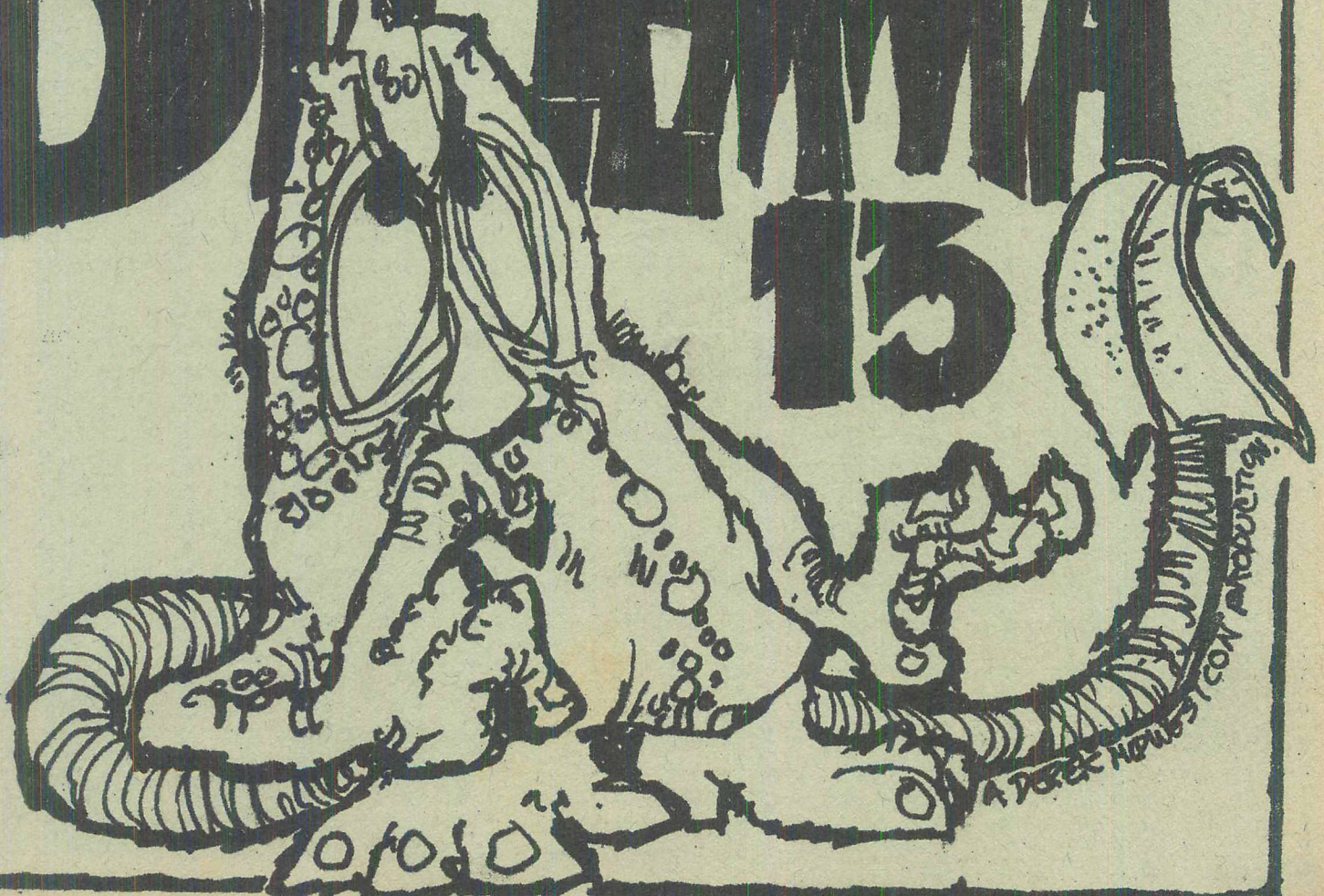


NOW WHAT THE
HELL CAN I DO FOR
THIS COVER?
IT SURE IS A

DILEMMA

13



DILEMMA 13--from Jackie Franke; Box 51-A RR 2; Beecher, IL 60401. Available for LoCs, contributions of written material, artwork, or postage stamps. Published on a more-or-less quarterly schedule (euphemistic phrase for "irregular"). Trades are acceptable, so long as an occasional letter/note/postcard (and, yes, Bruce and Paul, phone calls too) or other token of acknowledgement is made. I'll try to do the same.....

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It comes as an almost physical shock to realize that a mere three months have passed since the last issue of this zine. I had to check the calendar twice, close my eyes, tick off the months on my fingers, and look once more before I'd believe it. Has the world been time-tripping again? I could have sworn it's been something on the order of half a year since I last faced these blasted blank stencils.

Time has been behaving oddly, lately. Perhaps being involved with fandom has something to do with it, for I recall quite clearly that it used to follow an orderly progression that was predictable, even if somewhat monotonous, in those dear, dim, dull days prior to my first contact with the irrepressible Buck Coulson. The change wasn't immediate, of course, but a definite gradual acceleration began back then, which has led to the present situation wherein the days go by at a rate more akin to the hours of yore. No need to point out that the same metamorphosis has affected the weeks and months. The time-scale has telescoped, collapsed within itself, and I no longer can relate to it.

Anyway, the result of this effect has been a growing belief on my part that this issue would be late. This hunch was fed by not-so-subtle hints made by friends who suggested that I get #13 out in time for MidAmeriCon. No way: there simply wasn't enough--you guessed it, time. Only a few days ago (or was it weeks? I simply cannot estimate such things any longer...) the light dawned and I realized that if I had published in time for the Worldcon, it would have been only two months after the last issue's appearance--and that would have set a precedent I'd rather not see. It is fannish to be late; certainly not so to be ahead of schedule (I have no idea at all what it is to be on time--surely there is some fitting term).

Calendars are for one thing, nowadays: marking off dates until the next convention, house party, committee meeting, whatever. This issue, for instance, is not being published because it is due, but because PgHLANGE falls on the coming weekend, and I want to take advantage of every opportunity to save on postage that I can, and so want copies ready to hand out there. The schedule of the zine has nothing to do with it; the fact that three months has elapsed since the previous one is equally irrelevant. It's coming out because it is convenient for me to do it now--a con is coming up and I just happen to have nearly two weeks with nothing on the docket. If it weren't for the upcoming trip to Pittsburgh, this wouldn't see light until Windycon...

Isn't it comforting to know that you're getting a zine put out by such a responsible, punctual person?

AN UNABASHED FREE PLUG!!! Mike Glicksohn's report on his AussieCon trip (where he and Susan Wood were Fan GoHs) is now available for \$1 plus postage from Mike at 141 High Park Ave, Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3 CANADA. The 44 page zine is a delight to read and look at, with several pages of photos, scads of illustrations and odd little mementoes from Mike's travels about the Land Down Under. ALL MONEY GOES TO DUFF! Buy it!!

There simply is no room to report, in any real sense of the word at least, on the various trips and such taken since last issue. This summer was every bit as hectic as this spring was, so much so that to list everything would amount to running a daily diary, and I'm just not up to that. So apologies in advance to those who are overlooked, but thank you all anyway for adding to the busiest, but perhaps the best, summer I've had.

Herewith, some hurried impressions of:

MIDWESTCON: The frustrating drive to O'Hare--one traffic jam after another made the trip a nerve-wracking two-hour trek instead of a normal hour and twenty-minute jaunt--to meet Randy Reichardt; the pleasant journey to Cincinnati, swapping news with Randy, gossiping, and listening to him play the guitar; the incredible crush at the registration desk in the Quality Inn's Lobby, squeals, screams, hugs, kisses, hurried hellos, pats, smiles--my head was reeling within minutes and didn't quite stop until I got back home again; supper at the Big Boy; the almost-foodless Banquet, where I munched on scraps from Tucker and Propp's plate and Glicksohn tried to munch my arm (we did get even with Tabakow for making our table last in line for the buffet, though); meeting Bruce Pelz and signing up for LA (which lost anyway *sigh*); the late night, quiet talk by the poolside; the semi-sad farewells; the long drive homeward (why does it always seem twice as far when you're leaving a place?) with AppleSusan; and the realization that it's over during a bleary-eyed conversation with Jon & Joni Stopa and Apple before she left with them for Wilmot.

WILCON: Friends all over the place, calmer, more relaxed than Midwestcon; Jim Hansen and his camera; peering at proof-sheets from Minicon taken by Fred Haskell, continuing conversations not-finished at Cincy; drawing signs in the basement; the endless Frisbee game (don't those players ever sleep?); my first taste of Victory at the poker table (only 58¢, but it's a start...); the endless stream of food--roast beef, ham, burgers, weiners, bratwurst, salads galore!--the eerie quiet in the morning when the Early Birds deserted the house for breakfast at the lodge; the music that rocked the walls at times; the warm and close feelings while Joe Haldeman, Anne Passovoy, and Phyllis Eisenstein passed round the guitar and sang; the Doug Rice-Phil Foglio decorated GoH gift for Glicksohn--a pair of high-rise clogs; Tent City on the hillside; Stephanie Obermbt as an Amazon; the mad rush on SHADOW t-shirts; the semi-sad farewells; the pleasant ride home with Peg Pavalat; and the gentle winding down of her visit afterward.

LIN & RO LUTZ-NAGEY HOUSEWARMING: meeting "the gang" (Yale Edeiken, Barb Nagey, Lynn Parks) at the train station with a bucket of Kentucky Fried; the "Oops, no it's this way--or is it that way?" drive through Cleveland; Larry Tucker asleep on the living room floor while we try to talk quietly; the cookout in the back yard and watching the Ann Arbor crew clown around in front of their portable TV cameras; the poker game on the back porch where my Lust to Win grew stronger--\$2.36 ahead this time!; the laughing-n-scratching trips around the block with Bowers and Lynn and Yale and Glicksohn, barefoot most of the time; Mike zonked out on the front lawn (do you think Lin will consider him as a gift? No, well then, wake him up and shag him upstairs); The almost-til-dawn talk at the foot of the stairs with Bill and Lynn; sleeping wherever you can find space on the floor; the incredible heat; the storm-ridden drive back home (forced off the road twice--tornados sighted, horribly high winds); scrumptuous meal at 2350 Pub in Chgo--thanks again for the treat, Yale!; long, keep-your-eyes-open, jackie ride home. Sleep.

SYMPOSIUM: The ride to Ann Arbor with Barb, visiting with Jim Hansen; dashing to Leah Zeldes's in Detroit, rounding up a new "gang" (Leah, Larry Downes, Bill Bowers, Diane Dutrowski); the noisy chatter en route to Trawna-town; the hugs and kisses and hellos at Glicksohn's (once he finished collating, of course); hearing Jon Singer sigh over Lynn Parks; the terrific attempt to get Lynn to Toronto just for a day (it failed, but we did our damndest!); the all-night boozing party; the hung-over morning; the fantastic sunset atop Phil Paine and Patrick Hayden's apartment building; the wild artist, Derek Carter, and the formation of the Nagey-Carter Combine; the out-classed Surfer Joe Pearson; the film-developer's con in the kitchen with an attendance of two--Mike Harper and Jon Singer; the wild scouting party who scoured Toronto on Sunday trying to fill

Singer's shopping list--Glicksohn, Harper and me; Mike G. trying to convince a Portugese shop-owner that we wanted raw chickens; stalling dinner, waiting for the Haldemans; the cramped, hot living room as we strained to hear folk songs on a tape recorder with all the windows and doors shut; the bridge games, the poker games--\$16 ahead, why won't anyone play cards with me any more?; people mobbing the streets on Monday, to see some of the Olympic Games; the marvelous studio of Derek Carter--a fascinating place!; my cover for this issue; watching Derek idly scribble on his layout pad and turn out a back cover before my very eyes; the eye-popping pencil sketch of the next cover; the Derek-Barb Farewell scene in the parking lot (but does he want to emigrate?); the pleasant ride to Ann Arbor/Detroit with Leah and Barb; another talkative evening with Jim; "Tubular Bells" on Hansen's stereo set-up unlike I've heard it before; dashing home to meet Dave Locke (who didn't show--and I missed the Art Fair for him!). Collapse at home.

MEETING DAVE JENRETTE AT O'HARE: That's all there was, a brief chat over drinks at the bar with Dave, Midge Reitan and myself between planes, but what the heck, I thought I'd mention it anyway...

RIVERCON: Car trouble on the way down--clogged gas filter, at least it was a simple and cheap repair job; meeting "Elder Ghodess" Doris Beetum, who I then continued to see half the summer, it seemed; our party Friday night, where Wally did the hosting and I gallavanted around, checking in every so often; the Marines and the hookers clogging the hallways; sharing the room with Bowers and Tony Cvetko who hardly were in the place; back rubs in the CFG suite; talking with Peter Edick in the wee hours; the flow-through bar party where Lou Tabakow lost his shoes; meeting andy offutt's mother--a good woman with a fast quip; the eternal wait in line for the buffet; Jodie's off-the-cuff speech when Lou got his shoes back (he went through the line in stockinged feet); the breath-taking (and water-choked) frisbee/ball tossing party in the pool; the dash out to rescue the CFG people when Lou's water pump broke down 15 miles out of town (was Lynn Parks behind it?); the hot dogs in the con suite; the quiet hours Sunday night when everyone began to wind down; the fantastic 1932 Yellow Cab; running out of gas on the way home and being helped by a Ghod Samaritan; Jim Hansen stopping by en route home from stop-over in Champaign and showing his Grand Canyon slides; collapsing into bed and sleep...

THE SID ALTUS/LYNN PARKS PARTY: Picking up Lynn, Midge Reitan and Alex Eisenstein at train station and then dashing off madly to Detroit to meet Stephie Oberembt at the airport there; hatching devious plans en route to Sid's house (Gee, Mike; Stephie's Mom just wouldn't let her come); chickening out at the look on Mike's face, but going through with it to Bowers; relenting and being strangled by Glicksohn; endless video tapes on the living room screen; tripping over people's feet trying to get past in the dark; yet more walks around the block with Mike and Bowers and Yale and Lynn (not barefoot this time--too cold!); odd vibes from quarreling friends; chatting with Midge and Steph in the morning/afternoon; getting lost on way to Dana Siegal's house; that mind-boggling house!; waking up with a ferocious back-ache that hung on all day; the crowded table-for-22 at a near-by Chinese Restaurant; Our car's water pump going out (Lynn Parks! Where are you?!); panic calls to trains, bus stations and airports, trying to get Lynn Parks and Midge Reitan home in time for work in the A.M.; the late night talk with Midge, Alex and Sid; rushing home after the car was fixed with Alex and Barb Nagey--Wally had to be at work that afternoon!; delicious gyros sandwiches in Chgo; coming home and sleeping for 12 hours.

LOCKE-CON: Baking pizzas for two days; mad dash to airport--more bad traffic and we're late this time (but still, it took Dave two tries to get here in the first place); the drink-n-chatter get-re-acquainted dinner with Yale Edeiken, Lynn Parks, Dana Siegal, Dave Locke, Wally and I at the 2350 Pub; finding Jim Hansen sitting in our driveway when we got home; finding an Oven instead of a house when we went inside; working on the wiring and tubing for the central air unit until 2 A.M., but getting it working!; sitting up till 4:30, only giving up then because we'd stay up late the next night; the easy trickling-in of guests, no mad rushing around this time; the whistling air conditioner (still does on occasion), but at least it WORKS; eating pizza till it came out

our ears; playing bridge; playing Hearts when we weren't quite able to focus at 6:30 in the A.M.; talking on the phone--to Glicksohn and Carter Saturday night, and to Mike Harper Sunday afternoon (and not recalling what I'd said later in the day); seeing the last guests leave at 11:30 or 12:30 in the morning/afternoon (somewhere around then!); dying on Sunday afternoon around the dining room table; watching Dave try to show Brian a card trick--who's gulling who?; yet more pizza (maybe I made too much??); trying to fall asleep after being up for only 7 hours because we have to leave early in the morning to get Dave to work; cursing the alarm at 5:45 A.M.; getting lost three times en route to Elk Grove; the bleery-eyed drive home; spending the day in Limbo-Land...

