

FEM LIBS-F

UNDER THE
MOONS ^{of} SATURN

ANOTHER THRILLING

JEAN CARTIER YARN
by BURROWS RICE EDGAR



PLUS! THE FANTASTIC
CONTINUATION of
DILEMMA⁹

*Dilemma #9--From Jackie Franke; Box 51-A RR 2; Beecher, IL 60401--September, 1975. Available for LoC, contribution, trade (your terms: 1-for1, all-for-all...I'm not fussy), or whim. 16¢ in stamps brings cries of gladness and blessings upon you. Irregularly published, but a quarterly schedule is attempted. Tackett or Bowers for TAFF (your pick). Gee, there isn't much to boost this month is there? Where are all the campaigners? On vacation? ******

Every fanzine should have a purpose. I mean besides the usual and taken-for-granted *raison d'etre*, that the faned has a desire for egoboo and a yearning to communicate. There's no rule, of course, that says this must be; it just seems sensible to me. I've always felt somewhat uneasy that DILEMMA had no goal, no direction, no reason for existence, other than I simply felt like doing it. To be sure, that is faanish reasoning, but is it sensible?

I look about me, at the fanzines stacked on the bookcase, and see all these editors reaching out with firm intentions in mind. They range from Bowers's quest for The Perfect Fanzine, through Coulson's search for the Perfect Put-Down, to Geis's hunt for the Perfect Turn-On. These people, these zines have PURPOSE. Lofty goals! Ideals! What do I have? Nothin', that's what. Aimlessness. A mindless drifting in search of some unknown landfall. Recently this has begun to worry me, to nag at my conscience like an unrelieved itch.

Taking out the file copies of the previous eight issues, I sat down and read them (if nothing else, I can lay claim to a strong stomach). And it seemed to me, afterwards, that it was just barely possible that I had had a direction after all. It wasn't a clear one, but it was there, once I actually searched for it. I suppose it was Lee Smoire's letter that appears later on in this issue that finally crystalized the nebulous pathway in my mind.

Needless to say, since I'm publishing this in the first place, I am, first and foremost, a fanzine fan. I came into fandom through fanzines. Even in that deliberately-forgotten (repressed) time when I was a (*ugh*) trekker, I worked on fanzines. The first honest-to-ghod fan I made contact with was a columnist for YANDRO, Liz Fishman. The Coulsons, faneds extraordinaire, were the first fans I actually met. The first visible fanac I did was a LoC on YANDRO and an illo that appeared in their March issue in 1971. My roots, such as they are, are in fanzines. Without them, fandom as I know and define it, couldn't exist.

Yet, fast on the heels of finding fanzines, I attended my first convention, encouraged by the Coulsons; PeCon in April of '71. Like a latent alcoholic who had been a teetotaler from birth, I became instantly addicted. Midwestcon, Wilcon, Octocon--each gathering I attended only inflamed my thirst for yet another. I loved conventions! But I still loved fanzines, too. Somewhat like the adolescent who feels that everyone in the world must live exactly the sort of life he/she does, I naively assumed that all fen participated in all forms of fanac. But slowly I became aware that such was not the case. People I knew well from fanzines, were totally unknown to those I mentioned their names to at conventions. Fans who were well-known at conventions were nonentities to those who read only fanzines. It puzzled me at first, but I accepted it, and after awhile drew neat lines of division between the two groups in my mind.

But subconsciously, I didn't like doing that. I didn't care for schitzoid fanac. I wanted my friends in one camp to know and appreciate the friends in the other. Fandom needn't be one big, happy, family as far as I was concerned, but they should be a family at least, since they certainly were related. So when I mailed the first issue of my fanzine, I sent it to people I knew from fanzines and correspondence, and who I'd met at conventions as well. There was quite a bit of overlap, but there were a few recipients who belonged firmly to one camp or the other. And it's a policy I've followed ever since. I just hadn't realized that it was a policy until now. I want my friends to become acquainted with one another, and if in the process, we meet even more new friends, well that's all the better! When I mention, say, Jim Hansen to, say, Dave Locke, I'd like it if they were at least familiar with each other's names. Under normal circumstances, it wouldn't be likely. Dave attends few conventions, and those he does are all on the West Coast, and Jim isn't a fanzine fan by any stretch of the imagination. The same can be said for scores of other name-pairings.

Bob and Anne Passovoy, I'd like you to meet Dave and Beth Gorman. Bill Cavin, I'd like to introduce you to Ben Indick. Cliff Amos, this is Jerry Kaufman. Linda Hosteny, here's Sheryl Birkhead. None of you are like another, yet you all have something, undoubtedly many things, in common. I wish I had the money and the power to bring you all together sometime for one, big, fun convention/party/meeting, but I can't, so this will have to substitute. I'd like it if you'd consider this fanzine as a sort of gathering-in-print. If you do happen to cross each other's path sometime in the future, you can always begin a conversation by mutually exclaiming: "Hey! I know you from Dilemma!" It ain't much, but it is a beginning, and it does serve as a Purpose for this zine, and I can at last rest easy knowing that I've finally found one for it. Whether it means anything to you or not is besides the point. To me, Dilemma will no longer be utterly a self-indulgent exercise (though, like all fanac is in reality, it still will be), but will have a motive. So it isn't sensible? So what? It still is fanning, and that's sufficient. Fanning is fun!

Summer's all but over. As has become usual in recent years, I marvel at how swiftly it passed. Seems like only last week I was planning on what to do and where to go during the warm months, and now it's been done and gone to. *Sigh* Why is it that when you're older, when you really want to relish each and every moment, that it is then time begins its heedless rush, while it is in childhood, when you're always wishing things would happen faster, that each day looks as if it yawns into infinity? Damned unfair, that. Poor planning in my estimation. I certainly would've arranged matters differently if I'd been in charge.

Be that as it may, for me the summer was too short. A temporary switch to 48-hour days would have entirely been in order. I know I could've used the extra time to good advantage, though there is no guarantee that I would have. I certainly would have appreciated having twice the time to spend at Midwestcon and BYOBcon and Rivercon and Noerescon. And I really think that the stack of unopened zines and unanswered mail would be nonexistent if those weekdays could've been lengthened a bit. Our garden certainly would be in better shape if I'd had 32 hours of daylight instead of the pittance we were allotted. And just think of all the books I could've read! Perhaps if we encouraged the scientific community, instead of working on a cure for cancer, more sophisticated spacecraft, bigger and better computers, or a solution to the problems of pollution and ecology, they would set aside those niggling little matters and seek a way to stretch Time. That way, they'd not only have more time for their other endeavors, but we would have plenty for the really Important Things in life. Hmmm. I really will have to look into the qualifications for the job as Dictator to The Universe. There are a multitude of things I'd change.

Anyway, yanking myself firmly back to my original train of thought, it was a good summer, even if too short, and a busy one as well. It was definitely a Family summer for us; we took the kids to almost every place we went. That has its advantages--we don't have to arrange for babysitters, our time is our own if we should want to stay another day somewhere, the family that plays together stays together and all that--but there are definite drawbacks to the situation too. The kids are underfoot nearly all the time, it seems; the trips themselves become more expensive; the lack of privacy becomes increasingly irksome; and close proximity to each other causes frictions to develop. (Three quarrelling kids can drive even the most serene of parents straight up the wall in no time at all!) But we all do end up with shared memories, at least, and perhaps that's enough to excuse the hassles that develop.

The kids have always enjoyed Midwestcons. They get to do pretty much what they like to do, which is stay in the pool all day, mostly. Wally never has been particularly enchanted with the annual last-weekend-in-June bash, though. Partycons never have been his bag. But this year, he really seemed to relax and enjoy himself. During the Friday night party at Leigh and Norb Couch's room, where they were celebrating their 25th Wedding Anniversary in a properly faanish manner, I suggested to the group of filksingers who were settling down in the hallway, that they move down to our room at the end of the hall, for the sake

their comfort and better relations with some annoyed-looking mundanes as well. Wally, who was watching TV in our room at the time, had no objections, so a small party began to evolve in our room while I was away enjoying another. Now Wally is known for his early retiring habits (I can recall one Chambanacon where Rusty Hevelin proposed that a plaque be set up to commemorate the spot where Wally stayed up until 1:30 a.m.. Until then, 11 o'clock had been the best he'd managed!), but since the filksingers generally close up shop fairly early, I didn't think he'd mind staying up awhile longer than usual. You cannot imagine my shock, upon leaving the Anniversary party and checking the doings in our room several times during the evening, to find the party growing bigger, and Wally sitting back, wreathed in smiles, enjoying the whole damn thing. I don't think he's had a con that he's enjoyed as much, except possibly for the Chambanacon where his previous record was set. I believe the last people rolled out somewhere around 4:30 or so, though I surely wasn't paying any attention to the clock. Friday night, Midwestcon '75, is definitely set down in our family record books, if for no other reason.

Of course we did other things at the con--played some bridge (naturally), talked to half a jillion people it seemed, ate at the as-usual scrumptious buffet banquet and listened to Bob Tucker introduce Midwestcon's first GoH, Andy Offutt (who gave the most rave endorsement of fanzines I've yet heard at a convention!) and hand out the FAAN awards to all the deserving recipients: Bill Bowers for best editor and best single issue of a fmz, Don C. Thompson for fan writer, Bill Rotsler (foreshadowing his Hugo win) for fan artist-humorous, James Schull for fan-artist-non-humorous, and, appropriately, Harry Warner, Jr., for loc-writer. I clapped my little heart out, when I wasn't bouncing off my seat to scream, that is. But parties are what Midwestcon is noted for, and it's impossible to report on those ~~without getting ahead~~, so I won't except to say they were fun!

For our vacation, we took in two conventions deliberately, and one that was totally unexpected. After spending the night at the Couches, we reached Kansas City in mid-afternoon of July 18th, and easily (contrary to expectations) located the Hotel Muelbach where BYOBcon was held. To say we were a bit dismayed at the Muelbach is putting things mildly. While there were no problems concerning this year's convention with it, it certainly looks inadequate for the Worldcon next year! I don't believe the committee has stressed half as much as they should, that attendees for MidAmeriCon had better get their reservations in early. It should be screamed from every fanzine and fannish rooftop. **GET THOSE CARDS IN QUICK, FOLKS! OR YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE HASSLES YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE!** The mere fact that you have no card to send in should not detain you. Make up one of your own. Be inventive! You are a fan after all...

