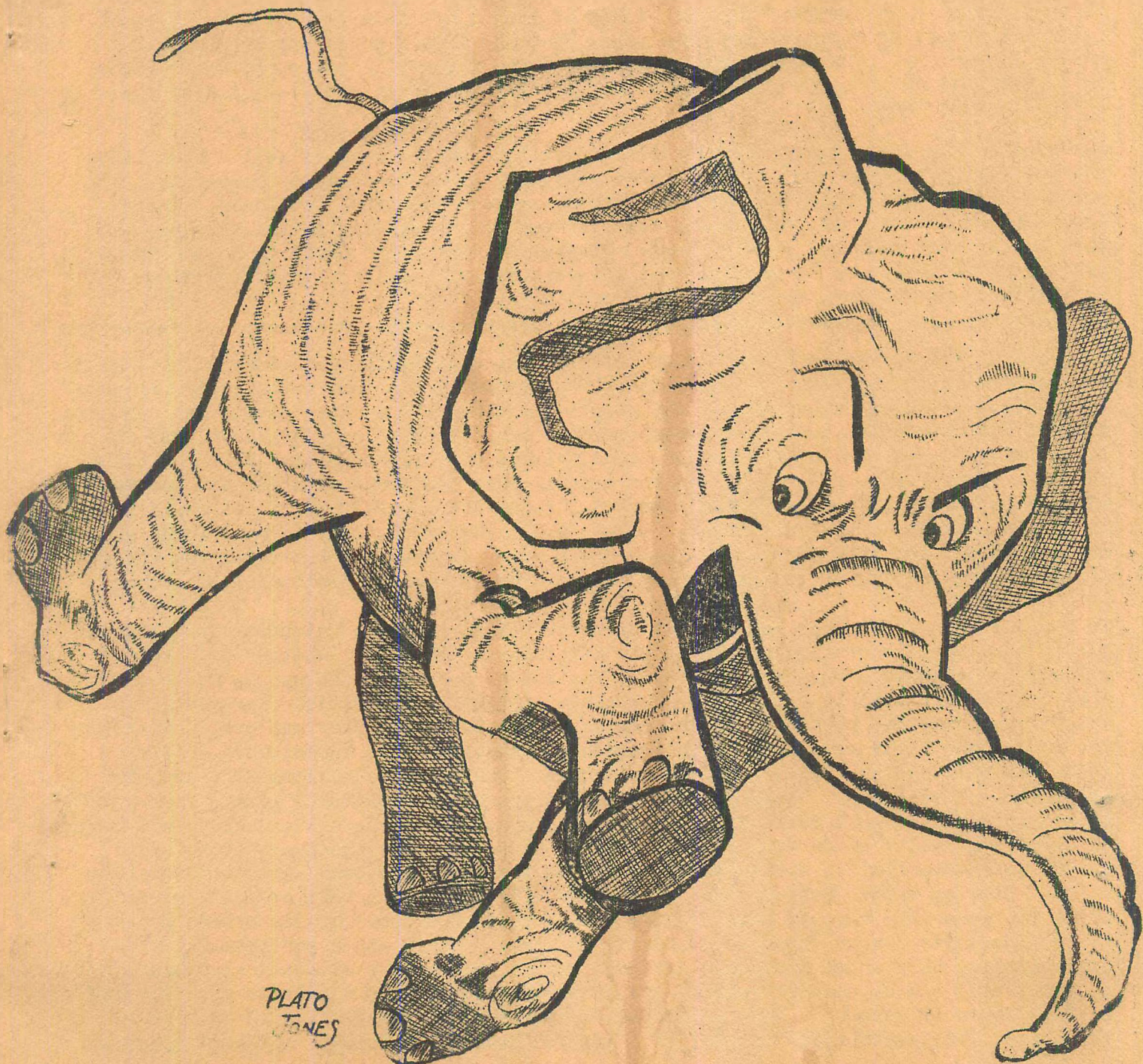


DILEMMA⁸



DILEMMA #8 -- from Jackie Franke; Box 51-A RR 2; Beecher, IL 60401 -- June, 1975
Available for LoC, contribution, trade (your terms: 1-for-1, all-for-all...I'm not
fussy), or whim. I won't sneer at a couple of 8¢ stamps, either. Irregularly pub-
lished, but I do try for a quarterly schedule. Lessee, anything else belong here?
Vote for TAFF (I can't choose between Bowers and Tackett, so I'm tossing a coin),
Orlando in '77, ghod-knows-who in '78, and Britain looks reasonably well for '79.

Yeah, I've actually got a cover this issue. Plato Jones sent that stampeding elephant
drawing almost a year ago, and has plaintively inquired about its health ever since.
Trouble was, it was too big for the Speed-O-Print to handle, and I didn't have the
heart to send it back. Figuring that somehow, someday, I'd manage to use it, I clung
to it with a grip of steel. The arrival of the Gestetner, with its wider margins, s
solved that problem, but I had to overcome my own doubts about being able to cut it
successfully. Even after it was cut, I had to run it off first, to be sure it came
out, before cutting stencils for this page. Nothing like a confident approach, I
nearly always say. (Of course you realize that the mimeo will not go berserk, rip
this page into shreds, and you'll never see it anyway. So it goes...) I hope you
like it: know that I do!

Anyone else who feels like sending cover art will be smiled upon as well. Spot illos
are gratefully welcome too, and just about anything else you care to contribute. I'm
not proud, I'll even take Ted White's rejects, perhaps even Buck Coulson's. There
are certain restrictions, of course; take it easy on the shading in the artwork, and
keep the written material fairly short. Otherwise, just about anything goes. Oh, I
suppose it is necessary to mention that I except fan-fiction from that "anything".
My standards may be low, but even I have my limits.

Marcon X proved something to me: I do not like all cons indiscriminately. The idea
had occurred to me that any con, no matter how ineptly run, or how cruddy its surround-
ings, would be enjoyed--because of the people one meets, if nothing else. But, as any-
one who has attended a number of fan-gatherings can tell you, each con does have its
unique flavor, and that of Marcon was bland, with a hint of sourness. Were I a better
critic, I could list in A, B, C, fashion exactly what was wrong with Marcon, but my
mind doesn't work in such a logical fashion. About the clearest way I can explain it
is to say that the vibes were wrong. I saw, and talked with, many of my friends and
acquaintances, and that portion of the con was good, as always. But there was a sort
of oppressive feeling to things, mainly in the area of committee/attendee relations.

To me, the primary thought and motivating force behind fans who volunteer for the hard
job of running a convention should be the attendees. After all, whether it's out of
altruistic urges or a hunger for ego-boo, you put on a con for the people who come to
them. It's such a basic concept, I would have thought it axiomatic. Apparently not.
The Marcon committee seemed to place greater import to a few other matters; themselves,
the hotel, and their reputation with commercial establishments in Columbus. After
those, if they had the time, came the attendees. One example: hall parties are part
and parcel of most cons. They generally evolve out of the con-suite party, when groups
of people, seeking more room or just a place to squat down once all the seats are taken
or perhaps a cooler place when the consuite is so packed that the temperature soars
beyond tolerable limits, sit themselves down on the floor and lean against the hallway
walls. Picking a path between the outstretched feet becomes a test of one's sobriety,
since you generally have to pass through a hundred feet or more of fen before getting
to the con-suite, where the bar is usually located. Hotels don't particularly like
hall parties; they cause a certain amount of noise, and give a slightly slipshod air
to the place, and cautionary remarks are generally sent to the committee once the hall
parties begin in earnest. Most committees acknowledge the warning, step outside the
con-suite, and tell the fen to cool it. Not the Marcon committee. A *gasp* complaint

had been made! The solution? Certainly it wasn't to soothe the ruffled feathers of the hotel management by whatever means were available (flattery, promises, outright bribes). Instead the parties were squashed. Immediately and hard. The fen were shooed away like so many annoying insects, and each and every time two people so much as paused in the hallway to say hello in passing, someone would pop out and tell them to move on--"the hotel doesn't like it".

Naturally, fans being fans, groups did manage to use the hallways for small rap sessions, but they had to go away from the con-suite, and wait until the wee hours to do it (fortunately, the Marcon Committee is noted for their early retiring hours---one of the primary reasons their Columbus in '76 bidding attempt failed was because they shut down bidding parties at 2 a.m.). But it felt uncomfortable to have to be sneaky about something which is taken for granted at other cons.

There were other examples, even more minor, that added up to a sense of conflict between attendees and the committee. If they had been more numerous, or of greater import, perhaps it would have given a rebellious spirit to the con that would have superseded the oppressive impressions---such as developed at NyCon from what I hear--but instead it simply dampened things, and the feeling of fun and frivolity suffered. SF conventions, despite their hall-parties, despite their carousing, despite their all-night gatherings, have a good reputation among hotel people. We do not vandalize, we do not brawl, we cause far less disruption than almost any other gathering of like-minded people. There is no cause to squelch the relatively peaceful expressions of high spirits than fans show. The Marcon committee didn't give a damn about those who came to their convention, and I, in turn, don't give a damn about Marcon. I'll never attend another. My absence will surely not be noted, by myself or the committee...

Minicon, as all the gatherings Up North have been, was greatly enjoyed, and wiped the aftertaste of Marcon away like a slug of mouthwash. The motel actually made an attempt at blocking the attendees rooms, and though it seemed that everything you wanted to see was on yet a different floor, the con held together well. When the expected complaint arrived about noise, the committee stood between the attendees and the Forces of Fugghedness and staved off the objections. We were allowed to party in peace. Bev Swanson MCEED a Masquerade on Saturday night, and deserved every bit of applause she got for her efforts. Good show; good job, Bev! We all loved it! The panels went well, the beer and booze flowed, the banquet was edible (and thanks to Joni Stopa for thinking of Martha and I when she had those extra tickets!), the speeches were interesting, and a feeling of fellowship and fun dominated everything. Minicon exemplified what a con should be. With the track record they've got going for them, I don't see how their Minneapolis in '73 bid can fail!!! Give them your support...

