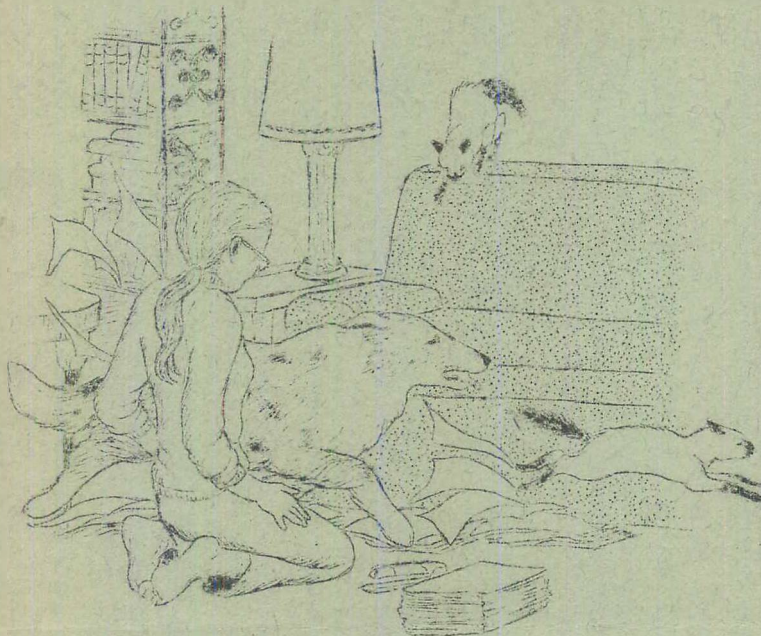


# DILEMMA



*DILEMMA #7 March, 1975. Published by Jackie Franke, Box 51-A RR 2, Beecher, IL 60401. Available for letters-of-comment, contributions, or editorial whim. Mostly through the latter. Due to current economic conditions, price will be increased by 300% next issue. Be forewarned!!!*

This issue is a mere four months late; perhaps not an outrageous delay by fannish standards, but one that I personally find annoying. While not a fanatic about punctuality (I can sneer at clocks with the best of 'em), I do like to maintain the image of being a semi-responsible adult, and to be this tardy in getting out a zine that betrays its thrown-together qualities on every page is something that galls me. \*Oh well\* I have a list of excuses a yard long, and surely the same or similar set

of circumstances won't occur again, so such delays shouldn't be happening in the future. Or at least we shall firmly hope so! (Does that have a familiar ring to it?)

At times I look upon this zine with what could be called, for lack of a better term, trepidation. Even a lowly personalzine such as Dilemma requires a certain amount of effort to produce. Not as much as an OUTWORLDS or GRANFALLOON, to be sure, or even as much as a zine such as TITLE, but it does require at least enough to drag myself to the typer/light table/mimeo in order to do the physical production. Inspiration of sorts has to be present as well, or I'm incapable of typing much more than my name. I know you've all read about the agonies faneds endure in trying to come up with something crisp and innovative to kick off their zines in high style. Such tales of woe are common fare, and for good reason: they fill up pages!! There are times any faned would sell his/her soul to find something to cover up all those empty spaces. After all, who wants to send forth, into a cruel, harsh world, twelve to twenty-four naked pages? Six or twelve barren sheets of paper with no words, save the editorial address and title, to adorn them? Breathes there a faned who hasn't had that particular nightmare? Well, despite the lapse of time since last issue appeared; despite the many things that have occurred, the cons attended, the friends met and talked with; despite the many (at least one or two...) lofty thoughts that have occupied my mind these many months--I really can't think of a thing to say!!! It's a frightening state to be in, words cannot begin to describe the vacuous sensation as you confront your brain filled with emptiness. The tart taste of panic that floods your mouth as you stare at these blank, blank, BLANK stencils!!!

Obviously, the best thing to do at a time like this is to chatter on inanely about what a rotten time you're having trying to find something to write about. Once in awhile you just may come up with something reasonably coherent, so why not hope for the best? In that frame, therefore, let us commence the search for coherence....



Needless to say (but I will anyway), my favorite form of fanaticism is attending conventions. My first year in fandom I went to three of four, and counted myself blessed indeed. This past year the total was seven, and if our finances manage to hold steady during 1975, that should be topped by two this year. Though nowhere in the same league with truly dedicated con-hoppers like Rusty Hevelin or the Eisensteins, I feel it's a large enough number to count myself as one of the Fanatic Few, who'd prefer to starve for awhile, rather than miss the opportunity to miss a convention within a few hours drive.

However, a certain difficulty rises when one attends so many gatherings of fans; it's impossible to describe what went on without sounding dreadfully repetitious! After all, once you've traveled to a number of cons, met most of the people you're likely to jell with, there isn't much variation to your experiences. You drive to wherever the con is being held, register, say hello to those you meet, drop your things off in your room, and mingle. You may attend a panel or two, glance over the artwork, scan the Huckster's wares once or twice, and scrounge food whenever hunger strikes. Certainly you enjoy yourself, or you wouldn't bother to attend in the first place, but your actions tend to repeat themselves from one con to the next. You may go swimming at one, or shoot pool at another, sit in on a bridge game or get clobbered at chess, but essentially, one convention is much like another--an on-going party where you see old and not-so-old friends and pick up the threads from the previous con. After a time, it becomes more and more difficult to sort out the different cons, though for most there is some sort of tag, that when mentioned to another who was involved or present, will bring forth the "Oh! That's the one you mean!" response.

So, instead of attempting to write a resume of the cons attended since last issue, let me try to describe the tags I've given to each. Maybe it'll work, maybe it won't, but it should go better than a dreary listing of people, panels, and hotels.

DisCon entered my memory banks as the Good News Con. So many pleasant things happened to so many that I came home filled with magnanimous feelings concerning our little cosmos. (There was an exception to that, but I dislike bitching about matters that are, really, over and done with. The selection of one person to serve as Sacrificial Lamb for the discomfort endured by those at the Banquet irked me then, and irks me still. I have stated my objections elsewhere, and enough is enough.) My elevation to a state of euphoria actually began just before Wally, the kids, and myself left for D.C. Jim Hansen called, asking for Martha Beck's phone number. When I told him that she'd already left for the con, he asked if I thought she would turn down the Fan GoH spot at Chambanacon, to be held later in the year. After I stopped laughing semi-hysterically at the thought of Martha saying no, I calmed down enough to say that I doubted that she'd refuse the honor. Jim went ahead and ordered the fliers for the con, listing Martha's name as GoH. Unfortunately for the voyeur in me, I missed the presentation of the first flier to her, but from the descriptions I've heard, her reaction was a classic double-take. Everyone who saw her during those days at DisCon couldn't help but grin at the look of happiness on her face. It affected all concerned the entire week.

At the con itself, my spirits were boosted even further when Freff told me that his ambitions to be a clown were on the way to being fulfilled: Ringling Bros. Circus had accepted him for its Clown College in Florida. His delight was obvious to all. Then Bob Tucker came up with the gladsome tidings that the petition to name Rusty Hevelin as a candidate in the Down Under Fan Fund had not only been filled within a few hours, but already was on its way to Australia! I think I actually squealed, I was so pleased. There's no way to stress enough my hopes that he'll win the DUFF race, and I hope you all make good use of the DUFF ballot enclosed with this issue....

RUSTY HEVELIN FOR DUFF!!! RUSTY HEVELIN FOR DUFF!!! RUSTY HEVELIN FOR DUFF!!!!!!!!!!