Barring that jarring shock, there was no complaints about the handling of BYOBcon itself. The con allied itself immediately to the Minicon/Midwestcon axis of conventions by being strong on room parties. (Not so much in quantity as quality) I even attended several program items, the Richard Delap Show being a rousing success in my opinion, and the fanzine workshop being of personal interest. Like Windycon, the BYOBcon committee handed out little (?) mementoes to the GoHs: a pair of cowhorns to Tucker (The Horney Award); a mimeo handle on a block to the Bushyagers (The Crank Award?); a huge stuffed dragon to Tim Kirk (The Kirkrittur Award?); and a loong cigarette holder in a chunk of wood for Bob Bloch (I don't recall the proper name for this one; something about the Bloch Nebula comes to mind, but I'm not positive). They were greeted warmly by the recipients and with laughing cheers by the crowd. It was a very good con indeed, and wore us out to the point that the drive to our next port-of-call, Mammoth Cave National Park, was a wearisome drive indeed.

The day after we toured the cave, while taking hikes above-ground, several fans crept into the campground and set up their tent across the road from our campsite. What else could we do but initiate ConCave? Attendance was limited--Chuck Holst, Jennie Brown, Bev Swan-son and Paula Lieberman, besides myself--but it was a Ghodd Chon, nonetheless. We even had a party-crasher; a raccoon dubbed "George" who turned out to be the hit of the **night**. Unfortunately, hopes for a repeat of ConCave look dim. Few fans live at Mammoth.

Leaving a day early (I like the outdoors, but it's rough on my back), we checked into the Stouffer Inn in Louisville on Thursday afternoon. Apparently we were the first con attendees to register, since we were greeted by a phone call seeking information about the convention upon opening the door to our room. Nothing's more fannish than the ignorant guided the uninformed, but we coped, as usual. We spent the day relaxing while the kids splashed in the pool--until Brian, leaping from a ladder to poolside, managed to bash his jaw against the gutter and had to be taken to the nearest hospital for 5 stitches. For years now, on every family vacation, that kid has threatened to do bodily mayhem upon himself; this year he pulled it off. The hotel, apparently fearing that we'd cry "Law suit!", bent over backwards being Very Nice Indeed to us, so we wound up finding the service simply excellent.

As the con itself was. I find a definite difference in atmosphere between southern and northern fan gatherings. Kubla Khan and Rivercon both have a leisureliness that isn't encountered in more northern climes. Louisville afforded more chances to sit down and talk with people than any other con I've gone to. The Hospitality Suite, open 24 hours (as is becoming increasingly common at larger conventions), was sumptuously appointed, and offered room aplenty for people to stretch out and relax and for groups to form to discuss the latest SF, current politics, or sing material ranging from folksong classics, through Gilbert & Sullivan ditties, to barroom ballads. I met several people I'd not contacted before, and had so many long chats with various people that my voice was hoarse for a week afterwards.

Jodie Offutt gave the keynote address, her debut, as it were, before an audience, and set up an analogy of fandom as a large pool, with each of us making ripples that carry across its surface, meeting and interacting with all the other ripples. It's an analogy I agree with, and the speech was well done and welcomed warmly. I sat on a Fan panel immediately following Jodie's address, and am afraid my second taste of public speaking was even more nerve-racking than my first one a couple years ago at KKK. If Juanita Coulson hadn't given me some quickly-jotted ideas on a slip of paper, I couldn't have thought of a single word to say. Thanks, Juanita; I needed that! There were other panel items, few of which I attended (do you realize that some people come to cons because of the programming?! Tsk-tsk...), a delicious banquet (seems to me the food has improved at conventions lately: haven't eaten a really poor meal at one in ages!), a really good masquerade (another revival from Days of Yore, masquerades are growing ever-more frequent, and ever-more well-done), and the usual speeches, films and art show. Compared to BYOBeon, Rivercon lacked room parties, and was quieter, but it made up for that by being less hectic and giving everyone the feeling of bound-together fellowship which led to more open communication rather than a feeling of high times and riotous living. I liked the change-of-pace, and hope they manage to maintain in future years.

When we arrived, not in as quite an exhausted state as I'd feared, the pace still continued. Parties, Windycon meetings, weddings (family and fannish), visits--all had to be fitted in with mundane duties like tending our large garden. I managed to break my hand at the family wedding near Detroit, which put quite a crimp on late-summer activities, but it's healing nicely and isn't bothering me much right now. The most frustrating part was being unable to write or draw, but trying to decipher my attempts at left-hand graphics gave us all enough laughs to last quite a long time.

But now the kids have returned to school, and the slower pace of autumn has descended, despite anything the calendar may say. A few more conventions yet remain before year's end, but they are spaced in a more sane manner and the feeling of being swept up by the rush of Time should ease up. Windycon, this October 3-5, possibly Octocon October 25-27, ICon over October 31 through November 2 weekend, and Chambanacon (where I'm Fan Goh this year--another nerve-wracking experience to look forward to!) over Thanksgiving weekend to wrap the year up remain to look forward to. And then comes the New Year and we can do it all over again! Only this time with a Worldcon thrown in for good measure. *sigh*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH THE GOBBOON

1: JULIUS CAESAR. *De Bello Gallico*, Book vi.

Having thrown¹ a bridge across the river, Vercingetorix came into the Province of Sanctimonium to yield his armies to Caesar. ... That evening, Vercingetorix built² a party for Caesar and served xlvii roast gobboons³.

1. *Ponte trans flumen iactato* (abl. abs.). Almost certainly, Vercingetorix *built* or *constructed* that bridge; he lacked the technology to *throw* it.
2. *Convivium fecit in honorem Caesaris*. Almost certainly, Vercingetorix *threw* that party; one doesn't *build* or *make* parties.
3. *Gobunos* (acc. pl., masc.)

2: CAIUS PLINIUS IOCUNDUS. *Historia Naturalis*, Book v.

The animal of southern Europe most similar to the gobboon is the wartwolf of Tuscania¹. But the gobboon is much smaller, with a strikingly different head and postcranial anatomy. ...² The true gobboon of the German woodlands bears a tridentate barb on its tail, with which it spears elvers.

1. The last wartwolf was killed by Leonardo the Scruffy, son of Leonardo the Unclean, in 1567. Neither of the Leonardos ever even saw a gobboon.
2. Omission of four sentences of balderdash.

3: ADAM BEDE. *Historia Universalis sive libri x de Vitibus Sanctorum Germanorum*. Book iv.

The men who dwell in these woods catch the gobboon¹, which they roast² by wrapping the freshly killed animal in an eagle's nest and burying it beneath the coals of a ceremonial fire. The flesh of the gobboon is garnished with acorns, and the hide is used for shields and for the soles of their boots. It's not necessary to hobnail the soles³, for the hide is tough and hard.

1. *Gobbunam* (acc. sing., fem). The change in gender and the doubling of the *b* simply show that the *editio princeps* of Bede was based on a corrupt text.
2. *Roast* is only an approximation for this process. Bede has *immolant*.
3. *solos cothornostribere necesse non est*. Bede has latinized a rare Late Hellenic verb, κοθορνόστρυβειν.

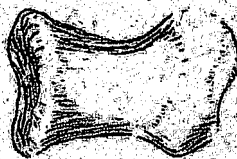
4: SAINT GILDAS. *Annales Sanctorum hibernicorum*. Book iii

Padraic well knew that the gobbuner of Northern Westphalia would hunt down and destroy any snakes¹ they could find. So he bought thirty of these animals and took them with him to Hibernia in his coracle². ... King Brian Boru maintained a herd of more than a hundred ghaughbbhughns³ under the care of his Keeper of the Mistletoe.

1. The original MS, in the library of Trinity College, is in short-hand; the reading *snakes* could equally well be *snares*. Padraic had a horror of snares, and soon after he landed on Hibernia he issued orders for the elimination of snaring. There is, of course, no record of a gobboon ever having been ensnared - - anywhere.
2. The size of Padraic's coracle has not been fully appreciated. Even 30 lemmings would swamp the average coracle.
3. The proper Gaelic spelling (not *ghaubhbhughn*).

5: WULFSTAN OF CORK. *Plethora Historiarum*, Book ii

It pleased the master builder to design new and strange capitals for the column of the transept, and on them may still be seen the simulcra of the animals of the nearby forest: capricorns and loaches and gobboons and herissons.



*A fossil Gobboon bone from Thomas
Jefferson's collection, Philadelphia*

The gobboon, supposed to be extinct, has received little notice in modern bestiaries. The few extracts presented here represent about all that is known on the subject. Since the works quoted are readily available in any village library, only the briefest extracts are given. And, in order not to detract from the forthcoming eagerly awaited monograph by R. L. Ulrich, only the barest minimum of learned footnotes has been included.

"Through History with The Gobboon" is said to be from a rare volume on natural history, of which no complete copies are known. Since all extant copies lack the title page and colophon, it is impossible to cite the references. This work was brought to our attention by The Vanishing Press, operated as an avocation by Eugene S. Richardson, curator of fossil Invertebrates.

-----Field Museum Bulletin ----- June 1975

The above item was discovered in, of all places, our Doctor's office. Possibly it goes to prove the "exception to every rule" dictum, as generally about the only reading material to be found in such waiting rooms are FIELD & STREAM, VOGUE, and possibly a copy of THE NEW YORKER for class. The FIELD MUSEUM BULLETIN is a slim magazine published in Chicago for benefit of Museum members, and is apparently uncopyrighted (at least I couldn't find one, and I looked!). If I uncover any further extracts from this most rare volume, I would be pleased to present them to you for your enlightenment.

Like children taking apart an old watch, scientists dismantle Newton's clockwork universe only to learn that the wheels and gears refuse to fit back together again. Scattered about the laboratory, the pieces look surreal, as if sprung from a Dali clock: here, one electron penetrating two holes in a screen simultaneously; there, a positron traveling into the past; and everywhere, neutrinos wandering without mass, weight, charge or magnetic field. In the cosmos, once a harmonious firmament, astronomers now detect quasars, pulsars, curved space, anti-matter, parallel universes and Black Holes. Amid these sub-atomic and super-galactic phantasms, the unthinkable is ordinary.

