and talk of his failings as well as his accomplishments.

During the few hours until opening ceremonies, Maia and I walked around the convention premises, talked to fans we knew and checked out the hucksters room. Many of the big book-dealers were there: Glenn Cook, Greg Ketter, Don Blyly (Uncle Hugo's), Alice Bently (The Stars Our Destination) and Chris Drumm. This was Dick Spelman's year to go to BALTICON so he was not there.

I encountered Bruce Pelz at one point, who gave me a collection of art pieces by Poul Anderson. The art was done by Poul himself for his novel Three Hearts and Three Lions. He said that it was a limited edition, and thought I would like it --also in thanks for the copies of LL I have kept sending his way. I thanked him profusely, as I carefully went through the drawings. Pretty stuff.

Just prior to the introduction of the guests, the convention became part of Shockwave Live, a live radio broadcast on station KFAI. Jane Yolen, Barry Longyear, and others guests participated in the actual production, and the audience did what audiences do. The room crackled with excitement as the players ran through their lines. The show ran over about ten minutes, which didn't seem to bother anyone.

LAN HO!



As part of my duties as the Fan GoH, I introduced the other guests. The Professional Guests were Fritz Leiber, Barry Longyear and Harry Harrison. Among the other Honored Guests were P.C. Hodgell, Patrick and Teresa Nielsen-Hayden, and John Sladek. Larry Niven was also supposed to be there, but caught a cold with complications which made it impossible for him to fly out. With these guests, and a host of other professional writers and artists, MINICON opened for fun and frolick, with due warnings from Dr. Whoopee (Niel Rest). Gifts were also handed out, and Barry regaled several people with phrase from the book he received: How to Talk Minnesotan! My gift was a fan in the shape of a robot -- called (oddly enough) a Robo-Fan. I thought it was wonderful. Polly offered to ship it to me, since it would be difficult to carry it on the plane.

As soon as the ceremonies were over, Maia and I met briefly Mary Kestenbaum, the sister of one of our fellow MISHAP members, and her friend Tim Kirby. We then hit the autographing party, getting some books signed as gifts; other for ourselves. Minutes later I was on my way to MY first panel: "The Achievement of Clifford D. Simak." Again, like the Heinlein panel earlier, there was a fairly balanced presentation of Simak -- his two personas as SF author and fan balanced against his success as an excellent newspaperman were brought out rather succinctly but the panel members. Most of us were familiar with Simak at conventions. Dave Wixon, the executor of the Simak estate, told of his dealings with Simak the newswriter and author. Dave also mentioned that in the next few years, ALL of Simak's shorter works will be in print.

Again I stayed up late and went to bed about 3 AM. Maia, being more sensible, went back to the room much earlier. At some point in the evening, I found Lynn Margosian who was one of the reasons I was so pleased to accept the GoHship at MINICON; I would get to see her again. We made arrangements to have lunch the next day.

Maia and I got up fairly early and ordered room service. Polly suggest that we take advantage of the hotel services. Maia was not feeling very well, so did not travel out of the room much. After buy-

ing too many books in the hucksters room, I went to my Noon panel on "How to Stand Out in Fandom." Most of the people on the panel talked about ways of dressing to accomplish this. Gerri Balter talked about her stuffed-animal collection. I said just being a good, friendly fan -- and getting to be GoH at cons -- as a way to stand out.

Maia and I had lunch with Lynn Margosian and Laurie Mann, who is on the NOREASCON committee. We talked about a variety of things over the meal, which was short because I had a panel at 2 PM. I wished we could have spent more time talking. Laurie did mention that she wanted me to find her on Sunday AFTER 10:00 AM. She had something to ask me, but couldn't say anything about it before then. I asked her about the rumor of ballot stuffing for the Hugos, and she said she could say nothing until the official ballot listing was released.

The concept of the topic, "Zen and the Art of Fan Maintenance," was supposed to have been a springboard to other things. I know that Laurel Winter (one of the panelists and a fan I had met many years ago when I went to MINICONS, brought up some quotes from Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance, and we talked a bit about that, but I only seem to recall that we flitted from topic to topic and had fun doing it.

I made a visit to the consuite and several trips around the huckster room, and ended up at the DC in 92 table, where Heather Nachtman was playing a tape of The Phantom of the Opera for John Purcell. We got into a long discussion about the musical, and she gave me her address; my ulterior motive was to send her the Temple issue which had material about the Phantom in it.

Maia had panel at 6 PM on "The Mechanics of Writing" which I got to about halfway through. I spent some time talking to Laurel Winter about what had happened to each of us since we last had contact about 6 years ago. She was married, had twins, and started a group of parents who have had multiple births. Through this group they can trade helpful hints, get support and sympathy/encouragement, and learn how to handle the difficulties of more than one baby. Laurie also writes, and had a few things published in Eric Heideman's Tales of the Unanticipated and in Blossoms & Blizzards, an anthology of Minnesota writers which she helped edit. Maia's panel, meanwhile, was going quite strong and was in lively session when I joined it.

I had another panel at 7 PM called "The Comics Panel." This was another open-ended discussion. Writer Chris Claremont and artist Roger Gerberding got things moving with a lively debate over whether the art or the writing was more important. The general consensus was that both are important, although there are times when the art speaks better than words, and vice-versa. Will Shetterly brought up the topic of censorship which was bandied about

until it was time to end the discussion.

These consecutive panels didn't leave us much time for dinner, because I had another at 9 PM on "Science and Ethics." Since we were eating with Polly Peterson and Eric Heideman, and Polly was moderator on the panel I was on, we rushed through the meal and hurried to the room. Well, Polly did. My dinner and Maia's was delayed somewhat, so Polly told us to take our time and she'd cover for me until I came in. When I got there, there was a lively talk about medical ethics. There was an abundance of audience participation, and many people had axes to grind. Mickey Zucker Reichart was excellent at fielding the medical questions, she being a doctor herself. When the panel was over, Maia and I both talked with her for a while. Maia made a deep impression on Mickey, since her comments were close to some of the dialogue in the first chapters of the novel that Mickey is working on.

Shortly after this Maia decided to turn in. She was definitely not feeling well, and needed sleep. On the other hand I stayed up, dropping in on Polly's panel on E.E. Doc Smith, and then escorting Sheryl Birkhead around to various parties. We had some very good conversations along the way, and I was delighted to spend the time with her. We parted company about 1 AM, and I again wandered about, talking to various people until after 3. I do remember a long conversation with Jeanne Mealy

After breakfast, I headed for my first obligation, the "Dark Urban Fantasy" panel. Although on at 11 AM, it went off very well. Teresa Neilsen-Hayden was a little late, but she offered much to the discussion. I pushed four of my favorite horror writers: Charles L. Grant, Linda Crockett Gray, Clive Barker, and Richard Laymon.

After the panel, I found Laurie Mann and she asked if I would accept the nomination to be on the Fanzine Hugo ballot. Of course I said yes. I also found out that Teddy Harvia also made the final ballot for best Fan Artist. She confirmed that there seemed to be some form of ballot stuffing for the nominations--apparently there appeared several ballots with the same nominations, accompanied by money orders with consecutive numbers for memberships. Laurie did not say in which categories this happened, but she said that the nomination, if it

appears (the committee was apparently going to give the person an honorable out -- withdrawing from the ballot), it will be obvious. I didn't know then how this was going to affect some friendships, and our next convention, MARCON.

After closing ceremonies, Polly and I took Maia to the airport, and I said goodbye to her. Back at the convention I wandered about saying goodbye to people. I ate dinner with Eric, Polly, Fritz Leibner, and Margo Skinner. We went to Polly & Eric's traditional "end of MINICON" restaurant, and had a delicious Norwegian meal.

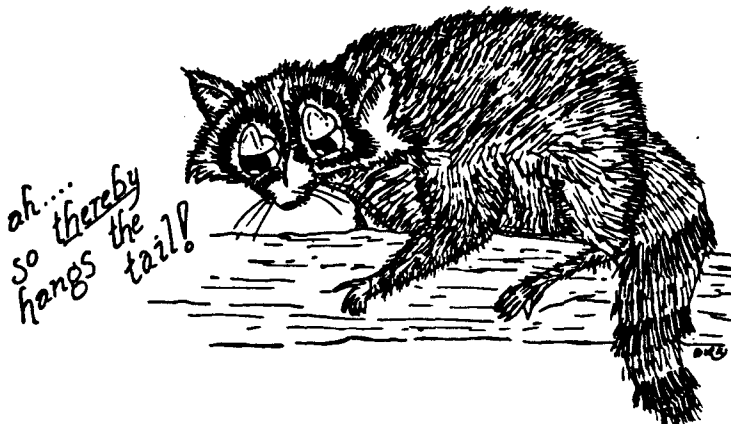
Back at the hotel I walked into several parties that were held that evening. Nate Bucklin sang some of his newly-written songs. This non-smoking filk was held in Alyse Kruger's room, and she had on the table a copy of Rushdie's Satanic Verses which she was sending to a couple of fans in England (where they couldn't get the book). If anyone wanted to write them a note, we were free to do so. Someone mentioned that he had read the book, and said jokingly that he would like to assassinate Rushdie too --but for different reasons than the Ayatollah. The book is just badly written. At that party I talked briefly with Erin McKee (who ran the art show) and Ruth Anderson, a fan from Winnipeg, Manitoba, whom I had met at AD ASTRA two years earlier.

I eventually drifted upstairs to the consuite and ended up talking in a group whose members changed, but among them were Polly, Eric Heideman, Laurie Winter, Maragaret (Peg) Kerr, Rob Ihinger, Marianne Hageman, and Jeanne Mealy. I ended up massaging Jeanne's back for some time while we watched the lightning storm out the windows. Rob Ihinger mentioned that he found out that his wife Peg Kerr had hypoglycemia because of Maia's reaction to not having eaten something for a while. At my questioning raised eyebrows he said that he was one of the people on the dinner trip at NOREASCON II in 1981 with Carol Kennedy. Maia had a severe mood change when her food came late and was shared by everyone. He remembered that and pegged Peg with the same thing which got her to eat at regular intervals.

Once again, I got to sleep after 3 AM.

Breakfast with Polly and Eric was almost too early, but I managed quite well, and coffee with Adrienne Martine-Barnes brought the meal to a delightful close. Most everyone was gone, and by the time I was taken to the airport, the hotel was almost back to normal.

I left with a good feeling about the convention, the people, and a desire to return to MINICON next year.



RAMBLINGS 30.2
SPRING BREAK and After

Little else happened before the end of vacation. I worked on the Lantern, ran off mailing labels so I could begin labelling and stuffing envelopes to mail out LLs #28 & 29, and sort of prepared to resume classes. (There are two things that I do when I prepare to teach: (1) look ahead to see what worksheets (if any) or quizzes/quests/tests I need to run off in advance, and (2) what I need to prepare for that day. The former I do near the beginning of a chapter or the week, or on the day that I give a major test. The latter one I usually do the morning of that day of classes. Since Monday was an in-service day, I just clean up things from before Spring Break. Tuesday morning I prepared what I was going to teach.

