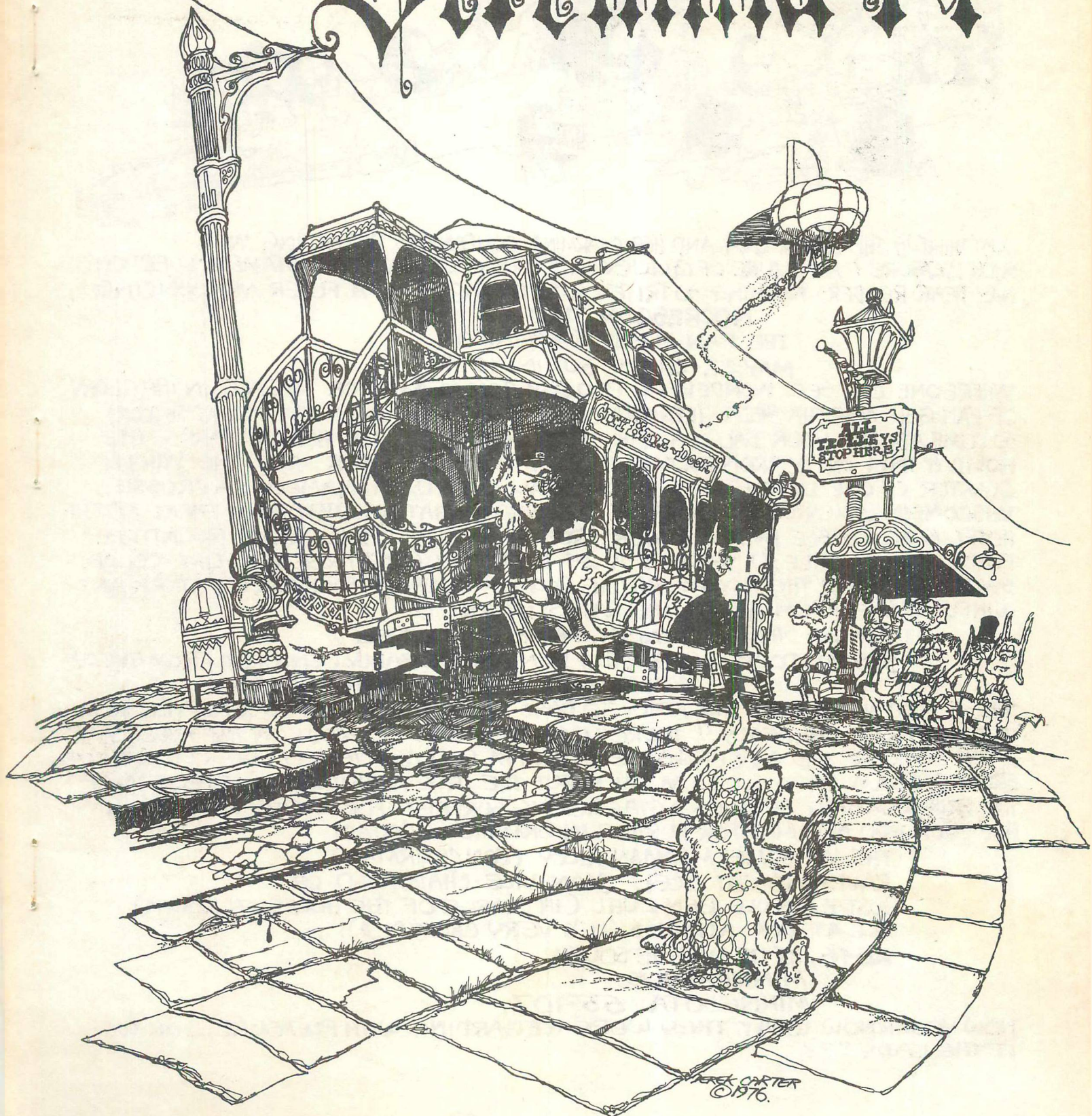
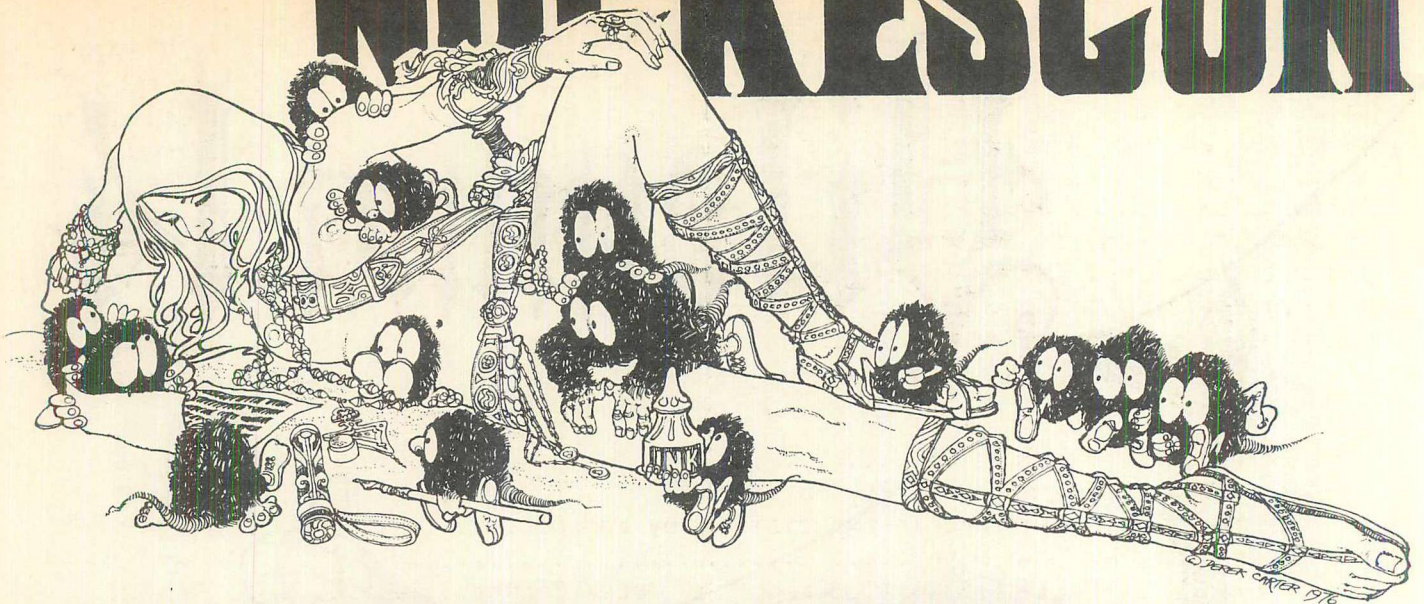


Dilemma 14



NOCRESCON



JUST WHAT IS THIS LOVELY LADY AND HER CHARMING COMPANIONS REGARDING WITH SUCH PLEASURE? A PICTURE OF GLICKSOHN'S THING? OR MADMAN'S STAMP COLLECTION? MAY DEAR READERS NOTHING SO TRITE OR SO BORING ~ TIS A FLYER ANNOUNCING

NOCRESCON TWO

THE FAN EVENT TO ATTEND ON
MAY 27, 28, 29, 30 IN 1977

WHERE ONE CAN SEE WONDERFUL PRO GOH TOM REAMY OR REGALE IN THE GLORY OF FAN GOH MARTHA BECK (REGISTRATION: \$5.00 TO JAN 31ST; \$6.00 TILL APRIL 15th, \$7.00 AT THE DOOR) SO CLIMB ABOARD YOUR BALLOON, CAR, TRUCK OR BICYCLE AND HEAD TOWARDS THE HOLIDAY INN ON BARRON ISLAND IN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, JUST ONE WHOLE QUARTER OF ONE LIL OLE MILE FROM SMALL CITY U.S.A. NAMELY LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN (YOU ARE JUST ENTERING / LEAVING... WHAT WAS THAT BACK THERE??) THE HOTEL IS ACCESSIBLE BY ALL MAJOR FREEWAYS (THEY JIST FLOW ALL ROUND DA PLACE, HONEY CHILE!!), THERE'S A 24-HOUR POOL (FOR THOSE WHO LIKE CLOCK SWIMMING) AND THE ROOMS, AH THE ROOMS ~ SQUARE, FOUR WALLS, A DOOR AND WINDOWS (TELL 'EM ABOUT THE RATES, STUPID!!)

\$19.00; SINGLE (LONELY, DRINK BY YOURSELF)

\$23.00; DOUBLE (DEFINITELY FUN AND PROBABLY CENSORED FROM EVERY CON REPORT BAR THE RAUNCHY ONES)

THESE STUPENDOUS RATES WILL APPLY 30 DAYS PRIOR TO THE CON SO SEND Y'ER SHECKLES IN RIGHT NOW LUNKHEADS!! THERE'LL BE A CATERED COOKOUT ON THE RIVERBANK. A COFFEE HOUSE AND A BEERGARTEN (OOM PA-PA') COURTESY OF THE CON COMMITTEE FROM 8.00AM UNTIL 2.00 A.M DAILY, BUT THE TRUE PERFIDIOUS PERFECTION OF THE PROGRAMMING REMAINS A STAGGERING SURPRISE FOR FUTURE FLYERS. IF HOWEVER YOU ARE MAD FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT

THE WINSOME MADMAN RILEY (CON CHAIRMAN)

RAVISHING CAT OCEL (CON VICE-CHAIRMAN) OR

JUST PLAIN OLE BEN ZUHL (IN CHARGE OF THE HUCKSTER ROOM)

ALL AT ONE ADDRESS (IT'S VERY CROWDED)

2646, 15TH AVENUE SOUTH,
MINNEAPOLIS,
MINNESOTA 55407

NOW YOU'KNOW WHAT THEY WERE REGARDING WITH PLEASURE... OR WAS IT THE LADY???

DILEMMA 14 comes from Jackie Franke, whose current address is a bit up in the air at the moment. While I'm staying with the Stopas at Wilmot Mountain, Wilmot WI 53192, this is not likely to be valid for too long. Please address mail either to my old address--Box 51-A RR 2, Beecher, IL 60401--or to my--assuming Canadian Immigration permits--new one, 719 Yonge St. Suite 201-A, Toronto, Ontario, M4Y 2B5, Canada. As usual, this fanzine is available for "the usual", which includes LoCs, trades, contributions, and editor's whim, as well as for stamps. Be forewarned, though, that this is the final issue of Dilemma, and though I still intend to publish a fanzine in the future, the change in my financial position will probably require a change in pricing and availability policy. If you've been getting this all along, though, I wouldn't worry very much about it; you'll probably continue to do so, despite your pleas.....

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Art this Issue: Cover and NocesCon ad, Derek Carter; P9 illo, Randy Bathurst; P12, Derek Carter; P15 Terry Jeeves; Pp16-19, Derek Carter; P20, Carl Bennett; P23, Barry Kent MacKay; P25, Derek Carter; P31, Jack Gaughan; P33, Derek Carter; Bacovert, Hank Heath. Logos and uncredited items, to yours truly.

 Many a time I've begun "my" section of this fanzine bemoaning the difficulty in finding the proper words--or any words at all--to put down on these blank stencils. But never has it been more difficult than it is now. All sorts of clichés float about my brain--"There have been some changes made", "All good things must come to an end", "You may have noticed a difference in the colophon"--but they look even lamer than they sound. Where to begin? With the end, I suppose...

As of October the 8th, 1976, Wally and I have been separated. That's putting an involved and painful experience in about as concise a manner as possible. Our split was sudden, but it is amicable. We're still good friends--see? I can't avoid those damn clichés! There is simply no way to do it! However trite that may sound, it is quite true; we are good friends, and I hope we will always be so. The time came for the threads of our lives to move apart, though, and despite momentary hurt and upset, they're being woven into new, hopefully stronger, patterns. Neither of us can ignore the fabric of our pasts, and the sixteen years we were married will always be a part of ourselves, unremovable, irrevokable. Our children, so quickly almost grown, will act as different sort of bond, one that also is unalterable. Wally and I have simply shared too much to let a change in circumstance sever our relationship completely.

Yet our circumstances have changed. By the time some of you receive this issue, we will be divorced. Another person, Paula Gold, will have entered Wally's life in Beecher, and I will--again, presuming the compliance of the Canadian officials--be building a new life in Toronto with Derek Carter. Mutual blessings have been exchanged, and perhaps the foremost thought in both of our minds is how unbelievably marvelous the entire situation is. Almost like a soap opera, as Wally put it, though I doubt that any audience would accept such a screwy story-line. It lacks credibility.

Knowing SF fans to have a greater ability to accept new concepts than the larger world of Mundania, I expect you to accept it, though, and to continue on from that point. Not as though nothing has happened, because obviously a lot has, but as if two friends you know have left each others' vicinity, as sometimes happens to friends. We may not be together, we may not be "Wally-and-Jackie" any longer, but we'll still keep in touch, with each other and hopefully with you as well....

That said, what to write next? My usual pattern was to relate the doings of the Franke family and its wanderings through the by-ways of fandom. I suppose it wouldn't be amiss if I just set down what's been going on since my last issue. Things may seem a bit jumbled--mostly because they were at the time--but what the heck. Let's give it a try and see how it shapes up...

Dilemma 13 was finished in time for Pghlange, held in Pittsburgh, at the Viking Motel. Wally and I had never attended one before, but having heard nothing but ghodd things about those gatherings--and having as well an offer to crash at Bill Bowers' place en route in order to shorten the drive--we packed the car, including our youngest, Brian, and took off.

Bowers home is located nowhere near an Interstate highway, so we too Route 30 through Indiana and Ohio, a drive that was pleasant and picturesque, at least until dark. Once night fell, however, so did the quality of the road, and we groped our way east along a twisty-turny two-lane blacktop with totally inadequate markings. The expected seven hour drive became over eight and a half. We missed the proper turn-off outside Massillon, and wound up just outside of Cleveland. Bill's face was a welcome sight indeed when we finally located his address.

Naturally, with a four hour drive ahead of us in the morning, and a day's work as well for Bowers, we sat up and talked until nearly dawn. What other way would fans act? We got a later start than planned the next day (but not much later--Bill has the loudest "alarm" system I've heard to get him up in the mornings. Takes a lot to get that decrepit body started...), but finally reached the Viking Inn around three or four in the afternoon. Found it and passed it, almost to never find it again. They have some queer roadways in Pittsburgh and environs! We barely got settled in when we started meeting friends. Joe and Gay Haldeman (he the GoH for the event), Rusty Hevelin (naked of chin--thankfully only temporarily so), Ross Pavlac, Eric Lindsay, "Madman" Riley, Cat Ocel, Ben Zuhl; we all exchanged greetings and chatted on and off with each other until the late-comers arrived.