--John Stickney--

From an article in NEW TIMES
"Coincidence", (6-27-75)

To me, that scans like poetry... The greater our technology, the further and deeper we explore the mysteries of the Universe, the more frequently we encounter anomalies that simply do not fit into any schematic of the "works" that has been drawn to date. When I read of a scientist, even as our beloved Isaac--who should know better--did a couple of years ago, who states flatly that a thing is impossible (like FTL travel), I can only smile. We haven't yet learned what the hell the question is, much less the answers to it. As long as mankind retains a questing mind, it'll always uncover facts that don't fit into neat explanations of the marvels about us...and the impossible will be done.

A NEW AGE DAWNING?

For some time now, SF fans have been discussing the fate the Worldcon, and the effect its almost geometric growth has had on our small cosmos. One of the subtopics has been the management of the con itself: whether it should be handed over to professionals or remain in the control of the fans who reside in whatever region is hosting that year. It now looks as if the question has been removed from our sphere of influence.

Recently a flier was sent out to fanzine editors, informing them of a humongous convention slated for June, 1976, to be held at the Statler Hilton in New York City. Curious about the affair, particularly in light of the late-August Star Trek convention held in Chicago that had attracted fifteen to eighteen thousand attendees, I called the New Jersey number given on the brochure to ask for further details.

What I heard is bound to give any died-in-the-hide fan chills. Whether it is a Ghod or Evial portent remains to be seen. The group, reportedly headed by a former fan from the 40s and 50s (Jim Harvan? Telephonic communications haven't achieved perfection as yet. Maybe Bob, or Lynn or Rusty could enlighten me.) who is currently inactive, is made up of professional convention/theatrical promoters. They intend to put on a Trade-Show-cum-Three-Ring-Circus, replete with Writers in abundance (Isaac and Harlan have already signed, they say), displays by Big Business (Ford and their Car of The Future *yawn*, Playboy Enterprises, etc.), SF films (not, they emphasized, marginal stuff like the Marx Bros. or Donald Duck)--120 hours worth, and all the things that are designed to attract any and every one who is even remotely interested in our genre. They also plan to charge accordingly--\$18.50 in advance and \$22.50 at the door being their currently anticipated registration fees. From their hype, they honestly intend to deliver (one of the group was the promoter for the recent Rolling Stones tour). You would get your money's worth in sheer entertainment.

But, is this what we really want? Do we desire to see our beloved universe turned into a glittering stage where writers, publishers, artists, and editors are trotted across like so many pieces of theatrical meat? Do we really want to have our conventions treated like Sol Hurok Extravaganzas? I think, disliking to say it though I do, that enough of us would, and will break our backs to get to New York in time to get a front row seat. In a sense, these people are promising something that fandom itself has been too impoverished, too splintered, to deliver. That fans want a spectacle is proved by the increasing professionalism of the larger cons, and the criticism hurled at those who aim high and deliver amateurish results.

Fandom will have little say in the matter in any case. The New Age is here; like it or no. The only choice for us is to accept it--warmly or reluctantly--or hide our heads in the sand like scaredy-cat ostriches. There is money to be made, Big Money, and the professionals intend to reap what profits they may while the time is ripe.

Of course, there yet remains the larger question that is still ours to resolve. Whither the Worldcon? I am optimistic--perhaps foolishly so--but I feel that this New Age could be of profound benefit to the Truafen among us. What are the biggest gripes about the Worldcon as it stands today? Its sheer size; its diversity; its step-by-step disassociation from the streambed of fannish interests. I say, let the professionals give their show; let them attract all the Trekkies, the fringe-fen, the merely readers of SF; and give us back our Worldcon! We could find this New Age to be the best of all possible worlds: we just may be able to have our cake and eat it too. Let's face it, we have no choice, we make the best of it or we wallow in self-pity and Nostalgia for the Good Old Days.

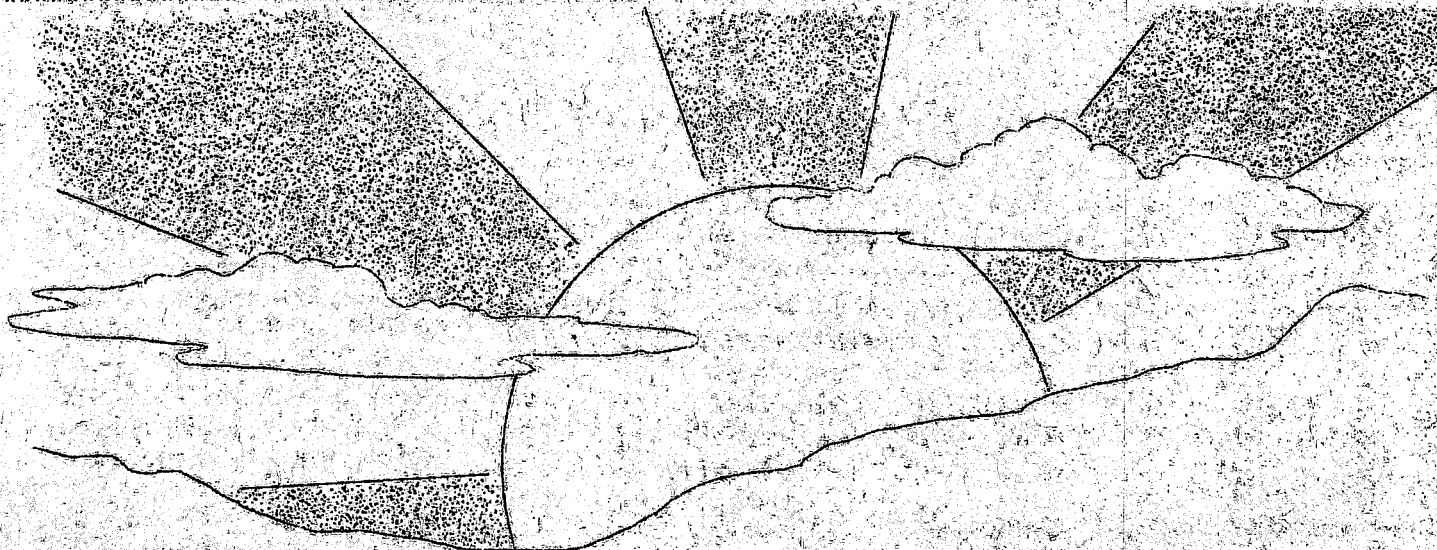
The group that intends to host SF-EXPO-76, Science Fiction Services, states that it is to be a one-time affair. Should the convention succeed, as I suspect it will, other promoters, even if not the same group, will put on more 'Sci-Fi' spectacles, in series or as

other one-shot events. As Mike Resnick put it "Every city with over 200,000 population will have its own show", and I agree that it's a distinct possibility. Recessionary times or not, the public has displayed its willingness to fork over cold hard cash for entertainment that is "different". We pride ourselves on the originality inherent to SF; we should not be overly surprised that the moneymakers have seen that too.

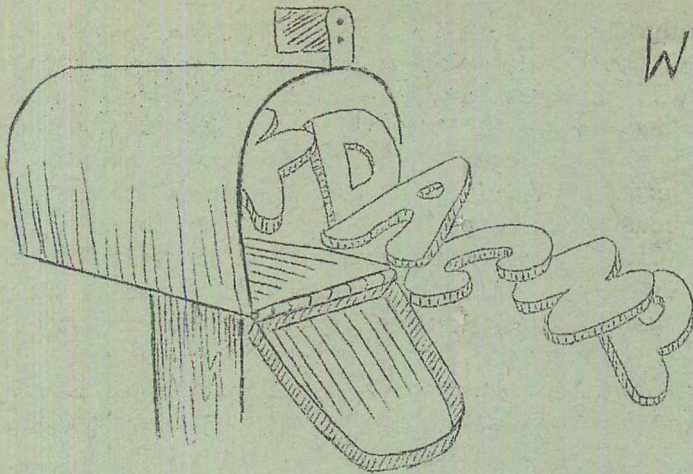
Needless to say, this whole brouhaha could turn out to be a hoax, or it could fail miserably and be truly a once-in-a-lifetime affair. If it is a hoax, I believe it matters not one whit: It's an idea whose time has come. If this group doesn't put on a convention like EXPO, then others will. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are made at STrek conventions. An SF exposition should do equally, if not more so, as well. At \$20 a head, even an attendance of 10,000---likely an understated projection, considering the density of the East Coast population and the scope of the planned advertising/promotion---means a gross of \$200,000. Other income would be coming in as well. The commercial outfits will be charged high fees to display their wares, huckster rates will be sky-high, the art show will have its commission on sales, and all this means more profit. The name of the game has been changed to Money, and there are always those who will step into any arena that offers monetary rewards of that magnitude.

It is impossible to guess at the ramifications, neither the number nor the quality, of this alteration in our scheme of things at this point. What will the effects be on our relationships with the writers of SF? The older Pro-Fans most likely won't be affected much one way or the other, but what about the newcomers? Will all conventions, regardless of size, be expected to pay for their appearance? What about the small, fan-operated commercial ventures? Can outfits like T-K Graphics, or Howard De Vore, Rusty Hevelin, and all the others, survive if the Big Guys push in? Mass-appeal attractions like this are also bound to bring in yet more wide-eyed would-be fans. Fandom still has yet to adjust to the influx of Trekkies; how will it handle even larger numbers, with far more diverse interests? Questions come to mind even more quickly than they can be formulated into English.

So, what do we do? I don't know about you, but I intend to circle the dates, June 24-28, (Oh Ghod! Midwestcon weekend! C*L*A*S*H!), sit back and watch all the action. I'd hate to miss out on the dawning of a New Age. They really don't come around that often...



... OR AN OLD ONE SETTING ?



WE
GET
LETTERS...

DONN BRAZIER
1455 Fawnvalley Rd.
St. Louis, MO 63131

(June 18, 1975) Did you notice the question mark on the elephant's ear--a subtle reinforcement of DILEMMA or a fortuitous accident? Did you notice how upset the elephant was that no one had fed him any wild pickles lately? Did you note how thick DILEMMA was? Did you note how it had completely changed into a genzine?