I didn't know for sure until the day before that I'd be able to attend Kubla Khan Clave (oops! *Khuded!* This year Moore and Co. broke the KKK taboo...). Martha was ill and couldn't go, my other possible rider dropped out, and I was left with the numbing 7+ hour drive by myself. Money was tight, and I felt vaguely anxious that the good-bad-good pattern of cons that had been established for the year would hold true. But when Wally went out to a local flea market, and sold off a quarter of his beloved knife collection to eliminate the financial portion of my worries, there was nothing else to do but sally forth on the highway. And it all was worth it, which I should have expected from previous experience. The Nashville group, like those Crazy Mpls Fans, know how to put on good cons, and KK³ was no exception to their record. Everything went well, from the drive down, to the surprising sumptuousness of the rooms at the motel, to the number of out-of-area-attendees, to the Art Show, to the program, to my unusual success in the Bridge games. Receiving the news that Rusty Hevelin had won DUFF simply added to the good feelings that were welling up. (Though relieved at the news--I'd been afraid that John Berry's greater participation in fanzine fandom would doom "our" candidate--it seemed so fitting and proper that my expression of pleasure wasn't quite as unbridled as I'd expected. I merely squealed with delight instead of leaping into

air, clicking my heels, or turning cartwheels. Quite sedate, I was.) We phoned Martha, who was in the hospital having hernia-repair surgery, to tell her the results, and that too, was a high point. Because of the cash situation, I skipped the banquet (the first time I had in Nashville, darn it!) and thereby missed a good deal of the speechifying that followed. Starting earlier than the posted 8:30 time, the after-dinner entertainment was half-over by the time I got downstairs. At least I did get to listen to andy offutt's timely talk on the up-coming Bicentennial--the 200th birthday of our country. I haven't the space to repeat his remarks here (though I dearly hope that some faned managed to beg a copy from andy, and will publish the speech somewhere. It deserves wider exposure!), but he managed to remind us of some things we occasionally forget and that sometimes seem corny and old-fashioned to discuss. Namely, patriotism and pride in one's nation. It was exceptionally well-received, something that seemed to shock offutt as much as it did me, and the standing ovation he got was most moving. Love of country is not a topic often broached in fandom, and I can understand why andy was hesitant to use it as subject material for an after-dinner speech. But, obviously, despite the negativism that has marked fannish references to the US, feelings of patriotism--the honest sort of patriotism, that acknowledges inadequacies and tries to rectify wrongs in the hopes of improving something you genuinely care about rather than the "Love it or leave it" sort--run deep. Flag waving or other mindless obsequence to symbols is worthless, but thoughtfull consideration of the real meaning behind the actions of the founders of our nation, and the creators of its constitution in particular, are always in order. The men who began the United States often acted out of petty reasons and motivations, but what they erected has endured, and is moving always in the direction of the long sought after Ideal that mankind has dreamed about throughout the ages: Liberty, Justice, and the Pursuit of Happiness. We haven't come up with all the answers to problems that have plagued humanity for thousands of years, but, by ghod, we're giving it one hell of a try! I see no wrong in saying so once in awhile.

I've been on a wonderful high ever since returning from Nashville. About the only disappointment encountered was having to forgo a Windycon committee meeting (any excuse for a party...) in order to attend a family function. Believe me, the fan gathering would have been preferred, but at times we do have to acknowledge Duty. I did find out the dangers that are inherent in missing such events: I was appointed to moderate a panel at the con in my absence. Thanks, Mike; she says wryly. At least the topic, fan publishing and a fanzine workshop, is one I'm interested in, and if I can cajole enough faneds to serve on it, I should be able to keep the microphone away from me long enough to swallow a sufficient number of tranquilizers. Any suggestions about just what to cover in the workshop would be deeply appreciated! Offers of out-of-state hideaways even more so! Public speaking is definitely NOT my forte...

Two weeks till Midwestcon, and I hope to see many of you at Cincinnatti, as well as at BYOBcon and Rivercon this July. Fan Fair will have to be regretfully passed up, vacation scheduling couldn't be juggled well enough to fit it in, and we'll most likely be flat broke by then. Of course, miracles have been known to happen...

Aprpos of nothing in particular: how often have you read comments about the US's greed for oil, and how much more we consume than produce? Here's some statistics to think about....

CONSUMPTION OF PETROLEUM (percent of world total)	PRODUCTION OF PETROLEUM (percent of world total)	RATIO: USE TO PRODUCTION
United States.....30%	United States.....5%	United States.....6:1
Western Europe.....25%	Western Europe.....2%	Western Europe.....12.5:1

The population ratio being about 2-1/4 to 1 in favor of Europe, I'd say things even out pretty well. The next time the pot calls the kettle black, it's something to recall.

THE ROAD TO HELL IS PAVED WITH ATHEISTS

by DAVE LOCKE

This is not an article. I don't know exactly what it is, really. It's a letter of comment in a way, or it's something out of my personal correspondence files, or maybe it could be considered as a slice out of my life. It's an episode, certainly. I thought I'd share it with you, and either give you something to write about or bore you clean off of your chair.

Some background is in order, so let me start off by saying that my wife is a very religious person (she answers the phone with: "God loves you"), and I am a very unreligious person. To each hiser own, but the following bit of manuscript was kicked off by the polarization of our religious beliefs.

Phoebe brought home a newsletter from church, and it contained an editorial by her minister on which she solicited my comments. As it turned out, my verbal comments were not sufficient for her purpose and she wound up asking me to set my thoughts down on paper in the form of a letter to her minister. I think I had something to say in that letter which had value beyond that of being merely a reply. Undoubtedly I had nothing new to say, but the content came out in what you might consider an interesting sequence.

Religion is a subject that hasn't been kicked around in general fandom for quite some time, and despite the fact that it's an old hobby-horse, it might be amusing to exhume it and kick it around again. There are a lot of new faces around nowadays, and I suspect that fans could give more depth to a discussion than you might find in the average college bullsession. Debating religion on an academic level would be a dead bore, but discussing the topic from a personal standpoint should result in some interesting material.

The minister's editorial:

FROM YOUR PASTOR'S HEART...

"Christianity is just a crutch." This opinion is echoed by most atheists and agnostics.

I agree that the Biblical faith is a crutch -- and just the crutch that mankind needs!

The most liberal thinker must agree that a disablement has crippled humanity. Something (call it what you will) has gone wrong in man's inner life. Even the most blatant unbeliever must confess that he does not always live up to his own standard of conduct. It is not man's ignorance but his inability to perform that hobbles him.

Convince me if you can of your moral and social perfection. Testify to me how your unbelief has forged for you a great purpose: how your convictions have fortified you in facing the crises and problems of life; and how your Christ-less and Bible-denying position has brought inner peace.

Christianity has not been tried and found wanting by honest investigators. I find that most militant critics are such for the sake of convenience rather than by thoroughly thought-out conviction.

It takes great faith to be an atheist or agnostic. The whole universe preaches an all-wise and all-powerful Designer!

Friends, Christianity is the crutch you need!

John E. Boehmer, Pastor

My letter of comment:

Dear John -

Although the hand on the typewriter is mine, Phoebe is the guiding force for the creation of this missive. The other day she handed me a copy of your April 6th editorial and requested my comments. Actually, she dragged them out of me (I hesitate to enter discussions with her on the subject of religion; although she likes to initiate them, she lets herself be angered by the opposing viewpoint and the "discussion" degenerates quickly whenever that happens). But this time she threw in a new wrinkle: she wanted me to write down my comments and address them to you.

As I recall, my initial response was "say what?"

It is her contention that you suffer deeply because of an absence of feedback on your editorial material. To her this is good and sufficient reason for requesting that I haul myself up by the shift key and provide you with a letter of comment. Actually I suspect that she has other reasons for this unusual request, and that they lay warm and insidious beneath the surface of her personality, but I have reluctantly acceded to her wishes. What follows, then, is my personal reaction to your editorial on the subject of "Christianity is just a crutch". I can only apologize in advance if it bores you to such a degree that you lose consciousness.

Your first paragraph: "Christianity is just a crutch. This opinion is echoed by most atheists and agnostics." I can't speak for most atheists and agnostics, but I would question that an agnostic would say such a thing. In my experience, an agnostic is a person who does not know whether there is a God or whether there isn't, and he doesn't believe that anyone else knows either. To say that "Christianity is just a crutch" would be taking somewhat of a position on the subject, and a true agnostic would probably not do that.

Your second paragraph: "I agree that the Biblical faith is a crutch -- and just the crutch that mankind needs!" I feel that you do religious people a disservice with this statement. To my mind, there are three reasons why a person might be involved in religion:

1. It is a habit. His parents went to a certain church, and he goes to it because he has always gone to it. Maybe he goes every week or maybe he goes only on Easter Sunday, but he goes because it is customary that he go. He probably doesn't think about religion much, and likely treats it as an obligation on the same plane as going to his parents' house for Thanksgiving dinner. He may have had participation in sophmoric bullsessions on the subject of religion, but generally he avoids discussing it because he feels the subject should be accepted and not debated - he has no patience for talking about it.

2. Religion is just a crutch. There is the fellow who pays only lip service to his religion. However, there arise certain situations which are beyond his control and he likes to have an "ace in the hole" in case such a situation occurs. This viewpoint is best typified by Johnny Carson, who believes in God because "if I'm wrong, believing isn't going to hurt me. If I'm right, then it's a good thing that I believe." To these people, religion is like tucking a \$20 bill into a corner of your wallet: "just in case".
3. The true believer. Religion is a personal choice. He believes because he has personal reasons for believing. This person may or may not use religion as a crutch in times of stress, but his "belief" was not created with this purpose in mind. He wants to believe, he does believe, and he has every right to believe. And no one has the right to challenge his personal reasons for believing.

We may be dealing strictly with semantics on this point, but I feel that you over-emphasize the "crutch" aspect.

Your third paragraph: "The most liberal thinker must agree that a disablement has crippled humanity. Something (call it what you will) has gone wrong in man's inner life. Even the most blatant unbeliever must confess that he does not always live up to his own standard of conduct. It is not man's ignorance but his inability to perform that hobbles him." I question, and I disagree. Tell me what "disablement" you are referring to. Offhand I can't think of any. When you say "something has gone wrong" I presume you are referring to something which has developed within modern times, and in that context I can't really fathom what you're talking about. Permissiveness? Immorality? "Call it what you will". You call it what you will, because otherwise I don't follow you.

The most blatant unbeliever is not alone in failing to live up to his own standard of conduct. Neither does the blatant believer, nor anyone in the middle of the spectrum. Was it your desire to create a point of contention over which there is no disagreement?