In the early evening hours a spontaneous party began in our room, with the arrival of the Canadian contingent--Derek Carter, Mike Glicksohn, Mike Harper, JoAnne McBride, and Victoria Vayne--and the rest of the Iowa Guerillas--Stephanie Oberembt and Terry Matz. While some wandered on their own, most stayed for a while, warming up with bheer, Southern Comfort and puns until the party in the con suite got going. The con rapidly develops into a blur from that point. For such a small convention, Pghlange certainly had a good number of parties, and all ghodd ones to boot! Perhaps the biggest one took place in the bar, which quickly became a focus for attention on Saturday afternoon, and managed to hold onto its attraction through Sunday. A feeling of togetherness, rapport, good cheer and fellowship reigned supreme in that place, surpassing even the memorable Marcon bar party earlier in the year. I don't know what else was going on during the day at Pghlange, but a goodly third of the attendees missed any of the programmed events if there were any. Darn good party, darn good con!

The sense of euphoria left by Pghlange lasted for several days, to be replaced with a growing depression. Dissatisfaction with the direction and quality of my life in Beecher had been building for some time, and the budding of a relationship with Derek only increased its momentum. Things came to a head, emotionally, on the 8th of October, and I took off for Toronto. The following days were hectic, confused, painful, and far too personal to set down. I came to Canada a quivering mess and my friends there took me in and gave me the time and the peace and most of all the love to heal myself and begin a new life. Thanks, people, I couldn't have made it without you. Mike Glicksohn, in particular, helped all of us--myself, Derek and Wally--to weather a tremendously difficult period, and there's no way I could ever call the debt I owe him even.

I must make an aside here. Both to bridge the gap in this "journal", and to stress a point that cannot be over-emphasized. To me fandom has meant friends. For someone who had always been a loner in life, the warmth and generosity of the fannish "family" hit with tremendous impact from the very first. I know I tend sometimes to lapse into syrupy sentimentality when on the subject of What Fandom Means to Me, but I can't help

express the deep feelings I hold for it without using sentimental terms. I use them because they are true, and the only appropriate ones I have at hand. During this time of personal travail, for myself and Derek, and for Wally too, the greatest help came from fans. No, friends. They just happened to be fans as well. Glicksohn, Mike Harper, Peter Edick, Rosemary Ulyott, Martha Beck, Joni Stopa, Midge Reitan, Lynn Parks, Bill Bowers, the list just stretches on and on. Everyone, or so it seemed and so we shall remember, pitched in and did what they could to prop us up until we found our feet again. Messages were carried back and forth, phone calls darted across state lines and national boundaries, packages were carried across borders, kind words were written and spoken, meals given, homes and hearts opened. Our friends, fandom, rallied around us and got everyone through the tempest not only healed, but healthier than before. That's the sort of things fans do for each other, and that's why I love you so.

End of aside. Beginning of new beginnings. Moving to a foreign country--and believe me, Canada is a foreign country, despite the many similarities--is never easy, and in my situation it was perhaps doubly difficult. By the end of October, the thought of Octocon and a trip Back Home to the States overcame the trepidation I felt at encountering old friends in an altered situation. Derek made arrangements for us to ride down to Sandusky with Victoria Vayne, and she, we, Eric Lindsay, Bob Webber, and Wayne MacDonald trekked southwards. We joined up with Tony Cvetko in Wickliffe, and arrived at the Greentree in a two-car caravan.

My worries, as they so often are, were for naught, and meeting old friends and true, introducing them to Derek, getting news of Wally and the kids, exchanging hugs and kisses reinforced my somewhat shaky ego and relieved my mind. Rusty welcomed Derek as a member of the "family" (a growing Midwest clan that owes its existence to the odd father-son team of Tucker and Hevelin. It's far too complicated to explain in a fanzine...) and soon we all just relaxed and had a great time. Partied, talked, played bridge, drank and laughed. Yeah, just another con.

We tramped off to Wendy's, for hamburgers and coffee (a nickel a cup!? Will those days ever return?), to the Italian Gardens for the typically awful semi-offical banquet, to a supermarket down the road for beer, party supplies, and munchables. Otherwise we stayed in the Greentree and wandered. By Sunday afternoon, everyone was pretty wiped out, but still managed to gather enthusiasm for a DUFF auction held in the con suite. Rusty auctioned off such esoteric items as matchbooks, foreign currency, Lou Tabakow's shoes, Lynn Parks' shoes, paper plates and old national park windsheild stickers. It seems dull in the writing, but was hilarious in the watching. In the evening we piled into Bill Bowers' car and left with the usual tinge of sadness and exhaustion that marks the end of all enjoyable conventions.

The next four days we spent ~~trapped~~ ensconced in Bowers' townhouse apartment. While Bill toiled at his job, I busied myself in the kitchen or with a book and Derek did his thing with a borrowed drafting table. After he'd finished working on the roughs he'd brought down with him, we'd walk about the ~~hustling~~ city of Massillon, giving Derek an idea of what small-town life in America is like.

Thursday, after Bill got off work, we loaded up the Mustang and headed to Chicago, where we spent the night at Lynn Parks' apartment. Mike Harper had surprised us by calling Bowers and joining us for another two-car caravan, so it was doubly nice of Lynn to put up so large a group. Friday morning, after fueling our bellies at a Chinese eaterie that served American breakfasts, we loaded the cars up again and took off for Iowa City and the wonders of Icon.

Last year's Icon was one of the best cons I'd been to, and I think this year's con suffered because of it. Expectations were high, perhaps too high, and disappointment was bound to occur. Don't misunderstand me, the crew from Iowa City put on an enjoyable, well-run convention; it just wasn't as good as the first one had been--but damn few cons are. We shared a room with Glicksohn (having split a double-double with the Lutz-Nagey's at Octocon) and shared our Octocon experiences with him during the weekend. Why wait til we returned to Toronto? Tucker met Derek and seconded Rusty's welcome to him, and almost "smoothed" Derek to death during the con. Joni Stopa and Midge

also gave Derek a taste of what Midwestern fandom is all about by throwing a cheese eating party where we all gorged ourselves on Edam, apple-date bread and Triscuts. Friday night's parties that overflowed into the motel hallways led the management into a ban on such goings-on, so Saturday's events were more sedate. Everyone was rather weary, though, so it didn't affect the mood as much as might have been expected. We spent most of Saturday and Sunday in the bar--a detached building that could be reached by a tunnel that traveled under the parking lot--but it wasn't anything like Marcon's or Pghlange's barcons, very quiet and low-keyed. Turned off the banquet by the high price and our low funds, we dined in plastic splendor at a quick-food place down the road with Tucker, Tabakow, Bill Cavin and a few others. Icon was a con for eating out, all right. We breakfasted with Jim Hansen, Pat ??, and Sid Altus one day, and with two fans I don't properly recall on the other, both times at different ~~places~~. Dinners were usually taken alone, with the exception of the Saturday night "banquet", and, again, at different restaurants. Don't think I've eaten at as many places in so short a time ever before.

The highlight of Icon was the Masquerade. Not that the costumes were so spectacular--Worldcon masquerades tend to jade one's tastes--but because of the MCing job done by Greg Frost. He, with the aid of a few fellow SFLIS members, did a marvelous take-off of the Gumbies routine from Monty Python that had everyone's sides aching with laughter. (Had I realized then that it would trigger a torrent of Gumbie routines from Derek and Glicksohn that lasted for weeks, I might not have laughed quite as hard as I did, but...) An excellent job, indeed!

Monday we stowed our gear into Mike Harper's Volkswagen (talk about tight fits!) and started off for Toronto. After an uneventful trip through the States, Canadian Immigration threw us a curve ball at the Ambassador Bridge. They wouldn't let me into the country! I'd told the guard the truth--that I'd be in Canada for a month and a half--and that was my first mistake. He directed me to a particularly nasty specimen of the Bureaucratic Official breed, who, after finding out I had no money with me, decided I might be a drain on the Canadian welfare system and refused me admittance, despite the protests of myself, Derek and Mike. Stunned, we unloaded the duty-free goods we'd bought and leaving Derek behind to protect them, Harper took me back to Detroit. In my state of near-panic, I could think of only one fan who'd be able to help me out in this totally unexpected predicament--Sid Altus, who lived a short distance West of the city. Recalling the way there from the trip to Sidcon earlier in the year, we stopped at an all-night restaurant and called to warn Sid he would be getting unexpected company. Gallantly, Sid said I was welcome and to come on over. Once there, I explained the situation to him as calmly as I could and he raised a quizzical eyebrow. Why not, he asked, go back to the border with him in his car and cross over at the tunnel? Why not, indeed, so Harper returned via the Bridge and Sid and I took the tunnel route--saying that we were entering Canada to attend a wedding in Toronto (that of Mike Glicksohn and Rosemary Ulyyott, we decided to say if asked. Fortunately, we weren't)--and rejoining Mike and Derek at a restaurant in Windsor.

Derek had been fuming while we were gone, and did a marvelous spleen-venting drawing in the meantime, of him wiping out the Immigration Department. We could laugh about the misadventure at least, though those three hours were among the hairiest I've ever had. Sid earned a lifetime sub to anything I print for his quick-witted favor, and has our undying gratitude.

It was six-thirty in the morning when we finally reached Derek's apartment building, and three exhausted fen sat around the kitchen table sipping coffee as soon as the kettle could boil some water. The main topic of conversation, as it had all during the Canadian leg of the journey, was Canadian Immigration and what could be done about my status in the country. Obviously, something had to be done--we traveled too often across the border to stand the thought of putting up with headaches similar to the one we'd just encountered. But just what to do posed a problem. We worried over that one for what seemed like ages until the obvious solution came clear as the date for a New Years Eve party that had been planned for Lynn Parks neared. I would stay behind after the party and apply for Landed Immigrant status. It would mean a lengthy

separation--three to four months or more--as well as allied problems like finding a place to stay, obtaining money to live on, and so forth, but it would, eventually, bring several benefits. Besides facilitating border crossings, the way would be cleared for me to obtain employment in Toronto, should the need arise. Accordingly, I wrote home to my Mother, asking if I could stay with her after New Years.

Correspondence between the US and Canada has never been swift, and it seemed the PO began dragging its feet even more now that I was relying on it. While the time passed, we slipped into a daily routine that could not last. I would accompany Derek to his studio on most days, taking on small jobs like laying down presstype, drawing grids, preparing finished work for presentation to clients, tracing roughs, etc, or doing some fan pieces if the workload was light that day. Derek learned to brown bag it to the studio, and I learned how monotonous a diet of peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches can get. We did a lot of visiting/partying, especially as the Holiday season neared, and spent many pleasant evenings in the company of various friends and Toronto fen. Christmas parties, thrown by various editorial offices for their employees and contributors, gave me the chance to meet many of the people Derek dealt with outside the studio and soon I began equating faces with their respective telephone voices. Toronto began losing much of its strangeness and I could feel almost at home in its streets and subway system.

Then two things happened: Lynn Parks decided to cancel her party, and Martha Beck wrote to ask me to stay at her place. Solution to one problem while posing another. Recalling the New Years Wally and I had spent at Wilmot Mountain, I phoned Joni Stopa and asked if she minded a few extra people over the Holiday. The answer was, of course not, the more the merrier.

On the 28th, after a rushed day at the studio for Derek, we loaded up Harpers Veedub once again, and took off for Indiana. Driving between the Chicago area and Toronto in the winter is always a risky business and this year proved to be no exception. We hit rush hour traffic leaving the city and light snow later on. As we neared the border at Windsor, it became obvious that we'd never be able to make the drive straight through to Gary. Hitting a sizeable snow squall outside of Detroit merely confirmed the fact. Stopping off at Ann Arbor, I made a phone call to Jim Hansen. ("We only use our friends."--Lynn Parks, 1976) Sure enough, he had space for us and told us to come on over. We sat and talked, listened to some music and watched a few slides, unwinding from the rigors of the road. After a delicious breakfast of Jim's huge homemade pancakes, we thanked him profusely and set off anew.

There is a region near the bottom of Lake Michigan, extending Eastward, that is known as the "snow belt". We'd had a sample of its conditions during the Octocon-Icon trip, when it took some four hours to cover a stretch that normally took but two. This time the snow was less, but we met up with fierce winds and glaze ice on the road. *sigh* Slipping and sliding around the bend of the lake took what seemed like ages, and slowed us down to a tortuous 25-30 mph in some spots. When we finally pulled into the Beck's driveway, we felt as if we'd traveled all the way across the continent rather than just under 500 miles.

Martha's home is like a haven. She and Hank made us all feel immediately at peace, and the next few days were a blessed relief. Mike, Derek and I traipsed around Chicago and environs during the day, and we sat and talked with Hank and Martha or played cards at night. It felt like being at home. Friday night arrived and we headed up to Wilmot where we met Jon and Joni in the Iron Kettle, the lodge's restaurant. Joni treated us to dinner and told us to roam around until she and Jon finished work. There wasn't much activity on the ski slopes (the weather was bitterly cold, and those who were out in their arctic dress made me appreciate the true meaning of the term "fanatic") so we went over to the house after a quick tour of the lodge. Soon we were joined by Midge Reitan, Lynn Parks and Jon Singer, but a party atmosphere just wouldn't develop. By the time the Stopas came home after closing the lodge, the five of us were half asleep. Mark and Lynn Aronson arrived late, after a theater date, but even the infusion of new blood didn't help matters. The partially depressed mental state of Lynn and Jon, Derek

and myself was the main culprit, I suspect. New Years was desulatory for we who had to look forward to sad farewells the next day. It wasn't a party in any sense of the word.

The next day we headed back to Martha's and imposed our glum moods on the Becks for a final evening. A cloud of gloom descended and really hasn't quite dissipated yet. Mike and Derek left around noon of the 2nd, and I moped around the remainder of the day. Martha had suggested that I try to get work with the school bus company she drove for, and came back with the news that two jobs were open--one for a driver and one for an attendant on the busses for the handicapped children. Since the attendant's job paid more, and didn't require any expenditures for licenses or medical examinations, I went to the school system's business offices to make my application. It certainly felt odd to be filling out forms after a lay-off of some thirteen years from a regular job. I felt almost as nervous as I had when seeking that first job after high school. After a two day wait for some statutory blood tests, I was informed I was hired.

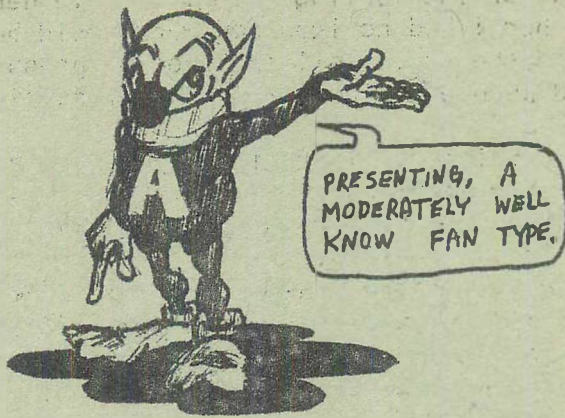
The school system's secretaries and janitors immediately went out on strike...

