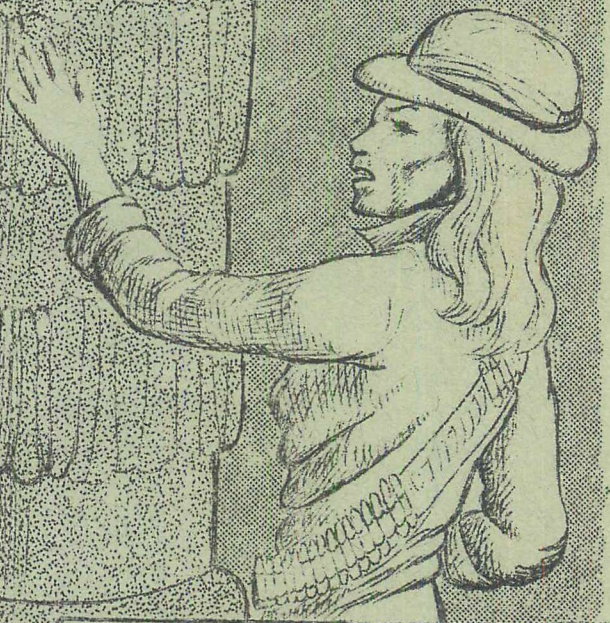


FEM LIB SF

HE

A GRIPPING TALE OF A
LOST CIVILIZATION AND
AN IMMORTAL LOVE
by
RIDING HAGGARD



INCLUDING — ANOTHER
EPISODE IN THE SERIALIZATION
OF
DILEMMA¹⁰

[illegible]

The response to the last issue was heartwarming indeed, though typing the letter column almost wore me out. As you can judge by its heft, this issue of Dilemma is the largest one yet, and as far as I'm concerned, an Absolute Limit has been reached. Though I did enjoy getting the material in this issue, especially the letters, my enchantment with cutting stencils is slight indeed and I can't see myself taking as much time with what's supposed to be a Fun Thing as it took to prepare this issue for the mimeo--which I still have to look forward to. Maybe it's the little pieces of depressing news that have come here lately (nothing major, just adding up to a downer), perhaps it's due to my usual case of blahs before the Holidays, but I've been in a meloncholy mood for two weeks or so now, and nothing is coming up that I would expect to lift it. I tend to get periods of depression that last anywhere from a few days to a few weeks a couple of times a year, so there's nothing abnormal in this one. But usually I avoid typing material for fanzines during those glum days, and with the anticipated postage-rate increase facing me, I can't do that this time. You'll have to bear with me this time I'm afraid. Hope I can prevent it from getting in the way too much, but you should be warned. Very little sweetness and light this issue, folks...

I segregated the con reports this time--a practice I'm not sure I'll continue, but which should make reading less painful for Buck Coulson--and got carried away a mite. Four pages on three cons is a Bit Much, and I'll try to keep it within bounds next time around. But I'd like to report on the final evening of Chambanacon here, for reasons which I hope will become apparent.

After a late afternoon swim and soak in the Ramada Inn's pool, I joined Andy and Jodie Offutt in their room for a beer-cheese-and-braunschweiger supper. Being a voyeur, I watched Jodie give Andy a blow job--dry his hair with her portable hair-drier, really, but it makes a good joke. Jim Hansen came by, looking for someone to eat at a Real Restaurant with him, since everyone else decided to sup at Pizza Hut or McDonalds that evening. We'd planned on just loafing around with our caftans and munchies, but, what the heck, maybe getting dressed up wasn't that bad of an idea. So after a few minutes while we changed into more proper attire, we gathered upstairs and asked for a table in the Viking Room. Roland Green and his wife, Frieda--who'd hosted a Honeymoon party over the weekend--, Bob and Anne Passovoy, and one or two others I couldn't make out in the rather dim light, were sitting near the entrance. We waved and nodded hello at them and to Joe Haldeman and Gordy Dickson, who were sitting at a nearby table, as the hostess showed us our table--booth really--toward the rear of the room. The Viking Room was intimately impressive; lots of warm, dark wood, red velvet and cut glass. We scanned our menus and made our selections. I asked Jim if he'd split an order or escargots with me since I had a taste for them but my pocketbook didn't. Turned out he had the same idea on his mind, so he gleefully agreed. Once the waitress took our orders, including a bottle of wine Jim was treating us with, we got up and made way to the salad bar, which was a delight. Picking up soup bowls (really!) we got to select from two kinds of greens, quartered tomatoes, sliced cucumber, white and red onion rings, green peppers, hot peppers, radish roses, toasted croutons, two kinds of crumbled cheese, and bacon bits before topping it all with a choice of six dressings--all of which smelled and looked scrumptious. Just as we got back to the table and started attacking our custom-made salads with gusto, the head waitress came up, with a bottle of wine in an ice bucket. "The hotel's finest champagne," she said, "with the compliments of Gordy and Joe."