Man's inability to perform certainly does hobble him. But so does his ignorance. Ignorance has been an incurable ailment ever since the last Renaissance Man sucked in his last breath (if we presume that there ever was such a thing as a Renaissance Man, which there wasn't in the literal sense). Man is unhobbled whenever he takes a step forward and leaves a measure of ignorance behind him. When you come right down to it, man's inability to perform is usually caused by his ignorance. Each stride forward into knowledgeability allows man to perform better.

Fourth paragraph: "Convince me if you can of your moral and social perfection. Testify to me how your unbelief has forged for you a great purpose; how your convictions have fortified you in facing the crises and problems of life; and how your Christ-less and Bible-denying position has brought inner peace."

John, you're throwing up straw men again. You're creating stereotypes, and presuming something which is not always in evidence. Who is claiming moral and social perfection? Not you. Not me.

I do not believe in the existence of a God. I could, of course, be wrong - but if there is a God I certainly wouldn't be fooling Him by pretending to believe when I actually don't. I might fool you, but I wouldn't fool Him. So what position does that put me in? I could be a coward and pretend to believe strictly for social reasons, but life is too short to live a lie. To get to my point: I also do not believe

that the moons of Jupiter are made of green cheese, but this unbelief has no more forged for me a "great purpose" than has my unbelief in religious matters. Do you feel that it is necessary that the absence of belief forge a great purpose? I don't, because that isn't the way it is. Why do you?

You refer to an atheist's or an agnostic's "convictions", and ask what they have done for him. Expressing my unbelief has made me an honest person, the same way that expressing your belief has made you an honest person. Need we look deeper? I handle the crises and problems of life, and you handle the crises and problems of life. You feel that your faith aids you in this respect. I say that the absence of faith does not hinder me in this respect.

Have I been brought inner peace by my lack of belief? John, I do not have inner peace, but in my humble opinion this state of affairs could not be salved by my immediate conversion to Christianity. You may feel otherwise, but we'll have to agree to disagree on this point. My lack of inner peace has been brought about by some things which you know and some things which you don't know, but all of these "things" are a byproduct of life on this earth and they are not caused because I feel a lack of spiritual fulfillment (which I don't). I find it terribly hard to believe that, given an equal load of problems, the religious man will achieve a higher degree of inner peace than the non-religious man. I am presuming, of course, that when you speak of "inner peace" you are referring to a much broader base than strictly in a religious sense (if you are religious, certainly it is much easier to achieve spiritual inner peace than if you were not religious...).

Fifth paragraph: "Christianity has not been tried and found wanting by honest investigators. I find that most militant critics are such for the sake of convenience rather than by thoroughly thought-through conviction." Your second sentence is a personal observation on your part. I might say that either you are seeing only what you want to see or that you have not seen enough, but I won't question that you believe what you have said. As for your first sentence, I presume by inference you believe that if Christianity has ever been tried and found wanting that the investigator was not honest. Obviously so, because if he were honest he would not have found it wanting. Honestly, John...

You also refer to "militant" critics. What about the non-militant critic, like me, who would not be writing this letter if his wife had not cajoled him into it? I don't hide my light under a bushel, but neither do I "witness" my beliefs as do people who are born-again Christians. In this particular circumstance, it is you who are militant, and beyond that you are fully as militant as the "militant critic" you refer to. I bring this point up because "militant" is a loaded word, and you used it as a loaded word, and frankly you are calling the kettle black. When you testify, you are witnessing. When someone from the opposition testifies, they are militant. Maybe that's not what you meant, but it's the way you came across. Not being militant, naturally I can sit by the fireplace while you are outside trading snowballs with strawmen...

Penultimate paragraph: "It takes great faith to be an atheist or agnostic. The whole universe preaches an all-wise and all-powerful Designer." I must humbly disagree, on both points. I don't pretend to know how the universe came into being nor what makes it tick. I can understand that primitive man somehow felt a need to explain it all this away, thereby creating the idea of a super-being instead of allowing themselves to be overly frightened by an unknown quantity. But the absence of an answer does not in itself create the answer. The existence of a "Designer" is a presumption founded by an absence of knowledge. It may seem logical to you that there is someone out there shaping little balls of mud into planets (because you would presumably ask "how else could they have come into existence?"), but you fail to convince me. You

are creating an unknown quantity out of an unknown quantity. And as for it taking great faith to be an atheist or agnostic, I say no. It takes an absence of faith. If the existence of God were proven on an objective level - as opposed to being proved on a personal level - then there would be no need for "faith". The agnostic has the strongest position - he can view the facts and say that the matter has been neither proven nor disproven. The atheist position is stronger than the religious position mainly in terms of debate: the burden of proof lies with the affirmative viewpoint. In other words, you prove to me that there is a God. I don't have to prove that there isn't. This makes sense because it is obvious that many things can be disproven only because they cannot be proven. The atheist can say that he does not believe in God because there is no proof that God exists (at least not in the terms of fact or logic; the religious man can build a framework which he claims will prove the existence of God, but that framework is built on a foundation which assumes that his viewpoint is correct before it is proven). Unless he is a fool, however, the atheist must acknowledge that he could be wrong - just because something cannot be proven today does not mean that it cannot be proven tomorrow. The atheist is making a judgement based on the evidence or lack of evidence. The religious man should search his own mind and realize that he accepts the existence of a God for personal reasons and not because he can back up his beliefs in terms of acceptable logic or fact (which he cannot).

This is my response to your editorial. We have just witnessed a clash of viewpoints. I am far beyond the age where I would enter into a debate on the subject of religion strictly for the fun of it, or because I thought I might be effective in changing someone's viewpoint, or simply for the purpose of sharpening my debating skills. I have written you this letter because I was requested to, and because grudgingly I consented to do so. If I have raised any feelings of hate or discontent, it was not my intention that this letter have that effect. In a rather hurried and first-draft fashion, I have attempted to express my reaction to your editorial - and that is the full extent of what I attempted to do.

Peace.

Best & such,

Dave

What I said in the last paragraph is true - I would not enter into a debate on the subject of religion for the fun of it. I've been there before, many times, and the amusement becomes so thin it's rather like watching a fifth rerun of BEWITCHED. But debating and discussing can be different vehicles, and an individual's personal feelings about any given controversial topic can be of interest whereas a useless debate might not.

Opinions are like leaves in Autumn, and they come in many colors and can be interesting no matter how light the impact when the ground comes up to meet them.

And what are the colors of your opinions, my friend?

----- Dave Locke -----

... BACKLOG

Here goes yet another attempt at clearing away accumulated fanzines. This time around I'm dropping any recommendations; if I'm listing a zine at all, there must be something of interest in it, you'll simply have to judge from what's said about it whether you think you'd like to read a particular issue. Since some of these zines are several months old, there are no guarantees about availability. Some faneds keep a good supply of back issues on hand; others print up only enough copies for their mailing list, but virtually all are tickled pink to be asked about it...

FOSFAX--Clubzine: editor Bob Roehm; PO Box 8251; Louisville, KY 40208.// \$2/year, + trades welcome, or free with membership. Monthly, offset, 4-6 pp.// Falls of the Ohio Science Fiction/Fantasy Association apparently desires a wider audience for their neatly-produced newszine. Though on the skimpy side, the material in #s 20 & 21 (April and May) offers good reading. Reviews of Lovecraft's biography by L. Sprague deCamp, Gormenghast and it's companion novels, Worse Things Coming, and Mote in God's Eye, are accompanied by brief fanzine reviews, news-notes, and club doings. Heavy emphasis is given to the up-coming Rivercon this July 25-27 in Louisville, which is partially sponsored by FOSFA, and may explain the expanded mailing list. Small, but good, with potential for getting better. I don't know if outside contributors are being sought or not. It never hurts to ask...

QUOTA--Loren MacGregor; Box 636; Seattle, WA 98111// No availability info given, but Loren's a nice guy, and will probably send you one for a ten-cent stamp// #3 runs 16 pages which go by far too quickly. Loren discusses his lack of fanac since Discon--sorta--and then proceeds to relate an anecdote wherein two fellow Washingtonians reveal their infection with the publishing bug, a sad and tear-jerking incident, and rambles on to other topics like letters and typical episodes from Nameless meetings. Loren writes well, with wit and a wryness that has utterly endeared him to me. The way he handled a lack of corflu for this issue was touchingly funny. Read it.

STARLING--Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell; 525 W. Main St.; Madison, WI 53703// \$5/\$2, or for contributions, LoCs, trades, or whathaveyou. Quarterly// I like to read STARLING. I look forward to every issue. I find it all but impossible to LoC. *sigh* The Luttrell's tastes are catholic but lean toward Pop culture; comics and rock and films. They even read SF, or at least review it occasionally. They natter about what they've been doing and thinking and planning, and their columnists do the same. They run humor and "straight" material, good artwork and a meaty lettercol, just about all that a fanzine freak could ask for. STARLING stands almost alone as an example of a 60s style mimeographed genzine. Low-keyed and comfy, it generally has something for just about everyone. A zine to be munched upon leisurely, not devoured.

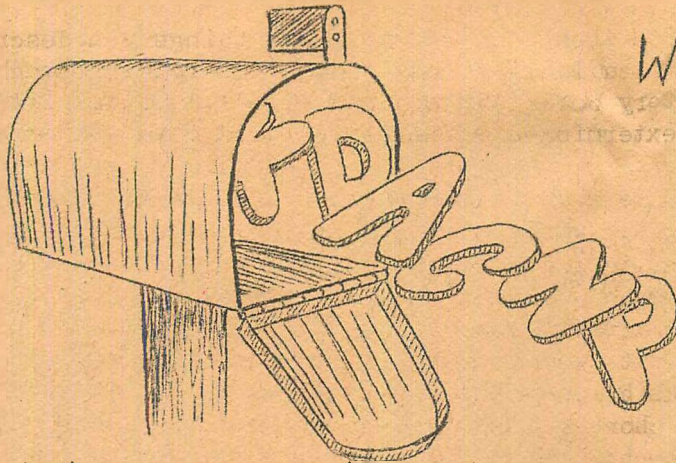
GRANFALLOON--Linda Bushyager; 1614 Evans Ave.; Prospect Park, PA 19076// \$1 per issue, or contributions, trades and/or letters. Yearly// Granny used to be more frequent, but publication of KARASS, Linda's excellent newszine, has forced this genzine into its new schedule. At least it eases pressure on the Loccer; there's less urge to rush to the typer when it'll be 12 months before the nextish. I'm not certain if a yearly schedule is a viable one, but if anyone can pull it off, Linda can with GRANNY. #19 contains a brief editorial, mainly explaining the causes of the new set-up, a long, interesting piece by Mae Strelkov that describes some of her childhood background, a for-real cooking column by Jodie Offutt that offers fannishly-slanted recipes for donuts and wine made from grape-julce concentrate (which I've been making for years... if you like Mogen David, you'll love it!!!!), a piece of fan-fiction with a decided college-group slant, an excellent Terry Austin art-folio, a good review of the John W. Campbell/ASTOUNDING anthology, a by-mail interview with Roger Elwood, an essay on

the works of T. J. Bass by Don D'Amassa (who writes, with Paul Walker, the best critiques I've encountered in fanzines. Reviews or essays by either of those two are always rewarding; well-written, incisive, and informative), and one of the best lettercolumns around. There's little topicality in GRANNY, but just about everything else. Combining offset with impeccable mimeography, Linda produces one of the top three or four fanzines that emphasize appearance along with material. One of those on my Don't Miss list...