I really got to yell out my joy when Mike and Carol Resnick reaped their reward for the countless hours of preparation, and not only won the "Most Beautiful" award at the Masquerade, but copped the "Judges Choice" prize as well. Their costumes, the Ice Demon and the White Sybil from Clark Ashton Smith's story, must surely rank among the most stunning and beautiful seen at any Worldcon! They literally took your breath away!!

Sunday night, the sour taste left after the Hugo awards banquet and the hassles that went on during it, were swept away when I heard that Lou Tabakow, shattering a quarter-century Tradition, had invited andy offutt to be the GoH at Midwescon in '75. There couldn't have been a nicer way to let someone know that his friends were still with him than that gesture by the Cincinnati Fantasy Group. It helped soothe the sore spots, and as a mark of support and friendship, will be remembered long after the curt words and rude actions of others have faded away. A marvelous move on the part of the Cincy group; it gave the just-right touch.

The most personally-satisfying event was the accomplishment of the Tucker Fund's goal over the weekend. I'd gone to D.C. with the hopeful expectation of collecting \$150 or so; instead we brought home nearly \$400!!! It capped the whole weekend for me, and while Martha was saying her good-byes to a dear friend of hers who had unexpectedly shown up at the Worldcon, after the Tucker Fund auction on Monday morning, I blubbered quite sloppily, utterly wiped out by the sheer wonderfulness of it all, mixed in and enhanced by virtual exhaustion from everything that had happened during the past six days. It embarrassed me, but I meant every blasted tear!

After a pause of nearly two months, I looked forward to Windycon, held the last weekend of October, with a mixture of dread and anticipation. Chicago hadn't hosted a con since ChiCon III (held in 1962), and no one really knew just what to expect. Windycon is recalled as the Big Blur. I know I attended. I met Denis Quane, and Don Lundry; I know I talked with Buck and Juanita Coulson, Mike Glicksohn, Bill Bowers, Mike Wood, Lynn Hickman, Ted Pauls, Bill Hixon and Ron Bounds, among various and sundry other fen, but damn little else sticks in my memory. Despite the twelve year hiatus, Chicago fandom pulled it off. Lynne and Mark Aronson outdid themselves as Chaircouple, and made things flow as smoothly as possible. It was a fantastic job, even if you ignored the fact that it was the first time that they, or most of the committee, had handled a convention. Most of the time I spent in the Art Show room, and except for isolated bits, like the Rump Masquerade (properly set off by the one and only Hebrew Drum & Bagpipe Corps in the known universe!), the Sunday Brunch (an item that will be repeated this year as well), and the hectic art auction (all those bits and pieces of paper and money and checks!!! The utter chaos!!!), it wasn't until the wrap-up party held in the Aronson's room Sunday night that events remain clear. After a suitable toasting with Champagne, the GoH slate for '75 was chosen: Joni Stopa as Fan, Bob Tucker as Pro, and Bob "Hawkeye" Passovoy as Toastmaster. I suppose we could be called chauvinistic for selecting that trio, but it would be difficult indeed to come up with more deserving worthies. Joni and Tucker have acted as mainstays for Midwestern fandom, and Passovoy's reputation as auctioneer *par excellence* and all-around Goofy Person grows every month. A suitable slap on the back has been overdue for them all....

Chambanacon, held the weekend after Thanksgiving, served as an emotional oasis for me. Wally had just gotten out of the hospital after surgery, and it wasn't until a few days before that we knew for sure that he'd be going. Chambanacon is like a big family get-together, and I could let my hair down and relax for awhile. Martha did her bit as Fan GoH, thanks to a liberal assist from a bottle of tranquilizers, and emerged sleepy, but triumphant, from her after-dinner chores in the banquet room. Joe Haldeman relaxed after having served his stint as Pro GoH at Windycon, and let andy offutt do the honors at Champaign. Ann Passovoy, despite a sore throat, managed to sing a little, along with Bob Aspirin, Al Frank, Juanita Coulson, and all the usual filk-singing bunch. The now-traditional Birthaversary celebration was held in



Tucker's room, with Tucker, Jodie Offutt and Leigh Couch sharing the Birthday portion of the party, and the Passovovys and us splitting the Anniversary honors. Due to a snowstorm that drifted shut parts of the Interstate highways, Chambanacon 4-1/2, on Sunday night, occurred as a bonus. Basking in the glories of hedonism, soaking in the warmth of the whirlpool bath while snow swirled past the floor-to-ceiling windows, laughing and scratching with friends, made those extra hours even nicer than the con proper, and gave me a taste of a life-style I could all-too-quickly become accustomed to!!!! \*Sigh\* Jim Hansen and Penny Tegen have made Chambanacon into a definite High Spot of the year for us all.

I haven't yet come up with an appropriate label for ConFusion, held the last weekend of January in Ann Arbor, but perhaps the con's name will serve. Ro Nagy and crew were thrown into utter consternation by the unexpected turn-out, over 325 rather than the 100 or so they'd planned for. Despite the upset, they did just fine. The staff of the Briarwood Hilton did little to help matters. Friday night a flustered manager called in the cops (in riot gear yet!) to quell the disturbance he reported in the con-suite. Since there was certainly no more noise, and probably less, than could be expected from a crowd that large confined in so small an area, the fuzz properly refused to cater to the man's hysteria, and left us unmolested. In an attempt to avoid complaints the next night, the con-com announced that the party would be held in the room where the panels had met during the day. For nearly an hour they trundled to and fro, toting the drinkables from their suite to the meeting room, right in front of the hotel staff at the desk; yet it wasn't until the party was in full swing for some time that the manager told us that alcoholic beverages weren't permitted to be served in that room!!! The party trooped back down the hallways, obedient enough, but growing more bitter with each hour. By Sunday afternoon, fans cared so little about the opinions of the staff that they initiated a mini-orgy (a.k.a. Fondlecon I) before the shocked stares of the mundanes in the lobby! Fie on the Briarwood Hilton! Up with Fandom!! Yay, Team!!! It only served to prove the fact that it's not where a con is held that matters, but the people who attend. A Ghood Time was had by all, perhaps because of, as much as in spite of, the hassles.

Now that most of the turmoil that surrounded me in the latter months of '74 and first portion of '75 has ebbed, I'm looking forward to the upcoming conventions with a more relaxed outlook. As things stand we expect to travel to Marcon this month, in Columbus, OH (a con I've not attended before), Minicon 10 in Minneapolis the 18th thru 20th of April, Kublah Khan Kubed sometime in May, somewhere in or near Nashville, Midwestcon in Cincinnati the last weekend in June, Wilcon in Wisconsin either the traditional 4th of July or Labor Day weekend, whichever the Stopas decide on, BYCBcon in Kansas City, Rivercon in Louisville, and Fan Fair in Toronto on consecutive weekends this July, Windycon in Chicago the 3rd of October, possibly Octocon in Sandusky near Halloween week-end, and, of course, Chambanacon 5 which will be at the same hotel as last year's. I only hope the pocketbook holds up, not to mention the bod!!!

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## ....backlog

In the past months I've tried, several times, to catch up on mail and fanzine loccing obligations. Letters grease the gears of fandom, and writing them is a pleasantly necessary part of fanac--normally. My correspondence is fairly well caught up with, but the fanzine situation looks hopeless. Even for the zines I have managed to acknowledge, the letters I wrote lacked the usual concise wording, crystalline logic, and sparkling witticisms that generally mark my locs, but fell into a monotonous repetitions of phrases like "Gee, I liked your zine...". So Be It. Friends will excuse; others could care less in any case. Yet...there are those fanzines which deserve mention of some sort; zines that I read and enjoyed, but which got lost in the maelstrom that's upset my days recently. This is a Super Cop-Out, but it is one way of letting people who warrant it know that their efforts have been appreciated, even if sorely neglected. To the various fanzine editors concerned, my apologies, I most sincerely hope that the combination of circumstances which has affected my interaction with you never occurs again.