Tuesday wasn't too bad; except for the kids who had not back from their break, and a couple of students who refused to start working, classes went smoothly. I reminded everyone about the paper due on April 10 (the paper I had assigned back at the end of January -- at the beginning of the third quarter), and that there would be a penalty for each day it was late. I also told them that we would have a quiz on Friday. That would be the last grade for the quarter, except for the paper. And, since I would be reading their papers on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of that week (Wednesday being the actual end of the quarter with me having to turn grades in on Thursday), there would be no testing on those days -- but there would be homework. Meanwhile, I prepared the computer file for writing comments on everyone; I had planned to start as soon as I finished reading the papers and computing grades.

On Sunday (April 9), Maia and I joined most of the rest of the family at a party to celebrate a golden anniversary. The parents of the husband of my cousin had been married 50 years, and John Kurtz (the son and my cousin-in-law) gathered his relatives together for a wonderful celebration. There was lots of food and good music, although I only danced one slow dance. I've lost my desire to dance fast, especially polkas, so Maia and I waited until there was a slow number. My dad, however, danced with Maia, mom, my sisters Janice and Judy, and with any other woman who would accept his offer.

The papers came in; I read and graded them. A few were late, though a couple of people talked to me about about it and were excused from the late penalty. Two didn't turn them in at all. As soon as I had the grades figured out, I wrote comments and got done before noon on Saturday, leaving the rest of the weekend free to work on LL.

The rest of April was a mad dash between classes, working on the fanzine, on my apazines, and trying to make sense out of the probable ballot

stuffing for the Hugo nominations. Trouble with two classes continued, culminating in me throwing a fit in one of them. Two of the students came in later to apologize, and we parted with a better understanding. The class picked up after that, and it was more pleasant to teach. That was a nice bright spot.

Another dull spot were the two students who had not yet turned in their papers. They continued to lose points until the paper was turned in or the school year ends. One was already failing, and might end up failing for the year. I warned her, her parents, and the academic dean, but none of them seemed concerned. The other student had a high B+, but it dropped to a low C+, and would continue to drop.

There were some other causes for celebration, however. Our friend Lois McMaster Bujold won the Nebula for her novel Falling Free. My meeting with the psychotherapist was beneficial; some of the things we talked about I have been putting into practice. Our neighbor's daughter will be spending the first semester of next school year in England at Cranbrook Kent. And Maia had a successful Fan GoHship at MARCON.

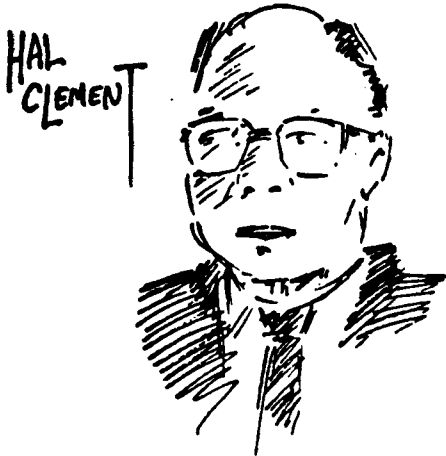
MARCON

We had fun. I had fun. In spite of the situation where Maia's dad was in the hospital suffering from an attack of emphysema, we still had fun. When we left on Sunday, Maia called her father and he sounded a lot stronger; he was recovering, but not totally. One never fully recovers from emphysema.

I managed to get the day off from teaching on Friday, April 28, though to do so I had to schedule tests in all my classes. Arlyce, the head of the upper school, told all department chairpersons that too many teachers were just cancelling classes at will, and that had to stop. All classes had to be covered. So I arranged for my colleagues to proctor tests in all my classes. I'd have *fun* correcting them all when I got back, but I wanted to spend the time with Maia and her first, real Fan GoH-ship.

We arrived at the hotel Thursday evening, got our room, changed our room (we needed one with two double beds -- Mike Kube-McDowell and Gwen Zak were sharing with us), and hit the consuite for the pre-



GUEST OF HONOR

convention party. I immediately arranged with Kathy Gallagher for a Sunday breakfast appointment (we never seem to have time to talk, each of us flying off from one thing to another), and with Sherriann Lea for a Saturday breakfast. I talked with Hal Clement, the Professional GoH, and spoke briefly to Todd Hamilton, the Artist GoH.

The concom got us tickets to see the "Son of Heaven" exhibit at the Columbus Art gallery and it was wonderful. Artifacts from the palace of the Son of Heaven in Beijing, China, were displayed. There was an introductory movie, and then we were free to wander through the exhibit on our own. Maia and I, as we did for the Cleopatra exhibit in February at the Detroit Institute of Arts, rented tapes, players and earphones and got the "walking tour." I marvelled at all the different artifacts, statues and sculptures. The most amazing sight was first show in the orientation film: The statues of the honor guard outside one emperor's tomb. The film showed statues in trenches. They looked like small models. I saw a few life-sized statues from that tomb on display. There were thousands of these excavated -- all life-sized, including horses, chariots and weapons, all different!

As soon as we finished walking through the exhibit, and NOT buying anything in the museum store, Maia and I headed for Circleville, Ohio, and the hospital to visit Maia's father. Norb looked terrible. He had trouble breathing -- emphysema -- and the medication he was on made him drift in and out of consciousness. Mary, Maia's step-mother, was not in very good shape herself, worrying about Norb's health. We were both very worried about him as we drove back to the convention. Maia intended to return the next day, but would make sure she was back for her panel in the afternoon.

I made it back in time to sit in on my first panel, "Is Space Opera Dead?" with Lois McMaster Bujold, Bill Levy and Verna Smith Trestrail. (I

GAMING GOH

gave Lois a big hug when I bounded into the room, and congratulated her on winning the Nebula.) We could have made the panel very short since we all decided that Space Opera was not dead, but alive and well. However, as much as we worked at it, we never did come up with a good definition of Space Opera, other than saying it was action-packed adventure.

I interviewed Hal Clement and sort-of interviewed Steve Jackson (he just wanted to field questions from the audience, but I thought he was going to interview himself). The questions I asked Hal he answered with ease and enough detail to spark another question. Steve's own questions of himself, and the audience rounded out the lively hour. He did pass around the book which will accompany his new module for GURPS, called Witch World. The two authors of the book have read and detailed all the information from Norton's Witch World books. I suggested that he market it as a regular book as well, because I know Norton/Witch World enthusiasts who would love a copy. Just by paging through it I knew it was a comprehensive study of this Andre Norton series.

Friday evening Maia and I had dinner with Tom Barber, t-shirt and button huckster, in the hotel restaurant. The waiter was a stitch and a half, and made the meal even more enjoyable than just having Tom's company. The food was delicious, and we talked about a wide variety of topics.

My traditional breakfast with Sherriann was as good as usual. Between Maia and me, Sherri was kept talking so that I wonder if she had eaten anything at all. (The food did disappear from her plate!)

I had two other panels during the con. One was about prejudice in fandom, which Sherriann had hijacked by talking about the prejudice the older fans have to those who wear the "underage" badges, those who cannot legally drink alcohol. She made several good points, and suggested that there me a "teetotaler" badge for adults and teens alike who

aren't going to drink during the con, and which will cost less. A lot of the price of the membership for the con pays for the alcohol in the consuite, so Sherri suggest that those who are going to drink it, pay for it. She also said that people her age and even younger have minds and can converse intelligently. The older fans should realize this and not treat these younger fans as something subhuman.

The other panel was titled: "Why You Should Burn Your First Fanzine." Kathy Gallagher, who was on the panel, said that she got fairly good response to her first fanzine, Quintessential Space Debris, though looking at it now she WOULD like to burn it. I said that I would like to burn parts of mine. My first serious SF article appeared in it, and I am still proud of it: "A Study in Contrasts: The Short Fiction of Michael Bishop." The art that was in my Lan's Lantern #1 was all mine. The artists to whom I sent the zine took pity on me and sent me some of their stuff. My "artwork" I would like to burn. Bill Unger said that all of it should be available, particularly for researchers and historians, and so that others can see the improvement, if any.

Barry and Sally Childs-Helton were amazing as the Filk GoHs. As usual, they played and sang without missing a note or the beat. I sat and listened to them for hours. They had a wonderful time at the evening filks. Murray Porath, Naomi Pardue, Robin Nakkula, Bill Roper, Tom Smith, Juanita Coulson, David Alway and others were also at the filks, and sang some good/wonderful/emotional/funny/political songs. (Sally Childs-Helton announced that she was now a PhD. in Ethnomusicology. Congratulations to her! Their next tape is to be entitled, "Paradox;" after all, both Barry and Sally now have PhDs.)

There was one big meal with all the guests and most of the concom. We went to a Chinese restaurant and had a great time.

Mike Kube-McDowell who with Gwen Zak shared the room with us, unfortunately, awoke sick on Saturday morning, a lingering malaise that persisted most of the day. Gwen felt terrible by the evening, though both indeed attended the GoH speeches. Mike wanted to hear the GoH speeches, especially what Todd Hamilton had to say.



ARTIST GOH
TODD HAMILTON



Barry



and Sally

FILK
GOH's
CHILDs-HELTON

Maia's speech talked about fandom, how she got into it, how she married the first fan she met, and how it has become a home to her. Hal Clement told two stories, both about experiences in World War II. One dealt with the exploding of the atomic bomb at White Sands, New Mexico, the other about being adrift off the coast of England in a life-raft after ditching the plane in the water (and the people on shore taking their time rescuing them; "We had to find the map of the mine field you're in"). Only one of the stories was true, and we got to vote on which we thought was an actual event. I chose wrong.

Todd Cameron Hamilton, in his GoH speech, reported that he had wanted to tell everyone that he had been nominated for the Hugo Award for Best Professional Artist, and he and Pat Beese for Best Novel (The Guardsman) and the Campbell Award. Instead, Todd said that he was withdrawing his name from the Pro Artist category, and He and Pat from the Best Novel (though they were keeping the Campbell Award nomination). He accused the NOREASCON committee of conspiring against him. He and Pat Beese were two of the beneficiaries of the Hugo ballot stuffing. His speech laid the blame on the Worldcon, saying that since none of the concom had ever heard of him and Pat, they decided to arrange to have their names forced from the ballot. He passed over the supporting memberships (and ballots) paid for with consecutively numbered money-orders from the same post office. He also accused Michael Kube-McDowell of spreading the same rumors on various computer BBS, though Todd did say that Mike was only reporting in good faith what he had heard and assumed was true (but also passed over that there were other people doing the same thing, -- also acting on the assumption that the NOREASCON reports were true). It was not pleasant but fascinating; Todd should run for office -- he almost had me believing what he said was true, even though I knew about all the other stuff he "neglected" to mention.

RAMBLINGS 31.3



This was disturbing to me. I have a Hugo, and it means a lot to me. Other people would like one too, but I don't think they would want one so badly as to "buy" one. I think that Todd could have handled the situation better than he did. If he had said that there had been block-voting, that he and Pat Beese were the beneficiaries of it, and the two of them did not want to be nominated or win under those conditions, Todd and Pat would be lauded as fine and honorable people. The route that Todd and Pat have chosen to follow has tarnished their image -- a case of "the man doth protesteth too much." After his speech, when I asked him about the block voting, he said that the votes were in different handwriting, not all the ballots looked the same, and that the consecutively numbered money orders came from a post office in New Jersey. I don't know where he got the information, since no one else seemed to have anything definite.

