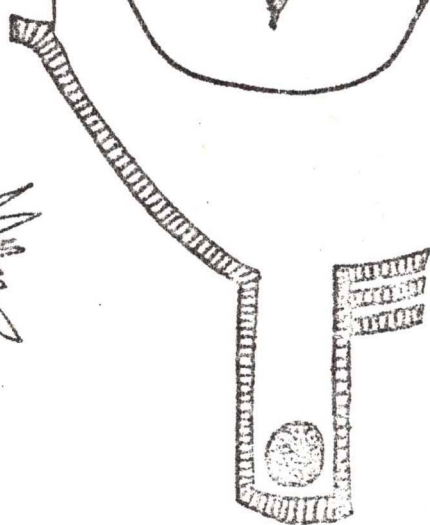
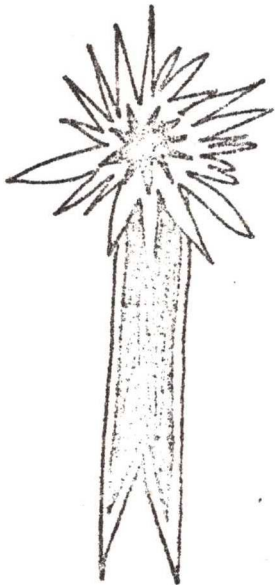
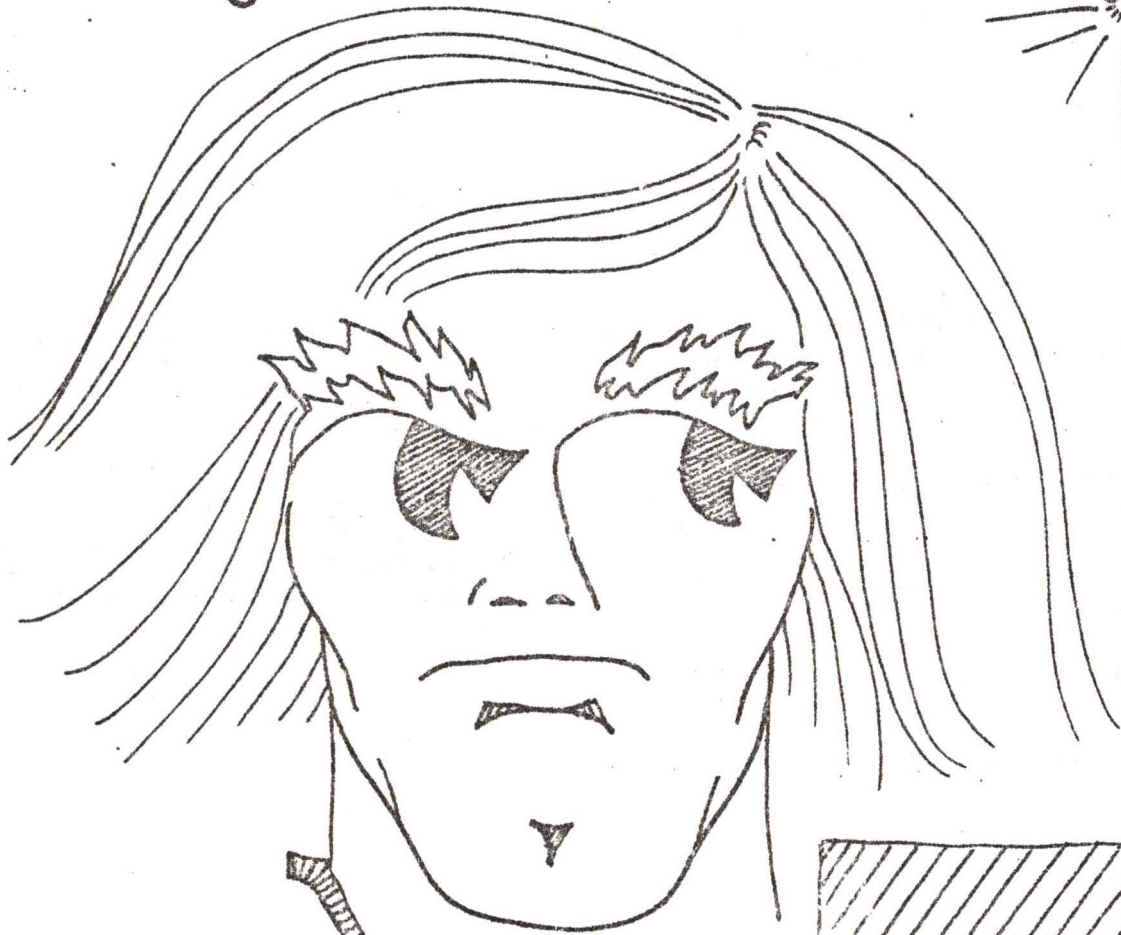
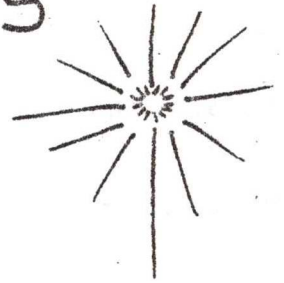


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margaret middleton's



WAB

UNNWAY 37 #5 Summer, 1980

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Pages 4,6,10 Olivia Jasen  
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See page 12 for predictions of when the next issue will actually be out.

Sump'n I shoulda put on the bottom of Page 8:

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ROCK\*HOTEL! A HOTEL!  
MY KINGDOM FOR A HOTEL!

Khubla Khanate: May 2-4 at Quality Inn Parkway (devoutly-hoped for the last time!)  
Nashville, TN

The convention has always been too large for this hotel. Well, maybe not Quintus Kublius, the first one held here, but certainly all since. There's just not enough room for the hucksters and the art show. And the air conditioning and ice machines are severely afflicted with gremlins.