Joni Stopa phoned: a large dinner party was coming to the Iron Kettle and they were short of waitresses; would I consider coming up and hustling tables for awhile? I took a quick look at the state of my finances and thankfully said yes. So, on the 16th of January, I embarked on yet another "career", waitressing at the Iron Kettle.

It's not difficult work, the hours are reasonable and the tips good, but I'm finding that my body has a tendency to wear out far more quickly than it did back in my teen-aged years when I had last waited on tables. After dining room hours, I go up to an upstairs room over the lodge and do a bit of sign and poster painting, which keeps my hand in the art area to some extent, but mostly I kill time. Staying with the Stopas required another shift in my daily time scheduling--I'd gone from an 11 am to 4 am schedule to a more normal 8 am to 11:30 pm one while in Toronto, switched to a 9 am to 1 am schedule while at Martha's, and now switched to a 10 am to 2 am routine at Wilmot. I wonder how many more adjustments I have ahead of me?

The strike has been settled, and I'm free to resume living at the Beck's after Confusion weekend that is coming up. My application for Landed Immigrant status is apparently in limbo. I could stay here for the remainder of the skiing season and wait tables, or even return to Chicago and find work in the city. Right at this moment I don't know just what I'll be doing in February, but a decision will have to be made soon. If my application to enter Canada is denied, then we'll have to start exploring the possibility of Derek entering the States--a far more complicated situation than my entering Canada. We're hanging in there, as they say, and are watching for hopeful signs from almost any direction.

And that's the status report from me for this quarter. I dislike ending Dilemma on a down note, but that's the way it is right now. It's been a confusing and unsettling four months, but the time would have been unbelievably rougher without the help and good wishes of so many people. With friends like you, the future will undoubtedly be bright, even though it's rather murky from this vantage point. Matters are in a period of transition and I'm not the sort of person who tolerates uncertainty very well. Just where I'll be in the next few weeks, much less the next few months, hasn't been made clear yet, so I cannot even give you a definite address to send mail to. Derek's and Wally's addresses will remain valid for some while yet, so mail will get through, regardless of my actual living address. Bear with me during this time, as I'm doing, and a degree of stability should begin to emerge. Dilemma is ending, though my own personal dilemmas still aren't completely resolved, and I'd like to again extend heart felt Thank Yous to so many who have been of so much help and comfort to all of us: to Derek and to Wally, especially, go much love and appreciation, to Mike Glicksohn, Mike Harper, Peter Edick, Rosemary Ullyott, Anna Carter, JoAnne McBride, Victoria Vayne, and the rest of the Toronto crew, a big hug and many thanks; to Hank and Martha, Jon and Joni, Midge Reitan, Bill Bowers, Jim Hansen, Lynn Parks, Sid Altus, and Stephanie Oberembt, yet more hugs, kisses and thank yous. It's been an interesting time....



Bubonicon 8

as
seen
by **Roy Tackett**

Readers of this periodical (among whom, obviously, Buck Coulson is not) will be aware that the esteemed editoress (Ah, she'll change that) is firmly convinced that I am a dyed-in-the-Twillitone fanzine fan who is firmly convinced that science fiction conventions are generally overrun with a herd of blithering Idiots who would be better off run over. This is true. Which does not, of course, keep me from attending conventions. Indeed, my only face-to-face meeting with Jackie Franke was at Torcon, but she prefers not to remember that and to pretend that I never go near conventions but spend all of my fannish time hunched over a typewriter producing easily forgotten trivia for publication in some fanzine or the other.

But I do manage to get to a couple of conventions each year. Usually Westercon and Bubonicon. Up until this year, though, I have always managed to escape getting involved with the business end.

In September of 1975, however, I became Secretary of the Albuquerque Science Fiction Society and found, to my surprise that also meant being Secretary of Bubonicon. Jeff Slaten was con-chairman and assured me that he would take care of everything. He did. He promptly moved to Denver. Vardeman got stuck with the chairman's job.

Bubonicon is, fortunately, small and the work involved is minimal. Vardeman lined up the Ramada Inn, which was the site of Bubonicon 7, as the site of Bubonicon 8. Considering the way the tourist business has fallen off in the last couple of years, the Ramada was more than happy to have us back. They gave us an excellent deal on room rates and conference rooms. Having accomplished that trying task, Vardeman promptly went back to writing novels and selling fish.

I, on the other hand, went to work. I sat down at a typer, cut a stencil, ran it off, and sent forty-eleven copies of a flyer proclaiming to the fannish world the wonders to be found at Bubonicon Seven. Except, of course, that we had held Bubonicon Seven last year and this was supposed to be number Eight. We discussed the matter at some length the following meeting of the ASFS and decided that the 1976 conference would be Bubonicon Seven Number Eight.

Shortly after the announcements began appearing in various places, the inquiries began coming in. Mostly about the art show. Artshow? At Bubonicon? With the exception of the exceptional Harry Morris, Albuquerque fans are not much drawn to art. I could not, however, tell all these aspiring young artists that we ranked artshows somewhere below discussions of the significance of comic books, so I sent them a nice letter explaining that we were a very small con which really couldn't provide the necessary security for an artshow, et cetera, et cetera.

As the months went by, a few advance memberships trickled in along with a few questions about the program. We devoted the August meeting of the ASFS to drawing up the skeleton of a program. Bubonicon is rather informal. We are never sure what the program will be until we find out who shows up. The first half dozen through the door are promptly drafted to appear on various panels.

One day in August I received a phone call from Pam. Pam explained that she was in charge of catering at the Ramada Inn and needed confirmation on the arrangements and number of diners we would have for the gala luncheon. I referred Pam to Vardeman.

Pam told me that she had been trying to get in touch with Vardeman for two weeks without success. She explained about the arrangements for the meeting rooms. I told her that was just fine which calmed her down. I told her I had no idea how many would be at the luncheon which shook her up again. She said she would tell the chef to prepare lunch for 50. I shuddered. I wasn't sure that 50 people would show up. She insisted it must be so. I referred her to Vardeman.

And promptly went to work typing some local publicity. I drafted a press release, sent it out to the local newspapers and radio stations. The radio stations gave it a good play but the newspapers threw it away. Except for the University's DAILY LOBO which must have had an empty couple of inches to fill.

I sent Bill Rotsler, our GoH, a note informing him of the pre-con party at Dick Patten's place. Pre-con parties are not just traditions--they are necessities. Vast quantities of Patten's bucolic punch are required to get one into the right mood for a Bubonicon. Rotsler, however, was not heard from. The only out-of-towner was our ex-chairman, Jeff Slaten.

The question of the evening was: how many would show up for the con? I had about 25 advance memberships which was pretty good. Attendees at Bubonicons are strange. Most of them simply show up without advance warning. 25 would leave us in the hole but, as Andy Capp says, while we don't believe in miracles, we tend to rely on them.

I got to the Ramada about 11:30 Friday morning to open the registration desk. As I walked through the front door I gave a large sigh of relief. Rotsler walked through the back door. We had a guest of honor. Kring and Vardeman arrived shortly and we straightened everything out with Pam.

Kring and I opened the registration desk and were quite pleased when the various fens began to trickle in. First to arrive were the Australians: DUFF delagate Chris McGowan, Eric Lindsay, and Carey Handfield. No Bubonicon is complete without the Aussies. We have had at least one every year and Chris McGowan says that the word has been passed in Australia that anyone going to the U.S. Worldcon must arrange to also attend Bubonicon.

I looked up to see a vast black-clad figure looming in the doorway. "Mighod," I said, "what is the Elephant doing here?" It was, indeed, Bruce Pelz lumbering in without any advance warning. I promptly sold him a cubic yard of fanzines.

Another surprise was the arrival of Denny Lien and Dave Wixon from Minneapolis.

Denver was represented by a half-dozen, somewhat smaller than their usual contingent. There was also a half-dozen from Phoenix, two from Tucson, four or five from California and a handful or two of locals. Most of the locals were club members. I was somewhat disappointed that we didn't get more walk-ins. It began to look as if we might run into some problems when the El Paso group arrived, a full dozen strong. We heaved a big sigh of relief. Good old El Paso put us over the top. Total attendance was about 65.

Programming was mixed and well-attended. It ranged from heavy (Dr. Mel Merritt's discussion of atomic energy in SF) to light (Vardeman and Kring on fanzines) and stops in between. The movies were appropriately bad (Invasion of the Saucer Men and Last Man on Earth) and the parties went on into the night. Bill Rotsler was an excellent Guest of Honor as was to be expected of a man of his many talents. His talks were witty and appropriate to the occasion.

We had a couple of mundanes, presumably hotel patrons, wander in for the showing of Last Man on Earth. There I was, looking properly officious, when they meandered in. "Pardon me, sir," said the young lady, "is there a no smoking section in this theater?" I dragged deeply on my pipe and considered the situation. I looked around the room. "Doesn't look like it," I said. "Where do we get tickets?" she asked. I wondered if I could stick them with ten dollars worth of con memberships. I decided I would be nice about it. "It's a little late for tickets. Just find some seats if you'd like to see the movie." "Thank you, sir," she said and pulled her companion towards a couple of empty chairs. I shook my head and dashed into the hall for a quick gin at the cash bar. Mundanes. Brrr.

After we'd said our tearful goodbyes on Sunday the members of ASFS gathered around for the final reckoning. We found we had enough to make expenses and donate \$25 to TAFF.

A successful con....

MidAmeriCon

A Failure in Expectation

--by Ed Wood

The 34th World Science Fiction Convention held at the Hotel Muehlebach, Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 2-6, 1976, was a curious mixture of the superlative and the abysmal. First let's look at the superlative: the program book was the most beautiful and gorgeous production ever put out by a world convention; the film program was well done and the film notes in the program book informative, some might decry the lack of non-English language films, but the bulk of the films were of interest; the masquerade, in spite of some behind the scene troubles, was efficiently and effectively run; the taping on television of the program was an overdue innovation; toastmaster Bob Tucker was at the top of his form, far more impressive than his lackluster appearance at New York in 1967; Linda Bushyager deserves much praise for the daily newspaper, "The Bullsheet".

MAC was successful in holding attendance down, only about 2600 showed up compared with the 4000+ at Discon II. It is said that 100 to 150 people showed up at the door to pay \$50. Considering the many and unnecessary expenses, the Kansas Cit Committee ought to pay those people a little prayer of thanks. It may well be that MAC might run in the red. I sincerely hope not. The unloseable hospital bracelets used by the committee were really silly. If one wanted to, you could have gone to the nearest Woolworth's or similar store and purchased a similar one for 69¢ or so. I still don't think the number of crashers at an sf convention is a problem. Maybe the Trekkies have their problems but not us. I say again why make several thousand people unhappy or inconvenienced for the sake of preventing a couple dozen crashers. It's silly and it's self-defeating.

Many people for whom MAC was their first or second convention could very easily enjoy themselves, nor am I going to be the bad ass that is going to say to them that they didn't enjoy the program or shouldn't have enjoyed the program. I say; go and enjoy! As a veteran of twenty world science fiction conventions and scores of smaller regional conventions, I am not easily impressed by "average" conventions. Let me make this perfectly clear (where have we heard those words before?) MAC was not a failure in my book, but I cannot grade it better than a high average. That's being excessively kind. Let's look at the abysmal: the play, "Sails of Moonlight, Eyes of Dusk", by David Wilson was 4 hours long and performed by professional actors costing MAC a young fortune. Had the people enjoyed the play, it might have justified any reasonable cost, unfortunately, there were not many kind words for the play. It might have been better and surely much cheaper to have had fans put on "Trek A Star" or "Captain Future and the Futuremen". The program as listed in Progress Report #5 was followed in every aspect of its mediocrity. An example to be avoided was the program item, "Sex in Science Fiction: A; Women in SF, Are They Necessary? B; Men in SF, Who Needs Them?", it was evidently supposed to be a humorous panel, or so the audience was informed. From the thundering silence of the audience, it might be said that the handling of this topic was not funny. A humorous panel can be fun, but if the clowns that participated think that one can be funny, off the cuff, at 11:00 A.M. on a Monday morning after a very trying and hectic weekend, they have learned better by now.

I had termed MAC, "Stalagcon", because of having to stand in line to stand in line. Another fan who was eating at Victoria Station, a fine eatery about a mile away from the convention, called it "three mediocre regional conventions in one hotel". I wish I had said that!

All the high expectations of the Kansas City Committee for the ultimate convention came to naught by not concentrating on excellence of program and certainly poor budgeting. I just wish, having been on the committee of 5 world conventions, that, just once, the program would receive the attention that it properly should have. Look at every single item on the program--why is it there? Can it be afforded? Would anyone want to attend it? Would anyone not want to attend it? Look at everything with the critical eye of a sponsor putting his money into a costly play!!! Then I think you might get the innovative programming that KC bragged about but failed to produce. That takes time and effort! It can pay off if done by the right people. We have had many great conventions, why can't we learn from them?

For all their work in taking care of the rooms at the Muehlebach and the other hotels, my wife, boy, and myself arrived to be told that the room for JoAnn Wood of Hartford had been given to Joan Woods of Chicago! I heard not one word of praise for the committee for doing the room reservations, but I heard many complaints. Will future conventions learn to let the hotels do what they should do and what they were set up to do?

I regret that Kansas City did not attain that worthy goal of the ultimate (in terms of value) convention, but to do great things, it is sometimes necessary to keep the brain (and sweat) cells active by keeping the eyes and ears open and the mouth shut!!!

Considering the many negative things which have been said about MAC, Ed Wood was remarkably kind in his "report"--which, when one thinks of his penchant for outspokenness, is even more marvelous. (Ed, you're getting mellow...) While there are points I would, if not disagree with, at least quibble as to their import or details, in the main, I think Ed covered most of the praiseworthy and slammable aspects of the '76 Worldcon. The biggest gripes seem to center around the program book and the play. I may be in the minority regarding the hardbound program book, but I think it was a good idea as it gave those who could not or would not attend the con in person much more for their fee than any other con has done. As for the play...well, Jon Stopa put it best when he said; "If a con committee would take the cash that play used up and handed it out to people in order to subsidize open room parties every night, their convention would go down in history as the best one ever." MAC's largest failing was too much money spent in the wrong places. However, I think, overall, it was a good con. Not the Best, by a long shot, but still good and memorable in its own way--as all good cons must be...



TING MANAGER

anization needs a man
in degree and at least
experience in all phases of
writing. Excellent po-
tential.

Oak Brook area.
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COUNTANT

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its experience neces-
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you feel needed.
We're busy and
need your smile,
and ambition in
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nation wide--hospitals, clinics
medical office buildings, et
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versification. Truly a ground floor
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By **Eric Mayer**

My career in local journalism started in 1969 with a letter to the editor: "I have read Bruce Hopkins' columns with a rather keen delight. They have certainly hit home on many issues..." There followed several columns of writing as earnest as a neo's first crudzine editorial on the state of sf--and about as interesting. Starting with a critique of the deficiencies in the Dallas school system's English courses, I gradually worked my way through "creeping dehumanization", up to "grotesque warpings of logic", ending with the ringing warning that, "If we continue to build better bombs at a faster rate than we build better human beings there will soon be no one left to worry about such things."