*I believe it's proper to begin with the zine who's suffered the longest silence on my part, accordingly, here are my views regarding the OO of those Crazy Minneapolis Fans.....*

RUNE Published by The Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc. Editor; Fred Haskell Available with registration for MiniCon, for trade, printed contribution or LoCs. If all else fails, they will accept \$1 for a year's subscription. Published bi-monthly

RUNE is the sort of clubzine that other SF clubs wish they could put out. Those CMF manage to churn out not only good artwork, comix, occasional articles, book reviews, one of the better letter columns going, but they even run funny and ultra-readable minutes from their meetings!! Various members, mainly Bev Swanson and/or Don Blyly hadndled the editing chores prior to #39, but since then RUNE has remained under the watchful eye of Fred Haskell, who seems bound to turn it into a genzine. I have on hand issues #36-41--which should give you an idea of just how far behind I really am--and they range in size from a modest eight pages to a more hefty 32 pp. Though outsiders are welcome to contribute, those CMF have talented members aplenty to produce a readable, often funny, and well-done zine. Recommended most highly.

*Someone else who too often gets short shrift is Father Frank Denton who publishes several zines from his Seattle base. One that I enjoy, but seem to have difficulty loccing--and it's not a new problem--is.....*

ASHWING Editor: Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166 Available for LoCs, contributions of material and/or artwork--the "usual"--or if desperate, \$1. I have issues #14, published in May '74, and #15, published in November '74, so you can tell that Frank is scarcely what you'd call a frequent publisher. With all his apa commitments and his other, personal, zine, I find it a marvel he pubs anything else at all, much less the quiet-toned, lovely produced ASHWING (Frank has this thing about owls, y'see...). He runs a bit of anything and everything; reviews, short articles with the personal, reflective slant, general discussion type things, some excellent artwork (often by artists not overly familiar to the rest of us)... just about anything that strikes his fancy. Don't look for feuds or nasty words here, Frank likes things calm and peaceful-like. But if you like a zine to curl up with on a lonely night, this will more than fill the void. Frank makes you feel like one of the family. Strongly recommended.



BY OWL LIGHT was Frank's personalzine until it was supplanted by ROGUE RAVEN, which comes out on a faithful bi-weekly schedule. Restricted to 50 recipients, RR costs 10¢ an issue (10/\$1.00) or a like amount in stamps. Frank reports on his record listening, various jaunts he and his wife have taken, fans, cons, whatever strikes his fancy at the moment...like a good personalzine should. Only in its third issue, RR is looked forward to already; it's much like a 4 page letter rather than a zine.

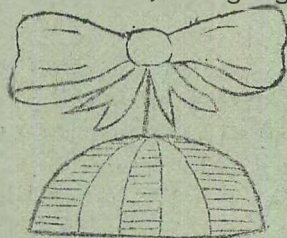
*Following is yet another zine I have difficulty in responding to. Perhaps I feel intimidated by certain zines, because, while I read them cover to cover, and enjoy every enlightening word, I have problems in formulating articulate replies to the various points raised. If you really like zines you can get your teeth into, then by all means, try....*

GORBETT Editor: Dave Gorman, 337 North Main Street, New Castle, IN 47362...but I just remembered that he's moved. \*sigh\* Try 8729 South St. Peters Apt 6, Indianapolis, IN 46227 instead, it should work better. Available for the usual or 75¢ per issue. GORBETT is a sercon zine. Dave runs material covering various writers, or aspects of several writers, in depth. Sheryl Smith sometimes dominates the pages (which makes me wonder why she doesn't publish on her own, she obviously has a great deal to say to fandom), but he also has reviews by various people and an occasional light piece from writers such as Jodie Offutt. GORBETT has one of the meatier letter-cols around, with discussions ranging over a wide field of topics. If you're interested in serious discussion of SF and writing, then look this one up; you won't be disappointed. One of the heaviest 24 pp zines I've seen! Strongly recommended.

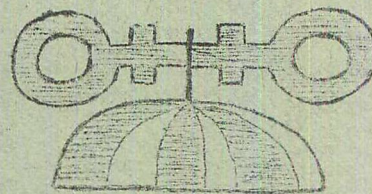
IT COMES IN THE MAIL Editor: Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, VA 23605. Available for only ghod-knows-what. In this small field of fanzine publishing, only a few zines defy categorizing; TITLE is one of those, IT COMES IN THE MAILS is another. Basically what Ned does is slip a stencil into his typewriter every so often and list what he's received in the mail. He attaches little comments here and there, runs mini-reviews of zines received, passes on requests from correspondents, mentions odd little catalogues that you may want to look into. It sounds awful, but it's great reading!!! My only complaint, and since I see the impossibility of it, shouldn't be called one, is that it's difficult to find an address you need if you don't jot it down immediately. I'd advise reading ICITM with a notepad nearby. You'll need it! Recommended most highly, but darned if I know how to get it. Try asking....it worked for me!

*All fanzines have to start somewhere, and sometimes that "somewhere" is mighty rough on the reader. The following zine could only be called a crudzine in its initial issues, but has shown much improvement recently. Where I used to wince, I now read with pleasure...*

KNIGHTS OF THE PAPER SPACESHIP Editor: Mike Bracken, Box 802, Fort Bragg, CA 95437 Available for the usual or 75¢ per copy (new price) Published quarterly. #11 is 54 pages long, and filled with all sorts of stuff; ranging from a discussion of David H. Keller and his works by Don D'Amassa to snippets from Sheryl Birkhead's letters, entitled as "Is Snapper Coming Home? I Don't Know But The Basement's Flooded"--if I had to label some of Sheryl's notes, I couldn't find better than that--through con reports and letters. Mike does a personal editorial, and shows his concern for the work he and KPSS's contributors put into the zine. Recommended.



old style



new style

Femfans

SAM  
LONG



MYTHOLOGIES Editor: Don D'Amassa; 19 Angell Drive; East Providence, RI 02914  
Available for locs only, Don says, though contributions will be considered. To judge by the scheduling of the last three issues, the fourth one should be out by now. MYTHOLOGIES seems to be a hybrid of personalzine and discussionzine. Don runs a lengthy first portion that covers some topic or the other, serious in nature, but not necessarily SF, followed by short items that range from poetry, "what if?" articles, puns, etc.. His letter column is a hefty one, wherein readers help continue the discussions he began in the previous issue. I have no idea how long he intends to let a topic stick around, but it looks like MYTHOLOGIES will serve as a good platform for interesting loccers to expound on their various pet theories of how the Universe works and/or what a mess we're making of it. You may not agree with what Don has to say, but you'll enjoy seeing how he presents his views. Strongly recommended.