If Ken could just take that top-floor penthouse with him to wherever else he finds...

This was another of those cons where I barely set ehes on the main GoH. I don't happen to have read any of Stephen King's books and I had a number of other folks to look-up in connection with next October's ROC\*KON, so I mainly seemed to see him coming out of the coffee shop as I was going in. I understand this was his first "real" SF convention and he has been totally subverted. If so, this is only to be expected; after all, my own first con was a Khubla--Khubed. (Has it really been 5 years?!? Mighod, I'm practically a senior citizen as fandom goes!)

Ken and Lou Moore do throw a fine party, though, with some entertaining/informative programming alternatives, too. Andy Offutt explaining how he came to write his upcoming KING DRAGON to fit a stack of illos originally done for a whole 'nother book, for instance.

And then there was also filk-singing, of course. I had a couple of protegee's in tow, for their first con where there would be singers around who they hadn't already met at a ROC\*KON. I listened to stagefright stories for a week ahead.

ConQuestI (Formerly BYOB-CON): May 23-26 (Memorial Day Weekend) at the Hotel President (the concom has sworn for the last time), Kansas City, MO.

For a while there I wasn't sure but what I'd be driving all the way to KC solo--my Little Rock carpool possible busted an elbow a week ahead and there went her spare cash, my Russellville carpool possible wound up spending the summer on Army Reserve duty, and my Rogers possible wasn't sure she could get the end-of-school paperwork done in time. So there I was tootling along Highway 65 that Friday after work and for all I knew I might be the only Arkansan at the con.

I do believe there is more of Highway 65's pavement with the double-solid-yellow-line down the middle than there is without. It is not the road to get stuck behind a slow truck on, especially if you drive a Subaru, which has slightly better acceleration than a city bus. But not much.

Suzanne made it after all; decided she needed the 3 days change of pace for her sanity and besides now she's head librarian for the Rogers high school library she wants to start buying them some SF and Fantasy and could justify the trip as a research expedition to see what-all is new and looks good.

CQI was instantly dubbed "Swelter-con"--there was a foulup with the hotel's airconditioning. A complicated interaction between federal regulations about airconditioning settings and the fact that the hotel's windows could be opened resulted in essentially the airconditioning being turned off.

Prickly heat is a fate worse than death, believe me! Fortunately there was enough breeze that opened windows and shees wedged in doors would provide sufficient ventilation to stave off complete asphyxiation.

The con's situation on a holiday weekend and the fact that I didn't get to KC until Saturday resulted in a bit of time-warp--Saturday felt like Friday; Sunday like Saturday; and Monday like Sunday. Unfortunately this resulted in Tueaday feeling like Monday when I got back to work, but that's for later in the story.

The banquet was also somewhat unprecedented; the hotel at the last moment demanded the con pay for the banquet in cash rather than by check as had been originally agreed, and incautiously added a "take it or leave it" line. Pat Taylor left it, and convoyed the actually rather sparse crowd over to the Gold Buffet in North KC and fed us a good meal instead of rubber chicken and plastic ham.

Kip McMurray is now well on his way to a place in fandom's legends: this kid can eat like Gordon Dickson is reputed to used-to-could. The salad plates at the Buffet were oval, about 9" x 12". Kip stacked his about 3" deep. The entree plates are maybe 10" round; another 3" stack. Then the dessert-cart came around; options included chocolate cream pie, lemon chiffon pie, and cherry tarts with whipped cream. Kip opted for the chocolate pie, but when I ordered a tart he inquired if he could have one of those, too. Sorry, said the waitress: One To A Customer. So Suzanne took a tart, and after a token bite allowed as how she'd Really Got it For Kip. Then the lady across from me decided she could not finish her lemon-chiffon pie and would Kip like the rest of it. Kip would. Between the lemon chiffon and the cherries, Kip finished-off his dinner rolls, "to clear his palate". Then the guy on the far side of him offered to bet a dollar that Kip couldn't finish the tart in one bite. Despite being somewhat strapped for cash, Kip decided discretion was the better part of valor and declined the wager. After finishing the third dessert he scraped the chicken bones off his dinner plate into the dessert dishes and went back for some roast beef and ham. He finished them, too.

So now Kip wears a commemorative button declaring: "ConQuest Golden Gut Award--May 25, 1980".

And Pat and John Taylor are seriously considering chartering a city bus to take next year's conventioners to the Gold Buffet for the banquet.

I wasn't quite dead when I got home Monday night at 11 p.m., but that alarm clock had to pull awful hard to get me up at 6 a.m. Tueaday. And I made an oversize pot of coffee so as to have some to carry to work in a Thermos to keep awake on.

And I spent the next 2 weeks cranking the mimeo, getting out RUNWAY 37/4 and KANTELE #6. My boss asked, when I brought in the second boxful of zines to be run through the postage meter, if I had applied for a printer's license.

Not quite. I am going-pro as a huckster at cons, though. (We're, actually: Morris is in this also). Whole new worlds of fun and games. State Sales Tax ID Numbers. Bank accounts. CPA's (I lucked-onto one who reads SF, though he is not "fannish" in the usual sense of the term. There is hope, though.) Whoopie.

The best seat to watch the circus from is not front-row-center-ring, but over by the performers' entrance. That's where you can see the stilt-clowns strapping themselves onto their false legs, and have elephants try to mooch ice and popcorn from you, and watch the bobtailed leopard pacing in its cage waiting for the second-half opening act.

You might even be able to cadge an autograph from performers waiting their cue to go on.

You can also watch the roustabouts hauling the props around. The show I saw this year was the last of the stand, and watching the gear being packed into its traveling crates at the end of each act lent a definitely eldritch air to the goings-on. Everything nests: handprops into boxes into pony-wagons into piggyback trailers. I think Ringling etc. invented containerized freight. Or at least perfected it.