I was convinced, however, that neither Todd nor Pat had anything to do with the block voting, even after I found out that the memberships paid for with consecutively numbered money-orders came from the same post office in Illinois, where Todd lives. I think he has put himself on this course, and does not want to back down. I was sorry to hear him say that he withdrew his name from the Best Professional Artist list because I think he deserves that nomination. I admit I had trouble getting through the first chapter of The Guardsman.

On Sunday, we left as the jam session at closing ceremonies was just getting into full swing. We had the long drive ahead of us, and I knew I had tests to grade. Mafie called her dad one last time, and she said he sounded a lot stronger, more coherent than even Saturday when she visited him. That was good news indeed.

When I got home late Sunday, I expected five sets of papers to correct. When I checked my school mailbox, only three sets were there, so I waited until Monday to grade them. Besides, I was tired, and just wanted to rest before tackling classes on Monday.

My second meeting with my psychotherapist was as beneficial as the first one. I decided that we would continue to meet -- one more time right after the school year ends, then several meetings for about a month after school started in the Fall. We talked about a few things I could do which would help me deal with the stress and strain I had been feeling. One thing was to believe that I was not the person entirely at fault when my students do badly. I may have told myself that it was partially their fault, but not really believed it. Another plan was to continue leaving work at school and not take it home -- keep that separation which is so hard to maintain when one lives where one works.

Then there was CONTRAPTION.

COVERT CONTRAPTION

I went to the Thursday night pre-con party, hoping to see Mike Resnick and the Leepers. None of the guests had arrive when I got there, and about 11 PM as I was getting ready to leave, Mark and Evelyn strolled into the consuite. We started talking and time flew. I left about 1.

I had a good time as Toastmaster. I was on several panels, a couple with Mark and Evelyn Leeper and one with Mike Resnick. Despite some shaky starts and mis-communications, things went off quite well. I had a great time talking with Mark and Evelyn, renewed conversations with some old friends, and made new friends.



GUEST OF HONOR



There was a play put on by the Fine Arts Repertory Company (FARCo) from Community High School in Ann Arbor. The Tragic Tale of Romiet and Julio was a twist on the Romeo and Juliet play, with the two families being Earthers and Martians. It was hilarious, and had everyone primed for the Guest of Honor speeches.

There were problems with double booking at the hotel. A new management took over, and the old management did not leave intact records of the bookings. So there was a Bar Mitzvah scheduled in the main function room that evening. The hotel took the responsibility for the problem, closed it's bar for the evening, and gave it to the con for the speeches and masquerade dance. COVERT CONTRAPTION named the place Ric's Cafe since it had ceiling fans and appropriate decor. And it worked out beautifully.

As toastmaster, I introduced the guests with an appropriate humorous story. I picked up the "Covert" theme of spies and claimed that I was working for the FBI and was assigned to watch all three of them. I told the story of how I met Mike Resnick at an OCTOCON and encouraged him to talk about his work...for hours. I read and reviewed his books, wrote a lengthy article about him for the Lantern, and inveigled him to send me advanced copies of his stories. Of course, I fell in love with his writing, so even though I'm not reporting in to headquarters, I still read his stuff.

Mike then talked about his writing, and using Africa as a source for material and background. There is so much alien on this planet that we need not go off-planet to find some truly different cultures.

Then I related how I managed to get to know the Leepers through a third party, and spy on them while accompanying Mark and Evelyn to movies and

conventions. When they moved to New Jersey, I started the fanzine and invited them to contribute to it so I could keep tabs on their movements. (I actually started the fanzine before they left so not to arouse suspicion.)

Mark spoke first and talked about his writing, and read a short piece that he had written. Evelyn talked about her concerns with fandom and the direction it's headed. With the block voting in the Hugos, the limiting of attendance because of unwanted attendees, young fans getting drunk and acting irresponsibly, older fans acting irresponsibly, and so on, she's uncertain where fandom is headed. She hopes that it will survive.

The Masquerade Dance followed. I didn't dance, but watched from the sidelines. There was a couple dressed up as Lava People, who won Best-of-Show. Another couple dressed up as Danger Mouse and Penfield. They (Joe Ellis and his wife Terry) won best fantasy re-creation.

I had many good conversations with (among very many others) Caroline Nasal (about the Avengers), Gale Tang (about SF and Fantasy books), Maureen O'Brien (about books and conventions), Lisa Leutheuser (about school, SF and other things -- she graduated form Kingswood three years ago). Since Charlie Terry and Kevin were there with Ann Cecil, Sasha, my favorite 5-year-old, was also at the con. We had some fun laughs together.

RAMBLINGS 31.4 The Countdown Begins

The end of school was fast approaching. Faculty and students were both counting the days. For most, the countdown began after Spring Break, but for me -- I started a month before graduation. (This year, though, I had been looking forward to the end since New Years!) One class got very noisy, even after I *asked* them to be quiet. I finally blasted them, and decided that their grades would be lowered if they continue to make teaching and learning impossible. I wrote comments on all those students so their parents would be informed of this. I figured that if they were going to act like children, I would treat them as such. I was waiting for the parents to start calling, but I didn't get any. Apparently the kids were open enough with their parents to tell them how bad they were. They became somewhat subdued and attentive (which was the effect I wanted), and a couple even came to me to apologize for their behavior.

Maia was be gone for a working week -- she had a business trip to Dallas for Electronic Data Systems. I didn't mind being a bachelor for that time -- I spent long hours working on the Lantern.

I got two phone calls the week before Memorial Day Weekend: Colleen Doran (an artist who draws for



the comic books and does her own, A Distant Soil) and Gordie Dickson. Gordie said he would try to do something for the Heinlein special issue this year. Colleen said that she would send some art, and some flyers for her latest Distant Soil collection from Donning/Starblaze. We also talked at length about the problems Starblaze has had with promotion and publication of its books. Colleen also got a call from her mother (while we were talking -- she has call-waiting) who informed her that her father was promoted from Sergeant-Detective to Inspector.

I managed to get all my review sheets together and handed out before Memorial Day Weekend vacation. I planned quests during that week before Memorial Day, and nearly everyone managed to do them. Most of the students in one class, however, managed to fail the quest. Even though I had gone over every type of problem that would be on it, examples of each one and how to do them, most failed. Fortunately, this was given on a Wednesday, and after going over the quest on Thursday, I gave a "re-quest" on Friday, allowing those who did well to check in for attendance then take off. What is going to hurt them is less time for review for the exam.

By Friday afternoon, though, I was ready for the trip to Toronto and MIKECON.

MIKECON

The trip to Canada was fast. The Toyota handled very well, in spite of the head-wind. We arrived earlier than we had expected, and checked in at Doris Bercarich's place where we would be sleeping. Her house is small, but very nice. She showed us pictures of what it looked like before all the renovations were done, and we could hardly tell it was the same place. Her upstairs is a separate apartment which she rents out; it's nice to have that extra income to help pay off the mortgage.

We arrived at Mike Glicksohn's place around 8:30 and started with the rounds of hellos. Hope Liebowitz was there in the company of a man who turned out to be David Palter. I had been expecting to meet him at an AD ASTRA ever since he moved to Canada a few years ago, but he had never been to one. Now, here he was at a MIKECON. We talked on and off all weekend.

I handed out copies of the Lantern (#28 & 29) to those to whom I had not yet mailed them, and unveiled copies of the latest one, #30. That went over quite well, and I got several verbal comments on it.

On Saturday Maia and I went to visit the Royal Ontario Museum. It was fantastic. I want to go back and spend more time in the Greek/Roman/Etruscan exhibits. I didn't know how extensive the ROM collection was. In my estimation it rivals the British Museum, though the British Museum has the advantage of the Elgin Marbles, and the Temple of Athene Nike. After lunch and more touring of the ROM, we started walking to Bakka, and got sidetracked by the Spaced Out Library. Lorna Toomis was there working and we talked with her for a while. By the time we got back outside, it was too late to go to Bakka and get back to Doris' for our 6 PM dinner expedition. So we went directly "home" and found the place empty. Maia took a short nap while the other members of the "household" returned. Instead of a dinner expedition, Doris made tacos; since Doris was an excellent cook, no one objected to the change of plans.

Saturday night at Mike's was a repeat of Friday. Lots of good food (snacks) and conversation. I walked Maia home fairly early, brought the key back with me and stayed till about 1:15 AM. I made it an "early" night since I had decided to go out for Dim Sum with everyone Sunday morning. Maia opted to stay home since most of the food items would contain seafood, to which she is allergic.

I lost my virginity that Sunday morning. I had never been to a Dim Sum before. It was wonderful--a buffet of Chinese food which comes to you, instead of you going to a table for it. I pigged out, I admit, and went away very full. Michael Skeet and Lorna Toomis were excellent guides for the meal.



Among the other people in attendance were: Ed, Sue and Amanda Bennett, Mike Harper's friend Salma (Mike slept in), Ray Thompson and Doris, Heather Ashby and Peter Roberts.

Sunday afternoon was the picnic. Maia once again opted for an alternate activity: the restored Lawrence of Arabia was playing in Toronto, so she went to see that. I went to the party and played chef with the barbecue. Both Mikes thanked me for my work at the grill. After the food was served, the evening wound down until very late people ended up watching Iron on the video machine.

Sharon Rhane and I talked several times over the weekend about British TV, The Sandbaggers, and other decent shows on the PBS stations. She loaned us a copy of "A Very British Coup" which we were to watch over the next couple of weeks. I was to return it to Sharon at AD ASTRA.

Sunday morning we awoke early (late for me--just after 8 AM), went out for breakfast, and headed home. Maia had things to do, as did I. The trip was pretty uneventful, though we did try out a new route in an effort to bypass some traffic bottlenecks. The time saved was about 5 minutes.

When we got home, I worked in the garden for a couple of hours, then went to my classroom to prepare one of my exams. After a quick dinner, I met one of my students who was taking the final exam early; she was going to her sister's graduation from college, then taking a vacation trip with her family. I had no trouble with letting Tina take her exam early. She was a good student, concerned about doing well and studying hard (and asking questions in class) so that she would maintain a high average.

Tina was on time, and she did extremely well, earning an A on the exam, and a final grade of A.

RAMBLINGS 31.5

Review, Exams and Graduation

The Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday after Memorial Day were designated as "Review Week," with exams starting Friday afternoon and running Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of the following week. The teachers did not have to review -- we could continue with new material, but we have to set aside time for the kids to ask questions by way of a review. Several colleagues I talked to agreed that these days seemed to be wasted -- they conducted reviews and the students treated the class sessions more as play time than anything else. Many kids in my slow classes were anxious to be let out early, even after I told them that I was NOT holding any extra sessions; this was the review.

The attitude of the students was widespread, and my colleagues and I were mystified by it. Still, we all pretty much agreed --and followed through-- on

treating the review days as a review, and not holding any review sessions prior to our exams.

The math exams were on the last day, Wednesday. Because Tina took hers early, I had the Geometry exam all prepared. I had told other Geometry teachers that I was letting my students use calculators so to eliminate the "careless error" aspect of the answers. I also had some trigonometry problems on the exam, and I didn't want to include a trig table on the exam. Thus, I started them getting used to using calculators on their tests at the end of the quarter.