*The biggest difficulty with commenting on zines from one's backlog pile is that it may not exist by the time people get to read about it. The following zine, because its editor has combined forces with another fanned in a joint venture, does not exist as a sperate entity any longer. But that shouldn't prevent me from talking about it, should it???*

THE PASSING PARADE Editor: Milt F. Stevens 14535 Saticoy St. #105: Van Nuys, CA 91405. A FAPA-zine, available to non-apans for trade, loc or 25¢ an issue. Now you can find (or at least I think you can) TPP within the pages of PREHENSILE, so I don't know whether it's still a FAFA zine or not. The world of fanpubbing can be a complicated cosmos indeed...\*sigh\*. During its sole flight, however, TPP was a readable journal of sorts for Milt's views on various things, conventions, fandom, especially the California variety, books and SF collectibles, and whatever else struck his fancy. He reviewed fanzines as well, and ran a tidy little lettercol that, while small, showed the use of a judicious editorial hand. I liked it, and am of mixed emotions concerning its merger with....

PREHENSILE Editors; Milt F. Stevens (as noted above) and Mike Glycer; 319 Pike St.; Bowling Green, OH 43403. Available for trade, locs, whim of the editors and/or "filthy lucre" (amount not specified). #13, the one I have on hand, is a neatly offset, digest-sized pair of zines; one, #13 proper, is a sampler of APA-L reprints and reminiscences of LASFS, on the occasion the 10th and 40th anniversaries, respectively, of those noble fannish institutions; the other, labeled as #13.5 serves as a lettercolumn, though it also includes lengthy editorializing by Mike, a few book reviews, and assorted artwork. PREHENSILE lists itself as quarterly, which is one of the bigger laughs in fandom, since Mike puts the zine out whenever he gets around to it, and that could be just anywhen. PREs a good zine, no question about it, but its very irregularity makes it difficult to relate to...at least for me (who should be the last one griping about regularity...) Mike runs only top-rank material, and presents it in an attractive format with good layout and illos from fandom's best artists. Look upon it as a serendipitous event when you come across an issue, and enjoy, but don't depend on seeing another in the near future. Most highly recommended.

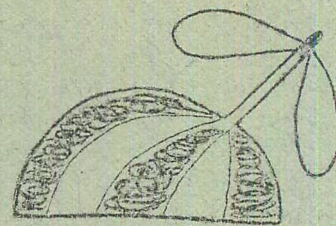
*Perhaps I shouldn't chide Glycer for being late with his zine; after all the following production was merely ten months later than the previous one. I guess it's only fitting that my mention of it should be so late too...\*sigh\**

SF COMMENTARY Editor: Bruce Gillespie; GPO Box 5195AA; Melbourne, Victoria 3001; Australia. Available for \$1 per copy in USA, or letter of comment. Bruce wisely does not mention a publishing schedule, as SFC got highly irregular during and after his trip to North America and England in 1973. SFC is noted for being one of the most sercon of zines, and Bruce tends to run material pertaining to critical evaluations of writers and works within the SF field. His editorial natterings, however, are extremely personal in slant, and make for a feeling of closeness with



the editor that usually doesn't develop in zines of this type. In #40, Bruce wraps up the on-going report of the months-long trip he took for the 31 Worldcon in Toronto, and it makes for interesting reading regardless of whether you've read previous installments or not. Bruce knows and met a number of notable personalities during his journeys, and he gives an in-depth accounting of those encounters. The trip report given in this issue covers events from November to the first of February, and ranges from the wilds of Kansas to the bucolic English countryside before it brings Bruce back home to Melbourne, safe and sound and changed from his experiences.

The remainder of the issue contains a twelve-page, two-year-old review of Ellison's *AGAIN*, DANGEROUS VISIONS, analyzed by Richard Delap, very extensive and very well done, and a selection of reviews that Bruce had written for the now-defunct Aussie magazine, *RATS*, and a sort of letter column incorporated into the editorial portion, aptly entitled "I Must Be Talking to My Friends". With this blend of sercon and personal writing, *SFC* is hard to categorize, but however you label it, it is good reading indeed. Most highly recommended.



male chauvinist  
fan

SAM  
LONG

*Of course, categorizing fanzines in any case is a difficult if not impossible task. The following zine is one I haven't "labeled" yet, though genzine would come close...*

**VORPAL** Editor: Richard Brandt; 4013 Sierra Drive; Mobile, AL 36609. Available for 35¢ (3 for \$1) or the usual. Again, a wise editor who admits to an erratic schedule. The only difficulty I see with Richard's policy is that he doesn't date his zines, and I haven't the foggiest notion of just how old these are. Anyway, I have on hand issues 2 and 3, which are offset and run 16 and 22 pp respectively. *VORPAL* contains editorial natterings, poetry, discussions on rock music, sf/fan movies on TV, and letters...interspaced with artwork that mostly hails from the pen of Sheryl Birkhead. I guess that puts the zine squarely in the genzine category. Good reading and recommended.

*I came into fandom via Star Trekdom, and the only contact I keep with that group is through Ruth Berman and her zines. Ruth always has published the best sort of Trek material, perhaps a reflection on her own talents as a writer, and continues to maintain a high level of quality in....*

**T-NEGATIVE** Editor: Ruth Berman; 5620 Edgewater Blvd.; Minneapolis, MN 55417. Pubbed irregularly, and back issues or reprints of same are usually available. Sub rate is 50¢ each or 5 for \$2, but also the usual will obtain it for you. All Star Trek material; ranging from fan-written fiction, to poetry, reviews, articles about the cast of the TV program and their recent doings, and Old Tyme reviews that readers have sent in from sources throughout the country. Ruth doesn't seem as obsessed with Star Trek and its alternate universe as much as many faneds in this sub-fandom are, and it results in a better zine than most produce. Ruth is well-balanced, and so is her zine. If you're even remotely interested in the field, I'd recommend getting the zine. T-N contains some good reading and well-done artwork to match. Recommended for Special Interest groups....or old Star Trek fans as well.

Well, I didn't catch up on everything, but at least I managed to make a sizable dent in the stack of unlocated zines. Others remain, Frank Balazs (19 High St.; Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520) and *PARENTHESIS* #s 7 & 8, Mike Gorra (199 Great Neck Rd.; Waterford, CT 06385) and his *BANSHEE-now-RANDOM*, #s 8 & 9 and 1 thru 4 respectively, Bob Varde-man and Dick Patton (Box 11352; Albuquerque NM 87112 and 2908 El Corto SW, Albuquerque, NM 87105, respectively) and their newly-merged zine *ZYMUR-WORM* #s 20 & 21H; I'd hoped to get to them, but maybe I can actually LoC them instead. Outta room.....



## odds n' ends....

As you may have noticed, there has been a change of equipment around here, and I have not as yet managed to master it. Wally bought me this Selectric (rebuilt) as a Xmas gift, and when he spotted an ad for a Gestetner 320 in one of the suburban Bargain Hunter ads, we bought it the very same day. Having never been a mechanical genius, it's going to take me quite awhile to learn my way around the new pair, so I do hope you'll bear with me for awhile. Apologies are due to Ben Indick and Sam Long for the awful repro on their cartoons. I also have to learn a new stencil-cutting technique to get decent repro from the Gestetner...apparently it requires a heavier line to reproduce clearly.

The letter column was done on a "loaner" from the office-supply place where we purchased the IBM; it was a Pica instead of the Elite I'd requested, but since I couldn't swap it (they didn't have an Elite in stock) I went ahead and cut stencils anyway. The typeface wasn't particularly suitable for mimeo work, as you can tell, but since I have neither it nor the machine anymore, it, at least, is one problem that won't occur again. Or are such bladly stated declarations too tempting to the ghods???

If any of you have advice about the care and nurturing of either the Selectric or the 320, I'd dearly love to hear from you. I need all the help I can get!!!