The management are not lying when they bill this as The Greatest Show On Earth; they may just not realize how much more than the official entertainment is fun to watch.

Animal-trainer Gunther Gebel-Williams, star of the Red Unit which was in Little Rock this year, has more pearly-white teeth than Burt Lancaster and Farrah Fawcett put together. He also has to be a certifiable workaholic. He exhibits two cat acts (one with tigers, one with mixed leopards/pumas), a liberty-horse troupe, the elephant herd, and an albino tiger with this unit, plus being the animal-act coordinator for the entire Ringling operation.

Maharanee, the albino Bengal Tiger, was supposed to be part of the second act finale, but since this was the last performance in Little Rock I suspect Gebel needed the extra time to get into civvies and prepare to lead the walking menagerie (horses, camels, goats, elephants) on its hike across town to the Missouri-Pacific train yards where the Circus train was stashed. (Seems a pity they could not have used the Rock Island yards just across the fairground fence from the Coliseum). I waited around to watch the herd depart (it is also easier to find one's car after the parking-lot has cleared-out somewhat); it was escorted by two police cruisers, and followed by two municipal street-sweeping vehicles.

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PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

From George "Lan" Laskowski: Back in 1978 I conceived the idea of putting out a special issue of my fanzine, LAN'S LANTERN, dedicated to Jack Williamson, because of his 50th anniversary as a writer of science fiction and fantasy. Thrilled by the results, I checked various sources and discovered another of our senior writers who will soon be celebrating his 50th anniversary in the field.

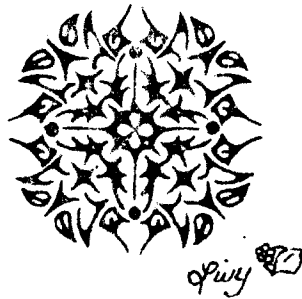
Clifford Simak's first story appeared in December, 1931. In 1981, he will have been writing for 50 years. As I did with Jack Williamson, I would also like to put together a special issue of LAN'S LANTERN in Clifford's honor. Cliff is flattered by the project, and I already have some fans and authors who have promised me material.

This is a request for articles, essays, personal musings, artwork, and so forth, from you, (cont'd)

This is not merely limited to those who see this. IF you know of friends who would also be interested in contributing an article on Clifford Simak's work, an essay, art, or some personal story, please pass my address along to that person. Those of you who know and love Clifford, I hope, would like to do something to make his Golden Anniversary something special.

The target date of publication is the summer of 1981, which gives all of us a year to do something special for Cliff. I would like contributions by the end of June, 1981--sooner if possible. If someone would like to do something, but would like a topic or direction into possible areas of study of Cliff's works, do not hesitate to contact me. I have been reading as much by him as I can get my hands on.

George "Lan" Laskowski, 47 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48103



THE BOOK OF THE DUN COW by Walter Wangerin, Jr.  
review by Samanta Jeudé

This book was written by a former University of Evansville professor, and I seem to vaguely recall taking a class in Literature from him. He was very big on Chaucer, and quite charmed by Watership Down, so one should have expected his first book to be a combination of the two. What wasn't expected, was Wangerin's ability to surpass his models. THE BOOK OF THE DUN COW uses the character of Chanticleer from Chaucer's Nun's Priest's Tale, and takes the simplest plot of all--the fight of Good against Evil. Out of this emerges a new Chanticleer--a slothful, self-indulgent creature touched by the grace of God to contain the foulest evil in the Universe. The rooster lives in a self-sufficient community of animals which revolves around his coop, and his crowing the hours of the day. In his land, there is peace. But in the lands farthest away, the malignant Wyrn creates his own "rooster"--a baleful Cockatrice (according to legend, the creature hatched from an egg laid by an old rooster; in this tale the legend itself becomes the story of another man's downfall) which brings death and putrefaction upon hisland. Chanticleer and his people--chickens, weasels, deer, a dog with an outsized nose--rally against the Cockatrice and win a brief respite, only to learn that Wyrn still has his wiles. Not until the mythical Dun Cow steps in to offer and cripple herself does the most despised creature in the barnyard destroy Wyrn's plans, and pin him to the Earth again.q..

THE AUCTION

by Jean Lamb

Michael Elliot, a third-string reporter for the DEATH STAR CLARION (promoted from copy boy since his defeat of the Vull), was working on some obituaries when he was called up to the editor's office.

Kabin gazed at Michael with two of his three eye-stalks, his skin a neutral-colored gray. "Michael," he said, "Our owner, Mr. Wurner, has a special assignment for you. As you know, he collects antiques, particularly ancient flying machines." Michael wondered how Mr. Wurner found the time, in between running the CLARION, owning the Batlanta Griffons (galaxy-famous rollerball team) and racing his space yacht.

"Now," Kabin continued, "for some silly reason our owner and all his employees were permanently banned from the Terran solar system. I don't see what the fuss is about--Mr. Wurner swore that incident at Sotheby's was an accident. He had no idea there was poison gas in those canisters. However, a mint condition 747 will be up for auction this time and Mr. Wurner must have it. If he is not able to bid on it, he needs to know who has gotten it so negotiations can be conducted." Michael shuddered. He had heard how Wed Wurner "negotiated". He realized what all this was leading up to and kept quiet--after all, a job was a job.

"Of course," said Kabin, now glowing rather pink with happiness, "you realize by now that we are sending you to Earth. However, so that we will be legally clear we need your resignation."