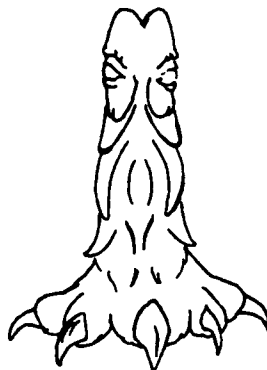
While Tina took her exam on Memorial Day evening, I wrote up the Algebra exam, using many problems from old tests and from the review sheets. I had the exams written, typed, run off, collated and stapled before the end of review week. That left me time to work on the garden, collate the rest of LL #30, and work on LL #31.

Since Thursday was the end of the quarter, that was when the paper I assigned for the end of the previous quarter stopped losing point. At -90, one student had not turned it in. She failed the third quarter, the fourth quarter, and for the year. It wouldn't matter what she did on the final exam. She will have to repeat the course next year.

Saturday, June 3, Maia had her coworkers at EDS over for a picnic. It rained, but we managed to fit everyone in the apartment. I had a good time talking with Maia's colleagues. Since she had talked about them with me, it was nice to meet them and get their side of the story.

I was on duty both Monday and Tuesday nights in the dorm. When I scheduled myself for them, I had hoped that the math exams would be early -- like on Monday so I could spend the time correcting them. Well, the exams were on Wednesday, so I was very busy Tuesday evening giving help to those who asked for it. I was happy when 11:30 rolled around and I could leave.

I was a proctor for both exam sessions on Wednesday morning. While the second group (my Algebra IIB classes) were taking their exam, I started grading the Geometry exam and got the first page of all of them done (between answering questions and wandering around to see if anyone was cheating). As soon as the last person was finished, I packed up



D3 88

my things and headed for my classroom and finished grading the Geometry tests. I computed the semester and final grades for those classes, then started in on the Algebra exams. By dinner time I had a good enough start on those exams (4 pages out of 7 on all of them) that I decided to take a three hour break and go to the Galactic Cartographers Society meeting.

For several months the GCS had been asking Michael Kube-McDowell to come and speak to the club members. Because of book deadlines, he was unable to accept the invitation until that evening. Originally, because I would be grading exams, Maia was to go to the meeting alone. Instead, since she had a headache and muscle spasms, Maia stayed home and I went. Everyone was surprised to see me. Marshall had me look over his notes for the interview, and Jean took charge of Mike's son Matthew while he was being interviewed.

It was fun. The questions were such that they allowed Mike to talk about 8 minutes on each one. In other words, Mike is an easy interview -- he takes the question and expounds on it and related topics. With snide comments from the audience, directed at both Mike and Marshall, and just a lot of friendly chatter, we had a good relaxing time. One very interesting item was how Mike and his agent Russ Galen got his newest novel an earlier release date -- in hardcover.

After reading the copy of The Quiet Pools, Russ called Mike and asked, "You didn't send me an outline for this, did you?" Mike answered negatively. "I didn't think so. If you had, I would have discouraged you because I didn't think you could have pulled it off." Mike replied that this was the reason the manuscript was four months late and 20,000 words longer than originally planned. Russ said that they were committed to ACE Books for this novel, but he was going to do something he had never done before: write a cover letter with the manuscript which told them NOT to read the manuscript, that he didn't think they would do justice to it, and he wanted to buy it back immediately. To make the story short, the novel got kicked up all the way to the top editors at ACE, and they offered an increase in money, and instead of a second place paperback release in June next year, gave him a hardcover in April. Needless to say, it must be a blockbuster of a story.

No, he didn't tell us what it was about, but he had us all panting.

I returned home to finish correcting exams and computing grades. I was done before midnight and was able to sleep without worry.

Thursday the faculty voted on diplomas. One boy was not graduating -- too many missed deadlines and papers not turned in for his English class resulted in his failing the class. There were a couple of

other problems too, but in the end, the rest of the seniors were granted diplomas. That evening was the Senior Awards ceremony which I was to attend. About an hour before I was to leave for the ceremony, I had a surprise visit from two former students, Jennifer and Cathy. I had not seen Cathy since she graduated 10 years earlier. Jennifer and I had kept in touch for all that time; she had been an advisee and I had helped her through some rough times. They didn't stay too long, and I spent the rest of the evening cheering for the students who got special awards. I was very happy that my two "prize" seniors, Jill Smethells and Timothy Ray, got into the Cum Laude Society.

Friday I did gardening and prepared for a trip to Toronto for AD ASTRA. The car was packed and I was ready to leave directly from graduation ceremonies. I watched several of my favorite students receive their diplomas, and said goodbye to several of them, particularly Jill. I told her I would be at her Open House on Sunday afternoon after I returned from Toronto, and she wished me a good time at the convention.

AD ASTRA

The trip to Toronto was uneventful except for being stopped at customs for a half hour while someone determined whether or not I had to pay duty on the copies of Lan's Lantern I was carrying to the convention. When I told them that, although I charge \$3 per copy, I was saving postage costs by giving them to the people who were normally on my mailing list, I was allowed to continue. I hurried to AD ASTRA because I didn't want Mike Glicksohn to worry about me being too late in arriving. I needn't have. He was away at a Blue Jays baseball game in their new covered stadium, and didn't get back to the con until rather late. I amused myself by talking to a lot of different people like Heather Ashby, Doris Bercarich, Ray Thompson, Ruth Anderson, Sherri Portigal, Tanya Huff, Alan Greenberg, Jack Brooks, Keith Soltys, Duane Elms, and several others. I gave Steve Stirling a copy of LL #27 with the Taras Wolansky's review of his novel Marching through Georgia.

When Mike finally arrived, he asked if I would drive him and his other house guest back about 1:30 or so. That was no problem for me, and I found out that the other guest was Sherri Portigal, who had been a guest at Mike's for AD ASTRA two years earlier. We came home to a clean apartment, though there were dirty dishes piled in the sink. Mike had had colleagues from school over that afternoon for a barbeque and did not have time to do the dishes before leaving. I got up early the next morning as I usually did, and washed them for Mike. Emphatically, though, I told him I did NOT do windows.



I spent most of Saturday wandering from the function areas to the consuite and back. The art show was very nice; I had a guided tour from Sherri who was agenting for Robert Pasternak. I met Bob Eggleton, one reason I wanted to go to AD ASTRA, and asked him to sign the covers he did for the Planet Builders series. He pointed out that the 6th book was similar to his style, but he did not do that painting.

In one corner of the art show was a "face-hugger" from Alien. Someone took a bumper sticker from the "right-to-lifers" who were sharing some of the function space that weekend with the con and placed it under the model. It read: "Every living creature needs a chance to live."

There was a third group at the Constellation Hotel -- a policeman's ball. Not only were there the Toronto Police, the Ontario Provincial Police, and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the officers had invited neighboring law enforcement officers, including New York state troopers. Their dance ended before the con's dance, and several of the officers wanted to continue dancing. You've never seen anything until you've seen police in kilts boogying down to "The Time Warp."

Tanya Huff had a reading from her new novel (to be out in November this year) on Saturday evening. I sat in the front row to heckle her, but became entranced with the story she read. After the first chapter, all hands went in the air, indicating that the audience wanted her to continue with the second chapter. The applause was hearty after that, but Tanya could not read any more since she had only brought the two chapters. The novel is an Urban Fantasy with Toronto as the background city. There are magical creatures who live there, and a young, mentally retarded girl, is able to see and communicate with these magical beings. Evil and death are in the first two chapters, and I am anxious to get the novel and finish it. In November!

Not until Sunday did I talk with Doug Beekman. I found out that he had been at MILLENNICON with his

wife -- in the huckster room selling prints -- but I had not noticed. Doug had done several covers for Tim Zahn's books, and I remember a "Biolog" in Analog for Doug, showing him in a lumberjack outfit and wielding an ax. Doug is tall and big, and he does have a wood-burning stove.

I did not stay very long on Sunday since I had Jill's graduation party to attend. About an hour away from home my speedometer cable broke, so I slowed down and kept up with traffic until I arrived home.

RAMBLINGS 31.6 The Last Meetings

Maia and I had a wonderful time at Jill's party. Jill's older sister Jane flew in from England for the graduation ceremony and the party. We didn't stay too long, but talked with Jane, Jill, and their mother for a while. Before the summer was over Jill and I planned to get together and talk about conventions. She has never been to one, although I did urge her to attend one of the local cons. Since she is going to Northwestern University in Chicago, she will probably be going to WINDYCON.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday were filled with the end of the year meetings. Wisely I scheduled an appointment with my psychotherapist on Monday morning, thus missing most of the meeting. We worked out a few strategies for the summer so that I would be "up and ready" when I returned to teach in the fall. I planned to stay away from the school buildings a lot this summer, and NOT go in almost daily as I had done in previous years. There were a couple of cons I would be going to, which I might extend on either side as a vacation. Sleep in in the morning -- just decide randomly to do so. And do a few things on the spur of the moment. I felt a lot better after I left her office.

I passed through the meetings fairly unscathed. I completed all the letters to the parents of my advisees and the comments on those students getting poor marks at the end of the year. The final picnic on Wednesday evening brought the year to a close. I still had lots to think about, lots of work to do in both my mundane life and fannish life, and hoped that the summer would be more relaxing than some previous ones have been. [*]



A LANTERN IS A LOVESOME THING

Never Trust a Smiling SHERATON

An Essay by Michael Stein

The following is a personal viewpoint, rather than an official statement by the DISCON III bid committee. While it was reviewed by several other members for factual accuracy, any errors which remain are my fault. The use of the first person plural represents my impression and memories of the discussion that went on at the 9th April meeting in addition to my comments.

WHEN IN THE COURSE OF HUMAN EVENTS, IT BECOMES necessary for one Bidcom to dissolve the partying bid that ties one Worldcon to another, a decent respect for the opinion of Fankind requires that they declare the causes that impel them to the Dissolution.

NEVER TRUST A SMILING SHERATON

is the new motto of the DC in '92 '95? '98? '01? bid committee. On the afternoon of 9 April, 1989, the membership of the DISCON III bid committee voted, with only three dissensions (plus a later one from a person who had to work and couldn't be there), to withdraw our bid to host the 50th World Science Fiction Convention in 1992. This action was not taken lightly. It was recommended by the board, but I had independently reached the same bitter conclusion after hearing the presentation of the facts even before the board presented its proposal.

The Sheraton, one of our group of three hotels which worked together in a packaged group called the Connecticut Collection, acquired a new sales manager recently. Unilaterally grabbing a bird in the hand, in violation of the agreement with the Hilton and the Omni Shoreham, she sold over half of the Sheraton's rooms plus all of its function space except the exhibit halls to a B'nai B'rith convention starting Sunday of Labor Day weekend. The Hilton had already turned down that sale in deference to our letter of intent. "Oops, I didn't look in the book," she said.

We had always planned on the Sheraton as the linchpin of the facilities package. The art show and huckster room would be in the two large exhibit halls on the lower level. The upper-level meeting rooms would be filled with panels. Of the three hotels, the Sheraton had the only function space



suitable for the art show and dealers' room, and would therefore be the spot to concentrate activities. The Sheraton would be the prime sleeping hotel as well. Losing the rooms and function space would seriously impair the smooth running of the convention.

In hindsight, perhaps we should have taken a different course from the outset. The hotel committee and the board elected to try to negotiate a solution with the Sheraton. The first suggestion was to try to persuade B'nai B'rith to change weekends or hotels. Their response was very short, containing the words "contract" and "lawyers." (Part of the problem was that the Sheraton has one of the few kosher kitchens among the DC hotels.)