Also, though I'm not certain it's spottable or not, I have to apologize for a six-week delay from start to finish of stencilling. I had intentions of getting this zine out by mid-March, but the illness and death of my Grandmother intervened, and cast any such plans into the winds. If it hadn't been for yet another family matter, a wedding (a much happier event), I would have finally finished last week. But, late or no, the thing is done at last. I'm relieved....

QUERY: Does anyone out there have a spare or unneeded copy of D #6? I gave my last one away, and would like one for my files if at all possible. Thanks!!!

TUCKER FUND TOTALS:  
C.o.H.: \$1,909.45  
Cash in Australia (Leigh Edmonds): \$59.35 (US). Spent for deposit and membership upgrade for Aussiecon: \$57.00. Total collected to date (3-9-75) \$2,025.80. Good work, fans!!! Approx. \$370 is still outstanding, but is expected to be collected...





....lettercol

JODIE OFFUTT  
FUNNY FARM  
LDENAN, KY 40329

Frustration Department: andy and Chris went out to cut down a tree that was shooting new ones up from its roots all over the yard and threatening the house. Chris went up the tree with a saw and the damn thing fell the wrong way bringing the lead-in wire from the TV antennae with it. On the very day that Nixon--ON... how quickly we forget--resigns. So we had to make do with that primitive form of communication, the radio. I suppose I heard as much as anybody, but it irked me that TV was unavailable to me.

At any rate, it's over and done with (maybe) and it's pretty much what I expected, although it's not as soon as I thought. I think it is the best thing for the country (cliche"), but a bit of vindictiveness within me says he should come to some sort of trial. But I'll bet part of the deal in resigning was that he would not be prosecuted, at least officially. We'll see what happens.

I have this theory that was born after reading transcripts of some of the tapes in NEWSWEEK. I think the man was/is a puppet, who is hardly capable of thinking for himself nor of uttering coherent sentences. I think he had the political ambition and coupled himself with men of means who wanted behind-the-scenes power. So Nixon was a front man for the rich. And practically everything he said was written down for him. That doesn't say much for our political system, does it? Rich men don't want to involve themselves with politics--it's too time-consuming. They're satisfied with power that they can buy. So they use their money. They took a chance on Nixon with their money. Else why would some of them be willing to help pay his way now--his taxes, for instance?

If the rich men aren't interested in up-front politics involvement, and relatively poor men can't afford it, and the result is a symbiotic marriage that may or may not (usually not) be in the best interests of the rest of us, then who's left to think about the USA? The people who are independantly wealthy and don't have to worry about lining their pockets, whose great-grandfathers or grandfathers had already done that for them. The Rockefellers and Kennedys (G. Washington was in that category). Men like this can afford to be idealistic and altruistic. They practice a little nepotism, but I can't see that that does much harm. Unfortunately good statesmen make poor politicians--in fact, I think the two are probably contradictory. Stevenson, probably Kissenger, and Lincoln.

Our country--our world for that matter--is short on great men right now. They've all died and aren't being replaced. There aren't any Churchills, deGualles, Stevensons around to take up the slack of great men. Everybody knew Khruchev, but who's big in Russia now? Who followed Nehru? We just don't have name leaders any more. Maybe it's because we don't have "great wars" any more. It's all done with mirrors and computers now. Pushbuttons. Nixon is a pushbutton.

It is to our credit as a democracy that in no other country could a change in government be done in the space of 24 hours with no visible bloodshed.



End of political commentary, and I've no idea what prompted it.

I walked in the Rexall store yesterday--one of the offutt meeting places in downtown Morehead, the others being the library, the other drugstore, the movie, or the 10¢ store--and Chris hopped up off a stool and said, "C'mere, quick!" Right there, folks, on the book rack at Bishop's was a copy of THE CRUSADER #1, by John Cleve. We knew Dell's distribution would be better than the normal sex houses, but I had no idea it would include neighborhood Rexall stores and supermarkets. Wow! I would love to know who buys it--somebody's in for a real surprise. It could be a mistake(a couple of Cleves found their way on the racks of one of the other drugstores in town a few months ago, an obvious screwup on the distributor's part), but who knows, maybe the intention was for more widespread distribution. Fascinating! I don't think the name of Grove Press appears anywhere in the book, or if it does, it's in conjunction with Dell.

Morehead tastes must be broader than Beecher's. I've scanned the racks in our (one) drugstore, and the grocery store too, but no CRUSADER in sight. So much for Northern sophistication...//As you pointed out; it's not so much the Rich who are too busy for politics, but the Newly Rich, those who are still out scrambling for that buck. Old Wealth always has had more leisure, more training and more inclination toward leading his fellow men toward some lofty goal or the other. Both types can be dangerous, of course. The one in the tendency to purchase the cooperation of people who will further the accumulation of Money; the other in the oblivion to the world as it really is.// When you read any of the transcripts, it seems unbelievable that any man with so little talent rose to the heights that Nixon did. I'm not prepared to say his way was paved with other's gold, but it's not an unlikely proposition...//What surprises me is that anyone would want him for a Front Man. There surely must've been other, more likely and more able, candidates.//As the ensuing months have shown, the resignation haven't brought an end to our country's travails. My reaction to hearing the news of Nixon's illness shows how bitter I've become in regarding that man. I believe he'd truly rather die than admit the truth. Anything would be preferable to honesty.

DAVE LOCKE  
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During the last month, or however long it's been, I've built up one hell of a backlog of fanzines and correspondence. Which I'll now start digging into. I blew my promise to Jay Kinney to get AWRY #8 published before Discon, but I sent him a postcard explaining the situation. The Tucker-zine has the highest priority. I don't regret doing it, but thank Roscoe it's done.

I'll be doing exactly four things between now and the end of the year. I'll do one more issue of AWRY for '74. I'll finish that short story I've been working on. I'll do my correspondence. I'll work on the house (God, will I work on the house...) Nothing else. No articles, no letterhacking. There ain't time for anything else.

AWRY #8 is going to be a monster. Groan. Even though it may disappoint a person or two, the lettercol is going to be virtually non-existent. I've got too damn many other things to fill up the zine. No way in the world I'm going to screw around with a lot of letters too.



I know I just said I wouldn't do any more letterhacking this year, but one comment on Brazier's SLANTED VIEWPOINT: Donn has the germ of an idea, with regard to bad practices on the part of fanwriters. I agree that submissions should be typed. I disagree that they should be double-spaced (a personal matter: I have great difficulty in getting into anything that is double spaced. It just doesn't read smoothly. And I can't draft anything in a double-spaced format. And I refuse to retype a submission to a fanzine...). I also agree with him about the rights of an editor to edit, but that's an awfully flimsy example he gives to prove his point (changing a word to prevent leaving too large a blank-space at the end of a line due to not being able to hyphenate a word the author chose). I can understand an editor not wanting to continue just one or two lines, at the end of an article, onto another page. It makes some sense to carefully edit under that circumstance. But to change a word for the reason Donn states; that's pretty ridiculous. Who the hell is going to object (in his instance, using the word "through") to seven blank spaces when the ends aren't justified anyway? And what's wrong with cutting into the (unjustified) margin for a letter or two? There ain't no one going to notice. If Donn will refer to page 1 of the last DILEMMA (#6), let him make note of the fact that line #2 ends seven spaces away from the right hand margin. Paragraph 4 line 8, ends 6 spaces away. Did anyone notice? Does anyone care? How much time would Donn have spent in looking for substitutions for the words 'available' and 'scaling' to avoid this hideous crime? /No, he would have hyphenated at those points, as I should have. But you're right; I doubt if anyone noticed, nor cared. I surely didn't.../

I will agree, in spirit, when Donn states that it's the editor's fanzine and not the writer's nor the reader's. But that doesn't excuse anyone from being negligent as an editor (I'm not referring to Donn; I'm merely making a general observation). No editor has the fiat to mishandle the work of his contributors. "mishandle" covers a lot of sins, because there are a number of ways an editor can screw his contributors. Yes, it is his fanzine - but where that fanzine contains material by others it behooves the editor to operate under the age-old Golden Rule. As a somewhat prolific fan writer and fan editor (as an editor I don't play often, but I play long and hard...) I can appreciate the problems from both points of view. I handle each contribution to AFRY as though it were something that came out of my own typewriter. I'm thankful to a good editor for working the bugs out of my material, and I curse the bad editor who runs amok (and barefoot without brains) and squashes the fruit from my typewriter. A curse on them forever.