Michael refused to have anything to do with it after that condition was made. However, it was pointed out to him that he might end up as the lead subject in his own department if he did not cooperate. Michael then made some conditions of his own. If he was going to have to go, he was going in style. Not for him the cold steerage department of a tramp freighter like his trip to Rigel. Nor was he ready to share quarters in the pet area, especially with a jobbo that hadn't had its box changed for days, like on his trip to the planet Proper. Kabin flashed brilliant green when all of Michael's terms had been made clear, but acquiesced when Michael mentioned selling a holograph recording of the preceding conversation to a rival paper. He didn't have one, of course, but Kabin didn't know that.

Michael arrived on Terra a week later, by the speedy luxury liner Argus. He slid through customs unobtrusively, hoping none of the officials would spot any of the contraband Kabin had ordered him to dispose of, especially the Rigellian khash left over from the exposé that Michael had had to research. He sped to the auction hall, meaning to hit the streets after the bidding and do a little dealing on his own.

The place was a madhouse, located in Greater New New York, full to the brim with excited humanoids, bored Altaireans and one or two long-snouted Rigellians. He thought he would have enough time to keep track of the bidding and even participate using the cover given him, when the Rigellian next to him suddenly began to whistle madly. Michael knew he had to run--he had been foolish to get so near to the Rigellian in the first place as they could smell khash a mile away and made the best narcs in the galaxy. The front exits were blocked, to prevent an assault of the kind Wurner had made at Sotheby's. Three vicious Vegan cops, led by the Rigellian, chased after

(cont'd)

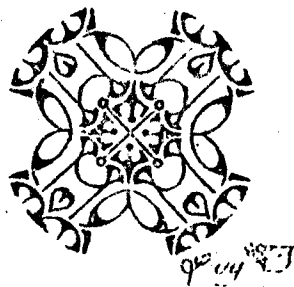


Michael. He dived through the crowd, towards the exit in back of the auctioneer, while the bidding on the 747 began. He did make the back door, just as the auctioneer pronounced the three ancient syllables that meant the plane had been sold. Yet Michael could tell who had bought it, or at least where it was.

He explained all of this to his editor, while Kabin was desperately trying not to cry purple tears in frustration. "Well," Michael said, "It was sold to someone in the Northern European Directorate."

Kabin agreed. One of Wurner's most ambitious rivals lived there. "But how do you know if you didn't see the buyer or hear who it was?"

"I didn't have to," said Michael. "It was all perfectly clear when the auctioneer said 'Boeing, Boeing, Bonn!'"



#### LUKE TO THE FUTURE

by Wayne Brenner

The STAR WARS saga has been called many things, some of which are unprintable in family fanzines. One of the descriptions to be heard with almost uncanny frequency is: "Its the SF of the 30's and 40's brought to life by George Lucas and the movie industry." That may be so. If it is, it only helps to substantiate the theory I have been lazily constructing in my admittedly more-than-a-little-warped mind, a theory which I shall now relate...

First, there was STAR WARS. "Joy of joys!" sang the ecstatic fan. "It is the Lensman Incarnate!" And the movie made the most money a movie ever made. And TIME magazine referred to it as The Year's Best Movie. And some people went to see it over twenty times each. Yes. And little Artoo-Detoo "stole America's heart."

Now, there is THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK. "Joy of joys!" sing the ecstatic fan. "A wond'rous Sequel has been born!" And it looks as though it will make the most money a movie ever made. And the printed media are giving it full coverate. And some people have already seen it over twenty times each. Yes. And little Yoda has "stolen America's heart".

Which brings us back to the Golden Age; name two items prevalent on the prozine covers of the 30's and 40's. (cont'd)



R37/5 page 7 Luke... cont'd.

Here: a robot and a BEM. And what has been used, so far, to steal America's heart? This: a robot and a BEM.

Movie producers love to make money. If something can steal America's heart, that something can also do a fair job of loosening America's purse-strings. Therefore: movie producers love to make things which will steal America's heart.

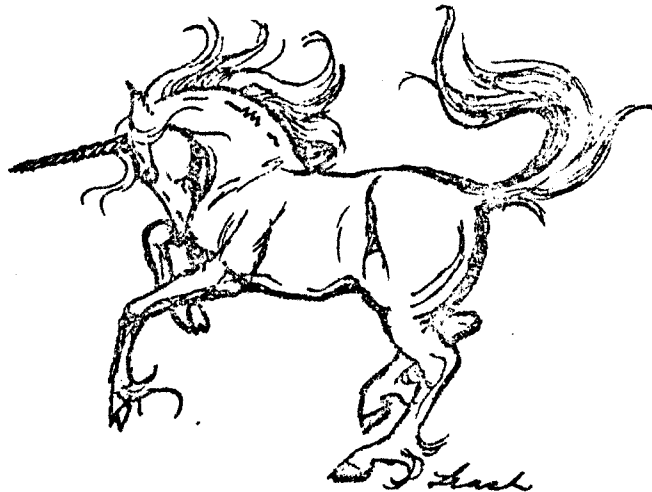
So the idea, it follows, is to make sure that the next movie also has something in it which will, indeed, once again steal America's heart. At which point we turn once again to the Golden Age of SF: name a third item that was prevalent on the prozine covers of the 30's and 40's. Here: a scantily-clad, large-breasted, long-legged female. And from that Watson, we can deduce this: that the next move by LUCASFILM to steal America's oft-stole heart will appear in the form of a female who is scantily-clad, large-breasted, and so forth.

But wait a second!

There is one more thing which both Yoda and Artoo have in common: they're both small. And producers have realized that small things invariably Steal America's Heart. A good case in point: Gery Coleman. So if the producers would like to continue their heart-stealing, they had better continue with the public-approved fashion...

I recently read an article reporting that George Lucas has put together a committee which is even now patrolling the entire country in search of a 3'-4" Loni Anderson look-alike.