CYNIC--Gray Boak; 2, Cecil Court; Cecil Street; Lytham; LYTHAM ST. ANNES; Lancs.; FY8 5NN; ENGLAND (and lord save me from those British addresses!)//Gray is an Old And Tired Fan, sort of a British Buck Coulson, only he's still apt to succumb to urges to Do Something about things that don't suit him, like proposing a fannish convention to suit those who really know just why they attend con--for the parties! He isn't inclined to give information about scheduling or price or availability, probably because he's uncertain about them himself. Dates on the pages of #7 range about from November '74 to March '75, so it's your guess I suppose, just what to date the issue itself. Gray tells of his marriage and bollixed honeymoon and hassles with British travel agencies and airlines, and lists, with brief comments, fanzines that have been received since his "move North", whenever that was. CYNIC is obviously a zine meant for friends and acquaintances, with many in-group references that take a knowledge of Britifandom to understand. It would take a few issues, I would imagine, to get a good grasp on what's going on unless you read other Britizines. I liked it, and hope to see more from Gray, but I kept getting the feeling that he publishes each zine with a "this could be the last straw" attitude. Hope not.

ANOMALY--Clubzine, edited by Ed Slavinsky; 100 York St.; New Haven CT 06511//50¢, the usual, or whim// I have no idea how long the New Haven Science Fiction and Fantasy Ass'n has been in existence, but they show a good deal of enthusiasm for their club project. The Goshwowboyoboy syndrome crops up once in awhile, but having had those same symptoms off and on for some time myself, I can't see any harm in that. Meade Friensen III turns in a good, readable article on E.C. comics (I'm by no means a comix fan, but I remember E.C.s fondly from my own by-gone youth), Al Sirois has a rather disjointed but still fannish column, and Fred Lerner realizes that he's become enmeshed in a clique situation and wants to broaden his base in fandom. The editor basks in the ego-boost he received from ANOM #1 (this is #2), and various bits on rock, book reviews and supposedly humorous items round out the issue. The zine carries a decent lettercol, and shows much promise. I wish they'd learn to patch in their electro-stencilled art rather than run off the entire page, as I find the change in text color and density a bit disconcerting, but that mere nit-picking. For a second-issue of a clubzine--or any other, for that matter--the group has put together a good batch of well-balanced material. Now if only they'd quit gloating about it quite so much...

KRATOPHANY--Eli Cohen; 2020 Victoria Ave. Apt, 12; Regina, Sask. S4T 1K7 CANADA// published irregularly, available for trade, LoC, whim or 50¢//I'm tempted to ask Eli to take a laxative, so KRATOPHANY would come out more frequently, but then I'd be afraid he'd issue any old crap instead of the fine stuff he does publish. The long wait between issues is worth it, though I guess it's permitted to dream a bit. Eli continues his saga of job-seeking in the Wilds of Canada, carried over from #5, natters on about this and that, and intersperses his material, and others, with tidbits from various books. A column/humorous article from Mike Gorra and another chapter in the cartoon-strip "Wendy and the Mellow King" didn't impress me much, but the "review" of the first 10 volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica by Mike O'Brien and army reminisces by Dave Emerson excuse a lot. I won't mention the "Feghoot"-type story-pun except to groan, quietly. Lettercol covers a fantastic range of material, from sematic matters, through categorizing fanzines/prozines/semi-prozines, with pauses for general fannish topics. An excellent mix, fannish and serious (not sercon).



WE
GET
LETTERS...

BEN INDICK
428 Sagamore Ave.
Teaneck, NJ 07666

(3-22-75) I was most pleased to receive DILEMMA, and although the lettering for the cartoon was somewhat indistinct, it was most gratifying anyway. Imagine: a cartoon by Dave Locke imitating Ben Indick imitating Dave Locke!! Fun, but no repeats; from here on, Ben Fan is Dave's property--only TITLEES will get the gag anyway...

Your own drawing on Pg 1 is very pretty, of yourself and your menagerie. Since I am a nosey person, I am prompted by it to ask whether you have kids, and whether your husband and/or kids go with you to cons. My wife wouldn't care to spend five minutes at one, and my kids, surrounded by a pretty fair SF collection and my fanac, give not a hoot either. Randy Everts wants me to go to the HPLish MinnCon in October, and if I did, it would certainly be alone!

Lettercol was very interesting. I feel bad--I must be the only fan who missed Bruce's story in FANTASTIC. I'll be looking for it. As for Doug Leingang, he is now (March) in Tulsa, and as you know, got together with Ed Cagle for a one-shot and a beer. I have read Doug's fiction, and he has something going for him, but must not be impatient. However, running around the country as he is, I don't know how he can work at writing. If he settles down he may have something, altho I do not think he has the patience yet. Meanwhile I hope that Bruce keeps up the good work. And how come YOU quit writing? Bad girl! How do you expect to pay for all the furniture your animals chew up? (Well, you sure ain't going to make it on pulp rates...)

I haven't quit, just never got going. First and foremost, to be a writer, you must ~~have~~ something to say; secondly, you must say it well. I was tripped up by the first, and clobbered by the second. With two down, I won't try for three...//I again apologize for the abysmal repro on the BEN FANDICK strip; the Speed-O-Print may have it's faults, but it printed lightly cut stencils better than the Gestetner. Next time I'll bear down harder.// We've had chickens, rabbits and a pony, but so far no goats. I wouldn't consider taking livestock to a con in any case. Our menagerie stays at home. Yes, though, I do have three kids, and they do accompany Wally and me to some conventions. They love them; I prefer to keep them as far away as possible. Wally, though not a fan, likes fans, and goes to quite a number of cons. He's planning on three or four for this year.

HARRY WARNER, JR.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, MD 21740

(3-23-75) I enjoyed what you remembered about this batch of cons and wondered if one person will be able to absorb all the cons you are intending to attend this year. And this is a good if belated opportunity to say I'm sorry we didn't meet at Discon. I saw perhaps one out of every ten persons I had hoped to talk with in Washington. It's partly the fault of the huge mob, partly my fault for combining a couple of semi-serious physical problems that forced me to come back to Hagerstown on Sunday. Curiously, in the brief space you give to Discon in this summary, I learned something I hadn't read about in any of the extended conreports in other fanzines;

the decision to inaugurate a Midwestcon GoH with Andy Offutt. The things you describe happening at the other cons make me wish I could live long enough and retain enough energy to continue the series of fan history books through the 1970's. Things like the riot-equipped police who refused to exterminate a fan-party would make wonderful material for a fourth book in the series.

Donn Brazier and Mike Shoemaker paid me a visit one evening last week. Mike had been here before and knew what to expect, but when Donn, who was paying his first visit to Hagerstown, saw the stacks of fanzines awaiting comment, he almost flipped. Since this is my situation, you might guess how much it helps to know from articles like Backlog that other people have begun to fall into my own far-back condition. I churned out LoCs like mad during the first two months of this year and actually succeeded in reducing the number of stacks by one, locating fanzines faster than new fanzines arrived until I could place one shortened stack atop another truncated pile without an Irwin Allen-type fanzine avalanche. When I stopped writing locs a few days to cut stencils for FAPA, the postal service delivered some of the fanzines it had been hoarding for the last few months, and the backlog is almost back to its original proportions, and I'll have nothing to show for it if FAPA's current catalepsy stays that way.

Jodie Offutt may be mistaking the muckraking, hatchet-job kick on which the media are currently engaged for the apparent lack of great men in the world. Churchill and deGaulle wouldn't have looked so good if they had flourished during the current mania to cut down any authority symbol, whether it's a political leader or the police, or Patty Hearst's father. I feel nothing but contempt for Nixon but considered Watergate a minor peccadillo in comparison with his war mongering, and I regret the manner in which he was pushed from office, because we might have learned some interesting things about other national figures if impeachment hearings had been carried out and Nixon had decided to make some revelations in an effort to save the Presidency. Meanwhile, I don't think his resignation's failure to destroy the nation is really so unique in the world. What happened to the presidency last year wasn't too different in essence from what occurs regularly in England when enough people feel a new government is desirable.

Dave Locke might be depressed to know, as an example of how things are going in journalism, that double-spacing is no longer sufficient when writing for one of the Hagerstown newspapers. It demands triple-spaced manuscripts, on the grounds, I suspect that there isn't enough room to make sufficient changes in double-spaced pages. And the style quirks of Dean Grennell's boss are bad enough, but even worse is the situation of a journalist who works under a succession of editors, each of whom has his own special set of word-phobias and grammatical nicities. Just as soon as the journalist finally learns all the rules well enough to do them automatically, there's a change in command and he must not only memorize a completely different set, but also erase the first batch from the memory banks. Two or three changes of editorship, and things really get tough.

That editor is guilty of discrimination! IBM Selectrics can't triple-space, or half-space, for that matter. Wonder if this is a case for the ACLU?//I agree, Nixon should have been impeached. Not because I hunger for revenge, since I feel it would have been proper to pardon him if he had been found guilty, but now there is no means to find out the entire story--and maybe that was his means of revenge on us all.// As you'll note, Backlog is back, and if this influx of zines continues, will probably be a permanent fixture...I cannot keep up!!!!//I was sorry to have missed seeing you, too, but it's always difficult for nightowls and daylarks to cross paths; at a Worldcon, it's well-nigh impossible! I hadn't heard that you were having physical difficulties; hope matters are improved by now. Fandom needs all the Legendary Figures it can get!