THE NAGEY-GLICKSOHN-DOWNES VISIT: Getting a phone call in the midst of house-cleaning and working on Masquerade costume (We're at the station--only six hours early!); dashing down the highway and getting a front-tire blow-out; meeting some Neat People at a Veterinarian's just off the highway (their kids read Tolkien and do some fine artwork from the trilogy!); bouncing home in the shock-absorberless Maverick; making Yorkshire Pudding with self-rising flour--unbeknownst to me--and ending up with a screwy-looking, but good-tasting version!; playing Hearts till 6 A.M. (what? No poker?); crawling out of bed at 9:30 in order to get to Chicago in time for a buffet brunch; car conking out yet another time; the stomach-killing brunch at Ratso's--thanks again for the treat, Mike!; relaxing and talking at Barb's while Wally napped; visiting the Passovoy's and eating cherry pie there on the way home; feeling the house seem empty when we got back.

And now it turns almost into a daily diary, since the MidAmeriCon section lasts from Tuesday, August 31st, through Sunday, September 12th. I hope my fingers and memory (as well as your patience!) hold out...

TUESDAY, AUG 31st: Dashing madly about, trying to finish kids' costumes and get house in shape for over-night guests; Mike Harper, Peter Edick, and Peter Dawson coming in at 7:30, laughing and scratching--Worldcon fever starting to grow; pleasant spaghetti supper, talking all the while; Jim Hansen's arrival, more talking till late at night/morning--gotta get some sleep before the drive to St. Louis!

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 1st: stopping off at the drugstore for liquor and finding out I'd left the direction to Brazier's house back at our house; hitting the road, only an hour late; car dies 80 miles or so out--what's the problem?; car keeps dying, take it to Ford dealer while we eat lunch; car keeps on dying--we journey in 1-1/3rd mile to 50 mile hops--gas-tank filter clogged? We try air-hosing it out; car still dies--Jim Hansen calls ahead to sister in St. Louis--he's gonna be late; blow out line, car runs like a tiger for the last 120 miles to Brazier's; saying "Hi" to all the guests--Donn, the host, of course, Eric Lindsay, Dave Rowe (who will be coming back home with us), Guy Lillian & Friend, Ned Brooks, Al Fitzpatrick, what the dickens is Donn's wife and son's name??; filling hamburger-and-trimmings supper, talk and more talk; dashing off to Leigh Couch's house with Eric and Dave along; meeting Buck and Juanita Coulson, Bruce, Kay Anderson, Lynn ?? and Friend, plus Leigh and Nor and Mike Couch; new contact lenses hurting and blurring my vision so I had to give up early; sharing a room with Juanita and Kay.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd: endless cups of coffee in the Couch's kitchen and breezeway; talking and trying to wake up; Leigh trying to find someone with room for two more riders--everyone's loaded to the roofline with the two extra people we took on at Brazier's (Eric and Dave); rolling out with the expectation of hitting KC by 3:00 or so; the car (not again!!) dying 37 miles out; a full repeat of the preceeding day--embarrassing to hold everyone up, but as Dawson says "Do elephants leave when one of them gets sick? No, they prop him up between two others..."; picturing our wagon lashed between Edick's Torino and Hansen's Volvo, and giggling; stopping for lunch and telling the mechanic to do with it as he would and coming back to find our problem was a dirty carburetor; the blessedly uneventful remainder of the trip--arrival time: 7:15; unloading the cars, and watching the mountain grow...; the look of disbelief on the bellhop's face (when we finally manage to get one; the incredible dense room clerk who refused to acknowledge that "2dbldbl" meant two rooms with two double beds each instead of one room with two

double beds *sheesh*; seeing Dan Ayres, Jon Singer, Lynn Parks, friend after friend until I couldn't recall them; unpacking and scurrying downstairs to register; the "big surprise" in the ID badges--hospital arm bands (what else?) and the jokes about them; the really lovely program book (that I still haven't finished reading!); Joni Stopa's harried look by the registration area for the masquerade; the familiar/unfamiliar look of BYOBcon's Muelbach as a Worldcon hotel...; the dimly lit lobby bar with its sinfully luxurious seats; sipping a double S.C. with Wally, Peter Edick, Bill Hixon, Jim Hansen (who picked up the tab for Wally's because he'd lost his bet that our car trouble would prove to be electrical in nature); being joined by Leigh and Nor and feeling more at ease than I ever had on the first day of a con; relating the story of the crippled-three-car-convoy over and over until I was sick of it; greeting the already-bleary-eyed Jeff May and reassuring him that I had brought the electro-stenciller along; looking for Tucker and being told that I'd just missed him everywhere; the Cincy room where everyone sat on the floor; traipsing through the halls at 4:30 with Dave Rowe, trying to find a party that was still open; finding Living, Wide-Awake Beings on the Mezzanine; hearing Larry Propp's arguments for a Chicon bid in 81; yawning a lot ("But you're still listening, Jackie!" "That's because you talk so well, Larry; they taught you well in Law School."); breakfast in the Greenery and having Jacqueline Lichtenberg and Marion Z. Bradley take the next table--wide awake and ready for the day when I'm ready to fall asleep; watching Bjo Trimble grumble her way through breakfast (noisy kids in the room next door had kept her and John from sleeping--guess whose kids they were?) (*gulp*)

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER #rd: Getting up five minutes before I'd put in my wake-up call at the desk (which rang forty-five minutes late...); dashing across the street to the preliminary Business Meeting and finding Mike Lahlor and Peggy Pavlat's friendly faces amidst a sea of strangers; finding the proceedings to be fairly interesting--funny in spots, even (an excellent job of moderating by Bob Hillis, secretarying by Larry Smith and parliamentarianing by George Scithers--they knew they were entertainers too.); going out to find a place to eat with Wally and the serendipitous locating of the Greek Islands, where there were wall-to-wall fans and a wildly eccentric owner; watching hungrily as Alex and Phyllis Eisenstein, Mike Stein and ? devoured their food (the Greek Islands ended up as perhaps the highlight of the con--Tuesday, a normal "open" day for business, the owner and help turned away straggling conventioners with the excuse; "We're recuperating!"--Peggy Pavlat had convinced them to stay open all weekend, and I'd wager that they did two-months worth of business: best food for the money in town!); greeting Midge as she came into the hotel from the airport (Lou Tabakow had picked her up; still repaying his Midwestcon debt); oohing and ahing at the sumptuousness of the CFG Suite, which developed into "Home Base" for the duration of the con; finding Chris Lundy putting together costumes in the 9th floor hallway and borrowing some gold glitter to complete the kids' costumes; asking Stephie Oberembt if she'd like to be in the costume ball in a Lundy costume; watching her dubiousness increase as she saw what the costume consisted of, but pluck won out; waking Wally up to help tape and glue Brian's costume so we could give Chris what was left of our glue; collapsing into bed at 7 A.M.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th: Greek Islands for breakfast/lunch; attended the final business meeting with Midge (last half of it, at least) "my" amendment passed--surprised to see Shorter and Lundy speak in its favor (reverse psychology?); rounding up the kids for "costume call" in our room; eating hamburgers on the run; mass confusion behind the scenes at the masquerade--what the dickens am I supposed to do, anyway?; talking to Leigh Couch, Father Bernie (a pity his costume didn't win, it was spectacular!); the goon at the doorway who wouldn't let me back in when I went to the bar with Karen Anderson for a quick bheer (he also wouldn't let in Lee Smoire, Ro Lutz-Nagey, Yale Edeikin, Joni Stopa (who was running the blasted thing!) or Ken Keller (who was running everything!)); groaning as Wally and Brian fought their way down the runway in the Lime-Jello fandom costume (crossed signals everywhere--Scithers had asked Brian if he could see; Brian thought he meant directly in front and said 'No'--he could see out the bottom which was all that was necessary; Scithers told Wally to help guide him down the runway, and when Brian saw the 'X' marks--where had been told to turn so all sides of the costume could be seen--Wally thought he was going off the runway and pushed him back, with

the result that the box tilted and caught on the runway seams and made a most tortuous journey indeed, a mess from the word Go), but appreciating the laugh it got anyhow; grinning from ear to ear when Sandy and Kurt came out as "Less and Ramoth the newly-hatched Golden Dragon--all the work was worth it!; helping the masqueraders keep their cool--and their costumes together during the run-throughs, the pictures, the melee in the back; winding down at the parties later that night but folding early from weariness.

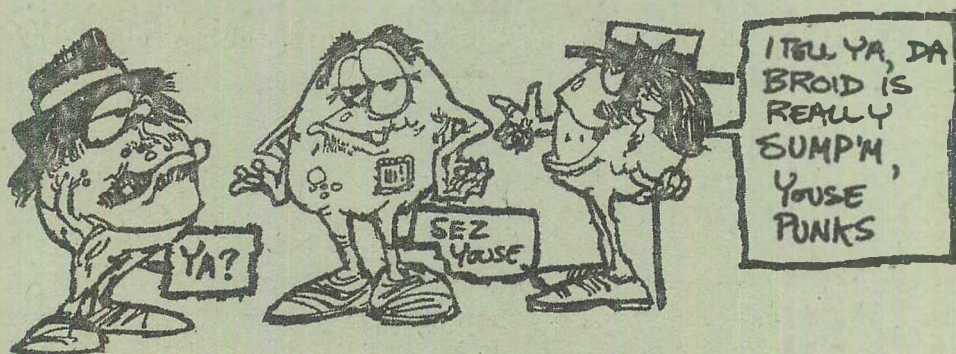
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th: milling about on the mezzanine, waiting for the banquet hall to open up; finally being found by Tucker (missing a person for three days is damned hard!) and meeting Joe Green's lovely wife, Patti; laughing and scratching through the banquet with Yale, Lynn Parks and Jon Singer, Lou and Midge, Dana Siegal and Dave Rowe (with three people from Chicago--Yale, Lynn and Midge--Lou kept calling it "the Chicago table" to the rest of our's merriment); the really excellent speech by George Barr, Fan GoH (who suggested we all trust our own judgement in deciding what's Good in this world, rather than the "experts"); a surprise talk by Heinlein (who made Tucker blush by asking for his autograph!); the incredible mass of people trying to get into the art show auction (I never did see the darned thing!); sitting in the bar with Hixon, munching peanuts and littering the floor with shells; talking with the Moffatts, who were naturally disappointed at LA's loss in the site selection; joining Brian Burley and Ben Zuhl (?) at another table, and being joined in turn by Larry Propp, Patia von Sternberg (what incredibly-sized false eye-lashes! I don't think I could tolerate theatrical make-up more than a minute or two, my eyelids would get weary!), and others who drifted in and out; the Hugo Awards, sitting next to Al Frank and Corrina (with the obnoxious Filthy Pierre tootling his whatchamacallit at the end of our row) and chuckling over Al's quips about the awards, the nominees and the whole deal in general; standing and cheering and clapping and yelling our lungs out when Joe Haldeman won his Hugo for FOREVER WAR; grabbing a fast hamburger at Smak's, missing Heinlein's speech; playing a two-hour "fifteen-minute" bridge game with Roger Sims, Joanne Wood and a Cincy (?) newcomer; dashing up to the party Propp and the Passovoy's were throwing for Kelly Freas's birthday and running into a solid wall of humanity; the tremendous overcrowding of every party that night--where had all these people been all weekend?; wandering around with Midge and Jodie Offutt; patting Joe's Hugo in the CFG suite; the intermidable viewing and reviewing and re-reviewing of the vidiotaped program--those TV sets killed more parties that convention than any other single thing; bouncing around all over the hotel and seeing many people I'd missed (but never finding Gil Gaier, who I understand was there); sitting in for Martha at the bridge game on the mezzanine, and steering her to some parties; having Wally outlast me for yet another night.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th: out(again) for brunch at the Greek Islands, with Wally, Rick Bergman and Bill Cavin; tried again to see the Art Show and was driven back by the crowd; forming a barcon with Hixon and Jim Hansen and Andy and Jodie, Bill Rotsler, Mike Harper, AppleSusan, and others as people drifted in and out, the table shrunk and swelled, and people munched and drank the day away; saying good-bye to Midge before Lou took her away to the airport; saying good-bye to too many others for comfort--who'd be at the Dead Dog parties?; Peters Dawson and Edick, Sue Wheeler, Jim Hansen and Wally and I going out to eat at the Golden Ox--being treated to dinner by three friends and trying a new-to-us wine and liking it; the jammed-full room party at Joni's; talking awhile with Keith Curtis and finally meeting his Jackie (Simpson, from California); talking and talking and talking, the whole night through it seemed; searching out a pop machine with sugar-free cola still left; finding one at the pool! comparing our "naked arm" feelings after the mass ID-band rip-off during that afternoon's closing ceremonies; sitting in Tucker's room with Wally and Mari Beth, having Lou and Joni join us and feeling my eyes turn into lead.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th: Packed up; received a gigantic stack of stencils from Joe D Siclari (for a reprint project we have working); saying farewell to everyone; loading up and hitting the road by 1:30; dinner at a Nickerson Farms restaurant on the highway and meeting Al and Corrina as they were leaving (and thanks for treating us to lunch, Mike Harper!); the relief at having no more car trouble since our Chief Trouble-Shooter, Jim

Hansen wasn't with us any longer; turning the wheel over to Harper when the road turned all blurry on me; coming home and unwinding by listening to "A Child's Garden of Grass" and laughing quietly, coming down from the week-end high. Realizing the con is really and truly over....

The Canfen--Peters Dawson and Edick and Mike Harper--stayed on until 6 or so the following evening, and we spent a couple quiet days visiting with Dave Rowe before taking him up to Chicago for a day's sightseeing. That weekend the Stopas held a party for Dave--Wilcon 14-1/2--and thirty or so tired and burned-out fen had an exceedingly low-keyed party. I got to meet Anna Shoppinhorst (?) and Mark Sharpe from Indianapolis, who had come up with Bruce Coulson in order to meet Dave Rowe, but otherwise just layed back and relaxed. The Fannish Summer was over--there was nothing else to look forward to for the rest of the year but peace and quiet....and the Sid Altus Birthday party, PgHLANGE, WINDYCON, OCTOCON/ALPHA DRACONIS, ICON, CHAMBANACON, and Ghod-knows-what!



So what has been the sum-total of this Operation: CriFanac? Was the toll on purse, personality, and person worth it? I give an unqualified "And how!!!" to any such question (and a cock-eyed look askanse at anyone so foolish to ask it...). I've met more people, made honest friends, had more adventures (do you think that finding oneself with two husbands--or is it that Wally's gained a brother in Bowers; or is it that my perception's muddled?--isn't exciting? Well, let me tell you...), gone to more places, seen the world through more people's point-of-view, felt more alive than I have for any other similar period in my life. Though there were times that I cursed the pressure, felt overwhelmed with the number of matters I was neglecting, shuddered when I thought of the morally and spiritually *uplifting* things I could be doing with my time; overall I wouldn't swap a single day of the past five months for all the wealth in the fabled seven cities of gold. The sheer Love that was generated and that pulsed along the fannish lines made every strain, every discomfort, every weary ache worth the effort. I'm aglow in the feeling of fannish at-one-ness, and that's something everyone should have. I only wish it were possible to tap into each person's mind, so that these sensations of satisfaction and unity could flood you as they do me...