May ghod have mercy on his scul.



A CONVERSATION WITH GORDON R. DICKSON

BY Sandra Miesel

GRD: We have to start with the fact that I've always been a writer, always intended to write. When you're very young people tell you, "Fine, go ahead." Nobody ever told me not to until later on by which time it was too late. So after World War II I was unduly sensible and said I will sit down and teach and write in my spare time--I was doing the abnormal thing. For me, the writing is what I want to do. The teaching is merely pleasant.

SIM: What have you done outside the SF field?

GRD: Well, in the beginning I did anything that would bring money in--I was just a free-lance writer. It's surprising even then how little I wrote that wasn't science fiction. But clear up to 1960 if you had asked me if I was a real science fiction writer I would have said no. I had this historical novel THE PIKEMAN that I was just waiting to get at. It was only later that I came to see that there was more freedom to move around in SF.

SIM: Of course I have a personal interest in non-fiction because I've come into SF through the non-fiction end. Everything I do now really grows out of learning to write history papers. I think I tend to be excessively formal and I don't like my own style. It's like not liking your own cooking.

GRD: You can't see your own style. If you can shift gears in your head for a moment, look at your pages not as words but as ideas in a package. The classical essay has the same strictures on it as good fiction--essentially you should become transparent and people end up reading it not so much for the words as for the ideas.

Everyone has unique powers and if you exercise them, sooner or later the fabric of human society becomes aware that that individual is a source from which they can get something they can't get anywhere else.

The thing to do is just keep getting the stuff out. Go ahead making axeheads until they say, "My God your axeheads throw like nobody else's." Say, "Yes, that's the way I designed it." And the word spreads around the world; you have a magic gift for making axeheads that throw.

SIM: Axeheads? I just wish I could find some more outlets for writing essays.

GRD: They aren't quite back yet but they will come. You have to have people who can appreciate the elegance before it can happen.

SIM: That's a little hard to anticipate under modern social conditions.

GRD: The way they'll come back is the same way everything else is coming back; through the amateur crafts area. Classical essays are first going to be written for essentially non-profit magazines, too.

SIM: But once into print, how do you bribe people to read?

GRD: Well, you don't bribe them. They have to read it through their own desire and nothing else. It's just that positioned as you are in the universe, you can't see this happening. Your progress at present is imperceptible just like my progress with the Childe Cycle was imperceptible in the early 60's.

SIM: The Cycle as a whole--and really this could be stretched to apply to your other novels--has a pronounced epic structure. If one looks at them as epics,

the strong and weak points become more coherent than if one tries to analyze them by the same criteria as contemporary mainstream novels.

Consider the following quote: "He celebrates the exploits of men, the action is man to man, the thought is of men about men; men are raised to the level of supermen." This is not from a review of one of your books. It is a comment about the Persian epic the Shanameh. These titanic struggles, both physical and metaphysical, are between men (or between men and other kinds of sentient beings), not the more usual Western romantic conflict between men and nature. Poul Anderson has a great deal of interaction between man and nature but you don't. It's nice that there are rocks to sit on and grass to walk on but it's only living, thinking beings that count. The rest is just superstructure.

GRD: Very interesting.

SIM: At the conclusion of the Childe Cycle, humanity will be breaking through the current level of existence and if that's where they're going, the exact lineaments of the present level are trivial. As for your environments, they're correct but they don't have anywhere near the richness, richness for its own sake, that Poul's do. He will invent the proper sort of earthworms and the proper sort of butterflies and what each one feeds on. But this isn't necessary for what you're doing so it's out.

Yet your way of using mythology is extraordinarily creative. Too often we lazily imagine that Delany and Zelazny exhaust the entire repertoire of techniques in the SF field. The don't. Zelazny's use of mythology is very literary and lends itself to nice academic papers--I've written one myself. But there is no real Hindu substance in LORD OF LIGHT--it might as well be Prometheus in a turban.

But Delany would make an interesting partner to compare you with. Instead of the Men of Faith, War, and Philosophy, his triad is male/female/androgyny. And you're both fascinated by duality, too. Delany is terribly self-conscious; but your use of mythology is an instinctive thing, obviously derived from an enormous background in reading the literary products of mythology.

You are extracting by art same patterns the professional mythologist extracts by his science. It behooves us to draw you to the attention of professional mythologists so that you may be trotted out like a tame Trobriand Islander at their meetings and asked about your myths of kinship groupings.

GRD: Actually, I would like that. I hope it works out so as to direct their attention to the Cycle. My personal love, of course, is with the actual philosophical argument itself.

SIM: You were not aware of the mythological schemes of Georges Dumézil, yet you had inadvertently recapitulated his discoveries because you were working from the same raw materials that he was. You have this two-fold and three-fold structure. The three-fold structure is the basic Indo-European tripartite structure. The Men of Philosophy, Faith, and War correspond to the Dumézilian levels of Sovereignty, and Force, with the Mitrian half of Sovereignty being the Exotics, the Varunian half the Friendlies, and the level of Force is the Dorsal. The scientists and everybody else correspond to the third level, Product!

So you have the three Indo-European tripartite symbols played off against the absolutely universal dual symbol of the Light and the Dark, consciousness/unconsciousness, yang/yin, etc. which cuts across all different culture areas and all different (cont

JACKSON/NIESEL cont'd.

periods of human history. The interactions between these constitute an exotic ballet of the spirit. Now because the symbols are so basic, they tie into many other works of literature, from the Mahabarata, the great epic of India, to the Cattle Raid of Cooley in Ireland to legends of New World Indians. But you've handled the materials in a subtle manner, so critics-- particularly academic critics-- have not bothered to notice it. This omission will be rectified sooner or later if I have anything to do with it.

ED: I've been waiting for somebody to notice what I am doing.