Somewhere fans were poring over the first edition of ALL OUR YESTERDAYS and pre-paring to give Harry Warner the Hugo. I was hoping to follow in the footsteps of Bruce Hopkins. I'd seen my name in print for the first time. I was hooked.

It took me awhile to get my own newspaper column. I started writing articles for local publications first. For OUR TOWN GAZETTE, a rich housewife's hobby, and PULSE, a magazine produced like OUTWORLDS but featuring crudzine writing and artwork. My "art-icles"--really nothing but garbled diatribes--were not out of place in these lowly surroundings.

I screamed bloody murder about pollution, or else I attacked Spiro Agnew or Blythe Evans--a local DA who was trying to make a name for himself by battling pornography. I saw the future through ash tinted glasses. DOOM! DESTRUCTION!! "The rats will inher-it the earth" is how I put it once. "The world will end in a reeking deluge of garbage. Thousands will die gasping for nonexistent air! Through the stifling smog of the Judge-ment Day we have ourselves proclaimed, there will come to our ears the horrifying splash of bodies being disposed of neatly and conveniently in the river!"

It was 1970 and the late sixties were just dawning in Wilkes-Barre. College stu-dents were beginning to grow longer hair than in previous years. The war was still on. There was a lot of ugliness in the air. Name calling. I was playing the radical in print. I identified with the part. I could never have thrown rocks during a demonstra-tion, but I could throw words and there was a market for that sort of thing.

I don't know that I believed everything I said in print. I'm not too sure I really thought much about what I said. It was a game. I was fulfilling the expectations of the editors who solicited material from me. I was cultivating an image. I wanted to be Somebody because I was desperately afraid--at 19 and 20--of growing up to be a "nobody" like everyone else I knew.

I got a column in the Dallas Post finally, and for two years I shared the editorial page with Bruce Hopkins, a local boy who'd started writing home from college and contin-ued his column now that he was a teacher in New York, and "the Gaffer", a crotchety old conservative.

Almost at once I started countering the "Gaffer's" columns. Even remembering the man, I still dislike him. He was an "I'm all right, Jack" type. I intensely regret that he died before finding out that I was right about Nixon.

Nixon and Agnew made my job easy. Normally it'd be difficult to come up with 52 columns a year, but that pair supplied me with new outrages to rave about almost every week. That's one of the beauties about newspaper columns. You don't have to create--just react.

At first I followed my "gloom and doom" pattern, but it gets tiresome taking a radical stance every week. I started throwing in satiric articles, occasional essays on nonpolitical subjects like baseball and space exploration. I still preached. Did

I actually believe I was going to change anyone's mind about anything? I can't believe it. But maybe I did. Maybe I did.

During my second year of columnizing I began a series of articles centering on a mythical town named, rather unfortunately I think, Village Green. It was, of course, a mirror reflection of Dallas, thinly disguised, and I believe people found it amusing on that account. The series ran about 30 columns in all, interspersed with my political fulminations, of course, and included historic sketches, essays, character studies, and even reoccurring characters like Bernard the cat who "responded more readily to 'dinnertime' than to his name and spent his nights scratching the wallpaper off the living room walls. That was more fun than scratching chair legs, but not quite as amusing as scratching the legs of his owner."

I didn't neglect science fiction either. In fact, sf was the subject of several columns. One column was even entitled "A Sense of Wonder". Dick Geis was winning a Hugo back when that piece was printed. I was battling in the trenches of mundania! I broke with my radical persona long enough to praise the space program. I wrote a time travel story for Christmas one year, and followed it with a two-part serial--"It Came From The Sewers". I even depicted a nameless being who lived in a fold in the time-space continuum.

My newspaper column was evolving into something that really didn't belong in a newspaper. How was I to know it belonged in a fanzine? I'd never heard of fanzines. All I knew, or felt, was that I needed an outlet for my fictional efforts. I'd never been able to break into the Wilkes College literary magazine. Finally I sent them a poem, which they printed, and gave up.

POEM

Poempoem poempoem poempoem,
poempoem poem poem,
poempoem poempoem poempoem,
poempoem poempoem poem.

That, somewhat condensed from the original, is the extent of my Literary success. They spelled my name "Maier". The bastards.

In 1972 I reached the peak of my journalistic career, winning a Keystone Press Award from the PA Newspaper Publishers' Association. It wasn't a very high peak. I took second prize in DIVISION IV--ALL WEEKLIES. The column that beat me out was titled "Cockleburs and Corn".

My own effort was "The NASA Papers", a takeoff on the then current Pentagon Papers affair, in which I revealed that the entire space program was nothing more than a propaganda stunt and that Neal Armstrong had taken his one great step for mankind on a special, top-secret movie set in the deserts of New Mexico.

"The NASA Papers" would have been rejected by most fanzine editors. As a newspaper column, though, it was ideal. It dealt with a hackneyed idea, familiar to almost everyone. It was topical.

In the world of local journalism, and perhaps in the world as a whole, nothing succeeds like controlled mediocrity. Originality won't do. People don't like surprises. When they sit down to read the newspaper they want to read what they expect to read. What they expect from a columnist is warmed-over truisms, commonly held beliefs. What readers enjoy most of all is seeing their own beliefs set forth in a slightly more polished form than what they may be capable of writing themselves. Common knowledge with purple patches. We all like to see ourselves in print.

I was beginning to tire. It was becoming apparent that Nixon wasn't going to stop bombing Viet Nam because I told him to. My "Village Green" series wasn't turning out to be The Human Comedy of journalism. I was getting bored with a 1000 word limit. Perhaps most important of all I saw my college career slipping away in undistinguished fashion and I saw, further, that once it was gone the world was still going to be out there, waiting, pollution notwithstanding. It seemed the evening spent writing the column might be better spent in some other manner.

So after a hundred columns, I quit. It was September of 1972. It was the end of my involvement with the local press. I'd been a "Pro". In all, I'd earned a few hundred dollars. The Post paid 15 cents per column inch. I'd learned nothing.

You can't learn to write in a vacuum. You need response, criticism, models to look up to. Local journalism offered none of these. At 15 cents per column inch, I'd have preferred egoboo! In my two years at the Post, my efforts elicited one letter to the editor. The writer questioned my sanity. No one ever offered constructive criticism. Perhaps they figured if a piece was good enough to pay money for and print, it needn't be any better. Certainly there were no other, more experienced, more competent writers for me to learn from. Outside of a few staff reporters, some of them only marginally literate, local publications were filled mainly with the musings of the middle aged, talentless housewives, who thought that writing consisted of stringing together as many clichés as they could remember. Perhaps their belief was justifiable. After all, those clichés had seen print plenty of times before. Why not again?

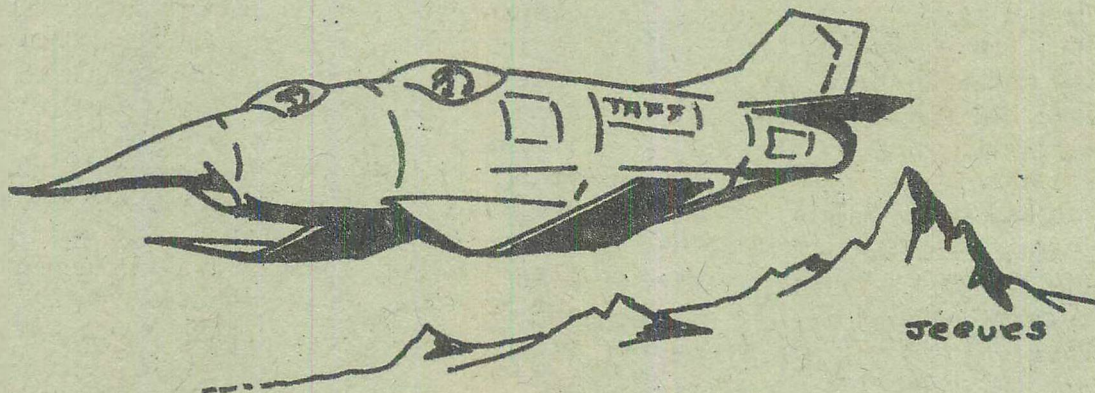
No doubt there were some fairly talented writers hiding out in that area. But when mediocrity, or even downright incompetence is readily accepted, what incentive is there to take the trouble to produce something better?

Re-reading parts of my early writing has been, on the whole, a painful experience. Nevertheless some of the articles still strike me as being good. The prose is flowery, but it flows. The sentiments are corny, but sincere. I suspect that as I read these "good" articles I am recalling my state of mind when I wrote them. I was intoxicated with the joy of seeing my words in print for the first time. I had scored a success, however limited, in my first real foray into the adult world. I suppose, at the time, I saw myself becoming a big time journalist and occasional sf pro. I had no reason to doubt my abilities. It never occurred to me that the Post would go out of business in two years and other papers would prefer journalism majors to Keystone Press Award winners. I never expected that sf editors would ignore my efforts so completely and that my talents would eventually betray me. I had the idea that I was bound to keep on improving my abilities and that nothing was really beyond me.

Leafing through the scrapbooks, I came to an article I wrote about baseball. It's an odd feeling, looking back into the past, seeing my younger self looking even further back into the past. Like a series of mirror images, my predecessors grow increasingly distant, less distinct, but essentially identical. The dreams of my college years, time-withered by now and being replaced by new dreams, had themselves sprung from even earlier and even less realistic hopes.

"Sometimes, if you're very young," I said back then, "and standing alone in a field hitting pebbles into the summer twilight, the rising trill of night sounds becomes the tumult of a packed stadium. Your team is trailing 3-0 in the bottom of the ninth in the last game of the World Series. The bases are loaded. You swing, and the stone that's really a baseball flies out into the darkness, and who's to say it wasn't a homerun?"

--30--





Pghlange VIII

OR ~ THERE'S A HUM AROUND MY HEAD WHERE THE WORDS SHOULD BE.

Derek...
 Yes, Jackie...
 I need a Pghlange report.
 I need a drink.
 You've had about ten!!
 I need about a dozen.
 FIRST, write the report.
 NO WAY, NO WAY, NO WAY!!!
 No drink...
 Boy, you're a mean editor.
 No I'm not. I am a sweet loving lady of incredible charm who puts
 out a journal of erudition and balanced opinion, beloved by all those

who diligently peruse its pages.

I was not referring to your character, Beecher Baby. I was referring to the fact that you are asking
 a lad to strain out his brain and remember events, people, places and times beyond the range of his
 experience.

Uh?

Well, Jackie think back...

I'm thinking...

SO I CAN SEE... Take that look off your face and think back a little further...

Yes...??

Oh my god... on second thoughts... where would you suggest I start?

How about Friday?

Friday. Hmmm. Ah, yes, well. I had to deliver the
 finished art on the Canadian Travel Courier brochure
 to John, then the latest editorial cartoon to the
 Chartered Accountant Magazine, phone Quill and
 Quire to set up a meeting for Monday morning,
 check the type for the LOCKWOOD cover I was
 doing for Collins and...

OH FER CHRISAKES, SKIP THIS RECITATION OF
 'ME, THE BUSY COMMERCIAL ARTIST' AND START AT
 ABOUT EIGHT IN THE EVENING!!!

About eight you say...?

YES, ABOUT EIGHT!!!

Hmmm, well O.K... When Victoria, Mike and I arrived
 we went directly to the consulte where there was
 all this beer in the bath including some cans of sewer
 water called Iron City. Anyway the evening wore
 on, as evenings do and I'm told I discussed designing
 a magazine around ads with Jo-Anne McBride
 and Bill Bowers (who was in love with someone at the
 time) until, realizing I was VERY drunk...

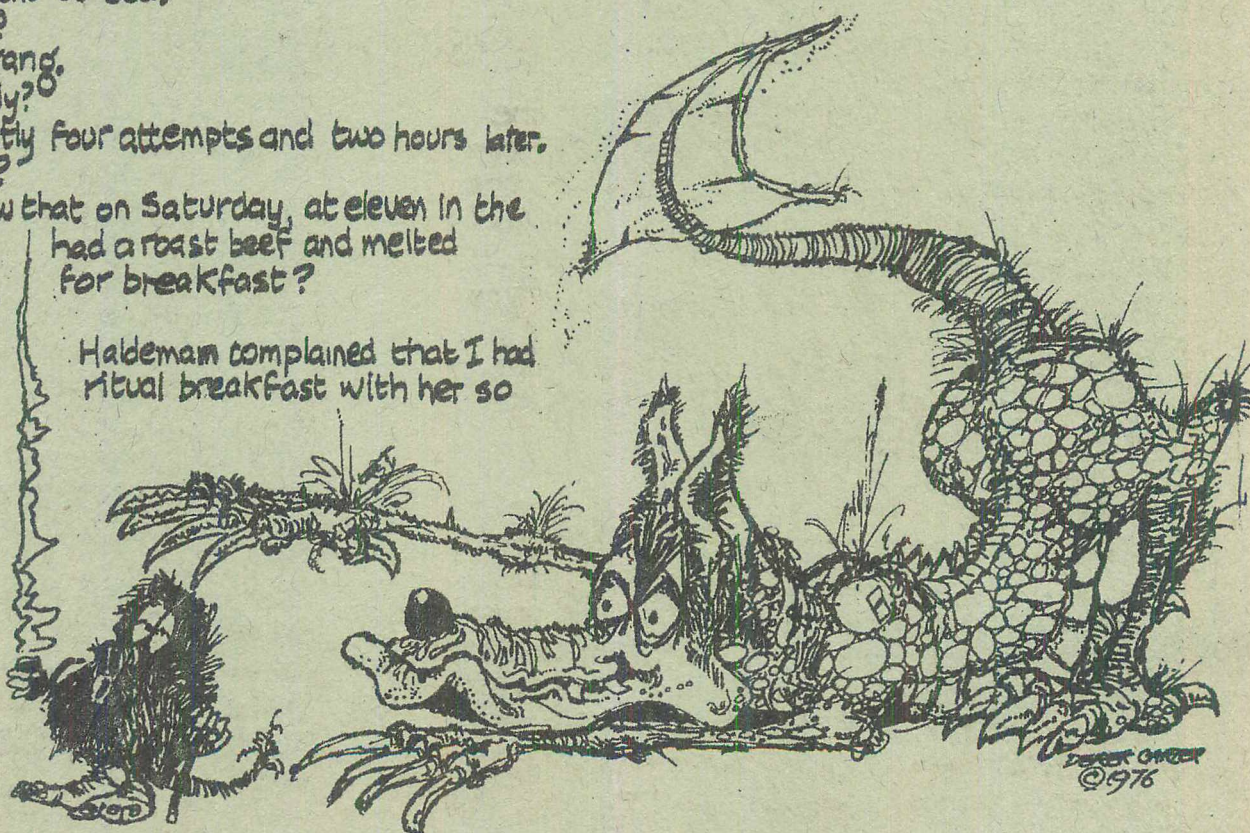
True...