A heartfelt THANK YOU go out to: andy and Jodie, Hank and Martha, Jon and Joni, Midge, Lynn, Bill, Mike G and Mike H., Peters E. and D., Leah, Barb, Jon, Lou, Bill C., Buck and Juanita, Leigh and Nor, Donn, Dave L., Dave R., AppleSusan, Bill F., Bob and Anne, Doug, Phil, Deb and Tom, Yale, Sid, Paula, Marla, Tucker, Joe and Gay, Rusty, Dave W, Caryl, Madman and Cat, Karen, Pauline, Alex and Phyllis, Randy, Stuart, Derek, Dave, Don A., Rick, Larry, Bill H., Jim, Sue, Chuck and Jennie, all those known and unknown or temporarily forgotten--but most of all Wally--for the most memorable, happiest time of my life. I owe you all a debt that can never be repaid, and love you all.....

GRUFFINGS: OR--ONE DEGAFIATE'S VIEW OF SYMPOSIUM 2

BY Derek Carter



YOU FUGGHEAD GLICKSOHN! YOU'VE DONE IT, HAVEN'T YOU---DRAGGED ME, POOR LIL OLE INNOCENT ME, SCREAMING BACK INTO FANDOM!!! YOU HAIRY HUMANOID BIPED MESS!!!!

For those that really mattered, SYMPOSIUM began on Friday, but for them that suffered it began on Wednesday with Glickcon III. This, the third of the duet cons between Glicksohn and Carter, was aborted by the arrival of Rosemary Ulliot and what appeared to be the world's largest pizza. Now it wasn't the lovely lady that caused the abortion--despite the fact that Glickcons do tend to be very male and Chivas Royal in tone--nay, the birthing defect was instigated by an invasion of Toronto Fuggheads.

To know a Toronto Fugghead is to know why two groups in particular--The Iowa Guerillas and Franke's Furies--along with other assorted mobs, have acquired such a tenacious stranglehold on their victims, Old Hairy and Da Shortstop. It must remain a wonder just how so many people can manage to create so much nauseating boredom in so short a time, and to wreak such mentally stupifying havoc with such innocent and fatheaded aplomb.

The realization that a mini-con had really arrived came to me when Ramblin' Joe Pearson ambled into the studio on Thursday afternoon. Not the done thing, folks. Learn from Jackie; phone ahead. Joseph had neither the timidity of Old Hairy nor the gentility of Jackie when they are faced with the honest truth of what I do for a job and are invited to view the rambling insanity of my creative cavern. Joe just appeared and walked right in--and browsed. I was trying to do some work, without which I'd be short for the rent. But Joe kept finding, under my reference notes, drawings long forgotten on which he'd comment. That neither pays the rent nor makes me feel good. Suffering this intrusive barrage for half an hour, I gently screamed and went to see a client--to see if I could disrupt his day. But he was a chartered accountant, so my arrival could be called an event rather than a disruption. In the meantime, Joe disappeared, to find some woman he'd met in Washington.

In fact, he spent all weekend chasing hordes of unknown and strange non-fan women. We know this because he was constantly on the phone (that is, when Glicksohn's North American Fan Club wasn't ringing up), but he never went anywhere. Just kept using the phone. Must be a Californian affliction--blind dates by Bell.

Friday afternoon, I phoned Micheal's.

"They haven't arrived."

"Never mind, I'll still come up."

There was a slight pause; an intake of breath. "There's lots of local fans here." Did I denote a croak in his voice? Hell, back in the early days this guy was a patron. Nuts, The Patron. I couldn't leave him to suffer alone.

"I'll come up anyway." The sigh of relief was very audible.

The place was crawling with the Wednesday night Fuggheads including Twit Harper, the Pipe Cleaner, who tried to run me down with his Volksvagen. Some there be who don't want me to gruff...

Old Hairy was assembling something called Zeeny Hum, hoping that Barbara had given him enough cover prints to match the copies he'd printed. He leapt about his kitchen and tried to make ~~me say~~ such phrases as 'fillo', 'bacover', and 'illo', all the time dashing around his table doing an incredible impersonation of a Zulu warrior on an ant hill. He said it was called collating; I said he should see a doctor--it could be contagious. In trying to subvert my professional ethics, he was very, very insulting (even Lady Killer Pearson had turned a faint green around the gills), so it was time to strike back. We formed FAUNA--Fan Artists Union of North America. So far there's me, Joe Pearson, Jackie Franke, Barbara Nagey, and Phil Foglio. For starters FAUNA WILL BOYCOTT BUSHYAGER! See what happens when you let Carter have power, you poor democratic clods!!

Then people arrived. American people. And we all went insane, flying around yelling hello, kissy kissy kiss kiss, I have a letter for you, I have one for you, this is for you, this is for you, see this pencil, yes, well it's your next cover, o migod now I have to pub an ish, kissy kiss kiss, here's your damned report Bowers, piss off short-stop--until finally this social ape madness subsided and we quickly turned to more serious matters and opened up bottles of alcholic happiness and moved outdoors.

"Go see the back porch!" Barbara and I yelled at everyone as they tried to halt on the front porch. Led by Jackie Franke with Bill Bowers in tow (always the quaking knee coward, eh Bill?) we were finally told "Nuts (the tradition of Bastogne dies hard), if you two think we're going to move out of earshot just so you can talk nummy nummy, forget it kids." Jackie gets very matronly with us--er--young'uns. "You move to the back porch. So we did. Nummy nummy.

Then it was eat time, which was a pity because we discovered a local restaurant that served lousy onion rings which looked as if they had come from the same kitchen that produced Joe Haldeman's Midwestcon pork tenderloin sandwich--where the batter out-scored the contained food by a ratio of 2000 to 1 (for the full account of Joe Haldeman's breakfast in Cincy, await the Midwestcon Report held by that snail of the faned world, Sleepy Bill Bowers).

At Midwestcon there was a lovely part of the evening when it would light up with PARTYTIME. WOWEEEEEE!! So did Symposium. But some fugghead kept stealing all the bulbs. For three parties in three days, I left early bored out of my tree. The fugg-heads were able to dampen my spirits to such an extent that it was impossible to stay. I won't dwell on those ghastly gatherings....

2:30 Saturday afternoon. A knock on the door. I yell brusquely (this is me the hard business type) "COME IN!" Enter Barbara and the Bowers. Barbara said she thought the studio would've been bigger, while Bill ambled around before finally settling down to take twelve million photographs. Barbara wrote a script for a planned one-shot while I played "Artist showing portfolio to famous big name editor". Then I had to sit down and draw someone called Yale Edeiken. It wasn't easy. I was starving. So we went to eat--or so we thought...

Oh boy! Two bad restaurants in two days is more than I can stomach. Barbara's sandwich was so small it disappeared before it hit the table. What Bill had must remain a mystery. I didn't see it, and it is doubtful if anyone else--including the kitchen staff--did either. While I was paying the national debt, Barbara realized that I was missing the hand-drawn convention card which she had been carefully adding to



each day on the back of my hand, so while the staff looked on, we held things up at the cash register while the Chicago nimble digits went to work.

We ambled around Yorkville, gracefully avoiding the coffee shops despite a crying need for caffeine until we hit Murray's--a pleasant reminder of Toronto circa 1950--where Bill went insane and paid for the astronomical tab that Barbara ran up in coffees. Here we pay by the cup. Must have been a buck for his and mine, but he paled when he realized the drinking power of the third member of the party...

When we returned to Old Hairy's Hostelry for down and outs, Jon the Chanson had made his appearance and was playing Graham Kerr. At least I thought he was playing Graham Kerr. He's a frustrated actor and was also playing Karsh of Ottawa, directing Barbara and I in bit parts in front of his weird camera. We fooled around on the front steps while he went click click click. It appeared that he was managing the kitchen chores upstairs while being downstairs--I thought; "This guy is some kind of genius!" He'd go click click, hold that, leave us in some weird position, run upstairs, come running down, yes, try that, munch munch click click. The truth came out the next day, but first it was ghastly gathering time.....

Through the wonder of literary time travel, skip to midday Sunday, once more at the Glicksohn's.

In "The Charge of the Light Brigade", there's a sequence where Trevor Howard staggers back with the remnants of his command looking like God's gift to a bloody nose. The residents of The Four Seasons Glicksohn had that same, smashed, bemused look about them when I arrived. Into the Valley of Parties had dashed the mad dozen; bottles to the left of them, bottles to the right of them, etcetera, etcetera. Jackie was doing the world's finest impersonation of a bear with a twelve day hangover that it has ever been my pleasure to see.

And the first thing this collection of rubbies did was go out in the Pipe Cleaner's Volkswagen to look for a list of groceries the Singer had requested before disappearing into the wilds of Scarborough--a local suburb, miles away from civilisation. To live there is almost like being beyond Siberia. He claimed it was to see relatives. I have a tendency to believe him; no one else would be dense enough to endure life in such a spot. Either that or they figured Jon would have a hell of a time finding them.

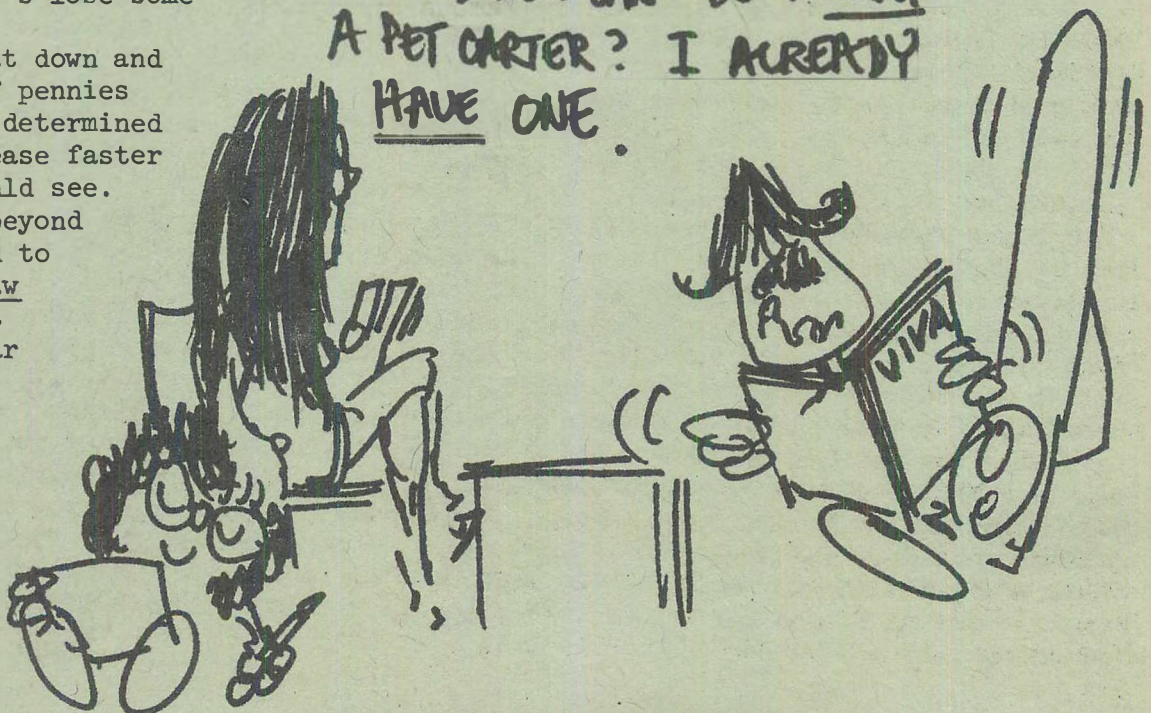
Joe, in the meanwhile, made love to the telephone.

The afternoon rolled on and the hungover bear found herself with a Carter Mid-westcon cover for her next issue and a Carter Symposium back cover--a sort of Carter sandwich (notice how this report is food oriented in its imagery...)

Then it was "Let's lose some money" time...

Everyone sat down and produced wads of pennies which they were determined to lose or increase faster than the eye could see. Such speed was beyond me, so I decided to sit back and draw them losing vast fortunes. So far so good. But Lovelorn Joe decided to attack the Nagey-Carter combine. Twit Harper told me later --much later, in the bar at the Royal York

WHAT D'YOU MEAN--DO I WANT
A PET CARTER? I ALREADY
HAVE ONE.



where he acquired about thirty napkin scribbles while I acquired vast quantities of beer in return--that it was the strangest combine he'd ever seen. Apparently we didn't speak to each other--the sketchbook just traveled back and forth. I tried to recall if he's right, but frankly all I remember is cartooning and very little else...

In the end, Twit Harper and some others were helping Joe out with gag lines, but he finally gave up, or so I'm told. All I recall is cartooning and these long fingers running through my hair...

More food. And the truth. Yes, Singer can repair a mad typewriter, a grieving Gestetner, and probably languishing Mars Landers. And he can write a mean recipe. But da cooking? Ever seen a bear with a twelve day hangover kicking the shit outta a bunch of lunkheads and doing cordon bleau in an undernourished, overalcoholicked bachelor's kitchen and winning? No? Well, Jackie did it at Symposium. Singer returned, sniffed the results, mumbled something about "Without the recipe you'd be noth...OUCH!" He re-treated clutching a clawed ear to play Remington Fred, the lightening typewriter repair man; correcting some fault in Old Hairy's locking machine that his Senilitiness had lived with for two years.

We sat around for hours waiting for food, living in the meanwhile on nothing but booze, wondering when the Haldemans (Haldemen?) would turn up. It was a thrilling race, but the food won--hooray--by about five minutes. Oh sad.

Sad, because I'd forgotten about the other people in that race. The Fuggheads. Lucky me, the Haldemans and the food galloped in first and I was ensconced on the floor, being a ravenous beast, when they appeared, spilling all over the kitchen, the hall, blocking Rosemary's way to the freezer ("Gimme ice, gimme ice you finks. A woman could die of dehydration with the lot of you around!"), took over El Glick's instant fanzine production machine...but steered clear of the front room where a certain person launched into his "So you want to go to a convention where it's so nice seeing all those fat, greasy rolling neofans and fuggheads..." routine. Or so it was reported by the Twit.

Perusing the noble visage of our esteemed literary whizz kid, the thought occurred that with his curling sideburns and moustache, he could pass as Lt. Haldeman-Chard of the 1st Regt. 24th Battn, Welsh Borderers. Which meant that Joe landed the Stanley Baker role. I enthused about defending her Brittanic Majesty's Chivas supply at convention bars. Did that mean I'd play Lt. Carter-Bromhead? Me as Michael Caine? Am I really that dashing, that debonair? You are too, too kind. So there it was; the defense of Rorke's Bar against the massed hairies of the Glicksohn Impi.

But fuggheadeddom was getting to me, and nargling quietly under my breath, I left. I thought, as Barbara and I wandered down to the subway for a final farewell, that Symposium was over. But one of the nicest parts was yet to come.

I'd invited Jackie to stop by the Drawing Emporium on Monday before leaving. She phoned and said she'd be by in the afternoon. Two of 'em turned up. Barbara and Jackie. Barbara took over a spot with an airy wave to the other to carry on you have my august permission ignore the shortstop he just provides the genius around here. It was almost like that. I've tried to figure out if it was real or imagined. It's not everyone who can come in and fit that naturally into the surroundings without getting me uptight.