Our remaining options were these:

1. Move our con to the previous weekend.
2. Move our con back a day, to close Sunday.
3. Rearrange our facilities plans to center on the Hilton.
4. Move to the Washington Convention Center.
5. Accept the situation as it stood, moving Sunday events to the Hilton.

Moving to the previous weekend or back a day

These were not seriously considered for very long. Rightly or wrongly, we felt that people counted on the long weekend for travel. Many people are on tight budgets, and losing the holiday means a day off work or cutting their stay short a day. Overseas Worldcons have been on other weekends, but

then again, they don't have Labor Day, and American fen who can afford to go over there probably are less concerned with the extra day off and other financial worries. We felt compelled to stay with the holiday weekend.

Center on the Hilton

The Hilton's wonderful ballroom, with seating for 4000+ and an unobstructed view of the stage for everyone, was always our spot for the masquerade. However, unless we curtailed the size of the art show and huckster room, something we were not about to do, they would still be exiled to the Sheraton. We thought this would not be fair to them--without nearby programming, it would hurt their business. Worse, the Hilton is separated from the other two hotels by some minutes' walk. (We weren't exactly happy with this, but I still considered our original arrangement superior to Orlando's.) With the activities all centered on the Hilton, it would not be fair to the Sheraton and Shorham sleepers.

Move to the Washington Convention Center

There aren't enough rooms there -- yet. By Fall of '92, however, there should be enough hotel space for everyone. If all goes according to plan, the WCC arrangement in '92 would have been superior to our actual facilities plans. So why didn't we bid the WCC in the first place? First, it's much more expensive, but we might have been able to bargain them down to a reasonable rate. More to the point, however, we had the same aversion as many voters do to bids with chimerical facilities. Plans have a habit of aft ganging agley. Recession? High interest rates? Suddenly construction plans are postponed or cancelled. Also, we didn't know what the neighborhood situation would be like, and the restaurant situation is not as good. Right now, the area is not as safe as our bid area, and can't feed everyone as sumptuously as the Connecticut Avenue area -- at least, not those on a budget. With the new construction and the sprucing up, it would be reasonable to assume that things would improve in both departments. But you know what they say about "assume" -- it makes an ass out of you and me. With the damage done by the Sheraton, we could have made a virtue of necessity -- and had it happened a few months earlier, we might have. But the ballots are about to go out, and what would we tell people? Five months before the voting is too late to go negotiating a facilities package from scratch.

Live with it

Maybe our memories of NOLACON were still too fresh -- the overlap with both the Baptists and the black law enforcement groups, and the problems of

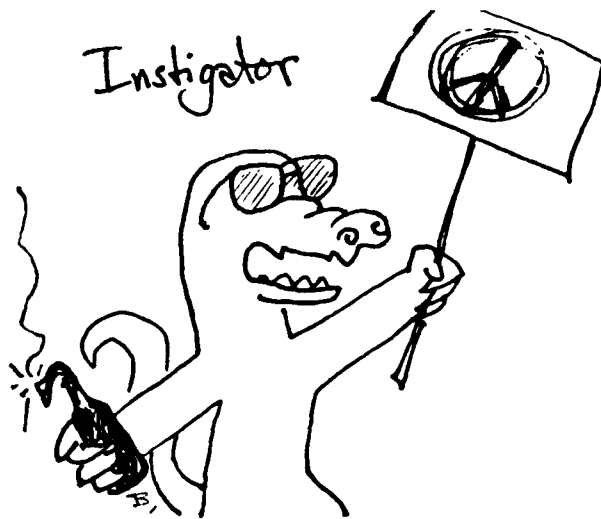
moving major operations during the con. And maybe we're a little too paranoid. But our hotel committee presented to the Sheraton a list of what we thought were reasonable requests given the way they shafted us. They would not sign a binding contract on the remaining space, provided we won the bid. They would not commit to waiving corkage, or even accepting a flat payment in lieu of corkage. This did not sound like the position of people who had made a mistake and were concerned about putting things right.

Our minds went to other times and places. I have personal experience with CONCLAVE 8 at the Ann Arbor Sheraton, where they overbooked by a huge percentage, and then had the gall to try to sock the con for extra charges by claiming they hadn't made their room block. This year that same hotel overbooked DORSAI THING. Think of the problems with the Sheraton in New Orleans, in Boston, and now I hear in Phoenix as well. Does one begin to detect a pattern here? We all came to the same conclusion: we had lost something more than sleeping rooms and function space. We had lost the good-faith working arrangement with our major hotel without which a Worldcon cannot function.

But why fold the bid?

We could have kept on campaigning and let the voters decide whether they accept our new arrangements, whatever we came up with. But the ballots are out, even as you read this. Just what the hell are we supposed to tell people? "Trust us, we'll fix it?" The DC in '92 committee has great people, but we don't have the resources to build hotels where none exist, or put up a \$50,000 guarantee bond to hold hotel space, subject to forfeit if we lost the bid. We had a vision of the Worldcon we wanted to put on, something that would make the 50th really special. At best, we would have a competently run, enjoyable Worldcon, but far short of our vision. And at worst, with our apparently firm facilities foundation (alliteration unintentional) turned to sand under our feet, we could have had a logistical nightmare to match NOLACON's. In good faith, we could not ask people to vote for us over another viable bid when we couldn't tell them with any certainty in our own minds what we were going to give them. [!]





Serious, Nasty Action against the Sheraton

by Ben Schilling

I am planning on taking about twenty dollars in two-dollar bills to the Worldcon. I'm suggesting that everyone else who is going do the same thing. Spend them all at the Sheraton. Don't buy anything you wouldn't have otherwise purchased, just use the two-dollar bills for such purchases. If we can get a ten per cent participation, that works out to about five thousand two-dollar bills into Sheraton's kitty. I think that it might manage to get their attention.

Post Scriptings

Letters of Comment from the Readers

Jet Thomas
POBox 55253
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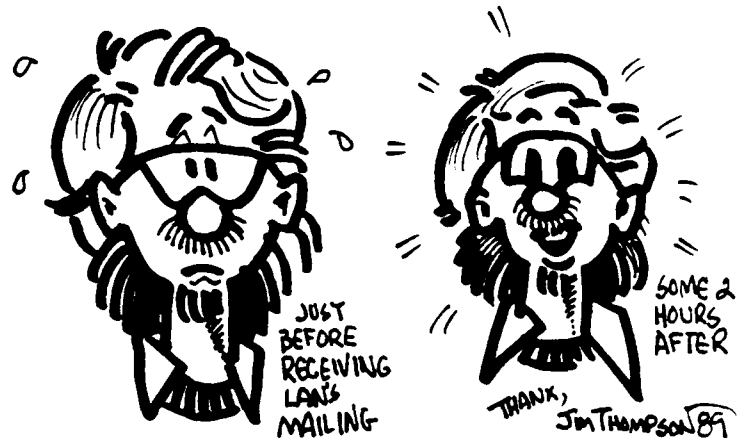
Dear Lan,

I got your Lantern #26 and #27. I was impressed. The Resnick description of his African trip was something that I wouldn't know where else to find, and many of the book reviews were useful to me. I was glad to see #26 and waited for #27.

On telecommunication: Yes, modems are slow and long distance rates are high, except in the chosen cities with TymNet. On the other hand, diskettes are cheap and can be copied quickly. You can put out a text fanzine on disk, and distribute 100 copies to people at a con. If they take them home and put them up on local BBS's, plus give copies to other locals who're interested and pass out copies at other cons, the fanzine could spread like the Word in "Time as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones".

A 25-50¢ diskette holds 720K. In your format of 2 columns, 44 chars/col, 75 lines/page, this comes out to more than 100 pages of text only. Vanilla ASCII files would reduce viewing problems until a standard format got accepted. Graphics are much more bulky, and there isn't yet a decent machine-independent graphics standard. A 100 page fanzine could get copied much cheaper than xerox, and much faster than hand-collating. There would still be a time investment for shoving diskettes in the disk drive, though. Postage gets cheaper, although not cheap.

People could put their LOCs on the spare space left by other zines that they copy and pass to you. Also, people could put their unofficial, unedited LOCs onto the disks they copy. Instant feed-forward, for some.



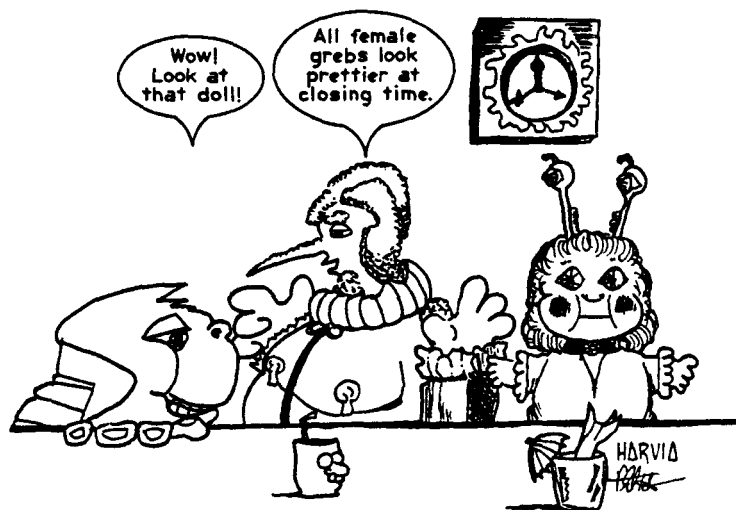
But all of it works only for people who have access to computers.

A little bit of custom software would let people add 'footnotes' that others could key through to examine a branching network of responses. The BBSs have this now only in primitive form, and the real thing won't get programmed until the need shows.

I like it. Samizdat without oppression.

The David Shea article and its responses were fascinating. I personally have never been to a con outside the south, and didn't really have firm expectations about those. I remember at my first con I kept trying to start conversations about science fiction, and got responses like "I don't read science fiction, I'm into costuming" and "I'm really more into gaming" and "Talk to me next week, I'm doing some serious drinking here." Nobody would talk to me about it except a pair of gray-haired english teachers who'd never been to a convention before either. After I found out what to expect, I didn't have any problems with it.

If things really used to be like David Shea says, then I think he has genuine cause for concern. He belongs to a culture with strong traditions, who see their traditions falling apart in a solvent of disinterested people. His detractors have a point too. The others have their place in fandom. Even though they have no knowledge or interest in traditional fannish customs, they are still clients of the modern fannish empire.



The thing is, the other clans have their own specialized cons. There are lots of SCA events, and related weapons Cons, and gaming meets, and so on. These specialized events help the groups to indoctrinate new members into their styles of behavior. But Mr. Shea says that the 'real' fandom doesn't do that. No wonder he's upset about it.

I saw something similar recently after a computer convention in Rochester, NY. Being away from home, I wanted to try some upstate NY ethnic cooking. I came onto a restaurant advertising 'home cooking'. In Birmingham, that would mean they had fried chicken and fried tomatoes and boiled okra and rice pudding. In Rochester, the menu looked exactly like a Huddle House menu. I asked the waitress to recommend a good NY ethnic dish, and she looked at me like I was crazy. "It's all good." She seemed bored and hostile, but I expected that, she was a Yankee. I finally wound up with thin-sliced beef on something called a Kaiserhopf roll with potato salad and cole slaw. It was almost the same as restaurant cooking, except there was no grits or cornbread. But when I checked around further, nobody but the Germans and the Poles had any concept that their cooking was ethnic. They were the norm, and there wasn't anything special about it. The whole tradition had calcified and died, probably when it became the standard for the whole country.