Very tired...
 You were ???
 Oh boy... I went to bed.
 Then what?
 The phone rang.
 Immediately?
 No, apparently four attempts and two hours later.
 Who was it?
 Do you know that on Saturday, at eleven in the
 morning, I
 had a roast beef and melted
 cheese thing
 for breakfast?
 Who was it?
 ...and Gay
 missed out
 about
 midday...
 Who was it?
 ...I had a
 turkey
 sandwich in
 the hotel
 restaurant
 and a long
 chat with
 Joe and

Haldemam complained that I had
 ritual breakfast with her so





DEREK CARTER
 PHRASE VIII
 © SEPT 1976

started drinking...
 WHO WAS IT??

...and because Mike needed help I kept on drinking before going down to talk business with...

The person who called??

...Ro Lutz-Nagey. Do you know that Rusty Hevelin looks funny without his beard?

HE was the one who called? Right? So I went back to the bar...

To see the person who called?

...to help deplete the beer stock, Anyway I decided not to go to the Lebanese restaurant...

THE LEBANESE RESTAURANT? Did they really call you and ask you over to eat?

No Jackie, Linda Bushyager did...

SHE called? Right?

No. She stopped me in the hall and asked me to come. I originally said yes but lots of things came up so I made my apologies and stayed at the hotel. I guess I owe Linda a beer or something...

Well, after she called you, you ought to, I think !!

I told you she didn't call...

WELL WHO DID??

So Mike, Stephanie and I had a great dinner in the hotel before going to listen to Joe's speech, going to the con committee party, then another party and another party and...

Calling the person who called you?

...having my time sense go so funny that I won't even begin to explain it because it was so beautifully screwed up...

Well, if you'd called that person back (who was it?) perhaps things would have been O.K.

They were...

But what about the person who called?

...and by Sunday noon I was back in the bar drinking, firstly lots of coffee and then lots of beer and then...

You called the person who called you, right?

...I went out to eat and you came with me to keep me company and show me how an American drinks coffee.

Oh. Then we came back.

Right.

And not too long after you, Mike and Victoria left.

Right.

Oh.

What's wrong?

WHO CALLED???

The front desk.

THE FRONT DESK?!?!?

Uh-huh. See, my room mate wanted to get in with his boy...

Oh really. This sounds interesting. Continue.

Anyway he couldn't raise me by knocking and being very tired he just wanted to sleep in the bed that he'd paid for. Well, somehow I had both keys so

the front desk rang me to tell me to open the door for the poor guy...

Oh shoot - I thought DILEMMA was in for aspt PENTHOUSE-style journalism - oh well, such is life.

Jackie...

Yes...

Can I have that drink now?

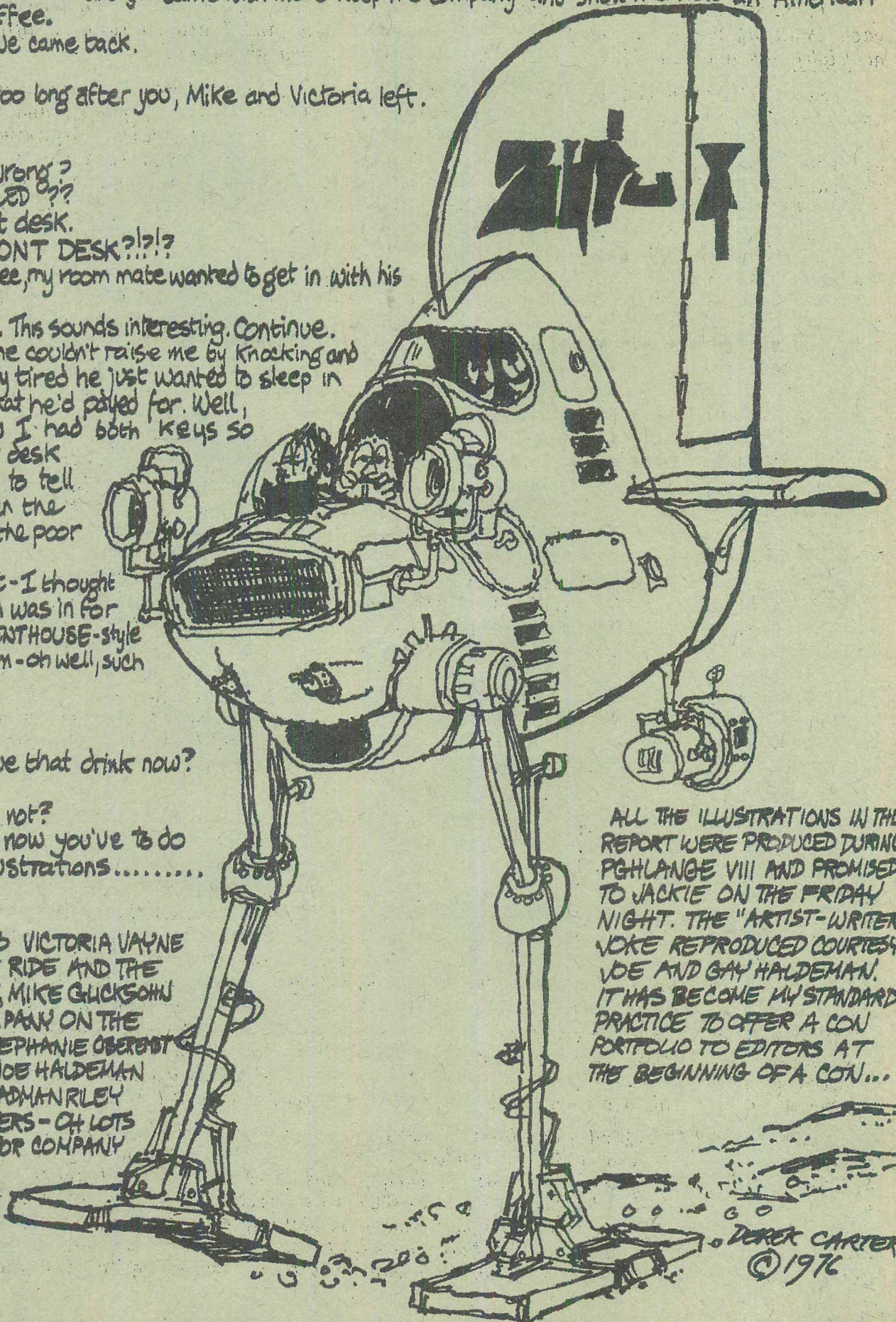
No.

No? Why not?

Because now you've to do some illustrations.....

THANKS TO VICTORIA VAYNE
FOR THE RIDE AND THE
COMPANY, MIKE GLICKSON
FOR COMPANY ON THE
RIDE, STEPHANIE OBERST
GAY AND JOE HALDEMAN
JACKIE MADMAN RILEY
BILL BOWERS - OH LOTS
OF YOU FOR COMPANY

AT
FOHLANGE
DC.
DEC 1976



ALL THE ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS
REPORT WERE PRODUCED DURING
FOHLANGE VIII AND PROMISED
TO JACKIE ON THE FRIDAY
NIGHT. THE "ARTIST-WRITER"
JOKE REPRODUCED COURTESY
JOE AND GAY HALDEMAN.
IT HAS BECOME MY STANDARD
PRACTICE TO OFFER A CON
PORTFOLIO TO EDITORS AT
THE BEGINNING OF A CON...

Derek Carter
© 1976

It seems like there's a little horror story connected with the running off of each issue of Dilemma. This issue was no exception (and I did so want everything to go right for a change!!!). Sit back while I tell you about it...

Since I'm staying at Wilmot, and all the mimeo equipment was back in Beecher, Wally lugged the Gestetner, the electro-stencil cutter, a case of paper, and another case of allied paraphernalia up here last week. I gaily cut stencils, figuring I had all the time in the world. Wally had told me that he'd try to write a report on Chambanaccon for this issue (I'll go to any extreme to save Buck Coulson's eyesight) and would mail it to me with the electro-stencils I needed in order to cut Derek's Pghlange report. (Somehow, the blank stencils had slipped out of the box I'd brought them up in and were left behind in Hank Beck's trunk.) I had the issue finished, with a three-page reserve for the con report--which would have also been Wally's deput to the printed word scene. Wednesday came, and no report. I phoned Wally. He had tried, he said, but he just wasn't a writer. Understanding--I can sympathize with the feeling, and really was surprised when he had agreed so readily to the suggestion in the first place--I said it was okay, and went downstairs to run off the pages I did have, figuring I'd add an "addendum" page" at my leisure. I had two full days to print, after all, with no pressure to collate more than 50 copies or so to take with to Confusion. I checked the ink supply in the Gestetner--hmmm, almost out. I went through the box Wally had brought up, becoming more frantic as the search revealed no familiar white cartons of Quill ink. Finally I found a tube of Speed-O-Print ink, leftover from the days when I used Tucker's old machine to run off Dilemma. Better than nothing, thought I. At least I could run off 50 copies of each page, saving the stencils for whenever I got to my ink (or vice-versa). Have any of you tried to squeeze out the contents of one tube of ink into another? Quill ink comes in plastic containers, which seem ideal of re-use in a pinch (and last issue I had to re-use one tube, but in that case was going from a Gestetner-sized mouth to the same size. There's rather a large discrepancy between Speed-O-Print and Gestetner...) There was ink dabbed all over the place--my hands and face, the counter top in the basement, the floor, my clothes. After three hours of patient drop-by-drop transferring, I had enough ink to print half the pages. I'd called Wally in the meanwhile and told him about the missing ink and he said he'd bring it up when he picked me up Thursday night, so I could run off the remaining pages then. Fine. A bit of a hassle, and time was getting tight, but no real problem.

And then the snows came. For awhile, you couldn't see the ski mountain from the Stopas's house. Walking to the lodge was an adventure unto itself. Wally was going to drive through this stuff? Time passed, and as the clock showed past one a.m., the latest hour he figured he'd be able to get here, my inclination to worry rose to the fore. Hearing the tentative knock on the door at 2 a.m. I breathed a massive sigh of relief. Chilled to the bone, but carrying the sack of precious ink (we must keep our priorities straight, after all), Wally lurched into the house. It had taken him 4 hours to make the usual 1-½ hour drive from Interlake (where he works) to Wilmot. I made comforting noises and poured coffee while eyeing that sack and as soon as he looked as though he'd thaw out without any damage, I pawed through its contents. Illinois tax forms. W-2 forms. Operating manual for the Electro-stencil cutter. (My throat started to choke shut.) Finally four white boxes. With A.B.Dick proudly emblazoned on them. Oh no! He'd brought the wrong tubes again! My heart sank.

Dejectedly, I lifted the stack of cartons and showed him the labels. Wrong ink again, I said, these won't fit my machine either. The last carton, though, didn't say A.B.Dick. It read "Quill", and was my long-sought Gestetner ink. I recall the triumph I felt when, as a kid, I'd find an especially neat prize in the Cracker Jack box. I felt a dozen times more triumphant now, and considering the magnificence of those child-like emotions, that's saying more than you might really think. Anyway, we ran off the extra pages, and are taking a break so I can type this. Anything to even the page-count.....

feedback talk

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2776 AUSTRALIA

(Sept. 24, '76) Really, it is too much. The staples on Dilemma 13 were hardly strong enough to withstand the shock of being passed from hand to hand--I shudder to think what state that Derek Carter's cover would be in had it been subjected to the 'tender' mercies of the post office.

That list of cons & travel to them was great; really gets across the feeling generated by good cons & meeting old friends & making new ones. My own trip has been less active, and shorter, although I have covered a slightly greater distance. Greyhound busses have a way of covering ground when you are on them for 24 to 27 hours non-stop. Left home on a Thursday in Shayne McCormack's fast car for Melbourne and Bofcon, which was a confusion (not a US con). After the dead dog party Sunday, I got up at 5:30 for a 17 hour flight on Canadian Pacific's obsolete DC8. Got lost in Vancouver airport, but was passed by Canadian Customs and got to talk to Susan Wood on the phone from the bus station for about a half hour before she left for Ontario. I managed to catch John Berry in Seattle and spent several entertaining days there with him and Carey Handfield, who we met at the airport a few days later. Left Seattle on a 10:30pm bus and went non-stop to San Francisco. SF was fun, except Greyhound lost my luggage & I stayed up til lam chasing it. I visited the Browns the next day and we all met Christine McGowan at the plane. Went to LA, visited the Pelzs, flew to Bubonicon with Bruce after trying to buy out the bookstores in all the cities I'd visited. The bus from Albuquerque to St. Louis took 27 exhausting hours and I spent a day going through museums and the Arch and taking paddle boat rides before meeting Dave Rowe at the airport the next day. The part after Donn Brazier's party you know--and thanks for setting Donn up for that.

After MAC, I got a lift to Manhattan KS with Jan Finder, partied, then went to Denver with Elver Gray & Kathy Good, where Gail Barton showed me the various mountain ranges of Colorado. On to Minneapolis (24 hours or more by bus) for a party at Denny Lien's. Met Al Fitzpatrick there--why do people travel 9000 miles or more to run into the same faces? Relaxed and wandered around bookshops. The last day was rather hectic--bookstores, a Goodwill sale, a Renaissance Fair with SCA fights and semi-authentic middle ages crafts (I could have easily spent more time and money there!), and then an evening party at Blue Petal's home with filk and ballad singing. Gordy Dickson wants some authentic Australian ballads--to my shame, I don't know any and couldn't sing them if I did. Went to Madison to visit with Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell and spent some relaxed but expensive days around University bookshops. Now, after a 15 hour bus trip and a day going to university classes, I'm here at Pghlange.

I was playing around with Alyson's electronic calculator, and have figured that if your winning streak at poker continues, next time you'll win either \$141.92 or else \$10,622.00. (Fitting a curve to only three points is hard...)

Jodie does a nice introduction. I've met and really enjoyed knowing all of the people she described except the Passovoys--going by averages, I've missed some good people.

Mike the hat argues that it is a plus that fanzines are sufficiently esoteric to turn people off. I'm not certain I'd count it as a plus, but I don't think it's a disadvantage that newcomers have to negotiate the obstacle course of flanguage or whatever and strange people in strange hotels before they get to know what the hell is going on. You can get in by persistence or being helped--there are a lot of willing hands to explain things to those who seem both interested and interesting.

I don't see the harm in maintaining a certain flavor regarding customs, history, and language that must be learned before one can fully participate in a group's activities. As you imply, there's no advantage either, but it does add a touch of 'specialness' to being part of the group when a person

must actually learn new things in order to join in fully.//That curve took a nasty and hasty downswing. I've lost all three (four? five?) times I've played since mentioning that run of luck. Maybe I should play the calculator?//Considering all the travelling you've done since writing this, my summer was as naught. I hear they had to practically carry you--kicking and screaming--out of the country. Why didn't you simply surrender to your own subconscious feelings and just stay here?//Since I forgot to take along the extra box of staples, and had only forty or so in the stapler, you were fortunate indeed to have any sort of fastening for your copy at Pghlange--there weren't many 'finished' copies to hand out. Thank you and congratulations, by the way, for giving me the speediest loc I've ever received...