SLM: I'm trying! I'm trying!

GRD: No, you came along just in time. But I wanted this to work way down underground on the subconscious level.

SLM: However, are the average readers going to be upset when you start explicating the Cycle?

GRD: Not if I've done my job well. Let me give you an example. Every so often I would go over and over something that fascinated me without being able to grasp it. In other words, while attempting to study it, I would be drawn into the action. Kipling is a very good example of this. Robert Heinlein's another. Try to read Heinlein and study what he does. You can't, because you get caught up in the story. It's very hard to watch the machinery by which he is creating the illusion of reality. In the process of looking at the machinery you get caught up in it.

SLM: It's a basic psychological principle that you cannot both experience something and think about your experience at the same time. But at least theoretically, explication of the theme and the symbols and the technique ought to aid appreciation.

GRD: As a matter of fact, the books will eventually be printed the way I want them, with illustrations and they'll have their preliminary essay, their key for those who want to look at it.

Where I expect the ordinary reader to get it is after the Cycle is done. Somebody who reads them all will see resonances and repetitions so he will do the work of looking at this slew of evidence I've laid out and will on his own come to the conclusion I'd like him to come to--ideally! You see, this is precisely the point of the consciously thematic novel as opposed to the propaganda novel.

SLM: Yet so far, people keep misunderstanding the Cycle. They think it's just about the Dorsai, ignoring the importance of the Exotics and the other groups.

GRD: One of the points I want to bring out about the Exotics is that they did not have a garden planet dumped in their laps any more than anybody else did. It's what they did with it. They transformed it into a garden planet simply because its their theory that it's good for their minds to have such furniture around. Just like on principle they do not do violence, not because it's immoral, but because it's...

SLM: Distracting. I must confess, that although I'm probably more like an Exotic than any of the other types, I don't like the Exotics very much.

GRD: Well, they're the least human.

SLM: They're "nice", but somehow repulsive in their "niceness".

GRD: I've got to go into this deeper in the later books. Hal Mayne in the last books is going to try to explain and reconcile a lot of things. Cletus or

Donal--I forget which--says to one of the Outbonds...

SLM: That philosophers are the ruthless people. Both of them say this, because both of them have to struggle against being absorbed by the Exotics.

GRD: What I'm trying to get across is that philosophers don't realize this about themselves. And they should. In other words, they're so busy understanding humanity they don't examine their own mission.

SLM: Well, the way they create and treat Donal's beloved Anea in DORSAI!--the supreme example of their race to be used as an unbedded courtesan is very degrading! So I don't like the Exotics.

GRD: They're the least human of all the Splinter Cultures. None of the Splinter Cultures is completely human. This is a point people tend to forget.

SLM: At least you've attempted to show some good and bad points of each of the three major Cultures. By bringing in Jamethon Black, you have shown some good features of the Friendlies. The Dorsai, since they're the warrior function, are at times guilty of the sins of the warriors: losing control and misusing their special powers.

It is interesting to note that the Exotics, Friendlies, and Dorsai are more distinguished by the way they use their wills than by intellect. The purely intellectual people on the scientific worlds are more or less negatively characterized--that's not the future. Intellect for its own sake is not important. Salvation is integration.

But one group hasn't been integrated to date; women. Your women characters have too often been distinguished by failure to use their wits at all. It's very difficult to believe in any development of relationships between heroes and heroines in any of your previous work except ALIEN ART. Now those two characters really balance.

GRD: You know what the experiment there was; they're both about 17.

SLM: Late teens, but they have to act older.

GRD: Life has made them older. In the response and experience area they're both in their thirties.

SLM: Yes, Matilda has so much more sense than Anea of DORSAI! does at thirty; "And Anea looked at him with the simple gaze of a child."

GRD: Anea is supposed to be a very late developer.

SLM: She's over thirty!

GRD: Well, that's not bad. It's going to take her a while.

SLM: I don't feel particularly adult and I am over thirty but I do not look at anybody with "the simple gaze of a child."

GRD: That's true.

SLM: You have left no place for the Goddess. There is no psychological/mythological space in which women can exist in the Cycle so far. This may be improved in your final draft.

GRD: The original idea of balance goes all the way through, but now I am thinking of balancing the two sexes with one down by the footlights and the other not exactly behind the curtain but back in the shadow. In the last thing the light shifts all the way around just like the locus shifts from the real world of the first books to the Creative World in the last one.

SLM: The first is last and the last first. (cont'd)

DICKSON/RIESEL cont'd.

GRD: In a sense.

SIM: And the center is the periphery and the periphery is the center. That would tie you in with all kinds of philosophical and mythological trends.

GRD: You see the purpose to this--if I can do it just the way I want, the details are foggy--is to give the reader the impression of two universes and eternities.

SIM: If you're reversing when you go into the other universe, do you realize the Celtic Otherworld is always the land of Women?

GRD: No, I didn't.

SIM: Well, it is. Overwhelmingly so. It's one of the ways in which it differs from the visible world of manifestations.

GRD: There's an angle for me in that the Guardians of Creativity are female, but I don't know how that will mesh with Hal Mayne's personal duel with the Enemy.

SIM: I would suggest Celtic mythology on that.

GRD: I'll put it in the back of my head. It may operate. We shall see.

SIM: But I will complement your for a good effort in THE DRAGON AND THE GEORGE. You describe Danielle properly. And she never once says, "I don't understand. You can't do that. How dare you?" Some day I'm going to put together a little tape of selected snippets of dialogue hapless heroines have enunciated from time to time. Maybe you need a sign over your desk reminding you to substitute an alternative expression every time a female character says, "I do not understand." Well, as long as you don't do it in the future. Go thou and sin no more. The worst example is in THE HOUR OF THE HORDE--an interesting book in a way although it's very pulpish in execution. In the opening chapter the lonely hero says nobody understands him except his fiancée. In the second chapter he meets her in a restaurant and the first thing she says is, "I don't understand you." He replies, "What do you mean you don't understand me?" and they go round and round in circles for an entire chapter. I'm sorry but it's a little bit comic.