*I'd like to say I agree with you both; contradictory as that is. I hate to leave big gaps at the end of a line (when I'm concerned with appearances, which I'm not, usually). But it doesn't bother the reader, as a rule, and I'd prefer the text to be left alone rather than reworded for the sake of avoiding gaps alone. Your example wasn't all that hot either. If it's only a matter of a line or two, why not reposition that page on the stencil? Or widen the margins or add an illo and make it run two pages? It's not that I disagree that often it's easier to cut than to bother with alternatives, I just wonder if it's the best alternative. Too often its simplicity is what makes it so compelling. In a way those who both write and edit are the Hypocrites of fandom; we see it from both sides, yet continue doing Evil Things on both sides.*



ED CAGLE  
STAR ROUTE SOUTH  
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LOCUST GROVE, OK 74352

"..diaryist.." ?????? How about diarist? I didn't look it up, but diarist sounds better. If pronounced as spelled, diaryist comes out of my mouth as "Die-A-Ree-Ist", which is reminiscent of a chronic backdoor-trotter.

The animated individual letters of your letter column heading are anatomically imperfect; as a portside leg extends, a portside arm is flexed in the opposite direction and etcetera. The "L"s and "E"s are also somewhat obscene, and the "C" downright uncouth.

Buck has every right to be proud of Bruce's 1.000% batting average as a submitting writer, and ain't it ironic to know that something for which he was paid is being sold (more or less) for at least 1000% more reward for the publisher? That's starting it off like it is.

What's all this bumf about BNFs? I thought that to be a fandom BNF was similar to becoming a politico with stroke, in that the newborn BNF, like the newborn Power Politico, was suddenly the holder of much influence, but that along with the power also came the humbling realization that no matter what the individual did after that point, at least half the people would despise him for his actions.

If the fact that con-going fans so a little sightseeing bothers anyone, try holding a con where the air is clean and the surroundings worth perusing. I am of the opinion that fans could get just as drunk, sing just as obscenely, and shoot the breeze just as well outdoors where the view is nice than indoors where the atmosphere is plastic and the help surly. And it's cheaper.

You think most fanzines share a positive outlook? I thought the majority were pessimistic, slightly morose, eternally apologetic, and predictably defensive of any and all editorial views. Lump those traits into one small area, call it 'cool', and you have a BNF. Or a critic. Hush my mouth.

*I could argue that because animated letters, if such existed, would have rigid backbones, they would be more apt to use a pacing motion than we flexible-spined humans...but I won't because that would be arguing after the fact. Mea Culpa: I simply didn't notice. And fie on thee for doing so!//The Highmore in '75 bid tried to lure fans to the great outdoors, but the fans weren't buying. Fresh air would cause too many to convulse anyway; all that corflu, y'know...*

BRUCE D. ARTHURS  
57th TRANS CO  
FORT LEE, VA 23811

As for Buck's letter on Page 7 of DILEMMA, making a first sale on a first submission seems to be a common occurrence recently. I ran into Ted White at the Worldcon, who croggled me by telling me he'd accepted a story entitled "The Return of Captain Nucleus", which is the first manuscript I ever submitted anywhere. It'll be in the January FANTASTIC (I think). I believe Mike Glicksohn's first pro story will be in the same issue, and I believe it was his first professional submission also.

Gee, it's lucky Doug Leingang is off to Africa, or wherever. If he read the above, he'd eat his heart out, poor guy. (I'd like to see one of Doug's manuscripts someday, to see what they were like.)

So when are you going to sell your first story, Jackie?



A Harlan Ellison story: Saturday night at Discon, after "A BOY AND HIS DOG" had finished, Mike Glycer, Elst Weinstein, and I (The Three Putridcers) sought out Harlan to invite him to be guest of honor at the Banquet at McDonald's the next day. Elst approached him, and the dialogue went like this:

ELST: "Harlan, would you like to be guest of hon--"

HARLAN: "NO!!!" and ran away.

I still don't know if Ellison perhaps recognized Elst or Glycer and realized what they were up to, or if that's just his standard procedure to GOH invitations. Anyway, at McDonald's the next day, the tabs for the real Guests of Honor (of which I was one of the Pro GOHs, heh-heh) were collected by passing around a cup and asking for donations to the Harlan Ellison Relief Fund "to get us relief from Harlan Ellison."

AND I MET BOB TUCKER AT DISCON!!! What more can I say?

Loved the Ben Fan Strip. Tell Locke to keep it up.

*And give us relief from stories about Harlan Ellison, while you're at it.//As a matter of fact, I did sell my first submission too; a super short-short-short to AMERICAN GIRL when I was a freshman in high school, for a lordly 5 bucks. Memory kindly tries to blot it out...//I read your story in FANTASTIC, and noted that the Coulson family was represented in that issue as well, but if Mike was present, he hid behind a pseudonym (Ian perhaps?)// Locke hasn't kept it up, unfortunately. (Cagle, have fun with that line!) We are substituting a New Talent to the field this issue, whose style is strongly reminiscent of Locke's, as you'll undoubtedly notice. But we're hoping to get more of the One and Only's work for future issues...*

DEAN GRENNELL  
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I have decided, in all cold-blooded unilaterality, that the muse of postal correspondence isis named Envelope, that the one for electronic communications is Microphone (Cathode

wasfirst runner-up in that contest) and the muse in charge of photography is Develope. At which point, I had to turn my attention to something else and have not had the chance to ruminate upon the matter since. However, if you wish, you're free to assign muses for any other pursuits that may seem sadly so lacking, in your estimation. Macrame, for instance.

My workaday output could be likened to walking along a tunnel with a very low ceiling. By that, I mean I must compose with all sorts of restrictive programming. For an immediate example, I'm not allowed to use the word "very", since my employer detests it. This leads me to dot in a lot more "Quites" than my normal inclination might consume. El Jefe, likewise, has a phobic horror of anything smacking of a split infinitive. Thus, in countless instances every working day, I must pause to reshuffle the normal word-flow (often into painfully awkward phrasing) so as to not set off his apoplexy. Parantheses are another no-no. Must always use dashes in place of them. And getting an Arabic numeral through the proofreading is as easy as smuggling a Gatling gun aboard a 747. We're allowed to use digits only when it requires more than three syllables to vocalize them. Which leads to grotesque usages such as saying the diameter of something is, "between one-and-one-half and 1-11/16 inches." Well, just possibly, I might get away with 1-1/2, there, but I'd have to say between one-half and 33/64-inch; which bugs me. Also, all mss. for publication must be



typed on pink paper. I do not choose to go into the rationale behind that little foible, but it also bugs me and you can be sure that any non-business typing I do is done on honest white-paper; at least, not on what I privately refer to as piranha-bark pink.