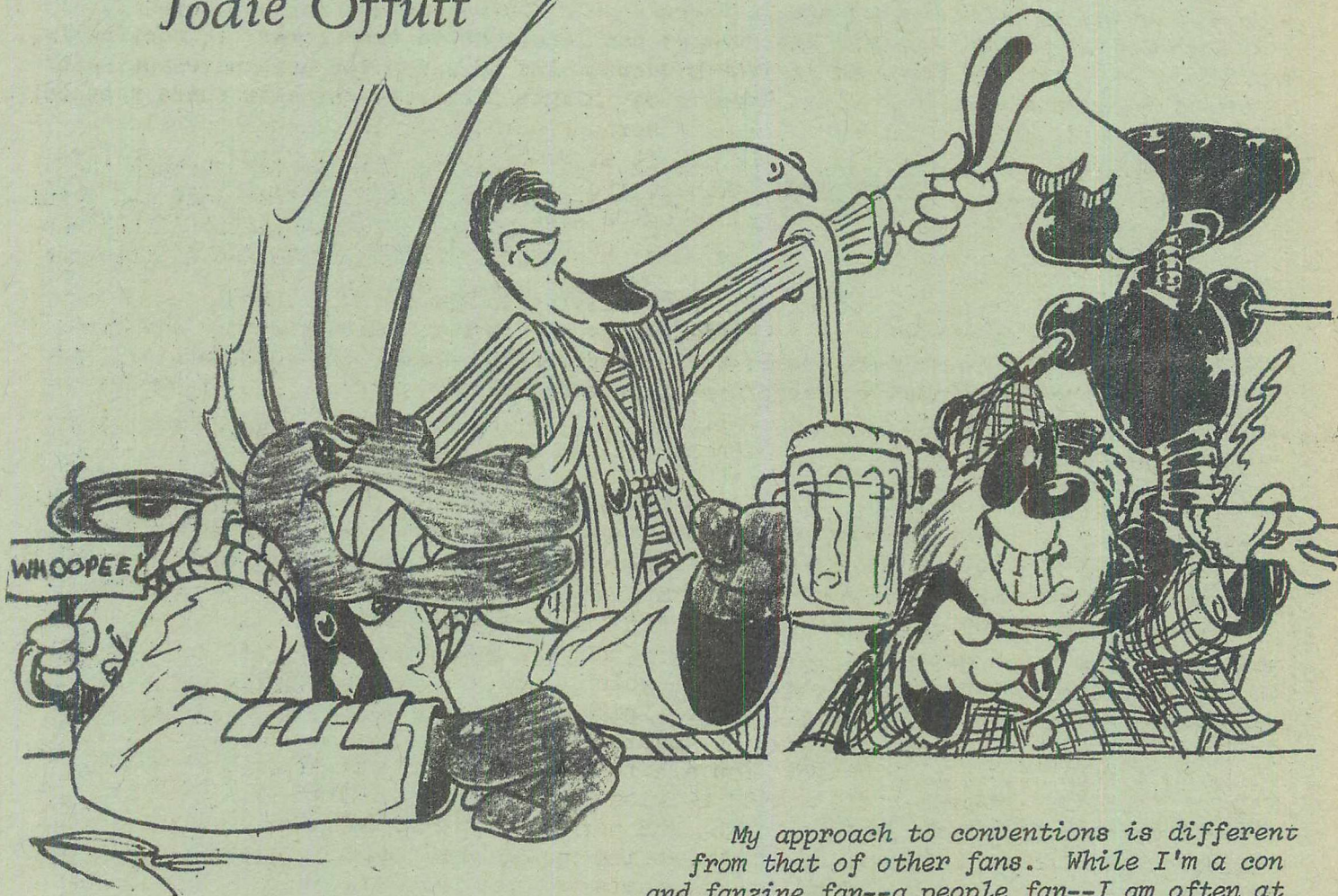
Jackie went browsing like a lady. My invitation had been an open one, so she was free to go adigging, but she didn't. She sort of Glicksohned the place but with a little closer scrutiny. Mike hangs back until shown things (one of the reasons he gets carte blanche here above anyone else). Jackie didn't hang back, but she didn't intrude either. So, with the one burbling from the couch, it made for a beautiful visit.

It was while we were eating lunch that I had the strangest sensation that the Iowa Guerrillas had a rival group--Franke's Furies--and the second kidnap caper was about to unfold. We were at the wagon and I was leaning in through the window saying farewell in a rather enjoyable manner when Jackie, eager to be away (only slightly), finally said; "Excuse me for interrupting, but are we leaving him behind or does he stay attached?" "Oh dear," said Barbara, "I don't think I can let go!" But, dammit, the trials and tribulations of Symposium must have drained her strength because I'm still here, standing by the road as two lovely people disappear into a memory when one wishes they lived just around the corner instead....

--Derek Carter

DIARY of a CONVENTION-GOER

by
Jodie Offutt



My approach to conventions is different from that of other fans. While I'm a con and fanzine fan--a people fan--I am often at conventions because andy's a guest; on the program in one way or the other. A con report from me might be unique to a degree, but it certainly won't be too objective in terms of criticism. I mean, you're not going to find me badmouthing a banquet that I've probably not paid for and at which I was one of the first ones served. (Besides, I'm not all that hard to please.) And I'm sure not going to pick apart a GoH speech that was given by my husband!

Instead of telling you about the marvy conventions we have--and they all are!--I'd rather tell you about some fans; introduce you to a few nice people I know.

#####

If you know any fanzines at all, surely you know OUTWORLDS. Since its editor-publisher has become a con fan with a vengeance, let me tell you what to expect. Bill Bowers is a tall man with straight blondish hair. As a matter of fact, Bill looks English, in the stereotyped way we have of thinking of the English. Bill has a beard that looks great (I'm very partial to beards). Bill is a soft-spoken man, very approachable, but not very outgoing. He's friendly and always good for a quiet, calm conversation, even in the midst of a rowdy, crowded con party.

Bill is often surrounded by his own brand of groupies: young, just-getting-started faneds, bright-eyed and enthusiastic, hoping to pick up some publishing/editing tips from the most envied faned of them all. As far as I'm concerned, he deserves the guru

status. Whenever I write something that Bill likes well enough to print, I'm extra pleased with myself.

You will like Bill Bowers. You will enjoy meeting and getting to know him. Be glad he's coming to a con where you are.

#####

Meade Frierson is president of the Southern Fandom Confederation, which--obviously--covers the area of our southern states. At the DeepSouthCon last summer in Louisville, Meade received the DSC Rebel Award presented annually to a fan for his contribution to fandom. Well deserved it was too; Meade puts in lots of time keeping southern fans well-informed.

Meade is most often seen meandering at conventions. Leisurely wandering through the lobby, the art show, or huckster room, usually sipping from time to time some god-awful boozy concoction from a 7-Up bottle or a big styrofoam cup. Meade says that's the way he meets and talks with people--just by walking around. Indeed, Meade and I often run into each other since I do quite a bit of wandering around myself.

In real life Meade Frierson is a Birmingham, Alabama lawyer, belonging to a law firm of substantial reputation, and no doubt, a fine, upstanding member of his community. A true southern gentleman and a conservative dresser.

Conventions have a tendency to bring out the closet in people. I'd like to tell you about Meade's Suit.

The Suit is a dark blue denim, the coat an Eisenhower jacket. The Suit is studded with a large number of silver stars. A very large number. Up and down every seam of the pants, and jacket, around the cuffs, outlining the pockets, across the yokes, around the collar. The Suit must be very heavy with all that metal.... To top it off, right across the back of the jacket are Meade's star-studded initials.

The first time I saw Meade in his Suit was at a Kubla Khan in Nashville. His back was to me and I didn't know who he was. "Who is this dude," I thought, "with those blatant letters on his back?" And I looked outside for a motorcycle parked at the curb.

He turned around and it was Meade. I told him what I thought the letters stood for and Meade said; "Why, Jodie!" Surely others would think the same thing, so I told him I'd check back with him when the con ended. And I did, on Monday morning.

"Well, Studs," I said, "how many others called you by what those letters really stand for?"

Meade shook his head, innocent brown eyes lit up, and he said he was sorry to disappoint me. "Jodie: just you and some drunk late Saturday night."

#####

Leigh Couch knows the ropes. She is one person I've been at ease and comfortable with since the minute I met her. Whenever I need a piece of fannish advice, I look up Leigh. She is a down-to-earth, no-nonsense woman who can see the humor in any situation (a necessary trait in order to enjoy fandom fully, I feel...or even life!) with a terrific sense of humor.

I doubt if anything would shock Leigh. She accepts what she sees and hears with an aplomb that I envy. Leigh is one of those people to whom one can make a behind-the-hand comment and be assured of a good quick comeback. She's good for serious, quiet conversation too.

Leigh and Norb Couch live near St. Louis and attend most of our Midwestern conventions. They are the parents of Lesleigh Luttrell, co-editor of STARLING and last year's DUFF winner, and sons Mike and Chris Couch.

The Couches often open their room as a sort of haven to people late at night for a few minutes of quiet visiting when parties get loud and crowded. There you'll find Leigh, flamboyant in a long, flowing, brightly colored dress or robe, her flaming red hair loose, drinking something exotic out of an ornate chalice--and smiling welcome.

#####

If somebody took a poll to find out who's attended the most conventions, Rusty Hevelin would probably win it. Last year Rusty went to Australia by way of DUFF. If you ever get a chance to see and hear his slide show and patter report on Aussiecon, don't miss it. You just feel like you're right there with them.

Rusty is one of the nicest, most dependable people in fandom. I can depend on seeing Rusty several times a year. I can depend on his being glad to see me. I can depend on Rusty being his friendly, good-natured self.

He always has a table in the Huckster Room, and runs it to suit himself. Meaning that when he makes expenses or feels like going to eat, Rusty closes his table, no matter what time or day it is.

Rusty quietly goes about the business of befriending neofans and introducing them to people he thinks are worth knowing. It is a nice thing to do; I'm sure Rusty's responsible for any number of people feeling more at ease and not so totally lost at conventions. I can say this with some authority because Rusty took care of me a few years ago when I didn't know anybody, and I will never forget it.

Rusty and I manage to have a long conversation about every third or fourth con we attend together, such as at Philcon when we sat in the hall till most of the con had long since given up. It makes me feel good to look across a room at a party or across the lobby of a hotel and see Rusty: it makes me smile.

#####

In 1971 (if my memory is right) Bob and Anne Passovoy were married and spent their honeymoon at Champaign-Urbana, Illinois. Anne brought her guitar and sang; Bob tended bar. Since then Bob (who is now an MD and Assistant Director of Emergency Services and the Critical Care Unit at a Chicago hospital) has built a reputation as an auctioneer at cons throughout the midwest, and Anne cannot contain her audiences within one hotel room.

Anne is tall and shapely with short, sassy blonde hair. She carries herself regally, and has some sexy clothes that I envy. Anne probably has the largest repertoire of filk and folk songs of anybody around. She can make her voice raunchy enough to sing the bawdiest of songs and sweet enough for the tenderest of ballads. Anne's rendition of "Greensleeves" is capable of bringing tears to my husband's eyes.

Her eyes dance and she gets such a mischievous grin on her face when she sings something naughty. Next she'll sober up for a sad song with a far-away look in her eyes. She is totally at ease with her guitar in front of an audience. Anne doesn't look like an amateur playing and singing for her friends. She looks more like a professional entertainer.

Late at night, when you're on your way to bed but just hate to let go, it's great to walk into a room where the singers are and linger for some of Anne's singing. It is both stimulating and relaxing--a perfect way to end a full fannish day's activities.

I hope you get to hear Anne sing someday.

#####

Those are just a few of us. Fandom's full of good people worth meeting. If we meet at a convention, I'll personally introduce you to more.

--Jodie Offutt

#####

The above article was originally written for Dave Rowe and Bernie Peak's fanzine, "K", in England, which folded earlier this year. Jodie had planned this as a continuing series of 'introductions' of US fen to our British counterparts, and I suggested that she allow me to run it in the pages of Dilemma instead. I am most pleased that she agreed. Fans are sometimes known to other fans only by their names, and little squibs like these may help us each to know a bit more about each other. I hope you enjoy it too.

feedbacktalk

DAVE COCKFIELD

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(Aug 8, 76) I actually liked Dilemma 11 better than the last, which is really saying something. Perhaps your satyr seemed to suggest a feast bacchanalia within the inviting covers? Or perhaps it may have been meant to be a likeness of Pan himself.

After your fem-lib cover you couldn't have gone further in the opposite direction. His sexual athletics were so prolific that in many regions of Greece he was primarily worshipped as a phallic divinity. As you can see I've a passing interest in mythology, but I'm not inclined to give a lecture on the sex life of a god long since forgotten even if he does seem to symbolize much of life today. Let's just say that I liked the cover very much.

I agree that religion is the "excuse" for political extremists in Northern Ireland and not the "reason", but what I was trying to say is that the religious aspect of the situation has been pushed so much over the years that the common people are indoctrinated enough to believe that such a difference has some significant import. Why else would so many "innocent" people stand by and be accomplices to wholesale violence? Not enough of the Irish hate the english, or perhaps I should say, fail to hate the english enough to wage the type of war that is being fought. If they wanted us out that badly they would all be fighting for freedom. Let's drop this before I start making wild unsupported accusations all over the place.

If I recall correctly, seldom has the entirety of a rebellious population raised arms against their "oppressors". Even during the American colonies' revolt against England (and why did you deliberately use lower case for 'english' in your loc?), popular support was estimated to fall within ranges of 10% to 33% or so. Most people, then as now, simply don't give a damn who is governing them, as long as their daily lives go smoothly enough.//I read all the mythology books I could find when I was a teen, and I still enjoy sketching all the various gods, goddesses, and mythic creatures. Pan is one of my particular favorites though; the centaurs running a close second. Glad you enjoyed the cover, in any event.

DON AYRES

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(Aug 5, 76) I've not made a great study of it, but everything I've heard has been to the effect that Paul was a great admirer of Plato and that he incorporated many Platonic ideas into the Christian ideology. One of these was Plato's notion that love

between two men (and I suppose two women, though I'm not sure on that) was love on a higher plane than that between a man and a woman. Plato, I understand, was fond of young boys himself.

At Westercon, I began to discuss some of the differences between Midwest cons and other cons. For one thing, Midwest cons are anchored to particular cities as well as weekends: thus endeth the bidding party. West Coast cons strike me as far more irregular, but with LASFS running what amounts to a mini-con every Thursday (50+), I can see where that would dull things. The con suite is almost non-existent out here, instead of the center of attention. I'm sure there's more, though I'm hard-pressed to think of it just now.

To Harry Warner, Jr.: borrow a friend's king snake and walk it around the yard, scenting everything in sight with snake musk. Repeat several times and return the reptile to your friend. The rabbit should think that you are holding a Lampropeltis Con and leave.

Eric Mayer's piece was light tempered, like the Glicksohn and Cagle letters. The owl probably ate the mice unless they took up residence in an abandoned bathtub where their coloration might have done them some good.

Your suggestion to Harry sounds fine; but, pray tell, how the heck do you manage to 'walk' a snake around a yard? Snake leashes aren't found in any pet store that I've seen...//Judging from hearsay, since I've never attended

a West Coast con, I'd guess that one difference is that while ours sound dull but really aren't, the opposite is true in their case. (Now that's bound to rattle someone's cage!)//Since women weren't considered truly 'human' by Plato's standards, a lesbian relationship simply would be dismissed as beneath notice, not 'equal' in any sense of the word. Two pet dogs may bear a certain affection for each other, but would you consider it equal to human passion?