Will this happen to us? Will we become nothing more than the bridge which lets the Trekkies talk to the SCA? Maybe not. What we need are some specialized science fiction conventions. People who don't care about science fiction wouldn't come, and the ones who did would learn the traditions and help them evolve. Such conventions would have no media guests. (But trekkies who came anyway would be welcome.) No costume awards. (But hall costumes would be welcome.) No gaming suite. (Anybody who wanted to throw gaming room parties would be welcome.) No filking room. (People can filk any quiet spot that others don't mind.) They would tend to be small cons, like they all used to be. They would be much less work and make much less money and maybe be a lot of fun. Nostalgia Cons.

Would it work? Not in Birmingham. The head of the ConCom is a filker. Other big fans are game-masters and costumers. We can

avoid the SCA and the Trekkies, but we may not break even. If you target many groups, then when one doesn't show up, another will. The law of large numbers comes into play.

Maybe somewhere else. I'd like to come. But if it turns into a few old fans telling the others how to behave like Museum Fremem, I'm not coming back.

About David Palmer's comment: Speeding the earth's rotation takes energy; slowing down releases energy. Which one would a government do? Here goes, Day Inflation. And of course, no one knows what effect it would have on circadian rhythms...

Michael Hailstone
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I put your latest fanzine aside for quite a while because I recoiled in horror and dread at reading the straight 70-odd pages of reviews. When I at

last tackled the awesome task, I was up to bloody four o'clock. My complaint may seem a little unreasonable and bizarre to you, but I feel that no section of a fanzine (or any publication) should be longer than one can get through in one day. Note that I say one day, not one sitting, but like the rest of us I have other things to do during the day besides just reading. The length of your review column in Lan's Lantern #25 and of the letter column in the issue before that is just plain sadism on a slow plodding reader like me. Do you really have to make it so long? Surely it could be cut down a bit, especially as there are many films and books reviewed more than once, some by a half a dozen different reviewers.

Anyway, that aside, I feel quite nettled to comment on a couple of whopping mistakes in the reviews. For one, Ann Cecil describes Wynne Whiteford as a British writer. Crap and bullshit. He is Australian and lives here in Melbourne.

And then Dale L. Skran says that the film One Night Stand is set in New Zealand. More crud and bullshit. It is set in Sydney, and the "cultural Center" happens to be none other than the Opera House, which, I believe, you lot over there have heard of. And they do not end up going down a "darkened tunnel" to die, but rather end up in an underground railway station (Martin Place) to shelter from the bomb. Bi-god, if Skran had taken the trouble to watch the bloody film properly, maybe he might have given it a kinder review.

Can't you bloody Yanks get anything right about this part of the world? (In case you don't bloody well know, Sydney is in Australia.)

In another review, the reviewer refers to Cape Kennedy. I thought it had reverted to its old name of Cape Canaveral years ago. I much prefer that name -- rolls off the tongue so much more nicely than "Kennedy."

[[I design the Lantern to be paged through and

read in pieces. You need not read ALL of it, and I don't expect everyone to read every issue from cover to cover. Just read what interests you. // Since I have not seen One Night Stand, I could not have corrected Dale Skran's review. Also, I had no information about Wynne Whiteford, and thus could not correct that. // Although Cape Kennedy was changed back to Cape Canaveral, there is still a Kennedy Space Center at the Cape. This doesn't explain the mistake, but I do know people who still call it "Kennedy."]]

Terry Jeeves
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Very Nice cover on LL #27, dignified yet evocative of the whole theme of SF. Interior art ...a wealth of it, and all of a very high level. What I like about seeing so many illos in

one fanzine is the variety it gives. Each page is brought to interesting life, even when crying something in which I have no interest whatsoever... i.e. "verse" and/or song lyrics akin to igniting one's feline to the tune of something I have never heard of.

Although not into feminist fiction, Jean Weber's piece interested me. I particularly appreciated her comment on Cherryh's "cat" stories. I too found them too involved, the only constant factor being that the central character would take a shower whenever Cherryh paused to think of what to write next. I feel that Jean's opening comment that the feminist authors are more concerned with people than with things is a bit misleading. I'd suggest that the feminist authors make their characters more introverted and prone to self-examination and breast-beating whereas male writers go more for the extrovert angle. After all, people interact with things all the time in the REAL world...chairs, typewriters, autos, food machinery, fanzines, raincoats and loose buttons. A well-balanced story ought to do the same.

Turning to Ms. Salmonson's "Gems" of women's fiction...we meet "a decadent lesbian fantasy of rejuvenation." Sorry such gems lack lustre. Likewise for "a scarecrow haunting a woman trying to keep her son out of a war effort." Sorry, but I prefer tales without a message that dolphins, caterpillars, ozone layers or left-handed cringeworts must be saved for posterity. I like my fiction to be primarily entertaining; if I want facts about the real world, I want facts, not opinions, so I turn to factual sources. Yes, I want to see dolphins preserved, the ozone layer replenished, and so on, but I don't want my escapism larded with such sentiments -- and that includes introspection on motives or how nasty men are.

Resnick's piece would have been funnier (I take it that was the aim?) had it been a lot shorter.

The illos did it proud, but the thing itself rather bogged down.

Enjoyed your article on fanzine production and agree wholeheartedly with the sentence, "Remember that reviews are opinions." How utterly true! Yet I still get letters saying, "Why did you say you liked/didn't like Dreamdragons of Mistworld -- it is a lousy/great book." Opinions are opinions, but the reader is always so sure his or hers is right and yours stinks. Another point is the idea of giving out fanzines at cons. I agree this saves postage, but on the other hand one collects so much stuff at a con that getting around to responding to yet another fanzine lurking amongst it can be off-putting. Not that posting a copy guarantees a response; it's eventually a case of suck it and see. Send future copies to those who respond. And that is the real fun of fan-pubbing, getting a response.

[[Right, Terry. Many of my colleagues -- and some non-fanzine fans -- scratch their heads in puzzlement at the amount of time, energy and MONEY I spend on the Lantern. The real joy of doing all of this is getting a response from people.]]

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, MD 21740

The 29th issue, the Temple/del Rey special, appealed to me for many reasons. I persist in thinking of both authors as fans because that's what they were when I first came into fandom. Well, Lester didn't write for fanzines or publish fanzines as Bill did, but we heard so much about Lester from other Washington, D.C., fans for several years that he seemed more active than he really was. You did a wise thing by featuring their careers while they're still able to read about what fans and pros think of them. And both deserve more attention as authors than they've received lately: Bill's pro writing career ended so long ago that younger fans aren't very aware of him, and Lester is thought of today by those same younger fans mostly as an editor rather than an author.

I share the belief of Lester's that you mention in your "Some Thoughts on..." article, that Science Fiction should be read and enjoyed but not analyzed. So I'm happy in this issue that nobody tried to dissect any of the fiction. About once or twice a year, I think, a Science Fiction story may be published which is an exception to that rule, but generally I think it's wrong to try to apply the litcrit apparatus to the work of even the finest Science Fiction writers.

Dennis Fischer is so thorough in his summary of Lester's magazine fiction that I suspect there will be a demand from some readers for out-of-print del Rey collections. I reread several years ago a batch of the stories Dennis summarizes and found most of them as good as they had seemed in memory from

long-ago reading on their original publication. It's a shame that Lester wrote almost solely in the shorter story lengths for so many years. His recognition today would be greater if he'd turned out a series of novels, since second-hand books are more readily to be found in later years than oldazines.

Of course, the William F. Temple part of this issue has an extra appeal not present in the del Rey section because you were able to print previously published prose from the author himself. I'd heard about Bill's physical problems of recent years, so I was amazed to find him writing so cheerfully and eruditely despite his health. I assume he wouldn't be able to cope with an invitation to be a guest of honor at a major con somewhere in the United States, and that's a shame because he deserves such recognition. Maybe some large con or other could introduce the concept of a guest of honor in absentia every year, for the sake of paying honor to individuals like Bill and H.L. Gold who aren't up to the trip and the strain.

The Temple material was also interesting for a second reason: I had just finished reading the second issue of Then, Rob Hansen's detailed follow-up to his British fan history. Naturally there's a considerable amount of material in it about Bill Temple, supplementing nicely all the things you've assembled in Lan's Lantern. Unbelievably, the Temple prose of the late 1980s is just as humorous and individual and typical as the way he was writing in the 1940s and 1950s.

It was sort of weird to read this material one night and the next night to see something described in it, the film biography of Tschaikovsky. Well, part of it, anyway; it's beautifully photographed and the musical portions of the soundtrack are much better reproduced than usual, but I couldn't take more than an hour of the chills and fever with which everyone was behaving (or the sight of the score of the Fourth Symphony as a sheaf of what appeared to be six or seven sheets of music paper). And I have on videotape some stuff from the Seoul Olympics, making me realize something nobody spelled out in this issue, how Temple's son, the sports announcer, was watched by his father in London with the help of satellite transmission which Bill's old pal thought up. I wonder how many scientific marvels Bill's son will experience before his life comes to an end, and how many of them will be found foreshadowed in science fiction written by his father or one of his father's old pals?

Of course, nobody could accuse Arthur C. Clarke of being neglected by fans or critics or the general public. But I found a lot of fresh approaches to the Clarke writings in your 28th issue, and some information that was new to me. The cover was ingenious and I hope Arthur likes it rather than fears you've taken liberties with his cranium.

Arthur's fiction has always been my kind of science fiction because it's about future possibilities. He rarely or never succumbed to the modern practice of writing a story about today's problems and creating for it a denouement that would be possible today and then including a few paragraphs to put the story's setting in the near future and selling it as science fiction. I think mundane fiction writers are much better at writing about the present and I wish science fiction writers wouldn't try to imitate them while tossing in a prop or two as a signal that this is supposed to be the future.

Greg Benford's article about Arthur is a model of intelligent but unmannered discussion of a science fiction author.

And coincidence struck once again. The day before I read this issue, I bought at Goodwill Industries an early paperback edition of Childhood's End which seems to get more mentions in #28 than any of his other books. I have long owned a copy but couldn't put my hands on it without extensive excavations, and wanted to re-read it without great effort. I agree about its fine quality, although I believe I prefer Rendezvous with Rama to all the other novels, for its exemplification of the sense of wonder that science fiction should always possess but rarely does.

And I don't think it's important if we can't remember with great clarity the individual characters in most of Arthur's fiction. No author can do everything at once. Wells and Stapledon are honored as two of the greatest authors of science fiction but you won't find memorable landscapes or fascinating descriptions of scenery in most of their pages. Cordwainer Smith's fiction is admittedly of classic proportions but you'll learn next to no science fiction it. Jules Verne didn't exactly full his science fiction novels with female characters. Arthur's strengths as an author is of a sort that makes gripping characterization superfluous, just as those other authors wrote superbly without particular elements normally found in fiction.