Now it's true that I do occasionally manage to smuggle small traces of myself onto the nation's newstands. I have a healthy distaste for well-worn cliches and try to invent a brand-new cliché, rather than grab at the obvious phrase (avoid cliches as you would the plague, has always been my motto, mehitabel). Thus, recently, for one example, I characterized a thrillingly new product, with which I was not terribly impressed, as being "in the same category, inventionwise, as the metric crescent wrench."

I meant to note: "Plato Jones", "Randy Jason", and "LACH" (for Lynn Arden Cray Hickman) are all psuedo's which have been used for artwork by Lynn Hickman, one time or another. As a friendly spoof, I used to sign some of mine as "Socrates Smith". I'm not sure if that exhausts the listing of Hickman psuedo's, but it is, at least, some of them.

PS-It was supposed to be "a sitz-pack of Schlix". I don't know if I flubbed it or you did. As in "another fitz of Old FifthGerald". Or "two more bottles of Threeberg", y'know?

*Since the original letter is in my correspondence Limbo, down in the (ugh) basement, I can't look it up, but you're probably right. When such cleverly subtle puns as that are seen, I too often tend to correct them; mistaking them for typos...//I hope that the revelation of Hickman's Secret (?) won't be too traumatic. It's been so long since he's probably seen those psuedo's, that even he might have forgotten them!*

DAVE ROWE  
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Perhaps Donn is transferring the "Fans-What Irks Me" argument from Title to Dilemma, but my main state of confusion is choosing which camp to put my foot in. After all, I've been (in a very small way) an illustrator, writer,

editor and go-between for fanzines. And I realize that both sides can be 'baskets' at times.

As a go-between, I'm in the dilemma of receiving some mss. from pro-authors (including Michael Moorcock) over 2½ years ago, which I had illustrated by Kevin Cullen (probably Britain's best fan-artist). The editor I got them for then folded his zine, but won't hand the stuff back because he's going to re-strat the old one, or come out with a new one--Real Soon Now--I've heard that once a month for the past two years, and every so often it makes me cry a little.

As an illiustrator, I've received one or two line letters asking for illoes and I've had fan-eds yell requests down con-hall stairs at me. Editors also seem to accept whatever you send them, which tends to show just how much they care about the 'presentation' & 'personality' of their zine. Of the five times I've received illoes back, only one has really infuriated me. This was an editrix who yelled "help"; she had an extremely close deadline and no cover. I said O.K. but the cover would have to be a very simple one. She also sent a ms. for illoing which was a riotous rock festival. The illoes for that were rejected as "too chaotic", and of the cover she said; "It isn't quite what I'd like my zine to be wrapped up in." Six months later I sent



her as she'd agreed to illo, with a somewhat larger deadline, perhaps she thought I'd automatically reject, but I never did get the finished articles.

And as an editor, that's what really irks me, writers and illustrators with two-three month deadlines (agreed deadlines, that is) overshooting by two-three months!!! When I agree to reach a deadline, I either reach it (as far in advance as possible) or let the editor know well before that something's cropped up and I won't be able to make that date-if that happens I always give the ed enough time to find another illustrator.

As a writer I really haven't had enough experience altho I realize the difficulty Donn must have cutting my multi-page hand-written col to fit two pages. If I have a complaint at all, it's with the editor I was working as go-between with. I did some interviews with various authors at the Globe, about their current work, the the links which I wrote were bad, so the ed re-wrote nearly all of them and made them a damn sight worse. Also in a multi-written con-rep I supplied all the gag-lines & the credits included everyone--but me. So it goes.

"Dread lurgi" was a disease which appeared in the Goon Show (back in the 50's) which could be cured or prevented by playing the tuba. Those affected by it were all in the pay of Major Denis Bloodnok (military coward & bar(\*)) & Grytpype-Thynne, who just happened to have a large supply of Army Supplist Tubas, which they hoped to sell to the National Health.

Since then the 'Lurgi' has become the name of any small illness, amongst fan.

Anyone want a tuba?

*My experience, too, has been fairly limited, but also much better. The only hassles I could refer to would be being asked to do illos in too short a time (not all of us can knock off minor masterpieces of creativity in a few seconds, after all...\*sigh\*). But I think that's due to faneds being spoiled by near-geniuses like Rotsler...*

BEN P. INDICK  
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At last I am freed for a few weeks from the Drudge Store, and after a very exhausting three weeks of open to close 6 days a week, I can get to this pile of zines...

Of all things, I turn to yours immediately, partly because the others are so thick I shall need time to peruse them. And the universality!!! About five from Australia, one from Turkey (a two-page forward in English and the balance in Turkish--! Maybe you received it also; ANTARES-I do not know why I got a copy...I do have an old reprobate of a customer who is a Turk, and mayhap he can help me with it. He left Turkey at age 13, following an inadvertant murder (so he says) and has, in the ensuing sixty years traveled much. A wonderful character, a veritable Zorba, who was in the unhappy state of things, contextually wrong, a Greek...)

Haw---Shambleau the collie!! Great...Is your husband a fan too? If not, at least you could give him the story to read. I presume your Shambleau is just a dog and not the marvelous and awesome alien of



Moore's great story...? Then again, you never know... Our mutt has the more prosaic name of Edna (for various reasons) and I recall wistfully her first and last litter...years ago. My wife did not want to go through with it again, so we had her spayed. It was very interesting, and, sadly, the first pup of four died. I disposed of the pup inauspiciously and unsentimentally, in the waste, altho I had to tell the many neighbor kids we had buried her. My own kids resented this callousness, and last week when our parakeet, Tookie, died (a good long life of ten years!), my son buried her in the back yard, with a pussy willow over the earth. I asked whether he had said a Mourner's Kaddish, but apparently he did not. I would have, not formally, but just a few words...how this little yellow parakeet had been a tough, biting bird for half its life, then, after a standoff fight with a cat (it lost most of a wing, was bleeding profusely, but was holding off the cat when we came in), it became tame, would allow its soft belly to be stroked; would gently peck at a finger. It had become gentle and warm, and this would have been my kaddish.

*The internationalism of fandom is surprising; I've wondered if it's a recently acquired trait, or has it been present all along? Turkish fanzines, Japanese fanzines, German, Swedish, and on and on...they're all a delight to get, even if you're incapable of reading a single word! Looting them however, is another story. Particularly when it's impossible to keep up with those produced in one's mother tongue!//Though my liking for animals runs deep, I've never thought of myself as being mawkishly sentimental about them. Yet, saying a few fitting words over a grave of a fondly regarded and individualistic pet is something I can seldom resist either. Saluting a friend, even if said friend was a "dumb" beast, is always appropriate. Is it possible to say a kaddish retroactively? Maybe it wasn't kosher, but I think you just did...*

ERIC MAYER  
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Received DILEMMA and enjoyed it, though Donn's article caused me to flinch a bit. Practically everything I've sent him has been single spaced. It is satisfying to single space fanzine pieces,

because, since fanzines are simply typed up, a single spaced submission looks like the finished product. Quite reassuring. There have been arguments over who is most indebted to who. Is the editor lucky that writers submit work to him or is the writer lucky that the editor prints and distributes what he submits? I favor the editor myself. He's the one putting up the money and doing the mundane labor, and most editors could, in a pinch, fill up their own fanzine all by themselves. I know if I edited a fanzine I would expect to have the final say on editorial matters. Besides, a lot of writing needs editing. You tend to overlook your own mistakes, your own stupid statements, verbosity, or whatnot. You'd recognize such things quick enough in someone else's writing, but not in your own. It is possible for an editor to botch an article up, but more often than not two heads are better than one. Just for instance...I don't know what you thought of my TITLE story. Maybe you hated it. But Donn cut that drastically, as he mentioned at the end of the story, and he improved it. So if it's lousy its not his fault. It's far better in this form.