Dave Locke's piece was interesting. But I'm not saying much because I've learned that no amount of argument, discussion, logic, or whatever will sway anyone away or toward the concept of God, etc. Just to take a side in the broadest possible way, put me down as a non-churcher, non-Biblist, but as for ONE sort of God; put me down as an agnostic tending toward unmilitant atheism in the realm of reason (but somewhat more pro-God in the realm of awe-inspiring religious feeling). I am definitely not a believer in the Greek-Roman type of Father God, Mother God, angels, cherubs, devils, and all filled with human emotions and desires. As I said before in TITLE, I would, if given any real chance (other than in a private sort of way) worship the SUN as the powerful UNIVERSAL FORCE, real in a physical sensory way but metaphorically (along with trees, birds, brooks, etc) as a representation of that FORCE. Since I'm no student of past religions (or current ones) perhaps what I've just said fits into some pigeon-hole somewhere and some 'preacher' will ask me to come to his/her church. I will respectfully decline.

What you describe sounds similar to the Egyptian Pharaoh who, according to legend, tried to establish a one-god faith based on the Sun. Seems to me he came to a bad end though. Even back then they wouldn't let a fella live his life in peace...//I hadn't noticed that query-like mark on Plato's happy little pachyderm. I doubt if it was intentional, though Lynn is capable of being subtle at times.

BEN INDICK
428 Sagamore Ave.
Teaneck, NJ 07666

(June 26, 1975) Thank you for Dilemma 8. I enjoy its easy atmosphere and genuine camaraderie. And I like Ben Fan, who offers words of wisdom indeed. Dave is a talented man, and his words are as interesting as his pictures this issue.

I don't know that reviving a fan-controversy about religion will help. Of all the fruitless things in the world to argue about, Religion must be the worst. Irrespective of what really caused the religious wars and hatreds in history, we need only look at Northern Ireland today to find it is no laughing matter, nor even a light matter. I envy the pastors, Seventh-Day Adventists, Jehovah's Witnesses and such who believe with utterly no trouble, and really seem to believe. I am certainly a genuinely Jewish person, but I am not a believer in a traditional sense, and don't usually believe rabbis and preachers who profess to believe. It is so easy to profess; no one can disprove the statement of belief. However it is difficult to believe in this day and age. My own view is, nevertheless, somewhere between Agnosticism and Belief; I do feel the world is not without some super-force, albeit perhaps a collective one, and not an individual, deterministic one.

I do appreciate, however, that many people seem to Believe. They support their churches, not all of them are dull unthinkers, no doubt. I challenge Johnny Carson's "safe" position, however, and recall a time when I visited a major basilica in North

America, the Cathedral of St. Anne de Beauprais in Canada. The lobby was packed with crutches, eyeglasses, hearing aids left by faithful who were cured. Ancient Jew that I am, I nevertheless considered a bargain. If my eyesight (20-400 at the time, worse now) were to be cured at once, I would needs acknowledge the verity of the faith, and surrender. Then, unlike Carson, I realized this was a preposterously egocentric view: why should the Universal Genius cease its colossal attentions to prove himself to me? It was up to me to believe first. Then, in consequence, perhaps I would be cured, or perhaps not, but must nonetheless believe. Since I was not prepared to do this, I made no change, and my eyesight continues to worsen into middle-aged near-sightedness. Somehow I do not regret failing to attempt the bargain, but I do feel my view was fair to the Infinite. And it was fair to me as well.

Since I am comfortable in my slightly right of center, I can feel that Agnostics are ostriches, while Religionists and Atheists are blind, either way, since proof is unobtainable in either event.

In a way, I envy your family's fondness for cons, inasmuch as I wrote, my family is quite uninterested. I should have said that my kids are OZ fans, and we have attended the NJ OZcon for the past four or five years regularly, and even presented a fine act once. Now, at ages 20 and 17, the kids are less gung-ho, but still seem to wish to attend the forthcoming con. My wife, however, has no wish to go. I intend to attend the Fantasy Con this Fall in Providence, but my companion will be my good fantasy-friend, Gerry de la Ree, whose wife, like mine, will happily remain at home. The reason for my envy is that I would enjoy having them participate with me, not in cons so much as in family discussions, and in fanzine work. Well, I have utilized my wife's art now and again in zines, but post de facto--taking prints which seemed to suit my purpose, but that is all. My son takes pride in my collection but does not read it. And my daughter, verging on 17, hardly speaks to me at all. (Which is saddest...where have all those years of love gone?)

The lettercol was really fine, but I shall only pause, reading it, to sneer (gently) at Mrs. Gandhi, who, having worn the mantle of infallibility for so many years (like all the leaders of that sanctimonious nation) has abruptly opted for authoritarianism when challenged. Now, I do believe she has been an unselfish and devoted, even outstanding, leader, and has been shafted by a two-bit judge (whose opinion will surely be overthrown) but this is even more cause to regret her current method of action. Ladies, even YOUR idols have feet of clay. There is Nixon within us all.

Except for feeling a kinship/sisterhood sort of pride in Indira Gandhi, I've never given her much adulation. I'm for the equality of women, not their superiority over men. It is possible, as she claims, that her actions were taken to avoid bloodshed, not unlikely a situation considering the heatedness of Indian politics, but I still deplore repression, censorship and dictatorship in a supposedly democratic country.//I can't believe that love is ever wasted. But it also is not an investable commodity, to be given with the expectation of return with interest. It is in the giving alone that one receives the reward. Besides, as we all know; teen-agers are weird!//Agnostics aren't ostriches--if there isn't any proof, one way or the other, then they are simply being practical and honest about the whole thing. Being one, could I say anything else?// Having been raised Catholic, and Irish--from both sides of the border--to boot, I find the Northern Ireland conflict distressing. But how much of it is truly a Religious matter? And how much due to political manipulation coupled with blind ignorance? I'm not after heated controversy in any case, merely a discussion of views; mainly because I'm interested in why people think the way they do.

DON D'AMMASSA
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(June 27, 1975) I enjoyed all of DILEMMA. I was at Marcon 2 and 3, both of which were quite small compared with conventions nowadays. There was never any particular trouble with the hotel, but there never seemed to be much of anything going on either. On the other hand, as did you, I had several friends there whom I could spend time with, and that's what I go to cons for in any case.

Dave Locke's piece was very good. I'm from a Methodist background myself, now lapsed into Deism. As much as any of my religious opinions are strongly held is my firm belief that if there is a God, he means us to stand on our own. I completely reject the idea that religion should be a crutch, though I freely admit it is often used that way. I believe that each of us ought to be whatever our potential and desires indicate, not dependant for moral training on some external force. My major break with the organized church was that I could not understand why anyone should allow his morals to be dictated by someone else. I choose my own morals, I determine for myself what is good and what is evil.

The minister's little sermon is logically absurd, as Dave points out so well I won't bother to embellish. Worse, it is a clear attempt to saddle people with guilt, to make people feel insecure in themselves. It is the worst kind of badgering hypocrisy. It is also, unfortunately, well established practice in Christianity.

The constant guilt trips that Christianity encourages are one of its most bothersome facets. In the so-called 'forgiving' Catholic Church, much has been said about the 'spiritual cleansing' and 'release from guilt' that is obtained by the act of private confession. But often it also led to a morbid dwelling on one's wrong-doings, and though those most affected lacked the faith to be convinced they were truly absolved of their sins, it was an unhealthy result.// There is always an inherent difficulty in allowing Free Will to determinemoral right and wrong. Infamous people throughout history--the Marquis de Sade, and more recently, Leopold and Loeb and Charles Manson--used the same reasoning. What do you do when someone's concept of Good is Evil to everyone else? Some type of culturally accepted code has to be established or anarchy results. I ofcourse see no need for that moral code to be enforced by threat of hellfire and damnation; there are other means by which compliance can be encouraged.

GEORGE INZER
1905 3rd Place NE
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(July 24, 1975) I have this prejudice about southern cons: I think they are the best. Never mind that I've never attended any outside the south. But I will say that if Yankee cons are as good as the recent Kubla Khan Kubed, I just might have to retrench my prejudices a little bit. That con was FUN--about the most fun I've had at a con since the DSC in New Orleans a couple years ago, and that was spent mostly in the French Quarter rather than at the con proper.

As for Andy Offutt's after dinner speech, I have ambivalent feelings about it. First of all, I favored the action taken against the Cambodians for seizing the Mayaguez. It was an act of piracy and needed to be dealt with firmly as the lawless act it was. However, to use this action to show the world how tough the United States really is, is just plain ridiculous. And I think Andy was guilty of waving the bloody shirt in his speech. Ironically, the Cambodian action was the only overt act of aggression against the United States in some thirty years of U.S. involvement in southeast Asia--at least in my memory. In fact, the United States invaded Cambodia and actively bombed Cambodia for years without their being able to take any effective retaliation. It makes one wonder who the villains of the piece really were.

Ford and Kissinger spent some forty Americans to bolster the faltering American morale. It was cheaper than recommitting American troops to try to save the capitalist corruption in South Vietnam and Cambodia. And judging from Andy's response, et. al., the incident served the public relations purpose it was supposed to do. Andy is proud to be an American (me, too) and is a "fan of the President again" (not me, though).

I think in the beginning of this nation, our forefathers were really giving it a go in solving problems that have plagued humanity for thousands of years, as you say. And I think that many Americans still believe in that Ideal. I do. And I think Andy does too, judging from his remarks. I just happen to believe that our government, from top to bottom, and all of its branches including the Massive Business and the Military Establishment, are more interested in preserving themselves (naturally) than in preserving this country, this constitution, this Ideal we were founded upon. Too bad someone with Andy's eloquence can be fooled by a cheap military adventure. But you can't fool all the people, all the time. I think Abraham Lincoln said that.

I found Dave's article on religion to be quite interesting. My guess about the reason that religion is so seldom discussed in fandom is that many--maybe even most--fans are as atheistic as Dave. There isn't much room for discussion when everyone agrees.