IF YOU WANT TO ACHIEVE SPONTANEITY, YOU HAVE TO WORK AT IT.--Charles Burbee--

...thanks to Dave Locke

...THE OOPS PAGE...

Excuse the interruption, folks, but I have to put the closing comments in somewhere, and since I goofed in running off the pages of the lettercol, it's going to be here. *sigh* Knew it was a mistake to count the cover as Page One; I'd been having difficulty ever afterwards in trying to keep straight the unnatural numbering (unnatural in the sense of what follows what, I do realize that Page one always begins on the right-hand side), and after a break in mimeoing, it slipped my mind completely. Ergo, a blank page following 13; and a 24 pp zine "ending" with p 23. I blush.

In any case, I'd like to thank the contributors to this issue, "Plato Jones", for the cover, Gene Comeau and Jeffery Kipper for the interior illos, and Dave Locke for the dialogue on religion (Dave had told me about it in and a letter, and I asked to see it. Glad I did!). Following is the genuine WAHF list, all others being rank imitations penned by exiled writers living in Jacksonville (and thanks to you too!): Bruce D. Arthurs, Don Ayres, Ruth Berman, Donn Brazier, Ned Brooks, Ed Cagle, Don D'Amassa, Barry Gillam, Lynn Hickman, Ken Keller, Denny Lien, Eric Mayer, Jodie Offutt, Laurine White, and Susan Wood--who deserves congratulations for completing her PhD thesis on CanLit (three years in the making!), and announces a CoA: Dept. of English; Univ. of British Columbia; Vancouver, BC V6T 1W5; CANADA. Thanks to you all!!!

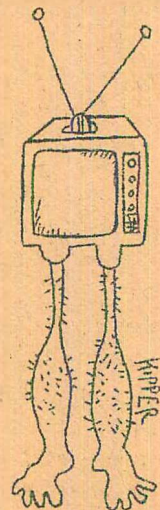
I experienced mimeo difficulties producing this issue--a jam-up occurred and it sprung several parts on the machine. After lathering myself with ink to the elbows, and tapping the remnants of the stencil that suffered acute trauma from its proximity to the battle zone, I ran the rest of the zine off with a piece off the machine. Apparently it wasn't a critical portion, since the mimeo ran just fine without it, but I do have to get ahold of a more-precise manual--one that hopefully includes a foot-noted diagram of Gestetner machines! Then I missed by the proverbial mile in my estimation of how much fawn twill-tone I had on hand; therefore the two-toned look to this issue. For these faults, and the more usual ones of errors and typos, I most humbly apologize, but don't promise to reform. Ghod knows what'll happen next issue! And I'm rather pleased that it's kept a secret known only to himself....

Since this will be the last issue before their departure, I'd like to take this opportunity to wish Bob Tucker and Rusty Hevelin the sincerest *Bon Voyage* imaginable. They plan on driving across country to LA via Rusty's Chevy van, and touring Australia together as well. Have a month of fun adventure that'll last a lifetime, fellas; we'll be anxiously waiting for all the details on your return!!! All the best to you both.

I'd also like to thank George Fergus for sending his copy of DILEMMA #6, and the several others who offered theirs too. It's rather embarrassing not to have a complete run of your own fanzines, and you saved me some red-faced moments. Now if only someone would volunteer their copy of TUCKER BAG #1 I could be mine own completist.... Dare I hope?

This is an appropriate place to offer congratulations to Gene Wolfe, upon publication of his novel, Peace, this month by Harper & Row. I know this was a much-looked-forward-to event, and I wish him all the best for its success. With such a fitting title, how can it miss?

***** (Final stencil - June 12, 1975) *****



ROY TACKETT

915 Green Valley Rd. NW
Albuquerque, NM 87107

(3-24-75) I have Dilemma #7 on hand and am chuckling over the lead illo. That's what comes from collating on the floor. I clear everything off the kitchen table, a not inconsiderable chore, and do the job there.

Don't worry about being four months late. Lateness is an old fannish tradition. Hmmm. Perhaps the Fanzine Achievement Awards could include one for the latest zine. But how could one tell for sure?

You do a lot of con-going. I don't get to as many as I'd like, but cons out here are a bit more spread out than they are in your part of the country. I figure on two this year: Westercon and, if it comes off, the local Bubonicon. Plans for the latter seem to be staggering ahead slowly although I haven't the faintest idea of what is really going on. Ah, well, I'm sure something will shape up.

This business of what a fan editor should do or not do gets a bit tricky at times. I don't worry about it too much from the writer's viewpoint since my submissions to other fanzines is minimal. I've had only one real complaint over the years: sent a movie review to a prominent fanned a few years back which was a one-pager, I thought, but was a mite too long when he fitted it into his layout. So he cut the last line which was, unfortunately, the punchline to which the rest of it was built. I figure he just typed away and when he reached the end of his space, he dropped the last line. A better editor would have cut further back in the body.

Jodie's letter...sure Nixon was a front man, always was. The real powers-that-be are always behind the scenes. As for the Rockerfellers and Kennedys and their ilk being altruistic and idealistic...no way. The rich have only one real interest; that is in getting richer. Nixon's downfall and the whole Watergate hullabaloo was a fine smokescreen to keep the people from seeing how much they are getting gouged.

Ole Cynic Roytac's still in fine form, eh? Oh, to be sure, the politicians who are up front don't wield the true power; that is, as it always has been, in the hands of those who control the economy. But I will quibble with the notion that the really wealthy cannot be altruistic and idealistic just because of their money. You may as well say that the poor can't be anything but altruistic and idealistic since they have no cash to increase. When a family becomes so rich that it can't possibly spend the interest their money earns, gathering more lucre becomes a moot point. Blanket indictments bug the dickens outta me...//Bubonicon has always sounded like the kind of con I enjoy the most; small, hurriedly put-together, chaotic. Trufandom at its best...//Well, the FAA committee could give an award to the zine which made its last appearance the longest time ago, but whose editor still keeps saying Real Soon Now...

SAM LONG

Box 4946

Patrick AFB, FL 32923

(3-24-75) Let me say that I was very happy to see DILEMMA again; seeing as I hadn't heard from you in quite some little while. A copy of QWERTYUIOP 8 is in the post and on its way to you-ward. I hope you enjoy it and loc it as

you did Q7.

I don't know about you, but my best and most fannish ideas and most felicitous turns of phrase come to me just after I've finished running off my zine, when I'm too exhausted and wrung out to even write them down: thus many of them are lost forever. But some stay in my mind and eventually find their way into a fanzine. You're right, tho; an empty stencil or paper is the most fearsom sight in the world to a fanzine fan.

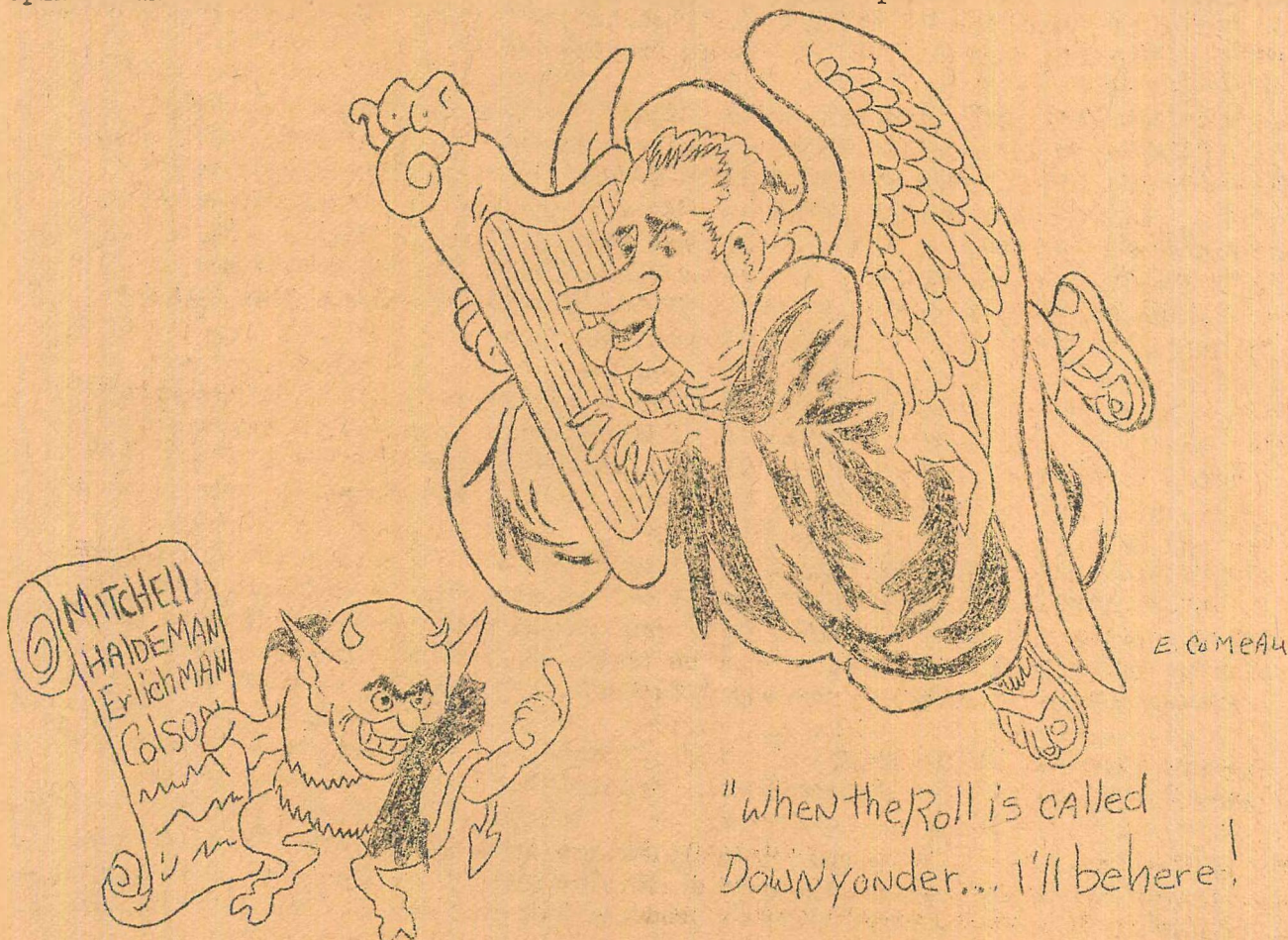
A Hebrew Pipe and Drum Corps? The mind boggles (but weren't those pipers at Discon great?). I knew that fandom is oy vay of life, but that's ridiculous.