GRD: If I had to pick one of my books to suppress, that would be it. Not because of what you're talking about, but there are only two things in that book. One is the business of...

SIM: Creative overdrive.

GRD: ...which I liked. I was trying to make practical the fact of an intergalactic battle and I wanted to point out how something like the lone horseman mentioned by Froissant that charges the Spanish all by himself could happen without the people being completely crazy.

SIM: It had a number of interesting ideas but the vehicle was no where near adequate to express them.

GRD: That's right. It's a model that ought to be scrapped and the materials used elsewhere.

SIM: On the other hand, there's always THE R-MASTER. I told you I had a dream in which THE R-MASTER became the great collegiate cult book replacing STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. And you looked at me in a most peculiar way.

GRD: Well, the damned thing nearly did. This is the one that sold out before publication.

SIM: It did?!

GRD: Yes it did. Sold out before publication. They went back with a 3000 printing and that went in a week. At that point, if they'd started pumping it out we might have had a runaway bestseller but they got scared so they didn't come up with another printing for three months. By that time it was after Christmas and it was only 1000 copies. In spite of that, the Philadelphia Inquirer listed it as one of the 50 Best Books of the Year. I think it was hitting the occult audience and the jacket made it look interesting. No, wait a minute. I'm thinking of SLEEPWALKER'S WORLD. What am I doing?

SIM: I was wondering why you were saying THE R-MASTER. That's the reason I was spluttering in my shrimp cocktail.

GRD: That's right. THE R-MASTER did nothing.

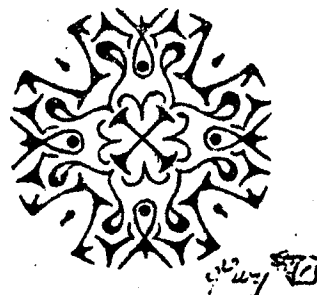
SIM: SLEEPWALKER'S WORLD I could see attracting this kind of attention although I think it's mostly ludicrous, too.

GRD: I wrote THE R-MASTER under very bad conditions.

SIM: But SLEEPWALKER'S WORLD has the feeling of real dreams, real nightmares--quite frightening. But I don't think THE R-MASTER is going to become one of the seminal works of Western literature.

GRD: No, I don't think so. I haven't written a single book that I'm really satisfied with the way it stands. On the other hand, there isn't any one of them (except perhaps HOUR OF THE HORDE) that I would completely suppress.

Afterword: The above is excerpted from a series of taped, face-to-face interviews made in 1976-77. Since then the author has published TIME STORM and THE FAR CALL which represent certain innovations in his work, particularly in the role of women characters. The Child Cycle, Dickson's most important work, is to consist of 12 novels; three historical, three contemporary, and six science fictional, tracing the evolutionary history of mankind from the 14th century to the 24th through the interactions of the Men of Faith, War, and Philosophy. NEGROMANCER; TACTICS OF MISTAKE; DORSAL; SOLDIER, ASK NOT; "Warrior", "Brothers", "Amanda Morgan", and "Lost Dorsal" have appeared to date. THE FINAL ENCYCLOPEDIA and CHILDE are in preparation.



Wayne Brenner Lack of letters leaves little loccol? I hope this Loc helps to  
19 Oak Lane remedy the situation....  
Shalimar, FL  
32579

First things first. The cover. Hmmm. Well, it doesn't mean anything to me, and I think I would be correct in assuming that Olivia just started drawing a bunch of weird abstract things which you then decided to use for a cover. The preceding sentence makes me sound as if I hate the cover. Which is wrong: I think it's the best cover you've had so far (I haven't seen R37/1, mind) and, somehow, it's very balanced. I like it. I like it a lot. But it's one of those kind of things that should only be done once in a great while. ((I have to giggle about Wayne's "balanced" comment: I had a design oriented the wrong way of the page to use and wound up slicing it on a (somewhat wavering) diagonal and sliding the right half down far enough to allow it to be worked into the available margin. Necessity is the Mother, and all that. msm))

Turning to the inside. No comments are needed about your con diary. It's interesting, for sure. And I'm a little amazed that you can go to so many and still have time/energy left over to pub a zine. ((Well, actually sometimes I don't. Which is why I only claim to pub "somewhere near quarterly" msm))

are book reviews. They belong in fanzines only if they are short or extremely long and in-depth. Samantha Jeudé's was short. Bravo. Book reviews

Oh! A punstory! A feghoot! A play on words even. The pun itself is very weak. A very cheap pun. But the story was enjoyable enough to hold it up. More, please, but with better endpuns. ((ref. "The Auction" earlier in the issue...msm))

I passed over N.A. Collins' story. I'm a bit prejudiced; I don't like sword and sorcery short stories. (I'm not all that fond of the novel-length S&S either, but at least in a novel, the author has room to create a whole world and culture and develop characters as the story itself develops. 'Course that can be done in a series, too, but I'm not willing to read through one unless it has something remarkable in it which redeems it (e.g. Leiber's Fafhrd & Gray Mouser).) Beyond that, I did not like the other two Collins stories I read. To take a switch in this loc and not give something in R37 praise, I say that you needn't worry about not having any Collins stories in the future--that person doesn't have nearly a good enough writing talent/skill/what-have-you to be published professionally. Her style is as crummy as my grammar. If he/she ((she)) is very young, then perhaps she will become a professional someday. If that Collins person is rather old and has been writing for a few years, however, I stand by my previous comments. ((Collins is old enough to drink in Tennessee but not in Arkansas, and has been scribbling since high school. I believe most of the material I am printing is from before she started College. msm))

STALLION was very nice. And I liked Robin Brunner's illo that is below it. Your movie review of THE BLACK

course my own illo on the next page.