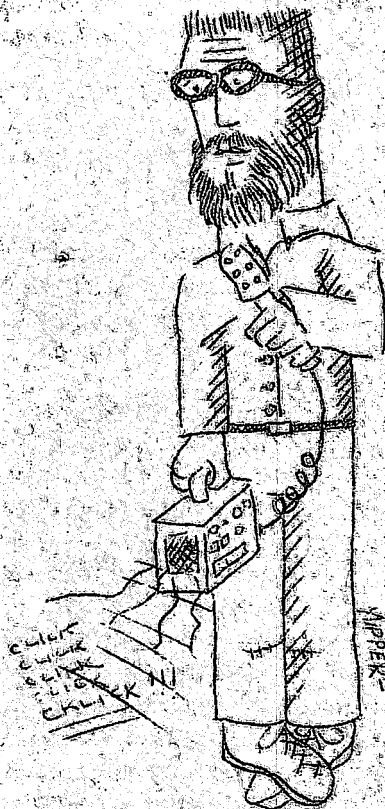
At any rate, the Reverend Boehmer seems typical of the stained glass type of preacher. And to argue, even discuss, the merits of Christianity with the likes of him is a waste of time, or so it has been in my experience. I come from a Methodist/fundamentalist background but it seems I always insisted in knowing something about my faith. I suppose I would qualify as "The True Believer". The Reverend Boehmer challenges us (as does the Apostle Paul) to investigate the claims of Christianity. "Christianity has not been tried and found wanting by honest investigators," Boehmer claims. Well, I have to challenge him on that since I quite honestly and thoroughly investigated Christianity, having faith in the Lord, searching the scriptures, with all my heart and soul, AMEN! I found it wanting and to make a long story short, became an atheist, then an agnostic. But for the past couple of years I have become increasingly interested in the oriental philosophies, Buddhism, Taoism, and so on, and have come to the startling conclusion that I am now a believer of sorts once again.

I am much closer in spirit to Dave than I ever can be to Rev. Boehmer. Rev. Boehmer believes that God is someone far off somewhere who sends his offspring to save us sometimes. Both Dave and I seem to agree that the question of the existence of God really doesn't do much for one's peace of mind or living in this life. As Dave points out "the religious man should search his own mind..." A more zen statement I would find hard to imagine.

The irony of it is that since I have been taking a look at eastern thought, the true essence of the words of Jesus Christ becomes clear, yet you never hear them preached from a pulpit or sung in hymns. I think this comes from people using Jesus as a crutch, worshipping Jesus without a thought to what Jesus had in mind for his followers. There is an expression in Buddhism--"If you see Buddha walking along the road: kill him!" But some messiahs won't stay dead long enough for us to get on with living. Well, this type of discussion goes best at 2 a.m. after your second six pack and the opportunity of cruising the scene is approaching nil. It is certainly too complex for a LoC.

Lastly, I could say: I MET BOB TUCKER AT A KKK MEETING!! (They were showing the AussieCon Committee film...) But I won't.

Bob'll appreciate that, I'm sure. If you went around shouting that all over the place, it could prove embarrassing until he could explain which KKK you meant.//To my lights, a faith in Christianity depends on two assumptions: that Christ was a historical person, and that the Scriptures are divinely inspired and protected from contamination and corruption since they were first written. A belief in God, of course, predicates both. I'm unsure of the first point, extremely skeptical of the second, and haven't accepted the underlying assumption in the first place, so Christianity, for me, is pretty well out of the picture. But taken as a moral guide, similar to the eastern faiths, the New Testament ain't all that bad. Trouble is, so few Christians pay the least bit of attention to Christ's teachings!//I don't think Andy was "fooled" by a "cheap military adventure", but was heartened by the fact that after the action was taken, nothing further was done. If the US was really trying to prove how tough



it was, it could've gone a lot further and dragged us right back into the mess we'd just gotten out of. I decry the actions we took in Cambodia during the Vietnam War, but I hesitate to term it an "invasion". We bombed parts of the country--though we didn't send it troops to occupy it--and apparently with the knowledge if not full cooperation on the part of the-then-government who hoped we'd rid them of some of the Khmer Rouge while we were about it. If anyone "invaded" anyone, it was the North Vietnamese who used Cambodia as a staging area without permission. But I refuse to seek out "villains" of the piece, every nation that partook of that entire mess over there had its hands dirtied, and that went for the countries whose lands were fought upon as well. No nation, as no person is, can be labelled as All Good or Totally Evil, and the same goes for their military actions. The world simply isn't made up of clear-cut lines of black and white. It sure would be simpler if it were...

MARTY HELGESEN
11 Lawrence Ave.
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(August 31, 1975) Your statistics on petroleum were interesting. I agree with your basic point, although I would still like to see us cut our consumption. I recently saw a column which reported some interesting figures on income distribution in various countries. The first set of figures involved the Gini ratio, which is used by economists to describe income distribution. The closer to 1.00 the number, the higher the inequality; the closer to 0, the less the inequality. In a table of Gini ratios for 56 countries prepared by the Overseas Development Council, the United States at .34 is lower than all but four other countries: the United Kingdom .30, Surinam .30, Australia .30 and Korea .26. Among the 51 countries in the table with greater inequality of income distribution are Tanzania .54, Peru .61, Venezuela .42, Holland .38, France .50, Denmark .37, and Sweden .39.

Another table shows how much of the income in 65 countries goes to the top 20% of that country's population. Only four countries have percentages lower than the 38.8% for the US, and the difference is not very much. Czechoslovakia has 31%, Hungary 34%, Poland 36% and Bulgaria 35%. In the Netherlands 49% of the country's wealth goes to the top 20% of its population, Sweden 42%, Denmark 47%, France 54%, West Germany 53%, Tanzania 61% and Venezuela 65%.

There are injustices in our society which ought to be corrected, but compared with the rest of the world, we're not doing so badly.

Dave Locke's item produced a mixed reaction. I am an active, enthusiastic, practicing Catholic, so naturally I agree with Reverend Boehmer's underlying point that Christianity is true. However, he expressed himself so badly that I agree with many of Dave's objections to the editorial. The editorial is headed, "From Your Pastor's Heart"; I think it might be more accurately described as from his scrapbook. A number of his points are very familiar. They have been used by others in proper context and with fuller explanations. They are valid, but in the editorial they have been badly jumbled together with various straw men so that they lose their force.

When Rev. Boehmer says, "something has gone wrong with man's inner life," he is not talking about modern times, but about Original Sin and the Fall of Man. I am sure he is not claiming that the believer always lives up to his standards. The point of saying that even the unbeliever does not is to show that even those who do not accept the Christian's explanation of the problem know from their own experience that the problem exists. The problem is that our imaginations, our emotions, and our passions interfere drastically in our lives and keep us from living up to our standards and living the way we ought to live. It is plausible, although not proven from this fact alone, that this defect results from damage suffered by the human race, just as by analogy, a radio might play with a bad hum after it was knocked off a table.

The atheist position is not stronger than the religious position in terms of debate. The atheist affirms the non-existence of God, and it is harder to prove a negative than to prove a positive. Atheism requires an act of faith. Agnosticism can be of two kinds. It can be a pragmatic position that one does not know whether or not God exists, or an epistemological claim that it is inherently impossible to know such things. If the

latter, this is an affirmation which must be proven. If the former, it seems reasonable to try to find out, because the answer is important. We Christians do not only believe that God exists, we believe that he has told us the purpose of human life, that there is a life after death and that the way we live this life affects the way we will spend the next life. If we are right, this is something one should want to know now, while there is still time to use the information. I am not saying that one should pretend to believe because Christianity might be true. Dave is right in saying God would not be fooled. I am saying only that the existence of God is a question which deserves serious attention until it is resolved one way or the other. And I completely reject Dave's claim that a religious position cannot be supported by fact and logic.

I see YUCKABEE YUCKABEE that Sam Long asks about the dread disease Lurgi. Lurgi was first reported YUCKABEE YUCKABEE YUCKABEE on the GOON show, a BBC radio comedy series of the fifties. People sitting on buses or walking down the street suddenly started screaming "YUCKABEE YUCKABEE" as indicated above. The disease could be cured by playing brass instruments, so the R.A.F. air-dropped emergency packages of brass band instruments all over Britain.

George Fergus is mistaken. A whimsical is used to cut whims, not to increase them. Or did he mean that if your editorial whim increased by 300% it would have to be cut back using a whimsical?

**Ouch*//Dave Rowe partially explained Lurgi to me, but YUCKABEE you went into greater detail. Thanks.//In any debate, some basics have to be agreed on; an Atheist and a Believer simply cannot come to terms long enough to even begin. You did not mention the Agnostic, who not knowing one way or the other, does not care enough to bother finding out. In order for a matter to concern you to that degree, you must accept it up to a point. A person who feels that there may not be a God, is certainly not about to fret over what this may-or-may-not Being has to say about an afterlife! The only people I've met who seriously researched the question were semi-believers, either going or coming.//Rev. Boehmer seemed to be, by negative analogy, claiming that Believers had achieved all those lofty goals that he asked atheists and agnostics to point out...and that was patent nonsense. The only people I've seen with "Inner Peace" were either mental defectives or dead.//If, and I stress, if, those figures are correct, then why do we keep hearing about the widening of the gap between the Haves and the Have-Nots in this country? I guess I'd question the propriety in using 20% as a base, since the bulk of wealth/power seems to be greatest at the top 5% of the population. But I do agree with the spirit shown in those tables: taken against the other nations of this Earth, the US comes closer to achieving economic and personal equality than nearly any other. And, the most important point, we're still working at improving the situation.*

MIKE GLICKSON
141 High Park Ave.
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M6P 2S3 CANADA

(June 17, 1975) Your Marcon sounds like a bummer, although I had heard other reports on the con that praised it as a pretty happy gathering. Perhaps some of the fans did not get involved in the hall parties, and hence didn't experience the bad vibes with the committee. (A bit disappointing that; I've

known the Columbus people for years, and there are some pretty good people down there. I don't know who made up the committee this year though.) I know from my own experience that it's quite possible for an individual to have no run-ins with the hotel at a con that is later famous for its poor service and disruptive hotel relations. StLouisCon springs to mind; probably the best known bad example of a hotel in fan history, yet my personal reaction to the staff and facilities was a good one. (I realized the layout was dumb, of course, but lucked out in avoiding all the personal and individual problems many other attendees experienced.) I think you're over-reacting a bit in swearing off all future Marcons, though; people, places, relationships all change, and you may find yourself wanting to go back again some day.

Regret missing KKK which sounds like another highly successful Nashville con. I did get a call from Rusty with the good news though, so was able, even over the phone, to pick up a few of the happy feelings and abundant good energies that typified the con.

I'm sorry John Berry had to lose in order for Rusty to Win, but I'm glad Rusty will be going to Australia with us. I'd expected John to win because of his greater fame in fanzines (DUFF and TAFF seem to be primarily fanzine oriented to me, or at least I'd thought that way in the past; might have to alter my thinking on that now.) but then I supported Dallas in 73, and Chuck Crayne for 75, so what do I know?