I notice that you and your Loc-ers go on at length about the Resignation. I was at work on The Day. There is a closed-circuit TV system at the Cape used for displaying weather and launch information--out of 15 channels, Weather has four--and during the preceeding week, they'd been piping in the commercial channels (NBC, CBS,

and ABC) during the day, which they normally don't do except on weekends. On The Day, everybody was shamelessly watching TV: me, the duty forecaster, the boss, the observers, the maintenance men, and a bunch of chaps from down the hall for whom the Weather Room was the nearest available tube. It's a good thing the weather was fine that day, because nobody was paying much attention to it. I remember being aware of the historicity of the occasion, and, listening to Nixon's speeches, thinking how mendacious he was. But for the life of me, I cannot think him malignant, like many rabid anti-Nixonites would have us think he was. Malicious, perhaps; base, certainly; but ~~m~~ malignant, no. But I digress. I've got to take issue with Jodie on a couple of points. Many countries change governments without bloodshed, and the US did not change its government.

The US has had only one government since the 1780s. There have been nearly 40 administrations, and ninety-odd Congresses, but only one Government. Administrations change with a change in President; and we've had many of those. Admittedly, this one was unique, there never having been a Presidential resignation before, even when the President in question could have honorably done so for health reasons, i.e., Wilson. So Jodie used the wrong word once.

Also, we are a Republic, and Jodie should have written: "...credit as a republic..." because democracy enters into the question only peripherally. The Republic is based on democratic principles, true, and officials are accountable to the People, but the important fact is that we are a Republic and our republican Constitution came through the crisis because (a) the people believed in it and (b) so did the Congress and (c) so, in the final analysis, did Nixon. By the second week in August, as more and more damning facts came out of the incessant questioning going on on Capitol Hill and elsewhere, the American People became convinced--or at least a large portion of them--that Nixon was guilty of grave faults; and they communicated their views by post and by paper and by phone to their representatives in Congress, and the Congressmen, seeing the same evidence, began to turn away from him, blown by the wind of public opinion and their own consciences. The will of the People and the will of the Congress



became known, and Nixon was eventually faced with the choice of resigning or probably being forced from office: for his impeachment, unlike Andrew Johnson's, would have been firmly based on Law and not politics, and the resulting trial would likely have removed him from office. So he resigned. But the Constitution worked here too, because provision was made for the succession of the Vice-President, should the President leave office for any reason. It was all very tidy, all according to the Constitution and the Laws and Customs of the land.

Now it's true that in most other republics, it's difficult to remove a president from office without conflict and bloodshed, but that's just because in most other republics (say, in South America), the government and not just the administration is changed, usually in a coup d'etat. But in parliamentary countries like Britain, governments change quite often, without bloodshed. This is because "government" means something more and less than "administration" does here. The administration in Britain changes on the change of monarch, but the day-to-day running of the country is the concern of the Queen's ministers, who form her government. There have been violent changes in the administration of Britain in the past (Wars of Roses, Civil War, Glorious Revolution), but since the development of the modern cabinet system in the 1700s, there has not been a single drop of blood spilt over a change in government--or upon accession of a new monarch, for that matter--unless you count the assassination of Perceval in 1812, but even that was not politically inspired, but done by a madman.

I'm bemused to find out that you entered Trufandom from Star Trek fandom. I'd not have known it from talking to you or reading D: you seem to have been an "orthodox" fan all the time.

Curious that Dave Rowe should mention Lurgi. I thought I was well up on British fannish usage, but must admit that I've never heard of the word or heard of it. I guess that's because I'm almost disgustingly healthy.

Ed Cagle's idea for a camping-con is a good one. I have the feeling that if Orlando (hooray!) wins the 77 Worldcon, a good bit of the con will take place outdoors in the Florida sunshine, at the pool, or elsewhere.

*What? Go outdoors at a con!? In daylight? Do you know what the sun does to an aching head? Bright light itself can be deadly...//I entered SF fandom via STrekdom because they've got a wider, more efficient net, that's all. Unless you personally meet up with a fan, there's little way to make contact with fandom. Two Worldcons were held in Chicago that I knew about before they were convened, but I considered them to be "conventions" of the mundane sort, like the AMA or Shriner's get-togethers, with elected delegates and all that rot. Had no idea they were open to just anyone who felt like coming, nor a hint of what went on at them. Actually, matters worked out for the best. What a misspent youth I could have had!//Thanks for the short course on political establishments. Perhaps the difference between government and administration should be better clarified to we Americans. In any case, semantic quibbling aside, the alteration was sudden and traumatic, and the peacefulness of the change was remarkable--considering what could have happened. Is the P.M. of Britain the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, as our President is? Perhaps Jodie did overstate the matter, but I can't fault her for feeling so pleased and relieved. We, and our Constitution deserved a pat on the back.//Another great time for smashing ideas is just as you're falling asleep. I have written in my head the most brilliant editorializations, the most sparkling repartee to punning locs, the most incisive reviews, that have ever been set down. Lost; every damn word, come morning. *sigh**

DAVE LOCKE
819 Edie Drive
Duarte, CA 91010

(3-15-75) Congratulations on the Gestetner 320. May your fan publishing activities live long and prosper. Very nice fanzine you're producing there, lady. The new selectric is used to good advantage too. And, of course, you're right

that being four months late isn't outrageous by fannish standards. However, I want you to get off your keester and be more prompt in the future. Get the lead out, and the fanzine with it.

I must take strong exception to Mike Glicksohn's strong exception to Donn Brazier's views on the rights of editors. But then I suppose that's what makes the world go round. Mike doesn't want his manuscripts changed for "even seeming errors in grammar or syntax" without being consulted, and that strikes me as an extremely prima donna attitude.

I've had a fairly large number of articles published in the last 14 years. Only once did I feel that one of them was unjustly edited, a fact which caused me to frown but which I made no big deal over. What I have had trouble with is letters of comment (sometimes they've been edited to the point where I wind up saying "yes" instead of "no"), but Mike's talking about articles here, so let's stick with that.

It's an editor's job to edit, and his responsibility to do so well when he has to do it at all. In my opinion, the writer has every right to tell the editor not to edit without prior permission, but he very definitely gives the editor the right to edit when he doesn't tell him otherwise at the point of submission. It is not a rule, written or unwritten, that the faned cannot edit nor that the fanwriter cannot be edited. If the writer doesn't state the terms, then the editor does.

If the editor doesn't like the article, he doesn't have to publish it. If the writer doesn't like the way his article is treated, he doesn't have to submit there again. Only one time has an editor consulted me about changes, all of which I agreed to in addition to telling him to quit bugging me.

But I still think it's a prima donna attitude to maintain a hands-off policy about your material. What is Mike afraid of? That no one is competent to proof his material? Or is he afraid that someone is? What, exactly, lies beneath his belief in the sanctity of his every word? I know it's a personal preference on your part, Mike, but it would be interesting to see with what logic you back it up.

I've neither edited nor contributed enough to have formed strong opinions on the matter, but it seems to me that a writer should know his market. If he sees that the material in a certain fanzine reads well, and flows smoothly, then he should be able to assume a competent editor is behind it. If he reads material that is jerky and jumbled, by writers who have been known to do good work, then he should assume a clumsy hand behind the scenes, and avoid it. I've never laid out conditions to a submission, but then, I've never felt a need to. Perhaps Mike has had less-pleasant experiences.//Are you trying to tell me something, Dave? You do realize that if I'm off my keester, I can't cut stencils very well...or was that your intention?

MIKE GLICKSOHN
141 High Park Ave,
Toronto, Ontario
M6P 2S3 CANADA

(3-19-75) Late or not, DILEMMA is its usual interesting self, and the section produced by your new toy is most attractive. The letters are a mite hard to read, but no one will blame you for this...at least, not for too long. You own hand-stencilled illo and Lynn's page (Lynn Hickman? Really??

Far out!) are decidedly superior examples of the art of hand-stencilling, a technique that remains as mysterious and elusive as the Lost Chord as far as I'm concerned. I just today ran a bunch of stencils I'd typed on a friend's Selectric, and they came out all pretty and neat looking with various inter-reacting typefaces and little bits of graphic trickery as befitting my position as Bill Bowers' Mentor, but wherever I had to sign the stencils in imitation of a signature, it looks like some arthritic armadillo armed with a roto-rooter has attacked the stencils. Some day I'm going to have to watch somebody to see how it's done.

The terror of the blank page is not reserved for the faneditor alone; oh, no. How familiar is the letterhack with this terrible experience. I suppose we all have our ways around it, just like your nattering about how you haven't anything to say apart

from nattering about how you haven't anything to say, etc. Myself, I usually jot down a few stock comments (boullion, oxo-cube, chicken-bone...that sort of thing) on sure-fire loc-favorites such as the inferiority of felines, the desirability of mechanical perfection in fanzines sent to Haldeman, Ky., and others equally famous. This gets the old creative juices if not flowing, then at least sluggishly oozing enough to fill at least a page. It's working tonight, I see....

Enjoyed your Eternal Verities about conventions in general and the capsulizations of the four cons in particular. I'd been to three of them, but not surprising, we weren't at the same conventions at all, even in the case of the smaller gatherings. When I first started attending conventions (and for the first three years I just went to the Worldcon each year), I could easily remember which con which event happened at. As I gradually started getting to more regionals each year, and started getting a respectable number of cons under my belt, that became more and more difficult, and I settled for being able to remember which year a certain thing had happened, or perhaps which city I'd been in at the time, whether I could place it chronologically or not. Nowadays, after nine years of fanac, I'm lucky if I can remember if something happened, let alone when and where and with whom!