TONY CVETKO (October 10, '76) Sure are nice covers you got there. In fact 29415 Parkwood Dr. you've got nice art throughout D13. It just occurred to me that Wickliffe, OH 44092 the more fannish I make DIEHARD, the more and better artwork I get. I wonder why that's so?

Derek's Symprep was interesting because the Symposium he describes is nothing like the one I lived through. But it's been like that for every Autoclave and Midwestcon report that I've read so far too.

Jodie's article was very nice, giving intros to four people whom I don't know at all. But her description of Bill is not the Bill I see at Cleavage gatherings over at Ro & Lin's--the old doddering, ~~###~~ former fanned with delusions. Delusions of what? Oh, just delusions. I suppose I shouldn't say things like that. But I did...

Stu's letter was extremely interesting, and I'm kind of disappointed that he seems to think of P.P.G.&D. as typical fen. His "characterizations" of them do indeed describe them well, but as you point out, fans are widely different in personalities/lifestyles/whatever, and to form an opinion of fandom and fans from one small group is a mistake. I've long since given up trying to categorize fans or fandom, just wishing to live it and not worry about what it is.

I like that concept--"living fandom"; it comes much closer to what I think we do than "being a fan" or "belonging to fandom". Fandom's an experience, not a passive 'thing'.//I think Jodie captured one aspect of Bill that's in evidence at conventions, but there's far more to his decrepit personality than what she listed. To know Bill is to ~~loathe~~ ~~pry~~ marvel at him...//Odd, but in the various negative comments to Derek's report, no one pointed out the obvious fact that no gathering of fen is seen the same way by any of the participants. Derek's Symposium wasn't mine either, but it was closer to what I experienced than was, say, Seth McEvoy's.//I don't know what 'fannishness' has to do with garnering artwork. Perhaps longevity has a greater bearing on the matter. For one thing, you can outlast other faneds who then give you the contents of their art files. That's how I obtained the Rotsler and Gaughan stuff--through the mercies of Larry Propp, who apparently figured that after 11 issues, Dilemma wasn't a passing interest of mine.

VICTORIA VAYNE (October 12, '76) DILEMMA is getting to be more and more enjoyable to me as I get to know more and more of the people you mention PO Box 156 Stn. D in the various con reports. Even those cons I don't go to myself. Toronto, Ontario In fact, it is things like DILEMMA that keep me from being cured CANADA of the con-bug. Although I may not be so extreme as to want to go to a con every weekend, certainly one every three weeks is not too often. (October, with three in a row, may be a bit much--even though I am going only for a short while to the middle one, ANONYCON, based on my experience last year.)

About Derek Carter's SYMPOSIUM report...the Toronto Fuggheads include some friends, so I don't know quite what to make of it. Personally, I don't find most of those people as boring as Derek would have the reader believe, and thus take the report with more than a grain of salt. On the other hand, I was aware at some of the parties I attended of gaffes on both sides and I think that on that matter I will remain perched on my fence. HOWEVER...the people who took over the Gestetner on Sunday night did so because the Vaynity Press Gestetner, which they had planned to use, was on the fritz and not

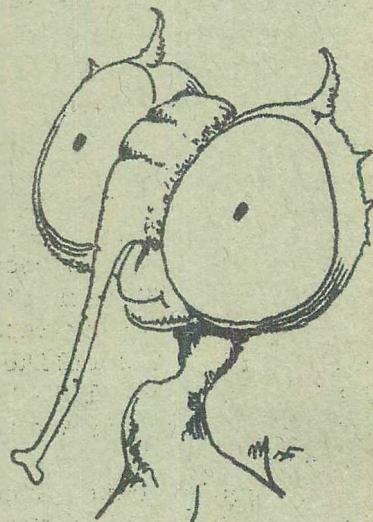
even Singer or the Gestetner repairmen themselves could save it--and they used the machine with Glicksohn's permission. SYMPOSIUM, by the way, was conceived of and planned by Phil Paine and Patrick Hayden as an event marking their departure, and including the third or fourth (I'm not sure which) annual Lunar Landing Day Party, traditionally held at Phil's. This is something neither you mention nor Derek's made clear, but which should be mentioned, because SYMPOSIUM belonged to all of Toronto fandom, not just to Mike's guests.

I read Jodie's article in K previously, but since that zine may not have had that wide a circulation in the US, it is nice to see it reprinted here. Of special interest because I know most of the people she describes, I would also hope that this will be a series to be continued. There's lots of neat people around that deserve mention.

I found Stu Gilson's account of his meeting with Paine, Hayden, Farber and Drutowski intriguing, as his view of the four was a revelation to me. Although I don't know any of them really well, I do think his impressions were somewhat mistaken, due perhaps to too little time to really get to know them. At the risk of putting my foot in my mouth, I might say that Phil had had the idea to travel for quite a long time, and "maximum contact with other fans" might just mean that they expected to drop in on as many fannish friends as possible on their way. I would do the same thing--I'm not likely to know any mundanes in Minneapolis, but I do know some fans. Who else to drop in on? But "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 an education"? This is simply not true in the case of Phil--who has a wider spectrum of interests and knowledge than almost anybody I know. And "exclusion of education"--what is the trip, if not an education? Phil already has a fine, self-acquired education, anyway. The others I know less well, but the same may well apply.

Other points: I don't believe that one necessarily acquires beliefs and values associated with fandom soon after becoming a fan. As you yourself point out, Jackie, fandom is composed of a diversity of people and I would imagine that the diversity survives the induction into fandom. My basic feelings and beliefs about the ways of the world are unchanged from before; my interests may have changed (I wasn't that interested in publishing before, even though I spent my childhood writing and producing little books). I don't think you can say there is a specific set of beliefs and values associated with fandom.

I think Stu made it clear in his letter that he was referring to formal education, not life-experiences--all of which are 'educating' to a degree. Often fans, when they're with each other, talk of nothing else but fannish matters (I do it myself at times), and Stu could have gotten the wrong impression of the range of their interests because of that natural trait. But the van-fen are a pretty faanish bunch, and fannish matters do occupy a great deal of their time and attention, far more than is likely for someone like Stu who has a limited number of fans to be in contact with. Overall, I believe there are lessons to be learned on both sides: don't leap to conclusions without sufficient evidence; and don't be surprised when people draw conclusions about your philosophies when you have presented only one facet of yourself to them. I doubt if any values or mores are accepted by 100% of fandom, but if any trait could be attributed to fandom as a whole, then I'd say a willingness to let the other guy make an ass of himself if he wishes would be it.// Jodie suggested an every-other-issue schedule for her capsule commentaries, and I agreed. Wish it were more frequent too...//I won't defend Derek's opinions--he's well able to that himself--but I will say that if Symposium was "planned", it wasn't done well at all. All I knew was that there would be a LLD party on Saturday,



and had assumed that the attendees were to amuse themselves however they wished the rest of the weekend. I didn't know anything about the going-away aspect until I reached Toronto. As far as many of Mike's "quests" were concerned (personally, I was invited to stay there at Bowers' request, which was presented to Mike as a *fait accompli*), Sunday night was a Dead-Dog, post-Symposium party because no one told us any differently. // I've never insisted on my friends being friends with my other friends, so the fact that Derek finds some of Toronto fandom boring bothers me not one whit. I looked on his report as an amusing view of a semi-"outsider's" opinion of a fan gathering that I also happened to attend, and not as something I had to agree with in totality. I respect his frankness; it's a trait I wish I could emulate but am too unsure of myself to develop.

MIKE GLICKSOHN (October 3, '76) Thanks for D 13, subtitled the Complete Collect-
141 High Park Ave. ed Carter Compendium of Covers, Cartoons and Caustic Comments. I
Toronto, Ontario observe without further comment that in the seven years I've been
M6P 2S3 CANADA publishing Carter artwork in my fanzines, not once has he ever
written a word for me, despite promises that go back five years
and more. Yet, after knowing him for but a single weekend, you extract a lengthy and
amusing convention report from my favorite short, intemperate, zany artist. You're a
better faned than I am, Jackie F.!

I've oft claimed (check your bound copies of my locs if you doubt me) that Derek Carter could have won himself a Hugo the first time around if he'd only given a shit about such baubles. But he didn't so he didn't and he drifted away under the magnetic influence of piles of dollar bills. He accuses me of instigating the Second Coming of Carter. Frankly, I'm not sure it was all my fault, but there's nothing I'd be happier to accept the credit for than the return to fandom of a man I happen to love rather dearly while considering him as one of the most talented and creative men I've ever met! Del's Symposium report shows a side of his talent that most fans are probably unfamiliar with: he joins a select handful of really fine artists who are almost as adept with words as they are with their pens. Grant Canfield and Jack Gaughan spring immediately to mind, and Derek's acerbic, witty, and delightfully iconoclastic ~~at that~~ report places him firmly amidst these giants of the double-threat pantheon.

I don't always agree with Del's assessments of people, but I admire the frankness with which he expresses them. Certainly he'll alienate a lot of people, but he doesn't care, and that in itself is refreshing indeed. A large number of years ago people used to scramble to be insulted by another legendary Canadian fannish figure (Esoteric Fannish Reference #47: if you don't get it, you aren't a trufan, Gary Farber, or an enthusiast of fancy expensive restaurants) and possibly being insulted in a Carter Conrep (Derek just adores fannish cant!) will become a fannish In-thing (and believe me, I'm not beyond the range of his acid tongue at times!). I suspect one of the reasons Derek and Barbara Nagey hit it off was their shared belief that 90 percent of fans are fugg-heads, and Del doesn't see any reason to play the social games of tolerating the majority of that ninety percent as I do. Don't worry folks; knowing Del, he'll get around to you all sooner or later! Needless to say, I enjoyed this article enormously; almost as much as I enjoyed SYMPOSIUM, as a matter of fact.

I doubt Roytac need worry about the alarming trends in Worldcons because the Worldcon is such a personal reflection of the driving forces behind it. Ken Keller was the D.W. Griffith of Worldcon chairmen and MAC reflected his ambitions and his visions. Don Lundry represents a return to an older, more traditional approach to con planning and it's unlikely that the extravagances of Kansas City will be repeated in Miami. From what I've heard, the Phoenix con is likely to be as fannish as Torcon, so rest easy, Roy. An overextended concon seems an unlikely event for at least the next few years.

I suppose Patti Green's delightful letter might sound ominous to some with its information that cheap food is a fifteen minute drive away from the hotel. For those like me who neither possess a car nor wish to leave the hotel for a half hour of driving time plus time for a meal, that could be quite a drawback. Personally it probably



won't be a problem: there were stretches of thirty-six hours and more at MAC when I didn't eat, and was only forced into eating solid food by the solicitous concern of friends. I found alcohol and adrenalin were more than enough to keep me going for prodigious periods of time. The occasional half-decent meal in a respectable hotel eating place--which I'd normally indulge in a couple of times a con anyway--should be sufficient to get me through a five-day World-con with ease.

I agree with you that sending cats to a humane society is unthinkable. Why deprive someone of the exquisite joy of drowning them in a burlap sack? (Okay, okay, I'm sorry. The devil made me type that. Besides, it's two in the morning and twenty ounces into the Glenlivet. But for god's sake, don't publish those pictures you took of me at your house!)

Brian Brown mentions comments made by the B&G roadshow about future publishing ventures in his letter dated last July. Well, we all know that the G half of that combo kept his word with two sizable fanzines, but what about B? With the exception of a couple of two-sheet ~~fly~~apazines, which I've been reliably informed were pirate editions produced by Lynn Parks to try and save his sagging reputation, what has old Turtle Shoes shown us? A clear case of resting on his faan awards, if you ask me...

My gerbils never disliked each other enough to fight, but neither did they like each other enough to fuck despite the oft-heard claim that gerbils are among the most prolific of rodents. Mice, now, seemed to be a particularly vicious and cannibalistic species, and it was a rare specimen that managed to keep its skin intact up to the time it lost it and all the contents to Larson E. Aren't Thrilling Rodent Tales exciting?

Paula Gold to the contrary, I never said that "can reports generate little feedback". As anyone who's ever eaten an entire tin of Libby's beans and then adjourned to the bathroom can attest, some can reports generate enormous feedback!

The Gilson letter, and your reply to it, could generate an entire fanzine filled with response. In essence though, I think you've summed it all up nicely with your reply. The only thing typical about the four fans Stuart met is that there's nothing in any way typical about them. FIAWOL may be close to the credo espoused by Gary and Patrick, for example, but it far from describes either Phil or even Diane. And the laissez-faire attitude they all have about money is a long way from at least one fan I know quite well.

The old question of whether fans are social misfits who need a society of their own with values they can be happy with is unlikely to ever be answered with anything more definite than a qualified "occasionally". I certainly have never had an unhappy home life, for example, and while I'm not Mr. Average Suburban Happiness, neither am I all that poorly adjusted to the "real world". I doubt that the values that may be common to a majority of fans (if there are any!) are any different from the values held by the rest of society. The values I find in fandom--friendship, love, respect, creativity--aren't special to sf fans, that's for sure. Fascinating letter and a really beautiful answer!

Count Rumford took his name from the town that I grew up in for eleven years, Rumford in England. That is scarcely of interest to anyone, I agree, but greatness through association is common to most of us. He was, by all accounts, a rather boring person.

Bill Cavin captures precisely the frustration I've often felt at a large con when some quirk in my nature sends me scurrying around trying to see everyone and catch up with what everyone's been doing instead of sitting quietly in the bar enjoying the conversation and company of friends as I usually end up doing at smaller cons. Odd that Bill should single me out as someone who does the sort of thing he doesn't when I have had occasion to feel exactly as he describes himself! (The phenomenon of collecting a crowd is called "nucleating", or so Gay Haldeman tells me. I don't have that ability to anywhere near the degree of a Bob Tucker or Joe Haldeman, though possibly I'm better at it than Paula Lieberman.)

Bill's resolution to deepen some of his personal contacts is quite admirable, but I sure hope he doesn't think he has to change from being a quiet listener to an aggressive talker to accomplish that! Fandom has far too many of the latter and too few of the former, Bill!

Patrick's misreading of your original (quite clear) sentence shows that he was reacting to somewhat of a hobbyhorse, and quite a valid one I fully agree, than what was written. And your answer should clarify things nicely. But I think Patrick has inadvertantly made an interesting point with his three examples: Wayne and Bob strike me as two fans who are more technologically oriented than people oriented whereas Jon is a Renaissance man whose love of science is coupled with a love of people. It is not, I suspect, in any way a coincidence that Jon is the most fannish of the three and very possibly the most social and gregarious. Think about it, Patrick.