I agree pretty well right along the line with Dave Locke's remarks and rebuttals to the minister's editorial. I've never been convinced that some sort of overall scheme of belief or faith is necessary for a happy life. I realize that it helps a great many people to have one, but the reverse is not necessarily true. The religious person who automatically feels that a non-religious person has to be floundering around seeking answers, constantly in a state of inner turmoil and unrest, is making an extremely arrogant assumption. The thing that has always bothered me most about most "organized" systems of faith/belief/principles is the common belief that they and only they are plugged into the proper way to live one's life. My father, whom I love dearly, respect, admire, is one of the most deeply religious people I know, in the true and non-orthodox sense of the word. The strength of his conviction and the way in which he is able to live it twenty-four hours a day is so incredibly apparent that I've never met anyone, of any age, who was not instantly moved by it. (At age 58, he has just taken a brief rest from running a cooperative house in London peopled with youngsters from between 17 and 25 who would literally walk on water if he told them to, to take a three-month trip to Africa to discuss the attainment of one's full potential with the people of Ghana.) And yet, he accepts my lifestyle and has never tried to "sell" me his, even though he does believe it to be the best way to live. He's explained his thoughts to me often enough, but simply in the manner of someone saying; "Here is what I know within myself to be true. It's true for me and I believe it could be true for you. Think about it, and do what seems right for you." That's the sort of faith I can admire, whether I share it or not.

Personally, I lack religious convictions. Nor do I feel they provide the answers to whatever it is that I'm searching for, however vague and lacking direction that search may be. I've a code of behavior I try to follow, and so far it does not seem to have done any better or worse than the religious beliefs of the devout that I know. I'm afraid my opinions are rather colorless, Dave, like the pure alcohol in which I've preserved them.

Surprisingly, perhaps, Dave, my view that an editor ought to clear changes with a writer is based more on my experience as an editor than a writer. I cannot offhand think of any instances wherein deliberate alterations in something I've written have annoyed or embarrassed or upset me. (But then I do not submit very much in the first place.) I've heard, though, of many instances similar to the one Roy Tackett describes in this issue of DILEMMA, and I can remember numerous instances when I've read through a submitted piece and not been quite sure whether or not something was deliberately worded in an odd way or just a typo. In such cases, I've tried to clarify things with the writer. These are usually minor points, however. Nor do I believe in the sanctity of my every word. I do, though, believe in the sanctity of other people's words, unless they've previously given me permission to change them. Thus when Donn said he felt he had the right to alter any submission to fit certain editorial needs of form and length, I disagreed with him. If an individual writer doesn't mind, or simply trusts the judgement of the editor to whom he's sent the piece, that's fine with me. It just doesn't seem right for every editor to assume carte blanche in this regard though. It doesn't work that way in the pro ranks, and this is one area in which I see nothing wrong in fans emulating professional standards. (Yeah, yeah, I know that it often does happen to the pros, but it isn't supposed to, and that's the important thing.)

If there's any logic at all behind what you accurately state is personal opinion, it would have to be that I believe most writers would not be aware that the editor to whom they are sending an article thought he had the right to alter it almost at will. Hence I consider it common courtesy to either clear changes with the author, or request changes of him/her personally. If all fan writers know that all fan editors may/can change their words around, then my position becomes untenable. But I'll lay you a case of scotch against a carton of Coors that is not the situation. I guess it's up to the individual editor to make that fact clear to potential contributors who can then decide whether they

accept it or not. (By the way, do you redraw illustrations if you don't like a certain line or area of shading in them? I know an editor who did, and I thought he was wrong too.)

I approve of the dating of letters. I've nothing to say about politics, and I wonder what Bob Tucker's been holding out on me? If he has a warm body there in his apartment or house or whatever because he's claimed to be me again, I want to know about it!

Tucker, known far and wide for his impeccable honesty, would never stoop so low as to make spurious statements. Of course, when he's passing himself off as someone else, anything's bound to happen...//Except in error, I've never left out lines in a person's drawing, nor redrawn areas to suit myself. I have tampered with shading, however, because of the limitations inherent in hand-cut stencils. Nothing integral to the piece, though, if it's impossible for me to approximate, I send it back with the suggestion it be used by someone with off-set or access to electrostencilling.//Most writers, pro or amateur know their 'market' (or at least they should). Donn's made it clear by the very structure of TITLE that submissions will be doctored to fit his format, and I wouldn't be surprised to find anythin I might send him altered beyond recognition. Not being the sort that's overly attached to my own words, it wouldn't bother me, but I do recognize that others are more possessive/protective of their work. As usual, I firmly tread the middle ground in this: editors should have the right to do what they need to do to submissions in order to use them (within reason), and writers/artists should realize the limitations and practices of the editors to whom they submit.//Your father sounds like one of those Special People who practice what they espouse to believe and choose to make converts, if at all, by process of example rather than inducement. You are fortunate indeed; there are few of that kind around.//I had half-way expected to see Berry win too, which doubled my pleasure at seeing Rusty win. Maybe confans, who would seem to have a great interest in who won the fan-trip funds, since it is they who will host/see/cope with the winners, have turned a new corner. Or it could simply be that we Midwest fen have pulled together for once.//Personally, I had no hassles with the Maroon committee. I merely observed some with others. (The hall parties I participated in were very quiet, very late, and quite some distance from the con-suite.) It was the attitude that bugged me. "Damn the attendees; we go first!" Certainly it's possible to enjoy oneself despite the committee, and many did, but with so many cons to choose from I see no need to expose myself to that atmosphere. Others have found the same vibes I did, and some warned me I wouldn't care for it, so I know I'm not alone in my reaction. But to be sure, times and people change, and there conceivably could come a time I'd want to attend another Maroon...but I doubt it.

SAM LONG

Box 4946

Patrick AFB, FL 32925

(June 20, 1975) Thanks for DILEMMA 8--the one with the Republican cover. Ha ha! Just wait til you see GUNPUTTY 1...

I liked your consrps. I'll see you at BYOBcon and maybe Rivercon. Now that I'm "free" and able to attend as many cons as I can stand--at least for a little while--I'll be able to compare them as you have. After all, I've only been to one con in the US.

Dave's article was, how shall we say, somewhat of an overreaction. True enough, the preacher was platitudinous, but it seems to me Dave was too. I'm neither Christian, Atheist, nor Agnostic. I hold the concept of divinity, but the attributes of the deity in my *Weltanschauung* are very different from those of your traditional Judaic-Christian deity. So in a sense both the preacher and Dave seemed equally shallow to me. But before I start another religious war, I'll cut this off and leave you wondering what my beliefs are...heh heh. In a word, tho, I wasn't much turned on by Dave's defense of non-belief.

Letters...No, Harry. What happened last August is not similar to what happens in Britain when a government changes. There, the head of government has lost the confidence of his party, the parliament, and, being unable to govern, must step down. A President is independantly elected, and does not depend on the Legislature. He is elected for a

fixed term; and no matter how unpopular he is with the people or the Congress, he cannot be forced from office except by his death, resignation of his own will, or conviction on charges of impeachment. A much nearer analogy would be public opinion forcing the Queen to abdicate, lest she be deposed by Parliament. It's happened in the past--the not in the past 300 years, almost. No, the P.M. is not Commander in Chief of HM forces. The Queen is. But the P.M. is her chief servant and the head of her government, and the person to whom (through the Minister of Defence--a post Churchill held along with the P.M.-ship) HM Armed Forces report. So the P.M. is in effect, but not by law, C-in-C. The P.M. could not, of his own accord, order the Royal Navy's Polaris submarines to launch their missiles; the Queen would have to assent too. The British Armed Forces take an oath to the Queen--not to the government, just as our Armed Forces swear to uphold the Constitution, not the President as such. And (re: your comments to George Fergus's letter), in almost every case, when there's a change of government in Britain, the Leader of the Opposition has his Cabinet all ready. It takes no longer to form a government there than it does to change an administration here. The outgoing P.M. resigns and hands in his seals of office, the Queen summons the leader of the winning party, asks him if he can form a Government, he says yes, kisses her hand, and receives the seals his predecessor gave up. That's it.

*That's rather quick when you consider it takes two months or more to form a Government/Administration here. Too often, despite being elected over two months before assuming office, the President-elect still hasn't rounded up all his Cabinet by Inauguration Day.//I must admit to a certain amount of curiosity concerning just what faith you adhere to. Could the title of your new zine give one a clue, by any chance?//Despite my personal leanings, as a fan-ed with Integrity--*cough*-I had to surrender to the Artistic Expression of Plato Jones. Now that he's flaunted his political leanings, I'm trying to get a cutesy-pie donkey out of him, in the interests of the Fairness Doctorine, but he's remaining as stubborn as my hoped-for subject.*

DAVE HULAN
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(July 17, 1975) By fan-fiction, do you include faan-fiction? Some of the best humor I've ever read--or written, come to that--had been in the latter form. Serious fiction written by fans I react to the same way you do; humorous fiction about fans, on the other hand, can be extremely good. Though perhaps it's best in the confines of an apa, where all the "characters" know one another.

Something's funny about your petroleum figures. If the US produces only 5% of the world's petroleum, and consumes 30%, howcum the US only imports 40% of its petroleum? Which is a figure that I've seen over and over again in recent months. I suspect that what you have there is the estimated world reserves or something, not production, because the US produces a good deal more than 5% of the world's petroleum. In fact, I think we rank second after Saudi Arabia in world production, though of course we use all of it ourselves and then some. I'm not positive of that, but I know your figures have to be off somewhere.

Not that what I have to say interferes with your argument at all; it makes it more cogent than ever. We're not nearly the net petroleum consumers that Western Europe and Japan are. On the other hand, we do consume a whole bunch more per capita than Western Europe does, even if we are producing a majority of it ourselves.

Some Selectrics can half-space, though I don't know about triple spacing. This one can't, but the one my secretary has at work (a correcting Selectric II) can. I guess all a Selectric owner who wants to write for the Hagerstown paper can do is manually add a space to each line. If anyone elite enough to own a Selectric would want to write for the Hagerstown paper...