Dave Locke is right. Hot Damn! A bottle of scotch just fell off the shelf and broke, my fanzine collection spontaneously combusted, my mimeo developed terminal shudders, and my hair fell out! I knew I couldn't type those opening words of this paragraph without upsetting the controlling forces of the Universe. (It's true though... Crash! Bang! BoooooMMMM!!!)

I didn't exactly "hide" behind a psuedonym, not if you read the story since Ted identified me at the beginning and at the end. But I admit a glance at the toc failed to reveal me to a breathless public. I'm surprised that the obviousness of the psuedonym wasn't more apparent, though; but perhaps not everyone knows Gardner as I do. (It makes me wonder if the pun in the title was observed by anyone at all?)

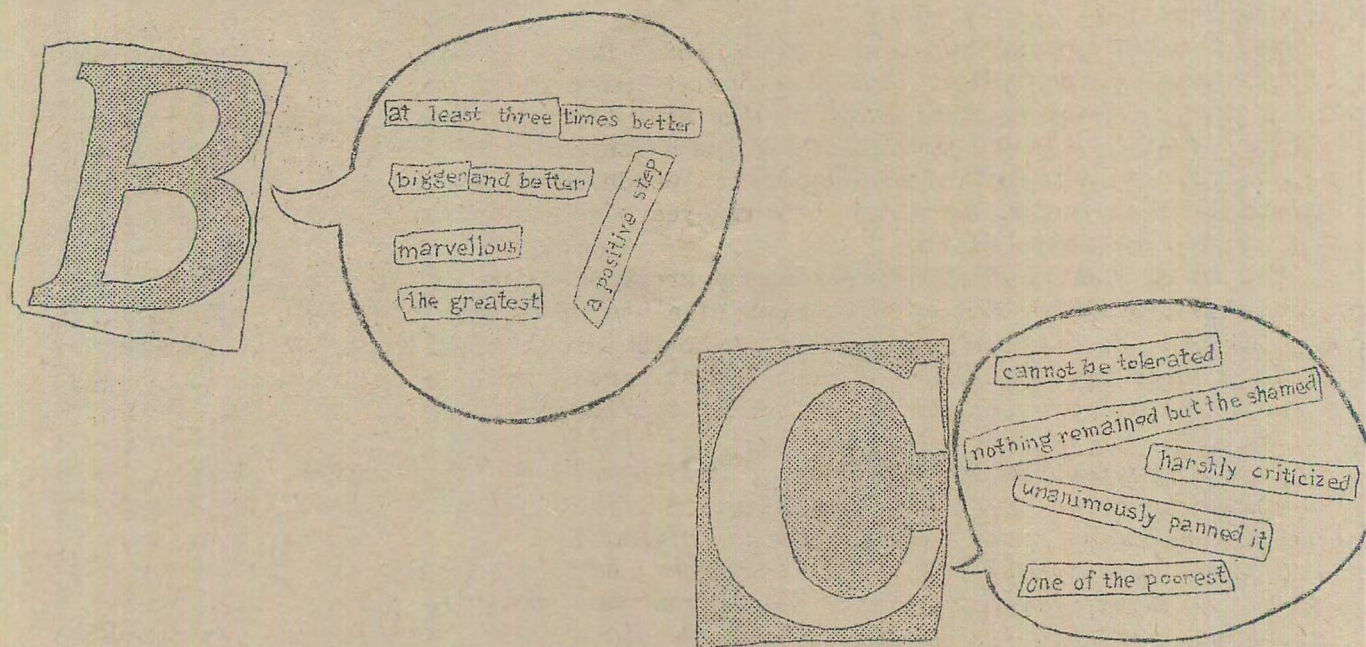
Good letter from Grennell (aren't they all?). The inadvertant editing of subtle puns is something I've never had to worry about in my own fanzine contributions, but I imagine that Dean runs across it fairly regularly. I suppose he ought to develop some sort of code to indicate when an apparent typo is actually deliberate wordplay. On one or two occasions when I've thought that an aditor might find it a bit confusing, I've put a specific note in to the effect that the wording was indeed meant to be as it seems. The way Dean writes, though, that might well double his typing time. The trials and tribulations of greatness, I guess.

You've engaged yourself in a fallacy here on the back page. Or at least you've worded a comment so as to suggest you have. What you should have said was "You were the only one to comment on a discrepancy in names." I noted it, but did not remark on it out of deference for your status as Senior Citizen of Fandom...

Well, if you did indeed jot down a note about the error, you should've sent it along. (My, we faneds must quickly learn to duck and dodge! Anything to avoid a simple "Oops!"//I missed your credit in FANTASTIC when skimming the zine, but have read it since (I did say that the lettercol had been cut some time before the rest of the zine, didn't I? One gets so forgetful when approaching those Twilight Years...)). Misreading, which is what I did, Dubious as Dubois was a perfect example of seeing what you expect, not what is actually there and missing puns because of it. I missed the title pun too; or at least I think I did. Can't locate my copy of that issue to check up on my memory.//Careful; you go about agreeing with Dave and you'll wipe him out. California has its faults, after all.//I know full well the theory of unique-unto-oneself cons. The first question Wally and I ask each other as we wend our way homeward from a mutually attended one is; "So what was your convention like?"//Juanita Coulson did a piece on hand-cutting stencils, for BJo Trimble's PAS-TELL, I believe, some years ago. It deserves reprinting. I read it after trying some illos, and found I was apparently using the correct technique by accident. But for all you clumsy-fingered armadillos out there, it could be of help.

MIKE GLICKSOHN
(address previous
page...)

(3-20-75) I just remembered that the new Dilemma says that you are raising your price by 300%, which means I'll have to write three letters of comment instead of my usual one. Since I sent one yesterday, here are two more letters of comment to ensure that I get the next D....



I only hope that my reproductions of your LoCs, snipped out from newspaper texts, does them justice. It was such a clever idea, and I couldn't possibly express my appreciation for the fannishly ghoud thought. Thanks.

GEORGE FERGUS
3341 W. Cullom Ave.
Chicago, IL 60618

(3-24-75) What happened to Slanted Viewpoint? What happened to the old DILEMMA logo? Foul, I say. But I forgive you because you were feeling rushed and incoherent. Price to increase by 300% next issue? Does that mean I have to send you three locs? Hmmm. O.K. End of LoC #1...

...Beginning of LoC #2 (You don't mind having all three on the same sheet of paper, do you?) But perhaps you meant that your editorial whim would increase by 300%. Watch out, tho, lest DILEMMA become whimsical...(letters like this one don't help much, do they?)

I picked up Dell's second "Crusader" novel to see what andy's "John Cleve" stuff was like (after reading OPERATION: SUPER MS, published under his own name, which wasn't bad) but as quickly put it down again after reading the first line, which was on the order of; "The moon hung in the sky, round and white as a buxom maiden's breast." It made me wonder if andy has read Brian Aldiss' THE MALE RESPONSE (an old Galaxy/Beacon novel), which features; "The moon hung in the sky like an undescended testicle." I'm afraid that imagery of that sort rather tends to put me off, tho I suppose one could save such lines to toss out at parties when the conversation gets dull. Now, if I only liked parties...

I may have to get around to more, though, in order to allow you to hand-deliver my copy of DILEMMA. For the reason that in addressing #6 you rendered the name as "Collom", and for #7 it had graduated to "Collum". At which rate you'll probably come up with "Gollum" by #8, which is nicely fannish, but what will the PO make of it? Send it to their Middle Earth branch, no doubt.

I think Jodie goes a bit far in commenting on the Nixon resignation that "in no other country could a change in government be done in the space of 24 hours without visible bloodshed." I was under the impression that it happens fairly often in parliamentary democracies when the ruling coalition loses a vote of confidence and the monarch or other chief of state asks someone to form a new government. Besides, there

are hardly any Nixon policies that Ford is not continuing. (His amnesty" program is a joke. "Come back and perform a few years of alternative service so that you can earn a less-than-desirable discharge that will stigmatize you, along with half a million other VietNam-era veterans, for the rest of your life.") Furthermore, if she's right that Nixon was just a figurehead, then how can she say that the government was really changed?

Also, I'm not trying to pick on you, Jodie, honest!) I'm surprised at Jodie's feeling that the current leaders of the Soviet Union and India are not well-known. I can buy people's not knowing Giscard d'Estaing (I don't think I really want to know him either), but I expect I should recognize Brezhnev in an instant if I passed him on the street, and I'm sure I've seen Indiri Gandhi's name high on that list of 10 most-admired women in the world for several years running. Being well-known is not the same as being great, either.

But I think she may be right about the great statesmen only turning up during wars. During peacetime there is too much of a status quo/middle-of-the-road mood to the electorate. We don't always agree on who the great men are, either. I think of Kissinger as a talented sleight-of-hand artist, and I still can't figure out how he won a Nobel Prize for arranging that "peace" in Vietnam.

*Easily recognized is not the same as well-known, for that matter. Do you consider Brezhnev to be as influential or effective on the world's affairs as Khrushchev was? Even Indira, though pointed at with pride by the Women's Movement, hasn't half the effect that Nehru had. World affairs don't seem to be affected by the acts of solitary men much anymore. I'm of mixed mind about the aptness of that situation...//Jodie may have exaggerated the scope of the change, but it was done far more swiftly than in Britain, where it may take weeks to form a new government. Our switch in leaders took place in a matter of hours. I will agree, though, that except for a change in Presidents, not much else was altered immediately. Ford's been trying to put his own stamp on the country in recent weeks, and I do wish him well.//Hmmm--the opening lines of the first and second CRUSADER novels must be identical then. Well, it does fit; one of andy's pet mottos is "Recycle", after all. Maybe it should be noted whenever "John Cleve" is mentioned that he is but one of many pseudonyms that andy uses for his porn books. Then innocent fen wouldn't be taken unawares. *sigh* Things tend to be taken for granted after awhile; a sloppy practice that's too easily adopted by many faneds, myself included.// "Slant" went out when the IBM came in. Can't do that type of layout without half-spacing capability. I've used several logos for D, but being the unimaginative sort, tend to stick with one for several issues.*

JEFF MAY
PO Box 68
Liberty, MO 64058

(4-22-75) Well, here I am, back from Minicon and all fired up with enthusiasm for things fannish!!! Into that category, I suppose, fits a letter to Dilemma 7

Maybe it hadn't occurred to you, but sending out a zine consisting of blank pages might not be a bad idea. It would be the ultimate reader-participation zine...TITLE's idea carried out to the Nth degree. Instead of the faned filling his zine with reader's comments, he'd let the readers fill it themselves. Just think about the advantages. No one would be entitled to complain about the contents and repro. Since everyone would be doing his own copy and selecting material he thought best, anyone who wrote would be obligated to praise the zine to the skies. This would garner the faned lots of egoboo, and all from a dozen sheets of blank paper!