Probably one of the reasons I like TITLE so much is that Donn and I seem to be on the same wavelength in certain regards. My alien article and story for instance. I can't really think that that story can have any great widespread appeal, and his liking it seems to



indicate a certain congruence of taste more than anything else. It that makes any sense. (gobbledygook...?)

I liked Loren's letter. It was more of an article than a letter, with some great lines.

Denis Quane's experience hits home. How many times have I said something stupid, only to come up with a witty reply later. If only I had a time machine. Consider this: you could visit a sf convention. Bring along a tape recorder. Follow yourself around, taping all your uninspired conversations. Then, go back to the present and get to work, writing yourself a script! After that all you'd have to do is memorize your part. Your convention appearance would be an instant fannish legend. You'd go down in the fanhistory books as a brilliant and witty conversationalist. Of course, if I had a time machine I might find better uses for it.

I wonder why Harlan told Denis he looked like a process server? Now that was a witty remark. But then maybe Harlan had it all figured out beforehand... "Wow, that's witty. First guy I see standing in front of the convention center I'm going to say 'You look like a process server.' It's sure to make some fanzines, and someone might even read about it and be reminded that I have a new book out and..." Or maybe he has a notebook full of witty remarks, suitable for a variety of different occasions. Maybe someone should put out a Berlitz handbook of conversational snappy comebacks. Then Denis would merely have leafed through the handbook till he came to "Process Server", scanned the entry, looked Harlan in the hairpiece and retorted...well, what were those witty comebacks Denis figured out after the fact???

It's too bad Ford pardoned Nixon. I was willing to go along with Ford. He seemed like a nice guy, even if I didn't agree with him all the time. After all, ever since I've been aware of the presidency, there's been a bastard there. I don't like politics. I'd like to be able to trust the president and then forget about him. And for a couple of weeks it looked like Ford was going to fill the bill. But how can you pardon the biggest criminal in the country, someone who admitted to a coverup conspiracy, and fail to pardon the draft dodgers who were protesting an immoral war? Nope. There's no justice. My cynicism deepens. I don't even feel almost sorry for Tricky anymore, phlebitis notwithstanding. Damn - I wanted to like Ford.

*Wasn't it Jefferson who said "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance? Well, we've certainly had that truth pounded home. If even a Boy Next Door kind of president is capable of doing something as high-handed as pardoning--before indictment at that!--the man who tried to strip us of our democratic form of government and control opposition through Gestapo-like tactics, then we should know now, if we can ever learn it, that we can't fully trust anyone in that high position. Maybe, in a way, it's been a healthy thing for us all, a cheap lesson, considering what apathetic acceptance could have permitted....*

MIKE GLICKSOHN  
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M6P 2S3 CANADA

Enjoyed your natterings about the summer and the convention in Nashville. As I wrote at some length in my FAFazine, the three small cans I went to last spring, Marcon, Minicon, and Disclave, were three of the most enjoyable conventions I've been to. I'd rate any of them over DISCON, although



I had many enjoyable times at that mammoth gathering too. But somehow I feel more satisfied after a small regional than I do after a gigantic worldcon at which I invariably miss three quarters of what's happening.

I'd have to disagree with Donn's views on the rights of editors, although some of his beefs are very sound. There was a certain fan writer who sent me three consecutive submissions that arrived with about 40¢ postage due on them. Needless to say, that did not put me in a very good frame of mind, but it is an isolated case. Donn seems to be willing to take liberties with people's work that I would certainly not want taken with mine. As an occasional writer, rather than editor, I don't think anyone has the right to change my manuscript without consulting me first, except for correcting spelling errors. Even seeming errors in grammar or syntax may well be deliberate, and I'd want to be asked before any corrections were made.

On the other hand, Donn is absolutely right that the editor must set length and content requirements. This not mean, though, that he can shorten something submitted to fit the space requirements of the zine without clearing it with the writer first. And while an editor should have the right to hold material until he can present it properly, as I did frequently with ENERGUMEN, he should also advise the writer about this, in case the writer wants to send it somewhere else for more immediate publication. The editor should also try to give a fairly specific idea as to just how long the delay might be. It's only common courtesy, after all. I think Donn may have been a little warped by dealing with so many letters of comments, where the practices he suggests would be perfectly acceptable, and indeed are unwritten understandings throughout fandom. But articles are a different kettle of horses completely.

Interesting to read Jeff May's optimistic letter about the KC bid. Personally, I don't think they've got a chance; not enough experience behind them, not well enough known, that sort of thing. Too bad...

I marvel at your illustration for Loren's excellent letter. It quite brought a tear to my eye. Loren's letterconrep captures the delightful flavour of Marcon quite well, including the funereal scene of goodbye as we all paid our last respects to the gallant wee lad from the forests of the Pacific Northwest. It was reminiscent of the scene in M\*A\*S\*H where everyone passes Painless in his coffin and leaves a little token of respect. I identified myself, since Loren's eyes were closed, clasped his hand warmly, and dropped a freshly killed hamster down his throat. The little fellow quite shook with the emotion of the moment.

*Needless to say, I share your enthusiasm for the small regional conventions. They represent to me the epitome of fannish gatherings. While enjoyable in their way, Worldcons don't seem truly fannishly-oriented. They've almost reached the status of mass entertainment instead of a gathering of mutually interested and interesting people.//Yes, it is indeed unfortunate that KC has all those strikes against them. Maybe at some future time...*

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As you've no doubt heard by now, it's Randall D. Larson and Larson E. Glicksohn. The one is a snake and the other a rather bizarre fellow. See don't you feel sorry now! Once



he's gone, you flood the Elysian Fields with remorse, but during life you heaped nothing but abuse upon the poor creature. I certainly hope that you've learned your lesson.

Dilemma #6 was probably the best yet in terms of content, the feeling is perhaps enhanced by the editrix getting more of herself into it and talking of cons I was unable to attend, though I sorely wanted to go. I wish you'd told me more of the stories "that fans will swap when they speak of fun conventions".

Carol St. poem brought back strangely nostalgic memories, in light of what happened at AKC 1. Remember the Sciounger's table? We did pretty good for starting from scratch that night. I can't recall too many of the people who were at the table that night...you, Phyllis Eisenstein, myself, six or seven others. Ann Passovoy was near enough for me to suggest "Bouncing Potatoes" when the "lady in red" appeared, but she wasn't at our table. I think there were a couple of neos at their first con too.

I also want to drop a few favorable words about Loren MacGregor and his fine conrep. I enjoyed it quite a bit.

*Who heaped abuse on that poor creature??? Not I! The only remark I made about the reptilian Glicksahn that could be called even remotely disparaging was in questioning its owners preference for cold-blooded beasties to nice, warm, mammalian kinds. How Soon We Forget Dept: you were the only one to note a discrepercy in names...//Martha Beck was sitting with us that night too, guess this is her year for being taken as a neo...*

Time for the ever-lovin' WAFT List. Wish I had more room and more time so I could run them all. Ray Bowie, "Pisto Jones", Rose Hogue, Eric Lindsay, Denis Quane, Sara Thompson, Dave Barnett, and Laurine White. Thanks to you all for your interest!!!

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