LEIGH COUCH (Aug. 12, 76) You are getting the carbon of this because my new
#1 Crmry Lane typer ribbon has crawled off and hidden itself and I can't find it
Tre 2 Box 889 for anything! It will turn up as soon as I finish all my letters,
Arnold, MO 63010 of course.

I dearly loved the cover of Dilemma 12. One of my major regrets of this enforced monastic summer was not being able to get to Byobcon. I would have gone for the chance to meet C.L. Moore, whom I have long and extravagantly admired.

It's too bad about Kubla Kwandry, but it only takes a few to do that kind of damage. I've seen it before. I've thrown some of them out of my room, and they can get nasty. I remember one bunch, about 6 of them, who informed me that they had paid to come to the convention and they would like to see me put them out. They saw, but as you say, it leaves a sour taste. Nor and I are looking forward to Windycon and Cham-banacan this fall to make up for that long, dry summer.

I want to thank you for the discussion of Suncon that you have been running in Dilemma. We need to keep track of the "nuts-and-bolts" of presenting worldcons. It is probably even more important now that SF Expo has folded. Any group considering putting on a commercial worldcon will surely have given up the idea now after that fiasco. I'm glad to see the emphasis on hotel contracts aired. Hotels seem to promise everything verbally, cut it down in the contract, and then, in practice, ignore the contract unless the con committee rubs their noses in it and demands that it be enforced.

Larry is right about Miami Beach being fearfully expensive. I don't know if you have looked at the city on a map, but it's an island. On the mainland proper of Miami live incredibly rich people and there are no McDonalds. The southern part of the island is where the hotel help lives, the domestics for the rich people, the welfare people, etc., etc. It is a tacky, run-down section and when we drove through it, it looked damn dangerous. There are cheap restaurants there, but I wouldn't want to patronize any of them. Nor and I have almost decided to skip Worldcon next year and go to more regionals.

*Things aren't too promising for us to attend SunCon either. Orlando was an iffy situation, the move to Miami made it even more so. Where do we send the kids for their burger-n-coke lunches? *Sigh* At this point, in fact, it doesn't look like we'll be attending any Worldcons until the next Central Zone con in--what?--81 or thereabouts. Phooie.//Wish I could've seen you ejecting the miscreants. I've always thought that you'd be one tough lady in a crunch. Maybe it's the red hair...//I congratulate you for your resourcefulness in working your way around the under-inked typewriter-ribbon problem. I never would have thought of sending a carbon letter. A stroke of Genius! Wonder if I'll ever be able to keep it in mind...?*

STEVE BEATTY (Aug. 14, 76) Please note the COA effective September 1st....
303 Welch #3 You certainly poked some holes in my letter in D 12. I hadn't
Ames, IA 50010 realized the extent of the turnover in the SunCon committee. I also
didn't realize that you were opposed not so much to the change in
site as to the way the change was decided.

I'm still not critical of the move from Orlando (especially since it now appears that I won't be able to attend anyway unless they move it to Memorial Day), but I do view this as an ominous sign of more surprises ahead.

My statement that a 200-mile site change would be better than a date change is based on the fact that attendance plans and vacation times have to be planned considerably in advance, especially with escalating membership rates. I'd be greatly surprised if a majority of the members would prefer a date change over the move to Miami, but I know you'll say that no matter how obvious this appeared to the committee, they had no right to assume it without asking the members.

Your assessment is quite correct. However, I still cannot conceive of a situation where--nearly two years in advance--a person's vacation time would have to be that firm. Escalating rates have nothing to do with it. But in any event, I feel the membership should have been informed of the difficulty, told what the alternatives were, and then allowed to have a voice. The act has been done, and there's nothing to be done about it, but it still was not right.//

ROY TACKETT

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Albuquerque, NM 87107

(Aug. 8, 76) I've been thinking about the great SF EXPO flop. It flickers across the top of my gray cells that the promoters may well try to (unjustly) blame fandom for their failure, citing our negative attitude toward the project.

More likely, I think, it proves once again that SF is a very minor field which simply cannot support a project of such magnitude. And also that fen are a bit more discerning than the common herd which makes up the strekkies and apies and all the rest--including the trendies--and are not to be taken in by assorted hoopla and large promises.

I wonder if there is a warning here for Worldcon committees? It seems to me that recent concons are coming up with more and more grandiose ideas and I think it is only a matter of time until one of them overreaches and we end up some first weekend in September without a convention.

As I recall(I can't find my copy--I know it's somewhere in this mess) you had some choice comments on SunCon. (See? I did read your zine even if I can't find it.) I shuddered a bit when I looked at the room rates. They're comparable with the Royal York, true (that was the Royal York in Toronto, wasn't it?) but nevertheless they are high. Damned good thing Suncon is a year away--it's going to take me a year to save up for it.

I really can't get too excited about the change from Orlando to Miami Beach...I don't believe most fen are going to see anything outside the hotel anyway so it really doesn't matter too much where it's held. From this distance the difference between Miami Beach and Orlando is like the distance between two different stars in the next galaxy--it isn't enough to matter. I can understand the reasons you were upset about it but I think this proves once again that worldcon committees are independant entities and that the so-called WSFS, Uninc. Constitution is a worthless document that serves only to give an illusory feeling of power to the would-be secret masters of fandom who take it seriously.

The only thing that makes any set of rules and regulations workable is the willingness of the people affected to heed them. In that regard, the WSFS Constitution is as unworkable as the US Constitution. However, it does keep the SMOFs off the streets during Worldcon...they're all closed up in little rooms, busy rewriting it.//In the few communications I had with the SF EXPO people, their disdain of, contempt for, and disgust with fandom was quite evident. They neither wanted nor needed our good wishes or help--so they said--and felt we overestimated our own import. I don't believe fandom 'killed' SF EXPO (if dead it be), but the lack of response from the great masses of people they had hoped to attract did them in.//Every Worldcon committee has its own pet theories about what makes a fabulous con, whereas we all know good and well that what it does (asides from holding it at all) is of no consequence. The attendees make their own convention, regardless of any plans committees may lay...//So how was your TAFF trip? Here you've been home for ages and not one word have I heard...

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(Aug, 4, 76) Even though we haven't met, I feel that I know you just from reading Dilemma. I agree that it isn't the change of site for Suncon but the lack of a contract and then the method of selecting an alternate site that

is disturbing. I do plan to attend the business meeting at MidAmeriCon to support whatever measures are necessary to prevent a future similar occurrence.

Having been a resident of both Miami and Orlando, I must admit that Miami will probably be the better site for the convention in the long run. The Orlando hotel is at least a half-hour drive from civilization. There are no inexpensive eating places close by or any liquor stores in the vicinity. Basically, it is located in the boondocks. The Fountainbleau is not an ideal location simply due to being in the middle of motel row in Miami Beach. However their convention facilities are excellent, and they definitely have the experience to handle a large convention. Being located in Miami Beach is a small problem since there are no inexpensive restaurants in the area. This problem can be easily solved, though, by driving over to Miami, where you can take your pick of anything from McDonalds and Burger King to Victoria Station, the Depot, and up from there. Admittedly there are disadvantages to being on Miami Beach, such as the traffic, the prices and the isolation. But isolation on Miami Beach is much better than isolation in Orlando. Even with traffic problems it is only about a fifteen minute drive to eating and drinking facilities in Miami Beach (they have an excellent expressway system there) compared to thirty minutes in Orlando. Also Orlando rolls up the sidewalks at 2 or 3 A.M. compared to 5 or even 8 A.M. at some spots in Miami. Don't misinterpret this; I'm not defending what has happened. I'm just trying to provide some useful information. I'll be more than happy to offer my help to anyone needing info on what's what in Miami.

How thoughtful! It would be helpful indeed if people from the area around a worldcon site made such offers more often. Think of how slowly info on good restaurants, cheap food, shops, etc. spread at MAC. Things would have gone much smoother for many if a little data had been spread around sooner; like ahead of the con itself, if possible. The map in the pocket program helps, but it isn't as good as direct advice from a local native.

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(July 1, 76) I'm beginning to take the con reports a little better now. That is to say, I'm not as outrightly jealous of all of you now that I've been able to attend a couple of them.

I think the Suncon discussion has come to its peak, for now anyway. Having read and sifted through everything said in this issue, I am also basically in agreement with you. From a personal standpoint, I don't imagine it would have made any difference if they moved it or not. I live so bloody far from Florida that another 200 miles is meaningless. But in principle, what Lundry did was wrong, and it shouldn't be allowed to happen again. "...A violation of the trust fandom placed in the concom...": Stu said it all right there. Luckily for fandom, this particular event wasn't of cataclysmic proportions.

I enjoyed Eric Mayer's piece. Pet fandom... The only pets we have presently are my 24 tropical fish, including 10 rasporas--my favorites for some odd reason. We had a dog years ago, and a number of assorted cats. The last batch numbered 4--the mother and father and two kids (three lynxpoints and a sealpoint). I miss them but mother suggested we take them to the humane society as they were getting expensive to feed.

Eric's mention of a baby owl brings to mind a recent incident. A mother robin built her nest in our front tree which is not too tall. However it wasn't bothered by cats and such and she hatched four babies. The first fell out of the tree during a rainstorm and died. Then she 'kicked' out another, which we decided to try to take care of, as she wouldn't pay any attention to it. We fed it for about three days and it seemed to be getting better and healthier, but one morning we found it dead. It upset me a little. Now that I think of it, we've also had mice. At our trailer which is parked at a tiny man-made lake, there are a number of 'tame' ground squirrels, who will take food from your hands. They'll take large peanuts from your fingers and munch them right there. I love them.

Stu is so damned eloquent in his letters. He has a talent for conveying emotion that is as good as anyone I've read. Since I shared his experience, the letter is kinda personal. I only wish he (and James, and Jason, and...) could have been with me to experience the joy of Midwestcon...

It can be frustrating to really enjoy a con and know you have friends back at home who should--if the fates were only fair--be there too. I've shared that wistfull feeling many times.//Few tales of contact between man and wild animal come out well in the end. Even in attempting to save the life of an abandoned bird, too often sadness is the only result.//I only hope that Joni Stopa and your mother never meet. To doom cats to a 'humane' (a questionable term at best) shelter is unthinkable in these parts!

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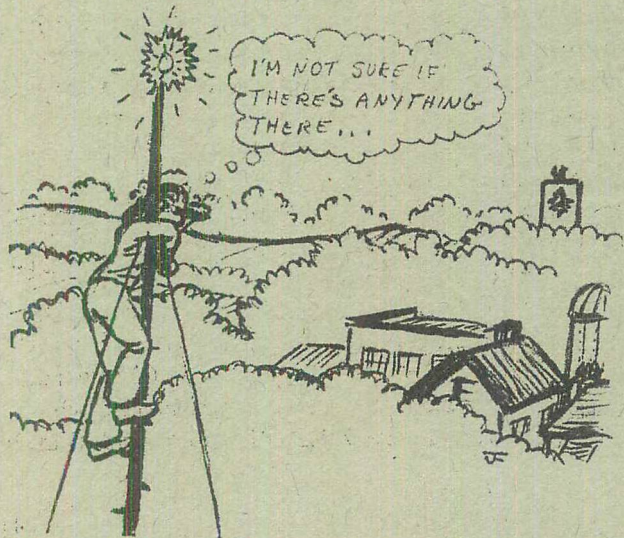
(July 14, 76) The only thing that riled me in the SunCon writings were the snide remarks on Star Trek fandom. I publish a trekzine myself and when a ST fan hangs around regular sf fandom for awhile, he or she gets pretty defensive. However, I think you are right. The huge moneycons can't last very long. If the proposed ST film ever gets made and released and shows some quality, the superfandom may stay for awhile, and if there are further films or tv programs or professionally produced fiction, ST fandom could remain very hefty for years to come. But most likely it will shrink down to realistic proportions of people who are simply enthralled by the show and become akin something akin to Oz fandom or Sherlock Holmes fandom (if I guess correctly what those subfandoms are like).

ST fandom is interesting to watch merely from a sociological standpoint. What you have is a very young fandom, like sf fandom in 1940, having to cope with something young sf fandom never had: mass publicity. It is amazing: it produces fans on all sorts of levels; those who know a little or a lot or nothing about sf and its fandom. Imagine some of the fanaticism that existed in young sf fandom, the fans-are-slans bit and all. Then imagine what would happen if people actually paid attention to those fans back in the 40s. Considering the parallel, I am surprised that ST fandom holds together this well.

There was no ST con that folded due to lack of attendance. What folded was more like an expo. The Space Circus was (from what I could gather) a huge thing held inside a circus tent erected in the Chicago Ampitheatre. It had the usual art show and huckster booths and the guest stars, but it wasn't a con. I don't think they expected anybody to come from far away and stay the weekend. In fact, I doubt that the organizers knew much about fandom at all; there was very little advance publicity, and what there was of it came through the mundane press. None of it that I know of came through ST fandom or fanzines. I think it was this, and not the oncoming death of ST fandom that accounted for its lousy attendance. Geesh, the Space Circus got 2,000 people, and they didn't tell any fans about it! That's not bad, considering.

Eric Mayer's article looked out of place among all those letters and conreps, but it was funny all right, and I hope he is doing those things regularly. The idea of a parakeet hitting all the high notes that Lou Reed ignored in "Walk on the Wild Side" appeals to me.

I've got to meet you sometime, since we're not so far away from each other. The only fan I've read in zines and met in the flesh is Don Ayres, and he's in California somewhere, trying to sell scripts. Tell you what, I'll climb to the top of the village clock tower and you scramble up the WTAS transmitter and we'll wave at each other a lot. Okay?



I think you misread what was said in D 12--I referred to strekcons, not ST fandom. In re: strekcons, I agree with Harlan--a defunct TV show cannot support that large of a fandom that 20 cons a year are viable. Now if you read wish-hopes about the upcoming death of strek fandom into that, you are, indeed, "defensive", and to a greater degree than "pretty" would indicate. I came into fandom via ST, and though I lost my enthusiasm for its fandom (when the trends started coming in and worshipping the show instead of just appreciating it) fairly soon, my debt to it still exists.//I wonder if those in First Fandom will agree with your equating young ST fandom with young SF fandom. There were more differences than just mass publicity, and the fans-are-slans schtick was taken more as a joke--then as now--than as Truth, except for the few nuts who roam about any fringe-culture (ie Degler and his ilk). Too many ST fans are/were (in my view) drawn from the Movie-TV-fan-club pool, the kind who latch onto an "idol" and shriek obedience to it/them. They exemplify the "fanatic" part of fandom to a degree never reached by SF fans or fandom. But that is only my opinion, and even then of the fandom as a whole, not individual members I know of within it who are sincere, sane people who simply dig ST in all its aspects.

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(July 16, 76) I've been having a very busy fannish life since around Easter--a Detroit one-day con (Wondaycon) with Bowers & Glicksohn, Balticon, Autoclave, Midwestcon, with half-a-dozen fannish trips in between. I think I ran out of steam after Autoclave, but Midwestcon left me feeling so relaxed that I've found the energy to start working on MSD--a fanzine only 7 months in the offing. Another fan mentioned being burned-out by Autoclave & being rejuvenated at Midwestcon--Victoria Wayne, and she too is going to publish. Both halves of the B&G roadshow too. Fandom's going to be hit with a wave of fanzines and it's all Midwestcon's fault!

Certainly least in my appreciation is your SunCon Forum--you kept interrupting the speakers so often that it was hard to read what they were saying. I don't see any harm in injecting comments within a letter, but you went too far, answering in a nit-picking way and reasserting your position about 5 times. Once for each letter. If this were an oral debate, I'd accuse you of hogging the lecturn.