I'm not that much of a con-attender. Big cons, in particular, depress me, and I don't enjoy them. I haven't been to a Worldcon since StLouisCon (well, I showed up at LACon for something like three hours, mostly to attend the Georgette Heyer tea) and will probably never attend another one, unless there's another one in LA, in which case I'll probably go to it for another three hours or so to see friends by prior arrangement, if

it can't be worked out that I can meet them away from the con somewhere. I was chairman of the '72 Westercon, but by '73 even the Westercon was too big for me to enjoy it, and I haven't attended the last two. My only cons this year will be Mythcon (the Mythopoeic Society con), where Marcia and I will go for a day to see a few friends from out of town and participate in the masquerade, and Halfacon, the Southern Regional con for the winter. You might think about Halfacon yourself if you're able to travel as far as New Orleans December 5-7; it should be a very good small con, and practically all the Southern Stobcler members will be there (Markenstein and Inzer surely, along with Marcia and me; Brown and Hutchinsom probably will be).

The best con I ever attended was the '66 DeepSouthCon in Huntsville--about 20-30 people in attendance, and it was like one long continuous party for the whole weekend. I was able to really get to know everyone there. Most of them I knew anyhow from SPPA, but even those I didn't know in the beginning I felt I did when it was over. A great con, and an ideal size. Cons nowadays are too damn big.

I don't see Sam Long's distinction between government and administration. That is, I don't see where there was any less of a change in government when one President was succeeded by another than there was in England when one Prime Minister was succeeded by another. I think he's picking nits that are so small that they disappear when you look closely at them. Certainly by any ordinary understanding of the term 'government', the government is changed when the people running it change. If you're talking about a change in the form of government, then the British haven't had such a change since back the last time they restricted the powers of the House of Lords in 1911 or so (no, I guess it was 1912 or 1913, because I remember it was after the death of Edward VII in 1912). Which was about comparable to the change in our government when the Senate was changed to direct popular election at about the same time. No, I don't understand his point at all.

Sam was simply trying to point out that we've been misusing the terms, 'government' and 'administration'. That the two are commonly used as synonyms is beside the point, as any good nit-picking fan would agree.//Most assuredly, small cons are the best cons, but they're getting harder and harder to locate. 20-30 would make a good-sized house party nowadays, and cons of under a hundred attendees have all-but disappeared. Ideally, my top limit would be 150--realistically, though, it's more like 300.//I'm fairly sure that the 5% figure did refer to World Reserves. The statistics came from the US Coal Producers (or whatever they call themselves), of all things. (The mislabelling serves as an example of the dangers one encounters in trying to devise topical filler material in a hurry at 3 a.m. DILEMMA--the well thought out fanzine!) As you say, if you use yearly production figures, the picture actually improves. We do use more than we produce, but we're no more greedy than the other Industrialized Nations. If we consumed only what we produced, we'd still be using more than Western Europe and Japan, and we'd be called piggish in even louder screams. Could you imagine the outcry if we began accusing the nations that import our grain, lumber, industrial machines, etc., of "exploiting" our farmers, resources and factory workers?//Of course, good faan-fiction is always welcome (heck, even the Coulsons run that stuff at times...), but not much is ever offered. The majority, as you point out, is found within apas, and that's a shame.

LEE SMOIRE
946 Montpelier St.
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(August 3, 1975) My ghod! I'm actually LoC-ing! A unique experience with me! I didn't expect to get this ish, but after rapping with you at Rivercon, I was not surprised.

I find it informative to hear about cons I can't make (i.e. Marcon, Minicon, Kubla-whatever) and I like to hear other people's perspective on cons I did attend (i.e. Midwestcon, Rivercon). My con record has been pretty good this year. With the exception of January, I've made a con a month, and I'll be attending a local small con here in August (Columbicon), PgHLANGE in Sept., (hopefully) Windycon in Oct., Phillycon in Dec. I believe. Now all I gotta find is a con in November and I'll be happy! Gad, it seems like I've got con fever this year (would you believe I'm trying for ConFusion in January?).

Being a lifetime non-practicing (when I'm asked what's my religion, I say "Non-practicing."; they ask, "Non-practicing what?"; "Not practicing anything!" I'm the eternal agnostic.), I don't know, and what's more, I don't care! I've always had a hearty dislike for any organized religion i.e. Catholicism, Orthodox Judaism, and fundamentalist Protestant religions, Jehovah's Witnesses, etc. Now I don't dislike Catholics, Jews, Witnesses, etc., just the structure and hierarchy of their religions. I find most of them repressive, anti-choice, anti-female, anti-human. I feel you don't need to be raised with an organized religion (or, for that matter, with any religion) in order to be a decent, good person. My personal credo has been that the best guideline ever put down was the Golden Rule.

I don't really read many fanzines, so I found the zine reviews of only small interest, but it seems I've been getting into more different aspects of fandom in the past year or two, fanzines included. So I'll probably be reading more.

I was pleased to be able to deliver Harry Warner Jr.'s Fan Achievement Award to him after Midwestcon. I'd never met him, and was fascinated to meet a "living legend". He's a nice man. We're hoping to have him at Balticon 10, since we're having a fanzine oriented program, with Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tomkins as Fan GoHs. (Course, we're having other things; art show, large huckster room, lots of films, parties--that stay open late--and unique things. We've also booked the entire hotel for the weekend, so there shouldn't be any noise (hall party) objections. Even though Balticon is different than in former years, we still put on good parties, only now we have great programming too! (Ah, modesty!)

I'm sorry I hadn't read Jodie's letter, since it generated so much comment. Although I've not been apathetic (I always exercise my right to vote, I examine the candidates, etc,) I've never been able to get immersed in politics, finding the in-fighting and manipulating revolting. I do participate in some fan politics, but find most of it to be distasteful.

When you mentioned how you entered fandom, I almost started to write back my story on how I got into fandom, but that's an article unto itself (and besides, I think I told most of it to you at the Rivercon Banquet!). Another good article is how I made it through LACon on \$25.00! (Sometimes...)

Mike glicksohn's comment on being at same/different cons is very true! Also, Rivercon being my 55th convention in a little under 8 years, I can appreciate his feelings on remembering when, where, or whether, a particular event occurred.

As to andy's pseudonyms, I have a list complete up to January, 1973, of all the porno he's done under other names (including one female, Opal Andrews). There's a lot of them! Personally, I'd like to see more female oriented erotic literature, both SF and regular. Erotic, not pornographic, necessarily. andy and I have had a discussion on someone doing the female viewpoint sequel suggested at the end of The Great 24-Hour THING--anyone want to collaborate?

Offhand, I could think of a few--Ann Cass comes to mind immediately. She's an appreciator of well-written erotica too. I was mildly surprised that andy and Jodie didn't do a sequel; it seemed like a natural.//At the 4-year point (April of this year, I'd attended 28 cons. Guess we're hooked, eh?//Balticon sounds like it'll be a "good 'un" (as Rusty would put it), but it's also a bit beyond my ability to reach.



DAVE LOCKE
819 Edie Dr.
Duarte, CA 91010

(July 5, 1975) What? You won't publish fan-fiction in
DILEMMA? What kind of a science fiction fan are you, any-
way? Here I had this clever little 5000 word story about
Bat Durston and the Moon Maidens of Jupiter, and I had it
all addressed to you, and you come out with this unbelievable bit of prejudice against
fan fiction. Well, darn it. God darn it. It's a helluva good story, really, and you
sure could be helping me on my way to a pro career if you'd publish it and let all your
readers comment on it and everything. I'm only twelve years old, but I'm sure pissed off
at you, lady. Now I'll have to take it out of that envelope and stuff it somewhere else.

Who did that great, uncredited, cartoon on the back page?

It was good to see Mike Glicksohn agreeing with me for a change. It made the old
heart go lub-dub, although it puzzled the brain because I can't figure out what he's
agreeing with... Do you suppose he would write and clarify the matter? Do you suppose
he would remember? I really would like to know on what particular point we agree, just
so I can bring it up again.

Jeff May just possibly could have a helluva idea there, about a fanzine with nothing
but blank pages that the reader could fill in as he pleases. Think about it. Harlan Elli-
son could complain about the previous issue. Donn Brazier could glue bits and pieces of
letters onto every page. Dick Geis could marvel at the virgin purity of the pristine
white sheets, and then molest it. Linda Bushyager would wonder as to what would be in
the next issue, and misquote the current one. Mike Glicksohn would use it to glue in
labels from scotch bottles. Jackie Franke would pencil in notes on her last 42 conven-
tions. Bruce Pelz would be concerned that the bindery might bind it upside down. Ed Cox
would doodle in it. Bill Bowers would gaffiate and move to Tijuana after realizing that
his fanzine couldn't match its perfect layout and duplication. And Buck Coulson would
rate it a '9' because he couldn't find anything in it with which he could disagree (maybe).
Ed Cagle would light campfires with it. Ned Brooks would think that he was finally going
blind, move, leave no forwarding address with the Post Office. Bob Bloch would send a
postcard-of-comment without any message on it.

Well, I don't want to milk the idea dry. Let someone else have a shot at it. (Not
in your fanzine, you say?)

There was something about Tucker's fictitious Reader's Digest article, "New Hope for
The Dead", which started me to chuckling. Finally I went to bed, and as I laid there
thinking about it, I would occasionally emit a low chuckle. This caused the bed to jig-
gle, and finally of course it caused my wife to sit up and demand an explanation for this
unseemly behavior. As her disturbed rest had put her in a disturbed mood, I did not
think she was ready to hear about "New Hope for The Dead". Finally, of course, I wound
up sleeping on the sofa. Bob Tucker got me thrown out of my own bed.

Yes, the pastor replied to my letter. The gist of his comment was that we should
agree to disagree. Since then he's been over here for a couple of games of table tennis
(he's good), and is looking forward to playing over here again which he probably will this
weekend. Nice fellow, and of course there's no reason why he shouldn't be.

We've gotten an awful lot of letters on SHAMBLES--an amazing number, actually, and
they're still pouring in--and a good percentage of them are of good quality. Apparently
the first issue was a success despite my screwups with the interior illos. Ed has been
incommunicado of late due to workload problems, so I don't really know how he views the
situation, but I feel really good about it. The biggest egoboo letter, almost embarrass-
ing in its praise (though I lapped it all up...) came from andy offutt. It seems Jodie
foisted it on him, and he read it all in one sitting. He not only wound up getting gushy,
but wound up saying so in that many words. None of it is printable, of course, but it
was a great egoboost.