I wish him luck, but I doubt if Arthur's explanation about the meaning of HAL will have the slightest effect on the legend that it is a cryptogram of sorts for IBM. The HAL-IBM thing has been repeated so often it's a part of modern mythology.

Joseph Green's contribution was good except for one thing. He does the unpardonable laziness of speculating on the motive of a living, accessible author instead of writing him a letter and asking for an explanation. If Arthur refused to tell him why "The opinions expressed in this book are not those of the author" was inserted, after being asked, this refusal could have been included in the article. There are more than enough puzzles to be found in fiction by deceased writers who weren't asked during their lifetime. Why not try to solve such puzzles while the writers are still in a posi-

tion where they can supply information?

Your 27th issue was mammoth enough to threaten me with permanent inability to write a loc. So if you'll permit some skipping around and some extra-brief remarks:

I felt that some of the "feminist" science fiction praised by Jean Weber could more accurately be termed sexist science fiction. But I did enjoy Jessica Amanda Salmonson's article because it wasn't as propagandist and because it informs about a lot of little-known stories.

Mark Leeper's comments on the cheapening trend are good, for the most part. But I think he failed to recognize a major factor in the situation: the rapidly escalating stupidity of younger Americans. I don't know if it's the result of drugs or genetic damage resulting from ancestors' boozing or bad teaching methods or whatever. But stupidity is becoming epidemic in the lower age groups. Not long ago I read about one scientist who said it will be necessary to devise some new method for teaching calculus because today's students simply can't master it.

[[I think that one of the major problems in education today is that the students (and their parents) consider courses and learning a waste of time unless you can "turn a buck" with what you have learned. Knowledge for personal satisfaction is no longer a reason people go to school. "Give me something I can use to make money -- fast and easy," is the gist of it. "What good is it?" is a question I get a lot when I teach math, and the kids HATE word problems, which are the practical applications of math.]]

Dennis Fischer's article leaves me with a sneaking admiration for the world's worst science fiction writer. I can't remember having read any Fanthorpe epics. But these quotes seem to indicate he had a sense of humor, something too many pros lack, and I gather that he managed to sell a lot of fiction without peppering it with foul language and promiscuity, two elements that have gotten me out of the habit of reading a lot of modern science fiction.

Most accounts of fans' travels don't permit me to compare with my own memories because I haven't been exactly a globe-trotter. But I do know Pittsburgh so I was interested in your reactions to that city and even had half-thoughts about maybe visiting it again some day, since I haven't been there in quite a few years. Your report on the visit there was symptomatic of how times have changed because of something you omitted. There was a time when nobody could mention Pittsburgh without commenting on the smoke pollution and now things have been cleaned up so long that visitors don't even remark on the improvement of the atmosphere.

[[True. There were comments passed among the fans I was visiting about how clean the city had become, but there was no need to mention it in the trip report since it had been so long since that clean-up had been done. The views from the top of the ridge overlooking the confluence of the three rivers is breathtaking, especially at night.]]

Hugging wasn't yet in full popularity when I was attending cons so much of the information given by Jet Thomas was new to me. I wonder if it's symbolic or something that hugging in public seems to be most favored in just two situations: science fiction fan conventions and special olympics events.

I can't agree with Milt Stevens that fanzines today look better than they did in the 40s and 50s. This is no disparagement on Lan's Lantern which would be outstanding for appearance in any decade. But too many fanzine editors are using modern technology the wrong way, to create barely legible fanzines or fanzines that waste entirely too much space or fanzines with too little contrast between color of typography and color of paper or fanzines done on office copiers that aren't working properly. The thing that annoys me the most is the fanzine tendency to use enormous margins on all sides of the page, extra-wide gaps between the lines, and type reduction to eye-wrenching dimensions. Without reducing the type, just as many words could go on the page by use of conservative margins and normal spacing between lines.

Jeanne M. Mealy
4157 Lyndale Avenue S.
Minneapolis, MN 55409

On #28: A clever, rather strange cover (Arthur C. Clarke looking a bit like Gorbachev with the birth-

mark. I enjoyed reading the contents of this issue, but don't have much to say. I haven't read any Clarke for years, though I certainly read a few of his works back when SF was my first choice for reading. The hard science aspect is rather depressing because I don't have much interest in learning about the hard sciences he's writing about, but sort of feel like I "should." Doesn't make sense, I know.

On #29: Again, not many comment hooks for me. I enjoyed reading the articles on William Temple and Lester del Rey, marvelling at the different experiences that each writer felt compelled to put into words.

Dennis Fischer certainly put a lot of work into his article about Lester del Rey -- and did a good job! I was greatly amused that del Rey collaborated with himself under a different name on a novel!

I found Harry Bond's article on Temple and Clarke to be fun and informative. It's not easy to make historical pieces lively.

Sorry, not much else to say about these special issues -- except that I'm glad you have done them.

Martin Morse Wooster
PO Box 8093
Silver Spring, MD 20907

I remain somewhat puzzled by your desire to present fiftieth anniversary Festschrifts to all science

fiction writers. (Although you are selective; I believe 1988 is also the "fiftieth anniversary year" of Robert Moore Williams, author of The Day They H-Bombed Los Angeles and other immortal masterpieces.) I'm sure you'd agree that the three writers you honor did not produce work of equal merit. If you look in Brian Aldiss and David Wingrove's Trillion Year Spree, for example, you will find several pages devoted to Arthur C. Clarke, while Lester del Rey is mentioned in passing four times and William F. Temple is ignored. I consider Aldiss and Wingrove's judgment to be accurate.

I found several fine pieces in both issues. I was particularly impressed by the essays by Gregory Benford and Andrew Hooper on Arthur C. Clarke, and by William F. Temple's letters. But I find that your writers fail to address several crucial questions.

Consider Lester del Rey. I think his most important work is not as a writer, or as a critic (his The World of Science Fiction could most charitably be described as "workmanlike"), but as an editor. I think his most enduring achievement, like it or not, is the fantasy trilogy. Lester del Rey was the editor who discovered that fantasy series could make as much money as romance novels or other category fiction. He is also partially responsible for the large advances given to fantasy writers. What I regret is that, for all the megabuck advances he has paid, he has produced few important writers. In the early 60s Donald A. Wollheim paid tiny advances and yet published the first novels of Ursula K. LeGuin, Thomas Disch, and Samuel Delany, among others. Who has Lester del Rey nurtured? Stephen Donaldson. Jack Chalker. David Eddings. Barbara Hambly. Certainly these are entertaining writers, but not authors of the first rank. (Del Rey shouldn't be given credit for discovering Barry Hughart, by the way. As I recall, Bridge of Birds was first published in hardcover by another publisher.)

[[St. Martin's Press. // Where were you when I was looking for articles?]]

William F. Temple certainly appears to be a decent man, but I'm surprised that Timothy Nowinski got so much pleasure out of relatively obscure juvenile SF novels Temple wrote in the 1950s.

[[Tim said that the one YA novel he read brought him back to his early days of reading SF -- the sense-of-wonder he felt then was revitalized by Martin Magnus, Planet Rover.]]

The most interesting part of the Temple section were the pages reprinted from the British Interplanetary Society. I wish you had continued to copy the article by H.E. Ross. Ross seems to have invented an early version of the solid-fuel booster, but his reference to throwing away "petrol cans" is one that I find inadvertently funny. (Looking backwards from 1989, I find it hard to believe that people seriously considered building spaceships using "petrol cans" for fuel.) I hope you can persuade Temple to write about his years with the British Interplanetary Society; that's a memoir that would not only be important, but also enjoyable.

I thought LL #28 was a better issue than #29, simply because Clarke is a more important writer than either del Rey or Temple. But I was puzzled by the cover, as I was trying to discover why Bill Ware had decided to give Arthur C. Clarke Mikhail Gorbachev's birthmark.

[[Bill said in his explanation of the cover that he had placed part of a global map on Clarke's head with the satellite beaming down to his home of Sri Lanka.]]

I enjoyed Gregory Benford's article because I thought it asked the right questions about Clarke's work. I think one reason Clarke's early works have survived and still have readers when most "hard" SF novels of the period have faded away is that Clarke is primarily concerned not with scientific extrapolation but with the social and political consequences of scientific advance. Sociology dates less rapidly than physics. I wish that Benford had expanded his essay and gone into points that he only mentions obliquely. For example, how did Clarke "anticipate the essentials of ICBM nuclear war" in a 1946 essay, and what new ideas did Clarke introduce into the debate? Benford knows far more about these matters than I do, but I find it hard to accept his statement that Clarke was the first to foresee "the fateful meeting of the bomb and the rocket;" to me, this would seem a natural extrapolation from the V-2 missile. I also wish someone would go into more precise detail about what Clarke correctly predicted about the growth of communications satellites -- and where he goofed.

I'll second Ben Indick's desire to see the letters between Clarke, Dunsany, and C.S. Lewis. That's an important archive, and I hope that Willis Conover turns over the letters to someone who will publish them. I'm surprised these letters have remained in private hands, by the way, considering the intense interest in both Lewis and Clarke.

Robert Sabella's chronology was useful, but I don't think it's accurate to say that Clarke "received" Hugo awards for 2001 and 2010. As I recall, the writer of a film does not win a Hugo; the award

goes to the company that made the film. I suspect the actual Hugos for both films are not in Clarke's house, but rotting away in some storage room at MGM studios.

The most important news about Clarke in either issue, by the way, was William F. Temple's revelation that HAL the computer was named after British fan Hal Cratchbett. Well--who was Cratchbett? What did he publish? Is he still active? How does he feel about being Tuckerized as an evil computer? I'd love to know the answers.

[[Maybe Bill Temple or Arthur Clarke will respond, if either has the time (and Bill has the energy) to do so.]]

Lloyd Biggle, Jr.
569 Dubie Avenue
Ypsilanti, MI 48198

I much enjoyed these special issues. I haven't heard from Bill [Temple], but I am confident that he enjoyed them too.

It would be nice indeed if this resulted in a reissue or two for him.

As I have told you before, you make a contribution with these special issues. They could be useful for scholars of SF -- if the scholars of SF are doing any reading.

[[I have already had some inquiries about the special issues from people who are doing studies on various authors. Glad to help, as long as I have some copies left.]]

Buck Coulson
2677N - 500N
Hartford City, IN
47348

The Problem with Lanterns #28 & #29 is that they cover all bases and don't leave me with much of anything to say in comment.

I might mention, since several people wrote comments on Clarke's story, "The Star," that it first appeared in the first issue of Infinity Science Fiction and the featured story of the issue. It raised such a storm of controversy that Betsy Curtis wrote a rebuttal to it, a story fittingly titled "Rebuttal," which appeared in the third issue of Infinity. A sequel to the Clarke story, it provided a more conventional religious solution to Clarke's scenario. I don't think it's ever been reprinted; eventually some imaginative editor will publish the two stories in the same anthology.

Julius Schwartz
80-35 Springfield Blvd, #2N
Queens Village, NY 11427

The write-up about William F. Temple was of special interest to me. My records as an

agent (1934-1944) show that I sold "The Four-Sided Triangle" to Amazing Stories on June 9, 1937, for \$90.00 (9000 words at 1¢ a word). In addition, Temple was awarded a \$50 bonus.

That was the only Temple story I sold -- and I

don't recall how he got in touch with me. Perhaps it was via Eric Frank Russell or John Russell Fearn.