Buck Coulson expresses my opinion best. I really don't care if Lundry ran off with the Hugos to London. I was planning on missing that con because it was at Orlando. Miami might be interesting, but Larry Propp makes a good point against it. I'm so indifferent to the Worldcon that I wouldn't be upset if it collapsed like SF EXPO.

Oh well, everybody has their hobby horse. I start foaming at the mouth when people start praising "A Song For Lya".

Since I ran, in essence, all comment received about Suncon, I felt entitled to rebutt each point I disagreed with as it came up. To wait until the end of each letter would have consumed more page-space than I could afford. ~~And it is my fanzine...~~//If Worldcons don't interest you, why bother reading the Forum at all?//Odd, but I felt quite refreshed, not burnt-out, after Autoclave. #12 was prepared between that con and Midwestcon, as a matter of fact, and none has appeared since. Don't think that proves anything one way or the other, though.//Glad that I wasn't the only one who found the period since Easter extremely hectic! 50% of fandom must've been on the move...//What's MSD? (I thought you pubbed BROWNIAN MOTION).

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(July 1 & 7, 76) On Canada's birthday, with Wilcon starting tomorrow, and your national birthday coming up in three days, it seems ~~kind~~ fannish to write a loc on DILEMMA to hand you tomorrow night. Not to bolster your ego, not to maintain an honored tradition, not to show Bowers how it's done, but simply to get this bloody pile of gaddamn fanzines a little smaller...whoops!! Did I say that? No, it couldn't have been me--a daemon took over for a second. I love fanzines, everyone knows that, and I enjoy getting fifteen or sixteen of them at a con and trying to read

them and respond to them before the next batch arrives. I do, I really do; honest... don't I?

I can't buy your argument that there are too many conventions owing to the limitations placed on the pros, topics for panels, films, costume-donners, pocketbooks, etc. These restrictions become real, and hence the conclusions drawn from them are valid only if someone tries to attend each and every damn convention there is! And there is no rule, written or otherwise, that says you can't stay home an occasional weekend to rest the pocketbook, the liver, and the vocal chords, eh what? Is it fair to deprive someone of the chance to be in a costume ball, hear about the Future of Science Fiction, watch Forbidden Planet for the third time, etc., etc., just because you've done precisely that for the past seven weekends? Is it fannish? Of course not, and I know you'd be the last to even think about it that way, but I think you're being a little blinkered in your reasoning in that last paragraph but one. I forgive you though; all those cons have probably turned your brain to lime jello...

I was amazed to find Buck Coulson echoing my thoughts to almost electrostencil-quality exactitude! Buck and I usually disagree on fannish matters, but on this topic his thoughts were mine all the way down the line. It is somehow both reassuring and frightening that this has happened: reassuring that the pillars of fannish community such as Buck and Ed Cagle share my views so that regardless of the fact that I'd not have altered them anyway, I needn't feel I'm supporting a fuggheaded viewpoint, and frightening to think that as I get older I start thinking more and more like Buck Coulson! If I start hating fanzines and printing on yellow twiltone then I'm really going to be worried!

Eric's article was delightful and should sound familiar to a great many fans. His pets seem more to my liking than houses full of cats that many fans seem taken with. Imagine how much more Wilcon would have been, for example, if instead of all those nasty felines sneaking around all over the place the Stopa's magnificent residence had abounded with lizards, snakes, tortoises, mice and owls! What larks, Pip, what larks! (Come to think of it, there were probably quite a few people in attendance who thought it was so overrun at various times during the party!)

I fully sympathize with Leigh and his paucity of conventions. With the year only half over, I've already been to ten cons, and there are several more to come, depending on time and finances. It must be frustrating to be an Aussiefan with only four cons a year, or worse yet, a Brit with (until recently) just two! And imagine how awful it must be in England when the Eastercon flops, as did Mancon this year. A whole six months of anticipation shot down, and nothing to pick up the pieces for another six months. It's lucky that England is so small that active fans can and do see each other in non-convention settings: while there are quite a few people in fandom I'd happily go five or six decades without seeing, I can't imagine being seperated from my really close friends for six months at a time. Six weeks until I set off for MAC seems like far too long in certain (admittedly special) cases.

Stu Gilson did a pretty good job of expressing his feelings about cons and fandom in a report for TITLE and managed to capture there, as he does here, the quintessence of what makes fandom such a marvelous subculture. The rapport that exists between the central core of fans is certainly unequalled anywhere in my own experience and while I'm not egocentric enough to think that means we are unique, I can still take enormous pride in knowing that we are unique in my world! I received a hell of a compliment from a local fan commenting on my convention reports in my FAPA zine: he said that while I may claim at times to be Old and Tired, my essential neofannish enthusiasm for fans and fandom still shows through in my writing. I hope that's true and I hope it will always be true. Fandom means far more to me than I can ever adequately express or come close to repaying, which is one reason why I work as hard as I do to put back into conventions and fanzines some of the energy I've drawn out of fandom. If occasionally that goshwowoboyism shows through, I'm very pleased indeed.

* * * * *

SUPPORT TERRY JEEVES FOR TAFF--AN OLD-N-TIRED FAN IF THERE EVER WAS ONE!!

I agree with you about nominations for awards, which is why I originally wrote the word "wasted" in quotation marks. I was trying to indicate that others might say I had thrown away my vote, but I didn't think so. The simple fact is, Kettle is the best fan writer to my way of thinking, so I nominated him, fully aware of the fact that he didn't stand a chance of making the ballot. Now I'll choose between people who did get the nod, and every time I think of people like Leroy Kettle, John Brosnan, Jodie Offutt, Bob Shaw, Eric Mayer, etc., etc., who aren't on the ballot and people like Charlie Brown who are, I'll laugh hollowly to myself and wonder what it all means, or if it means anything at all.

I got so thirsty reading Cagle's Locke that I finished my scotch and went for a glass of tequila in honour of fandom's second and third best drinkers. Ed's suggestions for starting conversations are amusing, but not too useful for me. I desperately need ways of continuing conversations, since this is where I tend to fall down. In more ways than one, if it's at a convention.

I can't sympathize with Harry's concern that some fannish fanzines might be too esoteric for general consumption. To me, that's a plus! It's always seemed to me that the number of real fannish fans remains fairly constant and quite low regardless of how big fandom gets. I'm sure Terry Hughes would tell us that since fandom has doubled in size, say over the past four years, the number of people getting MOTA hasn't come close to doubling. Fandom may grow exponentially, but fannish fans are a breed apart and they appear at a leisurely linear rate, keeping mailing lists for zines like SWOON, MOTA, etc., at a reasonably constant level. To give an example I've stated many times before, when ENERGUMEN was at the height of its popularity, I still had trouble distributing 250 copies. Admittedly I had a very strict trading policy, but the number of people interested/^{enough} in getting a Hugo-nominated fanzine to write to or for it was always a very small fraction of fandom's population. Fanzine fandom is a world apart from fandom per se, and I'm happy with that situation.

I'm glad to see that my paralleling of Buck's ideas doesn't extend too far! His letter has enough things I disagree with totally that I figure I'm still safe. I'd hate to agree with him too closely, because that might make us peers, and we all know that Buck has no peers. Except possibly Laney. (You can think about that if you like.)

Ah, these esoteric references! Aren't they fun?!//I can't completely agree that the number of fannish fans has remained constant. Often a faannish zine's circulation remains low because the editor works at it; refusing to print more copies than is convenient, etc. Also, I hate to point it out, but that four-year-period wherein fandom doubled, did not include the period during which you published ENERGUMEN. It's been a long time, bwah...//My feelings in reference to Charlie Brown and his continual nomination as Best Fan Writer duplicate yours to an equally nauseating degree. Alas...//Ten cons in six months!! ~~You don't have to go to every con, Elizabeth!~~//Oh, are you referring to those cute pink toads and purple lizards I saw you tete-a-teting with on the patio at Wilcon? Neat, weren't they?//I sometimes think that you and Buck have far more in common than either of you realize.

JIM LANG (Aug. 17, 76) I enjoy conreps more than anything else in the average zine. This is probably because I'm Very Young and thus 162 Fifth Street can't get to many cons. It seems I've really missed something Hicksville, NY 11801 in Autoclave. I've seen more reports on that con than on any other by far, and the most enthusiastic reports too. More than one call it the best con ever.

I don't know what you mean when you say that there's "too many conventions". More cons than you want to go to are the right number. This way every fan can decide for him/her/itself how many to go to. No one is forcing you to go to a con just because it's there. If you start thinking like that, fandom will end up a chore instead of a pleasure.

Although I can't share your excitement or rancor about the Suncon issue, I can sympathize with it. It is true that the membership should have been consulted before the move was made. However, I think the important thing, the really big thing, is that

fandom has a Worldcon to enjoy in '77, and a hotel for it to take place in. According to the latest KARASS, there seems to be no trouble with the hotel; for the other we'll have to wait till next Labor Day.

Only one complaint: page 24 was upside down. I get enough strange looks when I read fanzines without reading them this way. But even this would have been good if Tom Foster's illo had been on that page.

When you run zines off in a rush, tired, and late at night, you get things like upside-down pages. When you have only 2-1/2 tubes with which to eke out 200 copies of a 32pp zine, you can't rerun goofed-up sheets. Mea Culpa. On the zines I collated--being one to never (or seldom) pass up the opportunity to use a joke when it's offered so blatantly--p.23 is upside-down. However, Chicago friend Barb Nagey collated half the zines and didn't know about that serendipitous cartoon location, and on her copies, it's p 24 that wound up reversed. Wasn't all that information thrilling, though?//Lundry and Co. seem to have matters under control now and one can hope that they'll stay that way until Labor Day.//Hmmm. I didn't mean that "too many cons" bit quite as literally as some people are taking it. There can't be more cons than I want to attend, though there sure as heck can be more cons than I can attend. What I fear is that there could be too many cons to be interesting enough to attend--if program items, GoH, etc. is of importance to you. Such things don't mean much to me, but they do to others, and they have gotten terribly repetitive lately...//The one ghod aspect to being Very Young, is that given sufficient time, it's completely curable.

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(July 22, 76) I agree with your ramblings on page 4/5. The fannish pocketbook is no more immune to the economy's continuing poor showing than the mundane pocketbook, and while FIAWOL still rates high with many fen, the need for other things such as electricity and a second pair of socks/pantyhose (different frocks for different folks) interfereth mightily. Fandom does have its dues to be paid and I think that the various fannish watering holes will show increasing amounts of elbow-room because of the inability to stretch a dollar past a hundred cents of use (and ghod knows it doesn't extend that far). It's an unfortunate and unfair way to make cons more relaxable. But as the french proclaim: "Say, Levy?"

The Forum idea was a good one. Since there are so many more cogent and masterful with the LoC than I (*sob*) I'll just say that Grace Lundry's letter gave me a little insight into the "bungling board's" (forgive me my American ancestors) machinations. And you are right on the ball/button with your remarks. I hope they'll be a follow-up response. I have a sinking feeling/suspicion that we're not out of the woods yet--we've just begun to classify/identify the trees. Keep your tenacles crossed and let's hope we've all learned from past mistakes--assuming we all agree that mistakes have happened--which is the main point to get across now.

Enjoyed Eric Mayer's piece. A parakeet that sings along with Lou Reed and opens his own door! Sounds like it's a cut above any birdie I ever saw, and my family went through quite a few (or did Woolworth's carry only a dull strain of 'keet?). We always had to teach ours what the little ladder was for. Eric's sounds like the kind who'd want to have discarded pages from "High Times" magazine lining its cage.

I don't hold as many doubts about SunCon as I once did, since the committee seems to be holding together (at last), but I'll keep your suggestion in mind. //Wally and I are fortunate in that he makes enough money for us to attend a goodly number of cons. But we have a different set of priorities than many in that regard, and gave up "frills"--like establishing a savings account--in order to make those trips. How less lucky/well-paid fen manage to make so many is beyond my comprehension...

PLUGS FOR "TERRY JEEVES FOR TAFF" USE UP LEFTOVER PAGE SPACE!!

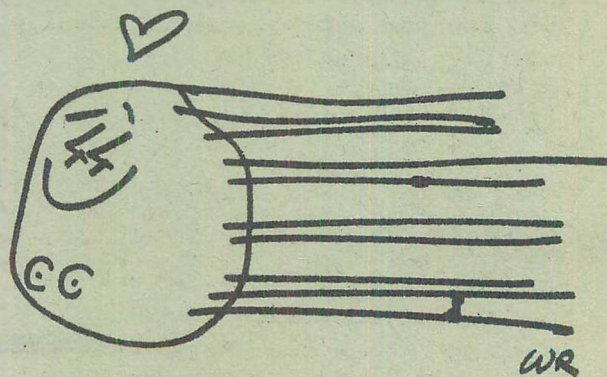
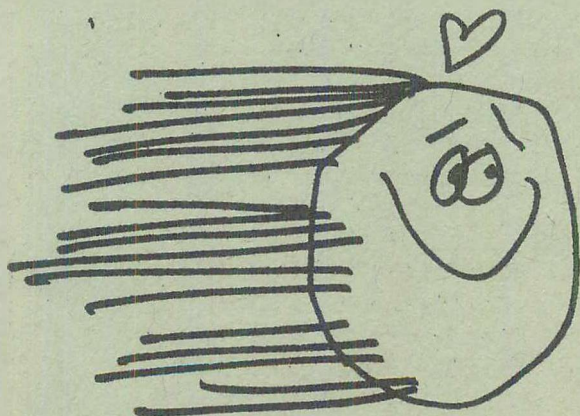
CATHY McGUIRE (Aug. 22, 76) I can sympathize completely with Eric. My sister 339 East 6th Street and brother both have a fondness for little animals, except for New York, NY 10003 when it comes time to take care of them. I remember one particular evening coming home from classes and seeing my mother on the porch. As I approached, she called out to me; "Catch that thing or I'm not coming back!" and she ran down the street. I heard screams from inside and bravely stepped over the threshold.

My sister and brother were kneeling in a corner, shouting and screaming. I asked them what was going on, and my sister explained through her tears; "I picked up the gerbil and its tail fell off!" I calmly explained that this was normal for gerbils (I knew no such thing, but wasn't about to tell her she'd ripped the animal apart) and I went to pick up the poor frightened creature. My sister had obviously been trying to use a garden glove to avoid being bitten, but couldn't get hold of such a fast animal. I picked it up and dropped it in its cage and thought no more of the incident. Unfortunately, it wasn't the end.

My sister had developed an aversion to gerbils, so every time the cage had to be cleaned, I had to transfer the animal for her. That was fine until she tried adding the gerbil's brother to the cage a few weeks later. I was in the attic when an unearthly shriek rocked the house. At first it was garbled, but by the time I hit the second floor I could hear; "They're eating each other!!!" My mother, who had been talking on the phone in the kitchen, only stopped her conversation long enough to stand up on the washer. I got to the foyer where the ghastly meal was taking place and, like the heroine I am, grabbed for one of the gerbils. Or rather, we grabbed for each other. In its excitement I can understand how it thought I was its brother, but did it have to bite completely through my finger? It wasn't too hard, in that state, to lift the gerbil out of its cage, but I had problems getting it off my finger and into another container. My sister, who had been watching tearfully, shrieked; "It's bleeding!" I replied with what dignity I could muster; "That's me, stupid. Could you please get a towel or something?" as the blood made an ever-widening pool on the floor. It was at this point that I too developed an aversion to gerbils and the pets were given away as soon as was possible. Since I don't live at home any more, I don't have the fun of taking care of the cataracts in my brother's hamster's eye: thank whatever ghods there be...