*Be happy that you weren't at Midwestern this year--your head would've swelled
so much at hearing andy's remarks there that you'd still be stuck in the banquet
hall, unable to get through the doorway. You'd have lost your job, probably
would have to file as a bankrupt...and Brian wouldn't even recognize your pic-
ture any more. Yes, be happy...//Could the road to conversion be over the ping-
pong table? Now...//Tucker sez the blank fanzine idea's already been done.
"Invisible Planet Stories", or something like that. Some fans, who shall go*

nameless (at this late date, they scarcely need the egoboo...) had the idea in 1939, or some such equally ridiculous date. That's the trouble with having Eofen on one's mailing list. Everyone's "original concepts" turn out to be old hat...*sigh*//The cartoon was so credited. Everyone recognizes the distinctive scrawl that passes for your signature by now. Don't they? Besides, how can I Ooops an Oops page? Be realistic!

DAVE ROWE
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(August 14, 1975) When I was doing hand-cuts (back in the Dark Ages), one editor asked me to create a cartoon character for his zine that would be cuddly without being cute, show intelligence & wit without looking snobbish, and not 'look silly'. That was the same editor I mentioned back in

D7. Anyway, I more or less did this, but was a little heavy-handed in the cutting, so that after a print run of a page showing this creature blasting away with his ray gun, I peeled the stencil off and was surprised to find a large hole in it. The hole, I realized after a moment, was the thing's silhouette, and when I looked back on the ink-screen, there he still was, intact, blasting away at the surrounding ink. It seemed amusing at the time...

Cons are either Good or Bad or 'don't gel'. Funnily enough there's yet to be an Eastercon that has gone exactly right for me. You see whether a con is good or bad also depends on whether you enjoy it or not. '70 was a bad con, which in the main I didn't enjoy. '71 was the same. '72 was a good con, but my enjoyment was marred by trying to escape the clutches of a certain female. '73 was the one which 'didn't gel' and came close to being a bad con. '74 was the best so far--& I was bloody ill right the way through it. '75 was a good con--that is to say the atmosphere was good--a lot of programme, etc., was junk, but I had a close friend there who was bloody ill. So what will '76 hold? I don't know, but with Pete Presford for Chairman, I don't hold up that much hope.

The religion question has already been done over here several times. Notably by Ian Williams, John Piggot & John Hall, and in a slightly lesser way by Gray Boak, Ian Maule, and the Pardoes (Atheists all!!!). I think the Pastor took far too much time telling the Atheists what the atheists think (something that happens time and time again) and arguing only within his own logic, but Dave seems to have successfully picked that to pieces. Damn and blast, if it wasn't so damn late, and I wasn't so pushed for time, I'd send a long well-thought-out letter about some of the points raised in his fourth paragraph, but at the moment I couldn't do it justice--in my next letter--maybe. But why anybody honestly thinks we atheists should believe in "perfection", "great purpose", & "inner peace" is beyond me. After all, they're 'religious' terms, and atheism is not a religion.

As for patriotism, most Britishers are almost viciously cynical about it, but just see em when some foriegner insults the motherland. You'd think he was guilty of first-degree murder or something.

Beneluxon was good enough in itself, but the accomodations were seperate and hopeless. To say it was spartan was an understatement, even the mosquitoes had survival packs. Then the idiots put mundanes on the same floor as us...& that's when the room parties got banned. You won't believe what I've written up about it in my TITLE-col, but it's all true.

The room parties were banned! Ghodd Grief! That's unthinkable!! I've heard of parties being asked to cool it or close, but to have all parties called off and verboten is simply Not Done over here...//Religion's been 'done' over here too, but it's one of those things that never truly gets stale.//The first time I literally "cut out" an illo, I thought I'd ruined it; but as you implied, it ran off just fine. As long as the piece doesn't drift off, and stays in place, no one's the wiser. Countless are the goofs we mimeo-freaks get away with...

DEAN GRENNELL
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(June 26, 1975) DILEMMA welcome, as always. Daves's item, imho, steals the issue cold. Perhaps I'm prejudiced because he seems to refine and crystalize my own opinions in a better manner than I could ever hope to. Which is sort of a graceful way of saying; "Me, too!" I would, however, be curious as to what manner of feedback (feedbackback?) he may have gotten from the minister, who, imho, comes on as a sort of reincarnate G.M. Carr. I suppose there are platoons of fresh, new, fannish faces who'll chorus, "G. M. Who?" Truly, they know not their fortune.

Congrats on the Gestetner. "I rode into fandom on a Rex-O-Graph, circa '52 or so. The furnace wholesaler for whom I worked got a Gestetner 120, and I used to sneak it home of an evening to run off fan-stuff. You'd never believe it today, but people used to comment on my fine repro in those days. When I left the fabulous world of furnacebiz in '63, I paid some \$80 for a used 120 Gestetner, but I've never succeeded in coaxing the same sort of results from it. This may be due, in part, to the fact that my present fleet of typers (three IBM Exec's) are by no means as well suited for cutting gestencils as the old manuals I used to use. A year ago August, I had to buy some more gestencils, only to learn the minimum quantity now is a fifty pack. At the same time, the clerks cheerily informed me that parts for the 120 haven't been available for years, so if anything should break, I can just bury it in the back yard--with full military honours, of course. Since I use it not much more than once a year for my 8 fapa pages, it may survive long enough to use up the rest of my present stock of stencils. I hope so.

Harry's comments on working under a series of editorial tyrants chilleth mine soul. It must be mind-rotting. I have enough trouble getting my copy past the typesetter, the proofreaders and the art department in recognizable form. We've a brisk turnover among proofreaders--perhaps due in part to what we pay them--and you no more than get one broken in a bit and it's all to do over. Give you a couple e.g.s: recently, writing up someone's whatzit, which they termed their deluxe model, I took the sensible step of checking my dictionary, found it given as de luxe, so I two-worded it. The checkerproof came to me after the gal had whacksies at it first and she'd marked to one-word all the de luxes. More, she'd gone stark bonkers with hyphens, sticking them into the copy everywhere, including many places where there was not the least justification or excuse. Nearly all my markings consisted of writing "stet" on top of her markings, but I did find a place where I'd written "mastered" and typesetting had written "measured". So I marked that. The repro copy came by. The word was still "measured". I marked it again and the final boards came back tonight, with a correction line pasted over that line and darned if they hadn't put "measured" on the correction line!

Any publication develops a specialized jargon of its own, to some extent. By having our type set in-house (in '68 we got the blessed IBM compositors, or whatever, and I really can't see how we ever got along in the old days), we're able to program the people somewhat. For example, there used to be a brand of gunpowder called 'Reloder'. I hated to mention it, because it never failed to take at least three 70 mile trips to Burns Typesetting Service to get it spelled that way instead of 'Reloader'. Flay me a linotypist and I'll show you the pelt of a would-be editor. I've known of a few such--though never in the biblical sense, I hasten to add--and all of them would bore you to tears with accounts of how they'd salvaged the spelling of this or that word that some idiot writer had misspelled.

Once, in a facetious mood, I made some whimsical and very deliberate reference to something being "rare as a pineapple bush". It came back as pineapple plant and, for once, the linotypist--I could envision his dewlaps quivering with righteous wrath--had penciled lightly in the margin in non-repro blue: "Pineapples do not grow on bushes!"

Well, as I say, life is easier since we got our own IBMs and it eliminates all the mad runs to Inglewood.

Locke on editing reminds me I've been going to point out to him that Omar Khayyam, FitzGerald and humble self customarily indent the third line of an 'aaba' quatrain about two spaces but, if I send a PsuedOmar and Locke stencils it, he just runs it flush-left all the way, third line and all. Now I ask you, is that fair? Well, I can't say for sure that Omar indented his third line, but FitzGerald's printers did so, quite consistently.

Perhaps the best way is to write your own stuff, set your own copy (i.e., cut your own stencils), run it off, collate it and mail it off. The helluvit is, when I try that, it still gets blunges up and besides, it's so much work!

And, ghod knows, there's nothing more shriveling to the fannish soul than that obnoxious word!//Wonder if Dave dashed over to his stack of AWRYS and checked to see how often he'd committed that greivious blunder. Somehow I find that difficult to imagine...//I love those horrendous stories you tell of your wars over the words you write--it makes running a household sooo simple by comparison!//I wonder why someone doesn't go about buying old broken-down hulks of ancient mimeos and sell their parts piecemeal, like an auto junkyard does with wrecks. It would seem there would be a market for parts from obsolete models, at least among fannish circles. Anybody got a spare basement, garage or warehouse?//Perhaps your Gestetner was insulted at the lowly price it sold for. They are snobbish, after all. And I still think your repro is great--at least in Stobcler--those Xeroxes do fine jobs!

Phew The lettercol keeps threatening to run away with me. Not that I mind it in the least: communication is what it's all about after all. Besides, with a fat issue, the folks at the paper suppliers--not to mention the ink companies and stencil manufacturers and corflu concocters--are happier and wealthier. Keep America Employed! Start up your own fanzine today!!! Help defoliate the countryside... Hmmm, I'd forgotten about that aspect of it. Oh well, I'm sure Twill Tone uses quite scruffy trees that no one would want around anyway. Back to the topic: as usual, there's not enough room to run letters from all who responded, but fear not; you are appreciated anyway. WAHF: C.E. Ben-net, Sheryl Birkhead, Mike Bracken, Philip Cohen, Buck Coulson, Tony Cvetko, Terry Hughes, Denny Lien, Mike Meara, Dave Piper, Roy Tackett, Bob Tucker, Paul Walker and Laurine White. My thanks to you all!

Many thanks as well to the contributors to this issue. More material is always being sought, so if you have anything of interest, original or reprint, do tell me about it!

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Thanks also go to Jeffrey Kipper, for the illo on P. 13, and to Plato Jones for the above.

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CoA; Michael Carlson; 3577 Lorne Ave. #9; Montreal PQ CANADA

And a personal Thank You goes to Donn Brazier, for sending me the copy of Tuckerbag #1 that I was lacking. Now, for what it's worth, I have copies of everything I've done. (Ghod! What a load of crud!) Next issue will have a poignant and touching poem by Sam Long, reprinted from an early issue of his (now demised) QWERTYUIOP. I cut the stencil for it, expecting to run it in this issue, but it was squeezed out by a combination of poor planning and overly verbose letter-writers.

Final stencil, Sept. 16