David Palter
137 Howland Ave
Toronto, Ontario
CANADA MSR 3B4

The tributes to Arthur C. Clarke, William F. Temple, and Lester del Rey are magnificent. Assorted portions of this material are informative, funny, moving, surprising...quite an array of effects. I do not think that anyone could have done a better job in producing an appreciation for these veterans of the SF world than you did. I particularly want to compliment Bill Ware for his illustration of Arthur C. Clarke as the living icon of the communication satellite, which is most striking.

Ben Indick
428 Sagamore Ave
Teaneck, NJ 07666

This series of specials you are doing is very rewarding, and I am certain the, shall I say "Honorees" are quite pleased with them. The level of writing is often excellent, no mere ooh-ahh stuff, but carefully written, substantial material. I was pleased to see my piece about Arthur C. Clarke, and I hope that fine gentleman enjoys it. Congratulations.

Joe Napolitano
PO Box 1651
Covina, CA 91722

I want to say thanks for sending me issues 28 & 29 of the Lantern. They were both pleasant and positive. In fact, I can't think of a single thing in either issue to criticize -- both were as close to perfection as fanzines can get. Which makes commenting on them a trifle difficult, but in a pleasant unusual way. And it's good to see some of those veteran SF and Fantasy writers receive their due. Because they provided so much entertainment and stimulated the imagination of so many young people, they deserve the kudos bestowed upon them. In a sense, fandom has been a bit lazy in praising the authors who--in effect--made it all possible. But that problem has been remedied in part by your efforts.

[[I don't know about these issues of LL being "as close to perfection as fanzines can get," but thank you for the compliment. // You've pointed out one of the main reasons I continue to do the special issues. I hope you can contribute to one of the upcoming ones.]]

Robert Bloch
2111 Sunset Crest Drive
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Thanks for #28 and #29 -- two issues which deserve a permanent place on any SF fan's shelf. It's refreshing to see a fanzine which actually explores the SF field, and notable to see how well the job has been done.

A couple of months ago I did a TV interview for a documentary on Arthur; perhaps it will be telecast next season.

Harry Andruschak
PO Box 5309
Torrance, CA 90510-5309

As noted on page 5 of the Clarke special, we were named JET Propulsion Laboratory since people like

Goddard had made "rocket" a dirty word. So the JPL developed things like "JATO," or "Jet Assisted Take Off" rockets. The use of "jet" in place of "rocket" by the way was from the Army Air Force. It was the Army Air Force that had to get money out of Congress for things like JPL, JATO and all that stuff, and it was for Congress that "Jet" was substituted for "rocket."

We've come a long way, baby. Or have we?

I see no real chance of my contributing to other LLs in the future, so I am enclosing a cheque for \$4 to pay for #28 and #29. If nothing else, it will help out with the postage kitty. Please do accept it, as a gift and as a thank you for your constant effort to publish special issues on SF writers, and bring back the habit of writing about science fiction in science fiction fanzines.

[[Thanks, Harry. I will use it for postage.]]

Gregory W. Lichtfield
44 Raycroft Avenue
Weymouth, MA 02188

What a superlative job you have done on the Temple/del Rey and Clarke special issues! I have read them both

in their entirety, and was both entertained and educated at once! You are to be congratulated.

Sam Long
PO Box 7423
Springfield, IL 62791

Thanks for LL's 28 and 29, especially LL28 about Arthur C. Clarke, one of my favorite writers. As one of your

contributors points out, he, perhaps more than any other writer, puts the Science in Science Fiction. At the expense of the fiction, some say, but I think it's a good trade-off.

What I like most about Clarke's writing style is his clarity, and the sparseness and spaciousness of his prose. It's clear enough to see the universe through without distortion, and this (as I believe George Orwell remarked) is the sign of first-rate prose. I find few authors who can match him in that regard.

I prize clarity in writing--in my own and in others. I might add that it's one reason I like LL: you, and your contributors, maintain a high level of clarity and good writing in the zine--certainly higher than many other fanzines can boast. (While I'm at it,, let me remark that clarity was/is a hallmark of all five authors you're doing future issues about, at least when they are at the height of their powers).

I enjoyed LL29 too. I didn't know much, if anything, about Bill Temple, but I do now, and wish I had earlier. And I enjoyed learning more about Lester del Rey -- though I find the idea of someone christened R.F. S.J. S. E. S.H.-B. Sierra y Alvarez del Rey de los Verdes in Minnesota rather mind-boggling. His parents could at least have tossed in a few Norwegian names like Ole and Bjornstjerne while they were at it, in complement to where they were living at the time. (Trivium for you: the Great Lakes steamer Bjornstjerne Bjornson, named after the Norwegian writer of the same name (1832-1910) who won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1903, was usually referred to as the "Be-Jesus Be Johnson.")

A personal note regarding Arthur Clarke: He is a delightful person in person, but it's not easy to get a chance to talk to him, his fame being what it is. I once had a 45-minute chat with him when I was driving him from Merritt Island to his hotel in Titusville, Florida, when he was down to witness a launch (I think it was of Apollo-Soyuz), which was fascinating. I offered to take him out the Cape to launch a weather satellite (I could do so in those days), but his schedule wouldn't allow it. I wonder if he has been able to since...I doubt it. And I wonder what he would have thought of it. There's a little "block-cottage" (I wouldn't dignify it with the name of blockhouse) and a launch pad right at the tip of the Cape where small weather rockets are launched three times a week, and a launch console, and a switch that you press to fire the rocket--but if you blink, the rocket's gone: it moves! The SF authors who have launched weather rockets from the Cape have enjoyed it, I know that.

Michael D. Glicksohn
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Toronto, Ontario
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I applaud your dedication in conceiving of and executing these tributes to the oldest of our writers and even when the results are inconsistent

(as such projects are are probably always destined to be), I think you've accomplished an admirable result. I hope the writers you honour through your pages appreciate what you've done on their behalf.

Although I've read and enjoyed several of Clarke's better-known works he would not be all that high on my list of favorite authors. The weaknesses detailed in many of the contributions to this issue are ones that I see also. The weak characterization and the lack of emotional (as opposed to intellectual) passion in his work, coupled with his distant aloofness from the SF field, have tended to make Clarke a figure to admire and respect but not actually like. I'm sure he's a fine person and a solid intellectual humanitarian and he undoubtedly has many excellent qualities his friends all know about, but it's difficult for at least this fan to get really excited about him. My loss, I'm sure.



I thought Will Ware's cover was one of the real highlights of the issue (even if I did think of Gorbachev at first). But who changed the title of Ben Bova's article from the table of contents to the article itself? [[My fault.]]

I think there are several areas of difficulty inherent in this sort of collection. Prime among them is that some articles just aren't going to be all that well written (or at least needed more editing than they received). A good example is Gary Lovisi's piece which contains far too many glaring mistakes. (And I'm not even thinking of the fact that 1953 was not 6 years before Sputnik: or even "Spuntik." We might be dealing with typos....What, in Lan's Lantern!!? Couldn't happen!) How can "The Overlords initially are a very fearful lot" get published? "Fearsome" the Overlords may be, but I don't believe they are ever "fearful." Enthusiasm for a project is good, but unless it combines with both a necessary skill level and useful insight or interesting information it may not of itself deserve publication.

That's one reason I usually prefer the anecdotal contributions to these compendiums. Most of the critical pieces are too short, too facile and too unoriginal to have any lasting value but something like Ben Indick's sarong story adds a human dimension to Clarke's remote professional persona and that's very worthwhile. (Although I shudder to think of Clarke being inundated with requests for autographed bookplates as a result of Ben's tale! And don't think it couldn't happen: I have a very strong suspicion that letters addressed to Arthur C. Clarke, Sri Lanka, would get delivered!)

I was a tad surprised, on first skimming LL #29, to find the Temple section longer than the del Rey section since I have none of Temple's few books in my collection and half a dozen of Lester's much larger output. A closer examination revealed that if you discount the material by Temple himself, the actual number of contributors and pages is not that dissimilar. Nor, regrettably, is either number all that large. It's somewhat embarrassing that more than fifty years of work can generate such a relatively small response but I guess some writers just

don't gain the notoriety or have the impact of some others.

When I first became a fan, Lester was a fixture at most of the Cons I attended and we developed a friendly acquaintanceship of the sort that was typical of cons of the day. He always knew who I was and we'd chat amiably when we were at the same parties together. I even have a paperback of Police Your Planet signed by both Lester and Erik van Lhin (whose signatures, by the way, are very different). But probably my strongest memory of Lester will always be the enormous delighted smile on his face when he handed Susan Wood and me our Hugo bases (the rockets hadn't been delivered on time) at the Awards Banquet at Torcon 2 in 1973. It was obvious Lester had never lost his fannish roots and I hope he received and enjoyed this fanzine. And wouldn't it be great if it spurred him back into writing?

From what I remember, the recipient of one of your Special Issues who appears to have responded most generously is the one who is least able to produce that response, namely Temple. But I suppose it's as Lloyd says: pro writers who are not retired just don't have the time for such gestures. The Biggle article was splendid, just the sort of personal, insightful material this sort of issue benefits from most. And Temple's letters certainly reflect well on the man himself. (Interesting that he claims HAL was named after a British SF writer he and Clarke knew, after Clarke's piece in #28 stating it was just a coincidental anagram. I'm left wondering whether you send these Specials to their subjects and whether or not you get much of a response from them? If Clarke got both #28 and #29 it would be interesting to know his reaction to what Temple said. It would also be (pleasantly) surprising if he actually sent it to you.)

[[All those honored by these Special Issues receive copies. Both Temple and Clarke received copies of each others' tributes; no comment from either of them about HAL. Yet.]]

Arrhgghh! When I read sentences such as Nowinski's "Although I read far more than the five stories I am going to discuss here, many...had no female characters at all, or weren't important to the story," I want to throw the pages across the room. But this is a fanzine so I won't do that. I suggest, though, that you throw your copy-editing software across the room since it's obviously malfunctioning.

The rest of the Temple material is also enjoyable. If he occasionally repeats himself, that's understandable, and if sometimes he seems just the tiniest bit bitter about his status in the SF world, well, who could blame him? Overall, his erudition and perseverance under trying circumstances



are admirable and I'd guess that of all the writers on whom you've focused he would get the most out of what you've done (even if he did write a large part of it himself!).

It's too bad you couldn't run the Clarke and Temple material together as that would have been fitting to the historical context of their earlier years, but I can see the logistics behind doing these two issues the way you did. And I doubt that Harry Bond minded in the slightest!

Taras Wolansky
100 Montgomery St.
Jersey City, NJ 07302

Ordinarily I'm not that crazy about your author specials: too much in the way trite encomia. But the

William F. Temple special was outstanding. Maybe you should concentrate on people who are not too famous -- for one thing you are less likely to repeat information available elsewhere.



William Wilson Goodson, Jr.
11108 Johnson-Davis Rd.
Huntersville, NC 28078

I wonder if you would mind printing a plea in Lan's Lantern.

There is a chance that Beauty and the Beast will be cancelled next season. It has already been cut to a mid-season replacement. To complain, one should write to one's local CBS affiliate and to:

Director of Audience Services
51 West 52nd Street
New York, NY 10019

For more information on preserving Beauty and the Beast, write:

Helper's Network
PO Box 4142
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I also heard from the following people:

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