Perhaps it was your wisdom, and not theirs, in getting you out of that scene of domestic untranquillity... Like many such amusing stories, I would imagine that was far more fun to relate than to actually experience.

HARRY WARNER, JR. (July 7, 76) It was particularly good to hear that C.L. Moore 423 Summit Ave. enjoyed BOYBcon. Maybe more of the rarely seen old pros could Hagerstown, MD 21740 be lured out to meet today's fans and realize that they're remembered before it's too late. There's Margaret Brundage, for example, the once-controversial Weird Tales cover artist. Well, she wasn't controversial, but the nudes she put into her paintings were in that more conservative era. I



understand she is still living in Chicago. Maybe she doesn't realize the kind of prices that issues of WT bearing her covers are bringing today, or what kind of bids an original Brundage would create if it turned up at a con where lots of older fans were in the audience.

I assume that animal societies are conducting all over the nation the campaign that they have been waging on this area's radio stations urging pet owners to take action to prevent their animals from breeding. If successful, this drive could solve at least part of Eric's problem. A local pet store has been experiencing an odd problem which is related to this topic. I suppose it could be called shopdropping, in distinction to shop lifting. Every so often there are more puppies on hand at the end of the business day than there were when the store opened in the morning. People have been sneaking unwanted puppies in and depositing them where they assume they will get tender, loving care. It sounds vaguely illegal to me, but if someone were caught doing it, I can't think of any specific charge that a policeman could put against him.

It looks as if the strain of writing all those locs is finally beginning to have its effect on Mike Glicksohn. The poor fellow apparently didn't even realize that he wrote one page of his loc upside down. A pity, that it should begin to affect him while he is still so young. I think I was in my forties before my overlarge production of locs became evident to everyone through all my forms of irrational behavior.

The continuing discussion of the fan Hugos caused me to think suddenly of an idea. If Worldcon committees would release full information on how many nominations and how many votes on the final ballot each person received, it would be possible to make a rough determination of how the finish would be if it weren't for the fanzines with extra-big circulations. With one of those jiffy little calculators, we could decide, for instance, how 67 votes for a fanzine with a circulation of 2000 compares to 17 votes for a fanzine which publishes 250 copies. Less accurate determinations of this sort would be possible for some of the people in the fan categories, since some of them appear mainly in big circulation or medium circulation publications.

Ideally, there should be some way of "weighting" the vote in the fan categories, but I can't think of a practical way to do it. I believe that most fan who know what's what, read the results of things like the LOCUS poll and draw their own conclusions from the raw data rather than the actual finish positions. I do, at any rate.//Do the pet shop owners get to sell their unmasked-for merchandise? If so, I doubt if they're complaining too loudly.//Margaret Brundage used to (and still is, for all I know) appear in various street Art Fairs in Chicago, and she did make an unannounced visit to Windycon one year (she's quite nervous about crowds and such, so it had to be done on the QT).

PAULA GOLD

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Cincinnati, OH 45201

(Aug. 12, 76) Many thanks for Dilemma 12, my first, very-own truly for myself copy. Bill Cavin used to grudgingly allow me a few peeks at his copies. How nice to be able to sit down and leisurely read one.

Dave Wixon is right about trying to sneak into a lettercol. I've already sat through three issues of Dilemma and have been feeling very guilty for reading and not writing. I suppose the best thing to do is just jump in (rather like the first dive into a pool or trying to cross the street before the cars and trucks get ya).

The con reports continue to be my favorite feature. Fake fan that I am, I've only been averaging about a con every couple of months, which leaves scads of cons missed (fortunately, my con average is improving vastly). Mike Glicksohn is right in saying that con reports generate little feedback. Really, about all that can come of them is people catching the little mistakes or else a lot of reminiscences. To me they are very welcome and enjoyable, even if I managed to make a particular con.

Now for some news I've been dying to tell someone. Three hours ago I became the proud owner of a two-year old Rex Rotary in almost-new condition. Unfortunately, by the time I got it home and settled into place (on the kitchen table; so what if it interferes with cooking or eating?) all the stores were closed. So here I sit with ink and paper and a lot of good thoughts but no stencils. *sigh* Wait til tomorrow! Thank ghod it will be Friday because I'll probably be up all night playing with the

machine (new toy). I haven't figured out what a couple of switches & dials are for, yet, but I can get paper to go in one end and out the other. By now you may have gathered that another Cincinnati fanzine is in the offing. Yes, indeed, to be called "Risteria", hopefully the first issue will be ready for MAC.

Ah, the enthusiasm of the neo-faned! Your first issue turned out well, though Wally and I were beginning to squirm uncomfortably after so many mentions. We're definitely looking forward to the next issue!//The lack of comment on con reports is a fact of life all faneds and writers learn to live with. It doesn't, you'll notice, prevent them from being written, though.// Actually, I sometimes prefer to read reports on cons I have attended to those I haven't--merely to scan ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~reactions~~ compare reactions, of course.

STUART GILSON (Aug. 15, 76) The cover of DILEMMA 12 led me to conclude that
745 Townsend Ave. every center of ghodd esteem should have its own brand of spirits
Winnipeg, Manitoba which is in some way symbolic of the people living there. You
R3T 2V5 CANADA have Southern Comfort, Tucker has Beam's Choice, Toronto is often associated with Tequila (or any other type of booze, for that matter). After much reflection, I have the honor to announce that the official drink of Budding Winnipeg Fandom will be Anti-Freeze (in recognition of our wintry weather). Smooth!

I was paid a visit by Patrick Hayden, Phil Payne, Gary Farber, and Diane Dutrowski, all of whom have been wandering about our two countries in a recovered van. You can well imagine my delight at being blessed with the presence of trufen; I can afford but a few cons and for the week the four stayed in town, I was submerged in an atmosphere identical to that of an honest-to-gosh convention (in fact, we informally dubbed the occasion "Snocon"). All four fans stayed the week at the home of Patrick's parents, a mere block away from where I live, which afforded many opportunities for long conversations with each person individually. Of the five or so diehard fans in Winnipeg, I am the most geographically isolated, and lacking a car, am unable to attend most of the get-togethers that occur fairly regularly at James Hall's apartment on the other side of the city. My excitement was multiplied then when I realized I was within walking distance of fans; people I might never see again. The spirit of a con was there, and I think I parted from them as a friend, yet I was left with an uneasy, uncomfortable feeling after they had departed.

In retrospect, one of the more positive things the gathering may have accomplished was the new insight it gave me into fannish value systems I was entirely ignorant of. Remember, I have gained most of my impressions through fanzines, and based my evaluation of fandom on what I had read; the four van-fans had, by attending numerous cons, a direct perspective of fandom where mine was merely vicarious. Thus we recognized similar value systems, though on different terms, with the effect that throughout the whole week there was an intangible "something" that separated us; we placed emphasis on different things.

The van-fans, for example, conveyed an unfamiliar picture of con-life to me, emphasizing sexual permissiveness (bordering on promiscuity from their description) and tolerance toward deviant practices (though it's interesting that for somebody who decried intolerance of any kind, they were surprisingly intolerant towards such things as religion and racism). I had long been aware of these things, yet their revelation was nonetheless a shock: why should I find these aspects of fandom so utterly foreign and yet familiar? Possibly it has something to do with the fact that my questions were answered directly and spontaneously, unlike more impersonal feedback from the printed page. Whatever; after three days of this, I found myself regarding the four in an almost clinical way; I was given the chance to learn more about the fannish lifestyle than was possible with an arrangement like Minicon, where I met most people only briefly.

The attitude of the van-fans did more to epitomize the FIAWOL maxim than anything I've ever encountered in fanzines. Travelling about the continent, insuring maximum contact with other fans, took priority over anything else, even important considerations like money (and believe me, they were barely surviving on a shoe-string budget). All the fanzines that were brought along were filed and catalogued in a business-like manner;



taken seriously to a degree I found at first amusing. Fannish matters occupied nearly every waking moment, almost to the point of being an obsession, and seemed to determine the future of almost everyone at the exclusion of everything else including education. I'm not being derisive of their chosen lifestyle; I deny no one the right to choose his or her own destiny. It's simply that I couldn't understand their particular view of fandom or share their total commitment to it. Fandom has been and always will be a hobby to me, taking second place to mundane matters like university, family life, etc. I found the life-style of van-fans fascinating but try as I might, I couldn't help but regard them in an analytical light. I wasn't being condescending, or anything, but simply curious, as I was at Minicon.

Are fannish values instilled in people as they enter fandom, or are they common to people before they enter? In other words, is fandom a self-sufficient unit with values endemic to it alone, or is it instead a collection of people with common interests and value systems who get together because of what they share in common? Are fans social rejects, or do they reject society? Phil responded to the first question by saying he felt fans shared not much in common before fandom, but soon acquired beliefs and values associated with fandom. From this I'm forced to conclude that fans are social misfits for a number of various reasons and collect together with the purpose of forming their own culture with its own established rules.

From what I observed over the week, however, I've taken the opposite stance. It seems that a large number of fans (large at least by comparison with the general populace) come from broken families or at least unhappy family situations. When pressed, several of the four admitted to a rejection of values presumably of their parents. I suspect that a number of values, including religious, political, sexual, and moral attitudes, are not judgements arrived at independently so much as they are rejections of those imposed on them by their parents. If there's any truth to that, then fans do indeed reject society, though it's suspect that they have anything in common before they join fandom. I don't know enough about fans to pass judgement, though I'm anxious to learn.

I did see that there are several differences between fanzine fandom and con fandom. (These may have been responsible for the barrier between us, though I should point out that "barrier" is too harsh a word, used only so my point is emphasized) The spirit of fandom is identical for both, but the needs and expectations are entirely different. Fanzine fans think in terms of names whereas con fans think of breathing, sentient people. There are overlaps and exceptions, but for the most part the distinctions seem to apply. In that sense, the "purpose" you wished for DILEMMA was wisely chosen; for all fans stand to gain. I suppose Autoclave was, in that respect, an ideal way of reconciling fanzine fans with con fans; what a pity I lacked the money to attend!

I'm not insensitive; I enjoyed meeting and speaking with all four fans. I was sincere in dealing with them and respect their wishes and needs. I couldn't understand their way of looking at things, however (maybe my happy home life is at fault there), and found we shared not as much in common as I had expected. I doubt that they can live long as they do presently, but that's my opinion--to which I'm entitled to as they are theirs. Anyway, it was an educational seven days and I gained a wealth of information about the fannish lifestyle. If anything, it's convinced me that fans are just like other people but express themselves differently. I'll see how much truth there is to that once I get more cons under my belt.

I've decided to attend Midwestcon next year, and am prepared to endure the hardships of travelling by bus if necessary, though it looks like I won't be able to attend

Minicon---finals fall over the three weeks that include Easter. If I'm able to afford fanac at all, I have to attend a Canadian University since American colleges cost far too much. For example, the University of Manitoba asks a yearly tuition of \$450, while it's not uncommon for a US college to ask several thousand dollars. It seems as though education is become a privilege for only the very wealthy...

To reply to your letter in full would take more pages than this fanzine contains. Even then it would be only my opinions on things, not guaranteed Holy Writ. I can generalize a bit, but please keep that in mind--I am but speaking in generalities...//The four fen you 'studied' (for want of a better term) are no more typical of all fans than you are of the typical Manitoban. Their sort of FIANOL-lifestyle is not that of every fan, yet because they are fans, there are certain similarities and overlaps. To me, one of the most attractive things about fandom is its sheer diversity; the range of values, ideals and lifestyles contained within it is fantastic in its scope. Virtually every form of philosophy is represented within our ranks. **NO ONE GROUP REPRESENTS ALL OF FANDOM!** That point cannot be emphasized too strongly. The travelling Torontoans-NY-Detroiter are young, anti-materialistic, rather radical in political views, questioning, and still searching for their own identities and place in the world about them. (Though I imagine they'd deny that vehemently.) Other fans are older, possessive, conservative, and rather stolid in their daily lives. Some revel in rebellion against Society; others couldn't care less about what standards Society has--they've established their own and ignore all else. Still others accept mundane rules and regulations and have made their peace with their culture. We have hedonists in our midst, as well as former Peace Marchers, and most likely representatives of those who were marched against. Fandom tolerates intolerant viewpoints, in fact all sorts of viewpoints. It acts as a platform from which every one of us can espouse whatever we damn well wish. All that's asked in return (and even then, it's not demanded) is that you back up your beliefs when challenged--for challenged you will be. For the young, fandom can act as a crucible for forming opinion. For those older it can act as an anvil against which your philosophy can be hammered and shaped. For those yet further along, it acts as a buffering wheel, where the final polishing of what makes you, you and not someone else, can take place. Or it can have nothing to do with that aspect of yourself at all. Fandom can be everything, or nothing, or anything in between. It is a compression, a condensation, a distillation of the World in all its variety. Fans are more outspoken than most mundanes (we are, after all, oriented towards words) and will talk or write about themselves more readily than the man who may be your neighbor, but they still are products of their environment, not aliens from another planet. The more fen you meet and speak with, the more the incredible richness of fandom's diversity will strike you--or it has me, at least. Individuals all, yet bound together in some indefinable way under one common roof. Ain't it all great??

GEORGE FLYNN
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(Aug. 2, 76) Wish I could have made it to Autoclave, but I did get to Disclave the same weekend (it's ridiculous when the good cons start competing with each other!). Disclave highlights for me included the malfunctioning of my room lock, so that hotel security had to break the door open (broken doors are very fannish); and contributing to Moshe Feder's permanent floating one-shot at 5 A.M. It was a lot of fun, but small cons are nice too: I'm just back from Lexicon which had an attendance of c. 40--most of which went to a nearby amusement park in a group and later wound up simultaneously in the Chinese restaurant across the street. The drawback of the small local cons is that most of the people seen are those you see regularly anyway. Anyway, I'd probably go to a con a month if I had the time or money.

C.L. Moore is also GoH at this year's World Fantasy Con (Halloween weekend), so I guess she is staying in touch with fandom.

I think that cons have already peaked. Lunacon hit 1300 (allegedly) a few years ago, but seems to have settled down to somewhere around 1000; and Boskone was just barely larger this year than last. It remains to be seen whether this trend will extend to Worldcons.

The release SF EXPO sent out listed Thanksgiving weekend and Christmas/New Years week as possible postponement dates; I'll believe it when I see it. I wonder how many people were on the way there before the news got out? I understand A. Bertram Chandler was already on a cross-country bus from LA. I was present at the phone call that brought the news to LOCUS, less than two weeks in advance. As for Mike's remarks on SF EXPO, Gordon Dickson was saying much the same thing at Boskone: there are so many cons he can't afford the loss of working time (and money) to attend them all, and so can hardly pass up one that's willing to pay him. Maybe the question will become academic, though.

My thinking on 'throwing away' Hugo nominations: some possibilities are virtually certain to be nominated, while others really have no chance. Where one can really exert influence is in judiciously choosing among those in between.

By the way, that "can fen" [in my letter] is an interesting typo, especially since people have been telling me lately about beer-can fandom. (They have their own cons with hucksters rooms, etc.) Or did you mean "Canfen"? (You'll recall that Mike Harper made me an honorary Canadian.)

Benjamin Thompson was Count Rumford, pioneering physicist (he sort of discovered conservation of energy) and a Tory.

*I knew that Beuk would select just the Right Individual as a Bicentennial figure...// "Can" is getting to be a monotonously regular typo for "con" in my writings. Sometimes though, as in this case, it can almost fit in, regardless of which meaning you give it.// A con a month? *sigh* If only...*

JODIE OFFUTT

Funny Farm

Haldeman, KY 40329

(July 5, 76) I've been reading some fanzines today and thinking about MAC and the LASFS complaints and have come to a few conclusions. While reading Bruce Pelz's PROFANITY it occurred to me how often people in LA see each other. With meetings

every week and getting together for various fannish doings, they practically live in each others' laps. Even if they have to drive for miles to do so, they spend a lot of time with each other.