I really don't know Bob or Wayne all that well, but I definitely agree with your assessment of Jon as a Renaissance type...the sort who seems to know a bit about everything and learns mostly through direct experience/observation as well as displays a lively interest in the people and world about him.//If fandom loses one of its valued 'listeners' because of Bill's resolve, we'll all be the poorer for it. I don't know how his scheme is working, but there's been a definite difference in his appearance!//Needless to say, the B portion of the roadshow has pubbed his ish; even if it did take him darn near to a year to do it! Bower's conversion to faanishness has had its drawbacks...//I don't know whether Derek's bluntness is actually refreshing, but it's most assuredly a change of pace that I enjoy. Sometimes we can be so busy being polite to each other that more than a trace of hypocrisy enters our behavior. Having come from the sort of background where "if you can't say anything nice, don't say anything at all" was taught, I'm unable to be so honestly out-spoken, yet I dislike the more acceptable though dishonest little white lies we all use so often. Where does one draw the line between candor and rudeness? Teasing and taunting?//I'm certainly not a better faned than you, Mike. No one who has read our respective zines would consider that seriously for a single moment. However there is a difference in the manner in which we get contributors' co-operation.//I must say that I'm quite pleased to see how well you managed to avoid that oh-so-common fannish failing of over-aliteration...

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(October 20th, '76) I noted your comments on the end of the "day of the Mammoth Convention" (I nobly skip a pun here!) with great interest. MAC lends credence to your analysis, as you know by now. Minicon 11 was down a little from #10--but may

not be a valid indicator since we had a lot of help in our de-publicity efforts from the post office. On the other hand, I have heard that Windycon was up to ca. 700 or so...

I had to miss Chicago, unfortunately: no money, due to governmental delay in getting some GI bill money to me. On the other hand, my loan came through this week, so I may very well trot along to Milehicon, and Icon looks likely.

May as well give you a short course in what's been going on around here lately: after MAC we imported a horde of Australians to Mpls-StP, which afforded occasion for a multitude of parties. Christine McGowan, Carey Handfield, Al Fitzpatrick (who's Brit, actually, now that I think of it), Eric Lindsay. It was fine! Shortly thereafter we

had Gordon R. Dickson Day (Oct. 9th). That started out as a couple of autograph sessions be Gordie at two local B. Dalton bookstores, but he got the idea of trying to do things to draw people in quantity, to show the mundane bookseller that SF can really sell--we ended up with a virtual mini-convention, with a panel, a talk or two, filk-singing, and SCA demonstrations both on video-tape and live. It was not a smashing success, due at least partly to a lack of publicity, but not half-bad either. We also got Caryl and Alison Bucklin moved to a new house--they're buying now rather than renting--and it's a large one. We've already had one huge and fine party there, to celebrate GRDDAY. Meanwhile Fred Haskell has moved out of the Bozo Bus Building--he plans to go on the road for awhile. I will be taking over his apartment and also am now the caretaker. This is not a terribly auspicious time for such a move, for it's my last quarter in school, and worse, the building has some problems. We were actually under a condemnation order for awhile last week, due to the failure of the landlord to repair the back porch/fire escape. That's been done now--not too aesthetically, but enough to make the thing passable. Now if we can just keep the furnace running... I'm still in the middle of moving things up to my new apartment. At least moving isn't quite so much of a hassle when it's only up one flight of stairs!

Have you considered Social Reporting for a career? And now for the news from MinnStPl...//I don't know if there is an upper limit for conventions, where the bad effects from overcrowding cancel out the entertainment values. As far as I can see there is no such lower limit, but I find that the closer a con approaches 700 attendees, the less I enjoy it. Over that figure and a sort of winnowing process occurs, where people restrict their movements to an even smaller circle than they would at a more lightly attended con, so despite having more people present, one actually relates with less. Or so it has been the case with me...

GEORGE FLYNN (December 6, '76) In November alone I found 17 local (Boston and 27 Sowamsett Ave. R.I.) fannish events on my calendar. I didn't go to all of them, Warren, RI 02885 of course (and couldn't have since there were several conflicts), but that's a formidable lineup--entirely local, even without any conventions. I've been thinking about this in connection with Jodie Offutt's remarks about fans who "live in each others' laps". Boston fandom has a lot of similarities to LA in this and other respects. In particular, both areas are at the end of the line and thus somewhat isolated from other areas. (True, distances in the East are actually somewhat less than in the Midwest, but traveling into or past New York somehow seems more formidable.) Anyway, some of us do our best to stay in touch.

What did our MACs have in common? I arrived Thursday afternoon, after a 2-1/2 day drive from Boston (what was I saying about isolation?). You don't seem to mention the ad hoc party that formed in your room around 3:30 Friday morning; among those present I recall Karen Anderson, Dave Rowe, Michael Harper--and me, falling asleep. I killed Friday and Saturday afternoons by attending all 6-1/2 hours of the business meetings; by the way, I was the one who suggested using the word "facilities" in your amendment. Then there was the masquerade. I think the "goon at the doorway" was obeying orders: I had the same job for awhile and was told to let nobody in except contestants and masquerade workers wearing ribbons. I knew enough people to make reasonable exceptions but the fellow you encountered was probably a well-meaning but over-eager neo. I was helping people up the stairway mostly, but was hardly able to get a good look at the costumes. Father Bernie, whose costume was indeed spectacular, was one of the biggest challenges: we had to practically lift him up! (I went to his Mass the next morning and complimented him on his costume: spreading his vestments, he said; "I like this one too!") I did appreciate Sandy and Kurt, though. Heard some of Joni's complaints about the way the thing was run at a party Sunday night, though by then she could hardly talk. I never got a good look at the art show, either, but mostly because there were too many other places I wanted to be. Yes, Gil Gaier was there; I met him while sitting at a huckster table (a great way to encounter people since most of the con comes by sooner or later, but of course, unless you're there all the time...) Ahem. "The lack of comment on con reports is a fact of life..." Oh, really?

I'm inclined to agree with your point to Mike Glicksohn about the growth of fandom. There were 700 Hugo ballots cast in 1971, under 500 in '72...and close to 1600 this year! Some of the growth certainly must be fannish fans (or would be if they got the chance).

One trouble with Harry Warner's idea of "weighting" the Hugo votes is that circulation doesn't equate to readership. I read a fair number of zines that I don't get myself (largely because of laziness in locating), but I don't get counted in their circulation. But as Paula Gold points out, this does make one feel guilty.

I don't feel guilty about reading a zine that's not "mine". Fanned expect some readership beyond their actual circulation figures; I know I do. But it only stands to reason that the more copies you have out, the more people will be reading them, so an ALGOL or OUTWORLDS would be seen by more fans than, say, a SIMULACRUM. I don't see Harry's suggestion being taken up, though, because of the tremendous complications that would ensue. The Award Committees have enough hassles as it is...//I totally forgot that impromptu gathering Friday night. It evolved only because we had cola in our cooler--about as good a reason as was necessary at that time of the day...//Most metropolitan areas that have a number of fens develop the same tendencies toward insularity that LA and Boston have; I think it's only a natural effect. Toronto. Chicago, Denver, Minneapolis--all have a number of "circulating" fans, but an even higher number of fens who seldom interact with fandom beyond their city's limits.

RICHARD BRANDT (November 23, '76) It's nice to see Derek Carter's stuff again, Box 29501 TCU having fond memories of his work in my years (few though they be) Ft. Worth, TX 76129 in fandom.

All this con reporting, though--gar! I must say that the best parts of MAC for me were circulating and getting to know people I'd read of/writ with. At my next Worldcon I'll spend a heck of a lot less time in the film room. There the best parts of the program were often the audience reactions--sharp remarks from an audience often liven up the program for me, as long as they're intelligent and in good taste--and with a bunch of faans how could they be otherwise? (Highlight of the film program was the scene in FORBIDDEN PLANET where Earl Holliman stumbles on 60 gallons of "real Kansas City Bourbon", takes a swig, and chokes out: "And it's smooth, too!")

Harry can't imagine what crime you would charge a person with who left their puppies in a pet shop? How about "littering"?

I believe that (a) fandom attracts a good deal of people with similar interests and attitudes, and (b) fandom brings out of these selfsame people qualities which perhaps all of us (or at least these--er--let us say types) share but need not display. This may be true, but we're all individuals. That is perhaps the most distinctive thing about fens--they're all different!

It seems to me that importance is similarity in attitude rather than interests; most of my closest friends' interests are different from mine as well as each others, but we get along because of our basic kinship in regarding the world around us. I really doubt that fans are any more varied than the general population, though it does seem as if more "types" are concentrated in a smaller group...//Often I'm tempted to take in some films at a con, but usually I have better things to do. Mostly I restrict my movie watching to the TV and theaters; cons should be for seeing friends, not sitting in a dark room staring at a screen watching decades-old films. You can do that almost any time...//Derek passes along the comment that if you recall his work from earlier days then you can't be as neo as you imply. He dropped out right around the time of Torcon, in '73, and considering that the average tenure of a fan is but two years, you're a grizzled veteran!

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(October 12, '76) I note you supported LA for the '78 Worldcon.

To be honest, I was surprised myself that LA lost. Phoenix had a narrow lead in the mail ballot, but I was sure that LA would be able to hustle up more votes at MAC itself and take the lead to win. In all honesty, I have to admit that the LA bid probably was the best one; they had much more experience and seemed prepared better. However, this was not communicated to fandom; most of the LA publicity seemed to consist of cute cartoons and the slogan "LA in '78" and nothing else. The Phoenix bid, on the other hand, tried to concentrate on specific information--the hotels to be used, the people involved, the ideas we had, et cetera. I suspect this was the major factor in Phoenix's win. Hopefully, future con bids will learn something from this year's campaign.

I also note your comment on page 18: "The attendees make their own convention, regardless of any plans the committee may lay..." Right, and I'd say that just about everyone else on the Phx committee feels the same way. What we're trying to do with Iguanacon is to put on a convention where the attendees can help make it, with more interaction between audience and the people up on the dias, more audience participation, if possible, a con where it's not "audience" and "performers" but rather a group, with the programming acting as a focus for this interaction. Will it work? Maybe not as well as we'd like, but I think to a certain extent it will. (Plus of course, there are always the good ol' room parties...)

Basically, right now we're looking for feedback on our ideas. We want fandom to help plan the '78 Worldcon, as well as attend and participate in it. Any suggestions or comments that you or other people may have are welcome. Write to PO Box 1072, Phoenix, AZ 85001. This is a new, larger, PO box, but mail addressed to PO Box 1749 will still reach us.

Getting on to more regular comments on the latest DILEMMA: how about "very good issue" for a starter?

I disagree, somewhat, with Don Ayre's comments on the difference between Midwest and Western cons. Of course, I've never been to a Midwest con, so I have to make my judgements based on con reports such as yours that I've read. I've only been to two California cons, so ignore those too. That leaves Leprecons, Solarcons, and Bubonicons I've gone to. Most of the activity of this last Solarcon centered around the con suite. There have always been parties at the Bubonicons I've been to, held usually by members of the committee if not by the committee as a whole. And at Leprecon--well, Phoenix fandom has always enjoyed a good party and I feel certain that the great Paper Airplane War at last Leprecon compares favorably with even the wildest parties at Midwest cons. Plus we always throw parties at other conventions we go to, and not just because we're bidding for some other con. They're fun. (Also expensive, *sob*)

RE: Harry Warner's letter: if anyone dropped extra puppies into a petshop window, they could always be charged with littering. (Did I beat Glicksohn in making the pun, Jackie? Did I, huh? Did I?)

Must comment on Stuart Gilson's letter: sexual permissiveness at cons? Well, perhaps the best thing I can say is that for years I attended cons without even thinking of sex during the weekend, because I was too busy having fun. I didn't go to the conventions for sex, or expecting it, or even hoping for it. (well, not too much...) I think perhaps Stuart is confusing snogging and cuddling and groping that goes on at cons with promiscuity. From what I've seen, that sort of behavior is an expression of friendship and not necessarily a prelude to sexual propositioning. (Sometimes, of course, it is.) I don't know, maybe Stuart and I are confusing the meanings of the terms we're using.

Since neither of us were present to hear what Stuart based his opinions on, there's no way to tell just what he's referring to by the term "sexual promiscuity". To be sure, though, sexual activity does take place at cons, just as it does wherever humans of the opposite gender are gathered: fans ain't that different, after all. Somehow I doubt that sex is a large factor in anyone's motives for going to a con, as you say, but not many sexually active adults turn away opportunities when they occur, either. It largely depends on your definition of those two words--"sexual" and "promiscuity".//You beat

out Brandt with your pun, but Glicksohn never joined the race. Does that add or detract from your victory?//Best of luck with your Worldcon plans. Hope you get the support you expect from the attendees. I hadn't planned on making a trip out West, regardless of which of you won, but now that my situation has changed I'm considering it. Depends on an awful lot of variables, though.//I agree that the poor publicity destroyed LA's chances in the vote for the '78 site. That and a lack of communication with the rest of fandom. I'd been telling Dave Locke for some time that LA was doing poorly in the Midwest, but he didn't really believe me until he saw for himself. The first time any representatives traveled out here to push their bid was at Rivercon, in July--a mere two months before the balloting! Yet, to all accounts, the bidding committee themselves were supremely confident of winning. Insularity at work again?

REED ANDRUS (October 15, '76) Let me apologize in advance for the handwritten letter; my loocking time must come at night, after our 1651 E. Paulista Way 18-month old daughter goes to bed, so a typer is out of the Sandy, Utah 84070 question, at least until she gets a little older. I have confidence in the legibility of my writing, but realize that some faneds are annoyed by this, so I plead with you to bear with me.

First, let me congratulate Derek Carter for providing such entertaining, if slightly scatological, covers. They automatically put the reader in a good frame of mind for the contents.

Jodie's offering should be expanded into a book, with photos of each fan discussed. --a worthy complement to Harry Warner's fan history. You should try to keep this as an ongoing column.

Knowing I'll never get there, I hesitate to get involved with the SunCon debate. I put in 18 months in Miami Beach eight years ago, while in the Navy, and my recollection agrees with Leigh Couch and Patti Green's. I understand that the inner city danger has increased dramatically: Southern Florida is a very violent place, was so in 1968. Perhaps in a decade or two I'll feel sufficiently divorced from the fears/memories to be able to recount them to fandom.

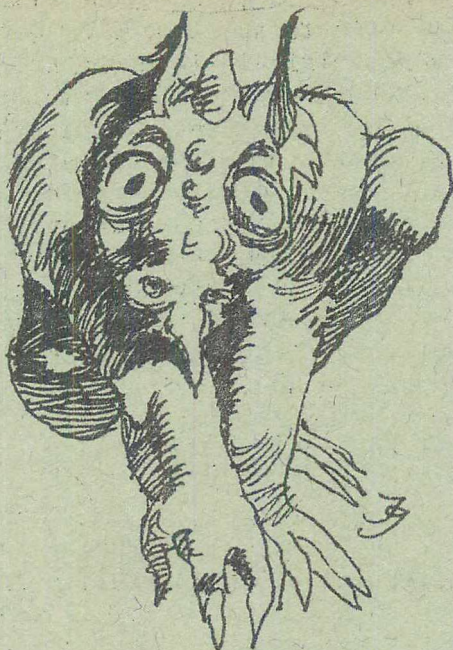
Hope you don't lump Utah fandom with "Coast" fandom. Come to think of it, whoever heard of Utah fandom???