And of

Which ends this little loc.

((more loc's next page. msm))

Jessica Amanda Salmonson      My thanks for the three issues of your fanzine. They are far above average, standing above the greatest number of these things I receive, ((foolish grin,msm))  
Box 5688, University Station      Seattle, WA 98105

I did like N.A. Collins' short stories for their wit and the strength of the characters, but think the author needs to work more on solid, believable plot. I'd also recommend submitting future works to professional markets, keep an eye on LOCUS for mentions), and maybe get some money for stories like these.

I appreciated Susan Schwartz' writing to correct some of Danell Lites' statements about my anthology. Shwartz' review in SF TIMES was much more insightful; and the best review by far appeared in JANUS by Jeanne Gomoll, by no means all praise, but critically realistic and well thought. Danell qualifies none of her opinions, but makes the judgement that the stories by Famous People are good, and the stories by People She Never Heard Of were bad.

It sounds to me that the stories were judged strictly by the authors' names!! I like some of Danell's writing, though, and think her opinions (for and against) in various matters might be more interesting if she'd qualify her judgements with a little more depth.

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Well, that about empties the bin; there's fifteen stencils on the hook on the wall above the mimeo so something is going to get run on the back of a ROC\*KON ad to make the page count come even.

?This is July 8: I've got con's scheduled in 1½ weks, 3 weeks after that, 3 weks after that, 4 weeks after that, and three weeks after that! If I type the con reports on-stencil as I get back, I may have another ish out by Thanksgiving.



RRB &

THE TRAVELING ARKANFAN---CONVENTION LISTINGS

- July 18-20  
 info PO Box 4229, Tulsa, OK 74104 OKON'80 \$9 at-door Tulsa, OK  
 Alan Dean Foster Pro GoH; Shelby Bush III. & Mary Kay Jackson fan GoH's, Gordon R. Dickson Toastmaster. Also Tucker, Bob Asprin, Lynn Abbey, Jack Williamson, Lee Killough, R.A. Lafferty. Mayo Hotel, downtown 1-800-331-3910 for reservations
- Aug 1-3  
 info PO Box 8251, Louisville, KY 40201 RIVERCON V \$10 at-door/\$2 riverboat ride/\$8.50 banquet Louisville, KY  
 Roger Zelazny Pro GoH; Lou Tabakow Fan GoH; Vincent DiFate Toastmaster  
 Galt House Hotel, downtown (same place as Northamericon was)
- Aug. 22-24  
 info 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kenesaw, GA 30144 ASFICON '80 \$10 attending Atlanta, GA  
 Ted White Pro GoH; Mike Glycer Fan GoH DEEPSOUTHCON  
 Northlake Hilton Hotel in Atlanta
- Aug. 29-Sept.1  
 Kate Wilhelm & Damon Knight Pro GoH's; Bruce Pelz Fan GoH; Rovert Silverberg TM Boston, MA  
 World SF Con \$8 supporting/\$45 at-door Sheraton-Boston hotel
- Sept. 12-14  
 info PO Box 3811 College Station, TX 77844 OTHERCON IV \$8 til 9-1/ \$10 after College Sta. TX  
 Jack Chalker Pro GoH Ramada Inn College Station
- Sept. 26-28  
 info PO Box 735 State University, AR 72467 IMAGINITZACON (Nancy Collins) Memphis, TN  
 Robert Asprin Pro GoH; Stven Carlberg Fan GoH \$10 advance/\$12.50 at-door  
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- Oct. 305  
 info Box 9621, NW Station, Austin, TX 78766 ARMADILLOCON II \$8 til 10-1; \$12 after Austin, TX  
 Gardner Dozois Pro GoH; Harry Morris Jr. Fan GoH; Dr. Chad Oliver TM  
 Quality Inn I-35 @ Oltdorf, Austin
- Oct. 17-19  
 info PO Box 9911, Little Rock, AR 72219 ROC\*KON\*5 \$10 til 10-10/\$15 after Little Rock, AR  
 Andrew J. Offutt Pro GoH; Dick & Nicki Lynch Fan GoH;s; Jo Clayton Toastmistress  
 Sam Peck Hotel downtown
- Jan 16018  
 info PO Box 21173, Chattanooga, TN 37421 CHATTACON 6 \$7 til Nov. 30; \$10 after Chattanooga, TN  
 Jack Chalker Pro GoH; Forrest J. Ackerman TM; Special Guests Wilson/Bob Tucker & Gordon R. Dickson. Also Sharon Webb, Jerry Page, Grant Carrington  
 Sheraton Downtown Hotel
- April 3-5  
 info Box 323, Knoxville, TN 37901 SATYRICON ???registration Knoxville, TN  
 Pro GoH Anne McCaffrey Ramada Inn West, Knoxville



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## Registration

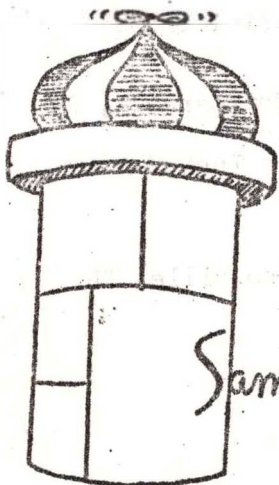
Toastmistress:

## JO CLAYTON

\$10 advance (to Oct. 10 postmark)  
\$15 afterward & at-door.

## Hucksters

\$12.00 per table, 6' long  
limit 3 tables  
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