I think they get their socializing done in short order, because they spend so much time together, they have more time, therefore, to politic. SMOF, if you will. They feed each other's small complaints, they balloon, and the first thing you know the whole of Los Angeles fandom is coming down on the Big Mac people, en masse.

They over-react, the KC people try light-weight answers; attempting, I assume, to maintain a sense of humor which doesn't work because it seems like under reacting--and you've got a merry-g-round.

Now, in our part of the country, where we see each other only at conventions (forget the fact that that's been almost weekly this summer), we tend to be more excited about being in each other's company. We have catching up to do, we socialize more with each other. If we ever do any serious smoffing, it's usually late Sunday night after we've gotten used to seeing each other and we get more serious (or tired). Most of the time we just can't be bothered; we're too busy having fun or visiting.

Maybe West Coast fans see each other so often that they are mundane. They are serious about fandom: too serious.

For the first time since going to cons, I had the feeling that I'd been to too many. I think that I may have to decide that I need at least a month between cons



from now on. It wasn't that I haven't enjoyed the three conventions we went to in June, but I realized that I didn't have time between cons for the excitement and anticipation to build up. That's very much a part of cons for me. Looking forward to being at a convention is every bit as exciting as actually being there. With only three days between cons in June, I felt I was cheated of part of my convention.

Cincinnati seems to have been the best convention of the summer right now, and I'm convinced it was because I had a bit of a rest beforehand. I'm certainly glad there are three more weeks before Rivercon and then a whole month before Kansas City.

I tend to agree with Buck about SunCon. So what's all the fuss? Perhaps we suffer from Midwestern apathy, but that's OK. The West Coast people are taking up the slack.

I suppose this could stand as further proof that not all fans see things the same way...//I may not need a whole month between cons, but having at least a couple of weeks does make things simpler. If I let anticipation build up too much, the con can be a disappointment, but when it's just a little bit, more along the lines of ah!-a-whole-weekend-away-from-home! instead of AT LAST!!! A CON!!, I relax and enjoy myself rather than destroy the fun by trying to make it fun because it'll be such a long time until the next one. A con-a-week, however is simply Too Much.//I agree that when an area's fen see too much of each other, politicking starts raising its ugly head. When Chicago fen saw each other only once a month or so--outside of conventions--things went a heck of a lot smoother.//I also tend to lump all LA fen into the same pile when I think of West Coast fen, but as Dave constantly points out to me, they are hardly what you could call a homogenous group. LA fans come in all types and persuasions; it's just unfortunate that some of the less-attractive kind have gotten the most attention in recent months.

BILL CAVIN
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(July 15, 76) This letter is, I hope, the beginning of a new phase of my life. Because I am tired of the restrictions and inhibitions that have boxed in my life and separated me from other people, I am going to push myself to open up, to be more

honest, communicate more, and establish closer relationships with people. So this is the beginning of my letter writing fanatic. I may not be a prolific letter writer (at this point I've probably gone to more conventions than written letters) but I hope to be a consistent one.

Letter writing is one thing I have to work on: cons are another. I have heard or read you say that 'you get out of a con what you put into it' and 'people are what make a con'. These statements seem self-evident in theory and I know they are true in practice. Several conventions have been less than satisfactory for me because I could not find anyone to talk with. (I've always thought I was a quiet listener rather than an aggressive talker; except of course when animatedly talking about a favorite subject e.g. an author's book or series of books, etc. Am I wrong? Feedback please.) Other cons were changed from mediocre to memorable simply by having an enthused hour's (or night's) conversation with someone. General conversations are fun sometimes, but best of all are the more personal, quiet type conversations when you learn about someone. Their likes and dislikes, their opinions, or whatever. Then you feel like you're making friends or deepening old friendships.

Do you ever get that feeling at conventions of running around looking for something and never finding it; of trying to talk to everyone and wind up talking to no one? I mean really talking. That's what I want to get away from--running around like a chicken that's lost its head. But I don't want to sit by myself on a couch like a bump and let everything pass me by because I was too timid to approach someone or some group. I'm no Bill Bowers or Mike Glicksohn (or even Lou Tabakow) around which groups of people invariably gather. Sitting by yourself is no way to have fun. Solitude is fine, but who goes to cons for solitude?

Re: Jackie's introductions in D #9--Hi Ben Indick. My apologies for not saying it sooner. Willya forgive a neo letter writer and maybe even fanzine loccer?

I'd like to personally thank the SF EXPO people for all they did in making this year's Midwestcon even better than it usually is--though it was a bit crowded. We'll try to do a better job of limiting attendance next year. Thanks, too, to the Toronto Fan Fair people for the money they sent to help subsidize our con party. Lou, old, ~~stupid~~, absent-minded Lou, was going to thank you all publicly at the banquet, but so much was happening--lots of surprises, a very full agenda indeed--that it slipped his mind. It even slipped my mind, otherwise I could've reminded him. He was considering suicide Sunday night, but we talked him out of such a foolish notion ~~as he's still~~ ~~as out to Kansas City this September~~ because we all love him and need his presence in Cincinnati.

Poor Lou had better slow down his frenetic socializing--it's beginning to wear him out! When even the memory starts to go, wel...//Everyone goes through that Everyone's-Here-But-No-One-Is time at one con or another. Sometimes it helps to look around for someone else in the same predicament and invite him/her to join you in the bar/restaurant for a drink/cup of coffee. Then you're helping to get two people out of that fog of isolation in the midst of a crowd. Correct me if I'm wrong, but wasn't it under similar circumstances that we met? You were going out to eat in the early/late hours and asked me to go too. Sometimes you make a friend, sometimes not; but in any case you get some company for awhile. Other than that I don't know what to suggest. I'm not a great conversationalist, and have difficulty initiating a discussion with anyone, even those I know well. Ask questions, I suppose. But try not to force conversation. Forced talk is generally empty talk (though I'll admit that there are times that even empty talk would be an improvement over utter silence).//Back when he was a teen-ager, Wally jotted down a list of adages that he particularly agreed with; one of them was "Be yourself--others will understand". We both think it's still pretty valid, as long as you add the corollary "...and if they don't--Tough." (I haven't got that part down pat yet, but give me time...)//Welcome to the world of LoCdom; hope you enjoy the trip!

JOSEPH NICHOLAS (July 4, 76) Just look at the date on this letter. I hesitate to
2 Wilmoat Way say anything, although it only just accored to me that this was, in
Camberley, Surrey fact, July 4th--despite having spent breakfast poring over the col-
GU15 1JA ENGLAND our supplement of the Sunday Times, a magazine loaded with features
on the USA for this bicentenary (I'm sure I haven't spelt that

right...)

I've been wondering just what the US reaction is to all the brouhaha that's being generated in other countries, particularly Britain, as a result of the Bicentennial. TV series, interviews, celebratory programmes, documentaries, musicals and films dredged up from the archives...and it's not our celebration, so why the hell are we going overboard on it God only knows; and perhaps the programme planners as well. The BBC's Man in Washington has, in his most recent reports, been sounding out the feeling in the USA vis-a-vis the celebrations, and reports that the Bicentennial fervour is running less high than hoped. Interviews he's conducted with many people reveal that some think the commercial exploitation of the event is nothing short of obscene--and, referring back to that Sunday Times supplement, I see that the mayor of Luckenback, Texas, a Mr. Hondo Crouch, has been running a national competition for "Singular Achievement in Bad Taste by Abusing the Spirit of the Bicentennial", and that one of the awards went to a firm marketing a red/white/blue nappy for dogs. Keerist...now that is obscene in its own right, but to start hooking it up to national celebrations...Oh well.

Though there still are those who are flying high the bicentennial flags, a goodly number of US citizens are simply sick and tired of the whole thing. Myself included. Though as Buck Coulson pointed out once, a large percentage of our Founding Fathers--being money-minded men--would approve most heartily of the Buy-Centennial spirit. I'm just bored...*Yawn*

PATRICK HAYDEN
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Toronto, Ontario
CANADA

(Undated) Not much to say in re the new DILEMMA--most of the issue seems preoccupied with the SUNCON flap--an issue on which I'm rather hesitant. I personally wouldn't have gotten so upset, since I really can't see any alternative to the sort of unilateral action that Don Lundry took. But I do applaud you for raising an appropriate stink, which should prevent future Worldconcoms from using Lundry's action as a precedent for some sort of short-cut when consulting the membership is quite feasible.

"I think that a neo still could follow the same route with little difficulty [becoming a fannish fan]--as long as hisser interests lay in the direction of people (no matter how suppressed they'd been) rather than technology." Ummm, I don't quite follow your dichotomy here. I can name quite a few ardent technologically-oriented fen who consider themselves "fannish fans" in every sense. Jon Singer, Taral/Wayne MacDonald, Bob Webber for example--and I'm wondering what they'll think of your comment. I fail to see how an ardent interest in science and technology conflicts with an interest in and understanding of people. Outside our cultural clichés about how Science and Technology Are Dehumanizing Our Culture And Turning Us Into Mindless Automats, of course.

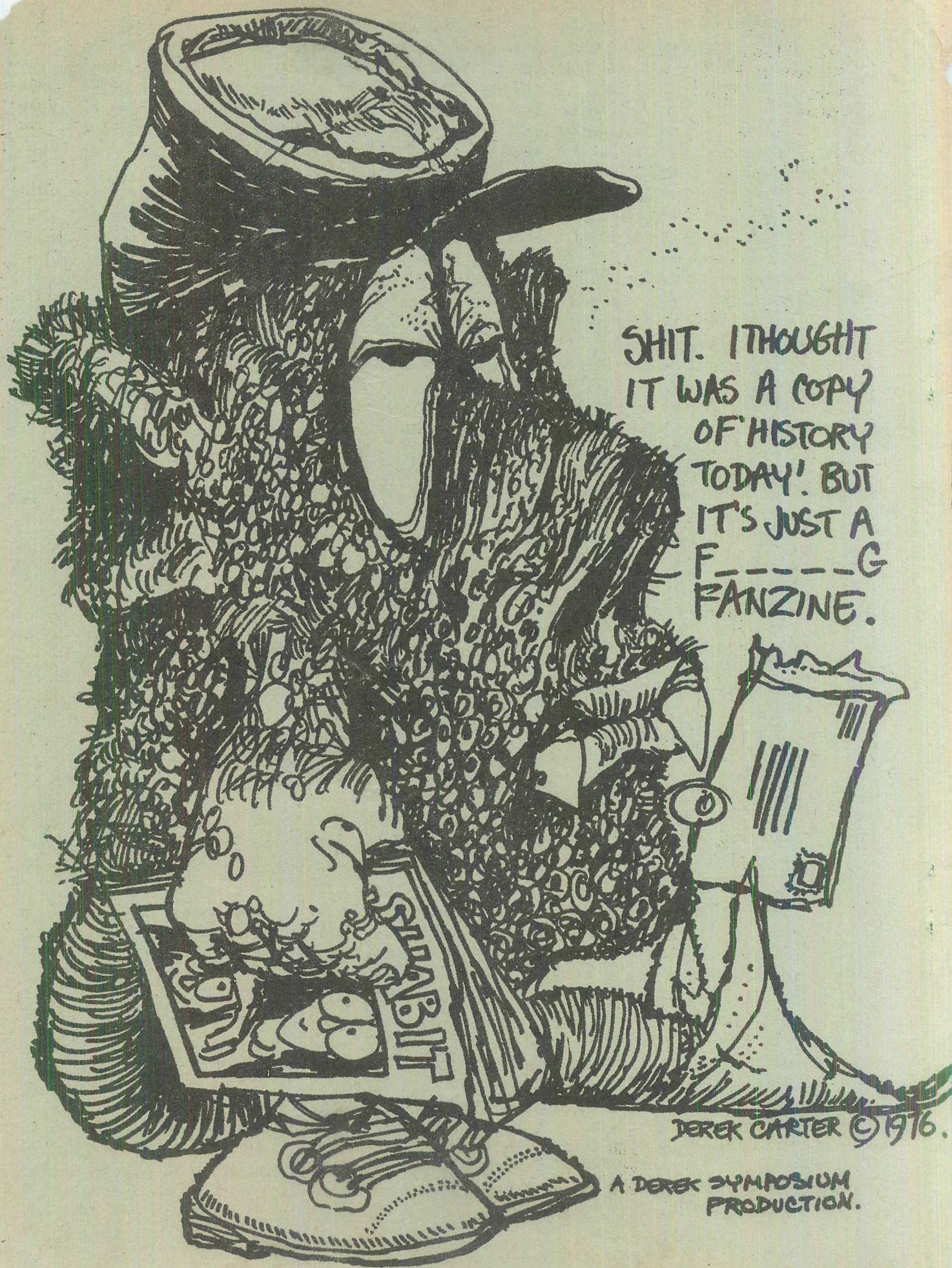
It has become a bromide, you know. Technology vs. People. The concept is an outgrowth of an ancient and venerable tradition reaching back to Galileo, the medieval Church, and beyond. Technology is Bad! Better we should have 70% of the population die in childbirth, and the rest live 27 years in a life of utter and abject misery! Leave it up to the shamans! Give yourself up to us now, and it'll all pay off in the afterlife...

The attitude will most likely never totally die out. But it's still vaguely startling to see reasonably intelligent people absent-mindedly making the ages-old mistake.

Not quite as startled as I was to read this letter.../I should have inserted the word "more" in between "lay--in" in the quote you gave, but even without it, it's quite clear that I wasn't damning technology nor an interest in it. I was merely pointing out that in order to get active in that portion of fandom that deals with inter-personal relationships (on whatever level), one must--first and foremost--be interested in people. Fans--readers of SF in the beginning--generally evince an interest in technology and the sciences, but there has to be a deep-lying streak of curiosity/interest/whatever in relating to people to turn them into faans rather than mere appreciators of SF or the science and technology-oriented forms of fanac. Singer et al do have a love for gadgets, but a deep (possibly deeper) feeling for people is what makes them fans. Regardless, I don't, nor never have, advocate a return to the Inquisition or the Dark Ages, and don't look on Technology and People as an either/or thing...

WAHF: Sid Altus, Richard Brandt, Michael Carlson, Tony Cvetko, A. Delano Du Garm, Gil Galer, Ben Indick, Alan Larkin, Eric Lindsay, Stephanie Oberembt, Dave Pimper, Dave Roew, Ira Thornhill, Bruce Townley, Paul Walker, and Laurine White. Thanks to each of you!!!

This is the second try for this stencil--the Gestetner ate the first one (wouldn't you know that I'd run into trouble on the very last page...) and I'm extremely worried that it may do the same on this one and delay the finish of the zine enough so that I won't get it done in time for Pghlange. *Grump* My apologies to all those people I slighted in this issue, as well as to those I owe letters to. I would assume you can tell from the contents of my "Ramblings" why I've been so neglectful, and I do hope that I'll be in a better position to catch up on mail during the up-coming months. An article by Eric Mayer, along with a Bubonicon report by Roy Tackett that only arrived this afternoon, will be in next issue. This Super-Duper Con Report Issue of Dilemma is being completed (for the final time--I hope!) on September the 24th, at the ghastly hour of five-thirty-five A.M. It better run through this time!!!!



SHIT. I THOUGHT
IT WAS A COPY
OF HISTORY
TODAY! BUT
IT'S JUST A
F-----G
FANZINE.

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