You got into fandom through Star Trek? Somehow it's hard to picture you as a trekkie.

Personally I don't see Nixon as a puppet, but I do think he was sometimes/often used by interests which have always been identified with the Republican Party: big business, special interests, clandestine political deals... I can't picture anyone with Nixon's vanity knowingly being the tool of anybody. Nixon's rise isn't hard to

understand. He managed to get himself into the consciousness of an awful lot of Republicans--built a base for himself. Moreover he was persistent; I think he was asking for support years before he was nominated in 1960. His return in 1968 was largely the product of a determined PR campaign. Remember "the New Nixon"? Like most new and improved products, it turned out to be the same old crap.

I guess I apply the double standard to fan writing/editing. If I write an article or story, I usually send it out with a request that a faned make only minor editorial changes, if any. I always make it clear that I will be unhappy if an editor undertakes revisions without notifying me first. On the other hand, I have few qualms about revising an article I get for KCK. However, I seldom make major changes; I send the article back, instead. And, of course, I take it for granted that letters sent to me for publication, and those I send to others, are liable to be trimmed, or even diced up for publication.

That letter of Mike Glicksohn's has been around awhile, hasn't it? "I don't think they've got a chance..." indeed. (And Jackie, just how long was it since you typed the lettercol?)

A mere three months; tsk. As you've probably noticed, I've begun dating the letters for this column; otherwise other witticisms, as Mike's tongue-in-cheek reference to your lack of experience as a bidding committee, might be taken as ghod's fannish truth. (That letter was written in mid-September--long after Discon)//I doubt that Nixon was used knowingly as a puppet, but I believe he was one, nonetheless. Just how did he manage to get so much support (PR costs) after the "You won't have Nixon to kick around" debacle after the California gubernatorial campaign? Who paid? He claimed to be virtually broke after that election, and Republican leaders were fleeing from him as if he had the plague. Looking at his less than stunning, less than magnetic personality, it simply doesn't compute.//I had trouble picturing myself as a trekkie; which is why I got out first chance I saw.//What with the rising prices for ink and stencils, a blank-paged zine is sounding better'n'better...

DAVE PIPER
6 Cranley Drive
Ruislip, Mddx
HA4 6BZ ENGLAND

(5-23-75) W-a-y back I happened to ask Ed what Noquet Press number umpty-ump was called...I though, for a horror-stricken moment, that I'd missed one...and he said it was a fanzine, DILEMMA, he was running off/had run off for J. Franke. 'Oh yeah, I enjoy her material in fanzines...I'll write her a letter (or even a letter) and beg a copy!' Oh yeah, Realsoonnow! It must be something in the fannish soul...always put off until the day after tomorrow what you'd put off today to do tomorrow but decided to do it the next day. ER...or the day after.

Anyway, thank you for D7. As I wouldn't mind at all seeing future issues, and with a 300% increase in cost commencing with No. 8, and as I haven't actually sent you a loc before, and my contributions to the magazine haven't been, well, um, not to put too fine a point on it, and let's not get too pedantic and accurate, mind you...I've nothing against accuracy but in its place (and whilst I wouldn't like to be dogmatic about this 'ere, but would point out that it seems highly unlikely that this letter is really the time and the place for such accuracy) is what I always say, well, my contributions have been, what one could term, er well, look(!), let's put it this way: er, well, p'raps not exactly This Way, more like That Way, or the other, er, way, um, well,...unless I'm sadly mistaken, and I don't think I am, although, mind you, it's always possible that I have made a monumental blunder here, er, my contributions have been somewhat, only somewhat, mind you, lacking in actual presence in the magazine these past 7 issues.

So, I guess I got this issue due to 'editorial whim'? Right? 'scuse me asking, but does not Wally mind you, er, just passing your whim around to every Tom, Dick & 'arry what 'appens to wander by in this current Current of Fannish Existence. Like? Just thought I'd ask, is all.

So, and just re-reading this letter...most definitely, I'll have to depend on said whim to get future issues. Jackie, Dear Heart, Cast Not Your Whim On The Stony Ground...utilise every fibre and sinew of such whim to make a short, not-fat (I've been on a diet...snake-hips is me...you have Cath's permission to make obscene suggestions and offers (that's the only trouble with all this. I've had NO obscene offers or suggestions. Frustrating!) to me), four-eyed, middle-aged (rapidly) perpetual-dweller-on-the-fannish-outskirts, admirer in the Old Country (although, come to think of it, with a name like Franke I doubt if it's your Old Country) very happy.

Being a married female, and a follower of Tradition, my last name gives little clue regarding my ancestral homeland. But you're not too far away, practically a neighbor. Try a bit west, a mite south (I think), in Ireland. I', 3/4th Irish, 1/4th German (or Austrian, or Czech...depending on which map and which dates you're using. That area was pretty badly jumbled up following WW I)//You call tossing my whims about not being obscenely suggestive?!? Maybe you've been getting all sorts of offers all along, but just keep missing them.//Always nice to add a Britifan to the list; you're all so concise, so collected. The very Masters of The Written Word... Dunno from whom I got your name, but someone must've suggested you.

BOB TUCKER
34 Greenbriar Dr.
Jacksonville, IL 62650

(3-14-75) For the past six issues you've been nagging me for a LoC. Now read this and hold your peace!

Pages 2, 3, and 4: you go to too many fan conventions, and if you don't stop all that nonsense and stay home, you'll soon come down with a terminal case of Fout's Disease. Conventions simply aren't healthy for young fans. Following Windycon of last October, I read in a Chicago magazine that such conventions were hotbeds of sin and such. The magazine reporter said that fan conventions were really coast-to-coast swinging-singles orgies, whatever that means. I have been to a few coast-to-coast conventions in the past couple of years but I didn't see any dancing.

Page 9: I noted with interest and approval that you have a new typewriter and a new duplicator, and it may be assumed that you are now drunk with power. But who will you loan the ancient AB Dick to now? Did Vic Ryan repossess it?

Page 13: It must have been at least forty or fifty years ago, when the first edition of Neo-Fan's Guide was published, that I climbed on a soapbox and berated all the self-proclaimed BNFs running around. I tried to point out that the label "BNF" is earned, not bestowed by friends nor appropriated by oneself. Alas, I was whistling into the wind. The country is chockful of LMJs who think of themselves as BNFs.

Page 14: Mike Glicksohn was present in that issue of FANTASTIC under the psuedo of "Gardner Dubious" or some such amusing name. I think the psuedo was a leg-pull for "Hugo Gernsbach".

Same page: AND I MET BRUCE D. ARTHURS AT DISCON!! I could say a hell of a lot more about the meeting, but I won't.

Otherwise: Someone, at some bindery, made a terrible mistake. When my copy of Reader's Digest arrived in the mail this week, only the wraparound cover was really the Digest. Bound inside those covers was a dirty book called "The Crusader" by somebody named Cleve. Of course I wrote a stinging letter to the editor and cancelled my subscription, but afterward I fell to wondering about the other end of this strange juxtaposition. What was the reaction of the pervert who bought a book (bought a cover of a book) titled "The Crusader" but found the innards of my Reader's Digest bound inside? Did he find inspiration in the lead article which was entitled "New Hope for the Dead"?

Somehow I kinda think that George Fergus would've preferred his copy to start off that way.//Okay, I have to ask: what the dickens is a LMJ?// Obviously, with its History behind it, I can't simply sell the venerable Ryan machine, and I can't think of any worthy fan, who shows the proper respect to fannish Traditions and all, to give the thing to, so I'll probably use it as a back-up (or for short-run material, since I've found this 320

to be an ink-guzzling monster on less-than-thirty-copy runs. At least until a Worthy successor to its list of former owners is found. (Got any suggestions?)

The eternal WAHF. Wish I had more room and more time so I could run all those lovely letters but the page count is already too long! Mike Glicksohn, who is looking for a warm blooded reptile to warm his apartment; Dean Grennell, who sends a colorful bumper sticker "Control Gun Control"; Dick Nixon, who has been Fafia but who expects to see me at a con Real Soon Now; Ben Bova, who read with interest but rejected my novelette(sob!); Robert Bloch, who is busy working on a novel about motel showers; Hugo Gernsbach, who sends a sticky quarter (but I don't want money!); Ken Keller, who wistfully admitted he'd like to chair a worldcon sometime but wonders if he stands a chance; Henry Kissinger, who sends a pretty picture postcard of the pyramids and included a secret message under the Egyptian stamp; Sarah Churchill, who said her father always reads American fanzines; Rusty Hevelin, who never reads them but writes trenchant locs anyway; have you voted for Rusty for DUFF?; Liz Taylor, who is having a grand time in Moscow making a movie about the Red Menace; Bruce Gillespie, who with Robin Johnson and Leigh Edmonds, reveal their plans to abscond with the Aussiecon funds and live the good life in Brazil; Martin Bohrman, already living the good life in Brazil, who is making plans to welcome the new fugitives; Mike Gorra, also with plans to reprint all the old issues of Hyphen and Le Zombie in huge hardcover anthologies; Jerry Ford, who admits he doesn't have much time for fanninf since he moved into his new house; Malcolm X, who wants info on joining the NFFF; Bruce D. Arthurs, who wants info on how to get out of the NFFF; Ben Indick, who is thinking of opening a drugstore in Highmore, S. Dak.; Patty Hearst, who sends a COA and says she's living in the Los Angeles Slan Shack; Ted White, who read with dismay and brutally rejected my novelette (gnash!); Plato Jones, who wants to break into the "fanzine illustration business"; Buck Coulson, who wonders if Midwest fandom would o come to a con in Hartford City (they'd sooner be caught dead in Highmore first!); Jack Chalker, who has wonderful plans for a Masquerade; Bob Vardeman, who had to leave Albuquerque because they found out what kind of novels he was writing; and Mike Glicksohn yet again, who said he'd found a warm body for his apartment. Thanks to you all for your interest!!!