RE your response to Ronald Saloman: I make enough money to attend several cons, even Midwestcon, if that was where our priorities were. But my wife is not a fan, cons bore her, so I'm lucky if I can scrape up enough time and cash just to make Milehicon in Denver. Fandom has become a bone of contention more than once.

It's not unusual to have strains develop in marriages of fan and non-fan. It's a shame, but I can understand how left-out the non-fan must feel. Fandom can be so ultra-involving of one's time and energy that the family slips into a secondary position. Hope you manage to work out a satisfactory solution to your problem; I'd imagine several dozen other fen would be deeply interested in hearing of any workable ideas!

STUART GILSON (October 8, '76) There have been times in my life when I've made an utter ass of myself by not being precise in what I've said and leaving myself open to misinterpretation; carelessness is in part responsible, but most often it's a case of my over-generalizing and making hasty inferences which somehow distort my whole meaning. The more I become involved with fandom, the more I'm impressed with the importance of being precise in what I write and say. I realize how a single misplaced word or comma, a single ambiguous phrase, can turn the whole meaning of something around. In the future it would be wise for me to let my impressions of something gel before I recklessly try to put them down in words. This had been made possible in so short a time this instance because of your reply to my letter; beautifully put, Jackie--you've probably captured the whole essence of fandom in but a single page.

I didn't find the lifestyle of the van-fans too objectionable, even though I may have given that impression. (I'm not recanting, mind you, merely explaining my position in greater detail in order to clarify some carelessly expressed points.) I was



simply mystified about the whole affair and tried unsuccessfully to explain their behavior in terms of a clear-cut formula that was misguided from the very start owing to my lack of experience in dealing with fans in person. If my tone was at all negative, it's because I was frustrated with myself for not being able to understand the effect fandom has had on me, or to prove to my satisfaction whether a common denominator exists.

It has always been my nature to look for clearly defined reasons for anything that affects me to the extent fandom has. In trying to reduce our happy community into a simple cause-and-effect relationship, I was trying to discover what it was about fandom that was responsible for the past three years being the happiest of my life. The joy and friendship fandom has given me has left me with a debt I'll never be able to repay. I've gained more permanent and meaningful relationships than I have at any other time of my life, and the rewards continue to come in. I wasn't content, however, to just sit idly by and dismiss fandom as a good thing and leave it at that.

What is it that makes fandom tick? Your comments answered a good many questions, yet they also made it clear that fandom does not yield to conventional approaches. True, you spoke in generalities, but generalities do greater justice to the sheer diversity of fans than my specifics-oriented approach did. My mistake was that I was looking for a simple explanation, when in truth none existed. It goes to show that there's no substitute for actually meeting people instead of merely corresponding with them. Being separated by expensive distances from the "mainstream" of fandom, however, has allowed me to observe fandom through the eyes of an impartial "outsider"; it's hard to resist the temptation to study trends and beliefs in fandom when one has the same peripheral contact with it that I do--time and space prevent me from participating in fannish lifestyles directly, in the midst of what's happening, a part of what's happening now.

This is not to say I'm disillusioned with the way things presently are; I love corresponding with fans, not so much because of our mutual interest in s-f or fandom, but rather because I'm interested in people.

Fandom may only be a hobby to me at this particular point, but it's a damn important one that I value more than anything else that occupies my free hours. The trouble is, at this stage in my life, it would not be in my better interests to abandon everything else, even if the likelihood of finding contentment was strong. I have yet to test my limits, find the full extent of my capacities--this is a turning point, and I want to subject myself to as many challenges as I can. I've chosen university as a means of accomplishing this, and as a result I've had to modify my outlook and re-assign certain priorities. Fandom is no less important to me than it was at this same time last year; it's just that I've had to let it take second place behind things that, in the long run, will pay enormous dividends of a non-material nature.

Despite my wish to set up challenges and attempt to meet them in my own way, I really have only modest ambitions. I would be perfectly content to make a living teaching at some high school or university, provided the job didn't run over eight hours a day; for above all else, I value my personal freedom. At the moment, topmost in my mind is the hope that in years to come circumstances will make a move East possible, where perhaps I'll take a job and attend as many cons as my fannish heart desires. To me, fandom is not an end to itself--it "supplements" my daily existence, makes life immensely rewarding, without becoming life itself--but neither is a totally mundane existence. Each world has its rewards to offer and I hope to use the best of each to my own advantage. As an individual I have certain needs that must be met, yet this can only be accomplished if I draw from both fandom and the mundane world, however mutually exclusive they may sometimes appear to be.

In failing to recognize the diversity of fandom for what it is (I knew that fans were individuals all, but underestimated the importance of this fact), I made my most serious mistake: the assumption that because most fans were original, independent thinkers, this would lead to conflicts with parents and other members of the "old way" of thinking. The inference was easy to make, especially since it was made in terms of my own experience. Most fans are relatively young, and however strong their claims to faanishness may be, they evolve as individuals in a similar way to almost everyone else. The first step toward independence is almost invariably a rejection of the parents' value system; it occurs in varying degrees and forms and can be either temporary or permanent. At a certain age, a person wants to be recognized as an individual, not as a copy of his parents or the generation they represent. He or she rejects the values that were forced on him-her since birth and seeks alternatives. This can manifest itself as hostility and resentment, but more commonly as doubt and questioning. With time, most people reconcile these differences and emerge from the period as individuals. They may not have made "peace with their culture", but at least they have come to understand what they want out of life, and that's all that's really important.

I've gone through the same process myself, possible at an earlier age than most. I used to be terribly fat and the derision and hypocrisy I suffered led to frustration which channeled itself into anger. It was a long and difficult, often painful, period, but I'm certain no more serious than whatmost people go through at that stage in their lives. When about sixteen, I shed fifty pounds, understood myself with an honesty that leads to self-derision occasionally (though that's not as serious as it likely sounds), and learned to regard life with the optimism fandom has reinforced. I have rejected many of my parent's values, others I've come to accept as plain common sense, but I have chosen the ingredients that constitute my philosophy myself, and so, for now, am content.

Enough; on to the issue at hand...

Derek Carter has shown himself to be a man of many talents. The covers were a delight (come now, you mean to say he did the bacover just like that before your very eyes? Surely you jest) [*I speak with straight tongue--he did it while we were idly chatting in Mike G's kitchen during Symposium and I brought it back with me from that trip*], and if his con report serves as any indication of his abilities as a writer, then it's indeed a good thing for fandom that he's rejoined the ranks. I hope his appearance in this issue is but a hint of things to come.

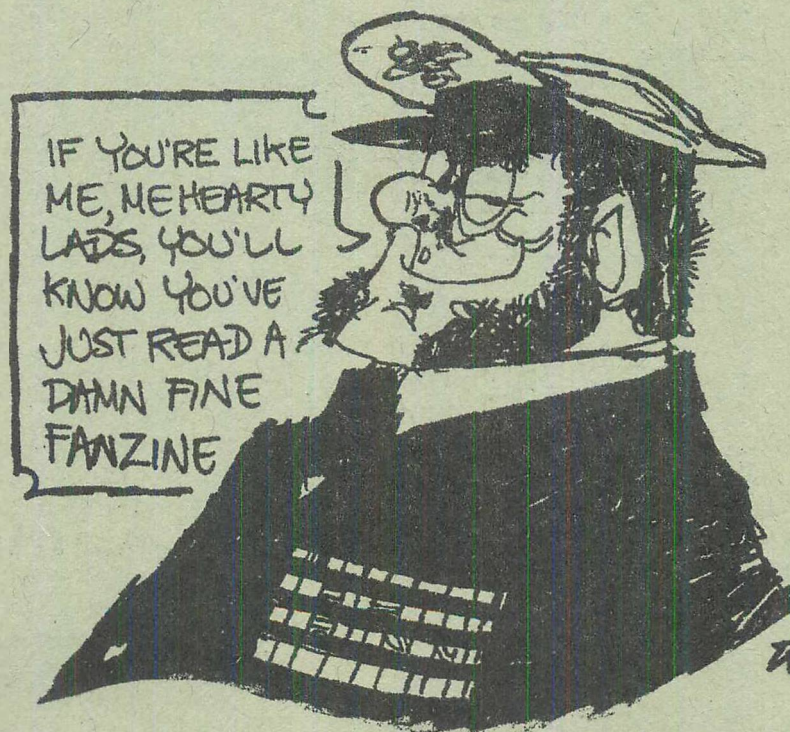
"Diary of a Convention-Goer" is a marvelous idea, and I hope it becomes a continuing series. Of the six fans who were honored, I've met only Rusty and Leigh, briefly, which filled me in about them as people less than Jodie managed with her eloquent descriptions. There's definitely something to be said for knowing the person instead of just the name, and Jodie rose to the occasion beautifully.

Although your summaries of the cons you attended were a bit too brief for my tastes, they still managed to convey the excitement and tension that comes with meeting other fans. As is usually the case with con reports, the enthusiasm was contagious--I felt like I was a part of what was going on--and it's for this reason I enjoy reading con reports more than any other type of fan writing. I only wish you'd write up more of your personal experiences in greater detail, since ~~I like to take unreasonable det~~ ~~and~~ brevity often comes at the expense of mood and atmosphere and might give an inaccurate impression of what the con was really like. Still, I enjoyed all of it, so I suppose I shouldn't really complain.

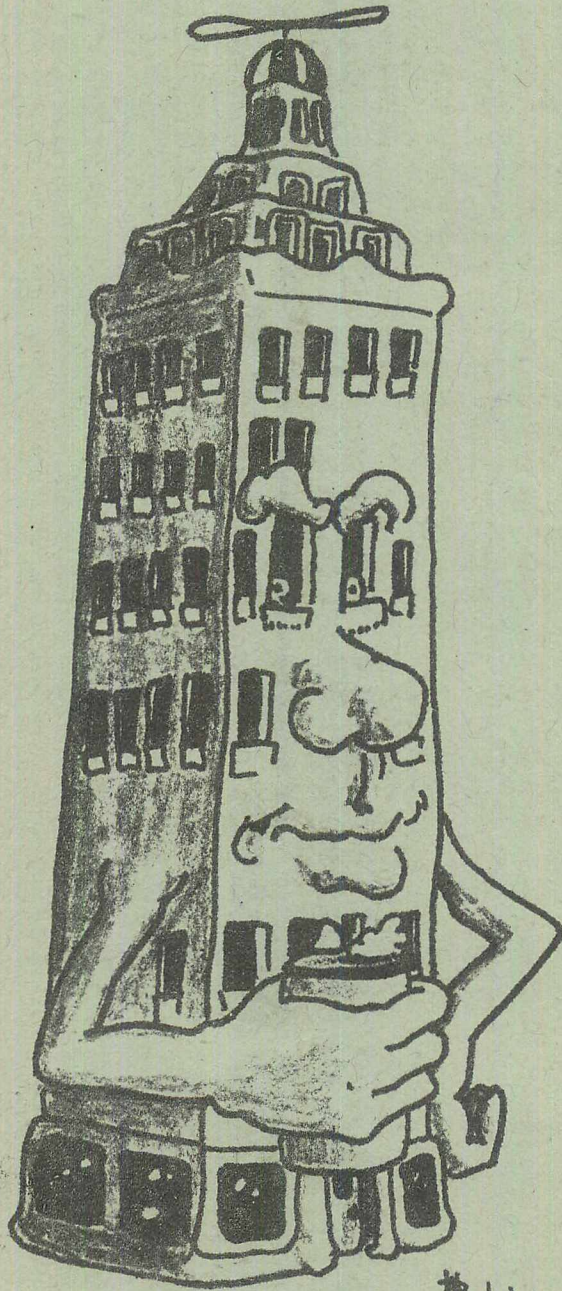
True to unfannish form, I can't claim to have taken in and given a home to untold multitudes of cats, but the one pet I do have--a tabby--was found abandoned in a vacant lot, on the verge of dying from over-exposure. A mere kitten it was, so weak we were afraid to feed it anything solid. For some strange reason my father resolved to nurture the animal back to health with a diet of Doctor Fowlers--a tonic that cures car-sickness and diarrheah--and for a week filled the belly of the poor animal with that foul-smelling stuff using an eye-dropper. Just when I was tempted to put the animal out of its misery, it recovered completely; though ever since, whenever it's playfully prodded with a medicine dropper its fur stands on end and it spits. It lived through what few humans could have endured--why Doctor Fowlers has hardly any alcoholic content, so I don't understand how it could possibly cure anything!

You'd better keep a close eye on that cat--after nearly dying when abandoned, and then undergoing seven days of that "treatment", it only has one left of its proverbial nine lives...//When you have a chock-full summer, there's no way you can cover things in any sort of detail without publishing monster-sized, totally unaffordable zines, so brevity was the only course open. At least it gave people some idea what was going on.//Jodie has a knack for capturing the essence of things--cons, people, moments--and conveying them to others in a few brief words. I can hardly wait for her next installment myself!//I can see why Glicksohn's been trying for so many years to get Derek to write for him; after seeing some of his idea-jottings, I'm anxious to nudge him into setting them down in more permanent form. Problem is, he's so chock-full of concepts and notions that it's difficult to get his settled down with pen and paper!//"Finding oneself" isn't quite the single-step, once-in-a-lifetime move you seem to be making it out to be--it's an on-going process that should take most of your adult years to complete; if it's ever completed. "Knowing" or "accepting" oneself is a bit different, and that can be done over and over again as you and/or your circumstances change. People seldom become "set" in a solid mold--or at least the sort of people I find of interest--but alter and adapt as the years go by. Perhaps you did "find yourself" at age sixteen; but I certainly hope that that person won't be the same one you'll be at twenty, or thirty, or forty!//I never looked on the remarks you made about the van-fen as any sort of a put-down, only an honest and sincere questioning of what you saw--whether you saw correctly and whether those interpretations were applicable to fandom as a whole was what you seemed to be asking--that made no condemnation of anyone's values, only a puzzled reaction as to why certain choices seemed to have been made in preference to those you would have taken. You seemed to have learned something from the experience, I hope it's something useful.

And now, once again ~~as the sun sets in the Himalayas~~ it's time to list the WAHF: Buck Coulson (whose loc I misplaced *sigh*), Gary Farber (who insisted his remarks be presented without abridgment--sorry, I couldn't afford that much space), Gil Gaier, Patrick Hayden (a DNP letter *sigh*), Lynn Hickman, Dave Locke, Taral Wayne MacDonald (another DNQ letter! Why bother writing?), Jodie Offutt, Peggy and Bob Pavlat, and Randy Reichardt. Thanks to each one of you; it's the loc-writers who keep my interest and this zine alive, and even though Dilemma will come to an end with this issue, its spirit will continue in its evolved form. I hope you'll all continue to participate!!!



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DILEMMA