It isn't too often that the four of us are speechless, but we were as struck dumb. As I looked wide-eyed at Jodie and Andy, I could ^{hardly} swallow down hard, once, and set his

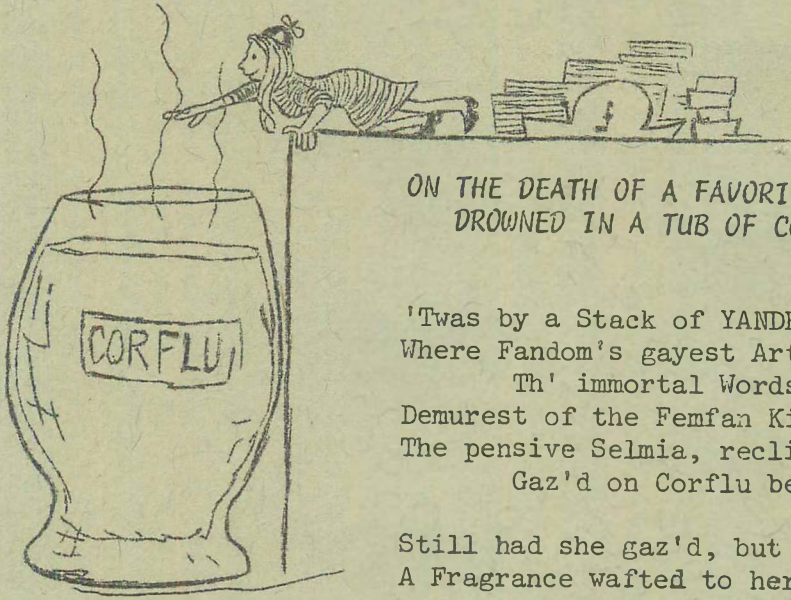
messed around with wax and wood carving, more or less killing time until the Holidays.

The older I get, the less enchantment I have for Xmas, and this year was even worse in that regard. I tried to vary my usual routine of buying and ordering all gifts by mid-November by waiting until a more Christmassy air developed, and wound up doing everything at the last minute instead. Apparently three-quarters of the civilized world decided on the same procedure this year, as the stores were simply unbelievably jammed. Either the recession is easing up or people were having a last-minute fling with whatever cash reserves they had left. Shopping at Sears, it took nearly three hours to get a few presents; most of which was spent waiting for a harried clerk to work her way down the line waiting at the check-out islands. As we wearily made our way back to the car, Wally informed me that I can have the pleasure of this yearly chore all by myself from now on. Thanks loads, fellah!

Upcoming conventions are few indeed, what with winter weather snarling up roads and fannish plans, especially in the more northern reaches of the country. So far we plan on attending Confusion (Ann Arbor Inn, 4th and Huron, Ann Arbor, MI 48104) the weekend of January 23-25th, where Lloyd Biggle and Bill Powers will be GoHs. This one was a fannish riot last year, and I see no reason to expect anything different this year. Ro Nagy and the Stilyagi Air Corps are the hosts (1115 Cranger, Ann Arbor, MI 48104) and registration is \$5 with rooms renting for \$19 single and \$25 double. Nothing else is on tap until Minicon 11 over Easter Weekend (April 16-18th, 1976). It will be held at the Hotel Leamington, as of last word, and is pairing up on GoHs, with Ed Hamilton and Leigh Brackett as Pros and Leigh and Norbert Couch serving in the Fan category. Rusty Hevelin and I will act as co-toastmasters. The committee included a flier with the most recent RUNE asking for suggestions about which films to show (Minicon is developing a fine reputation for their excellent film program): list your favorites and send them to: Minicon Films, c/o Chuck Holst, 2301 Elliot Ave. South, Apt. 2, Minneapolis, MN 55404. It's going to be a long, dry spell around here for conventions. Hope my psyche can stand the drought...

Many faneditors have received Press Releases from the SunCon Committee (The Orlando Worldcon) which reveals a touch of instability. I'm not going to go into any long, drawn out discussion of the various mix-ups--fussing among worldcon committees is not anything new, after all--but I do note with interest the possibility of future hotel difficulties. The Sheraton Towers has filed for bankruptcy, and is operating under the reorganization option of the law. It is therefore likely that a contract can be negotiated--though past negotiations are now out (Suncon had no contract with the hotel at all, as of December 1st)--though promised rates may be hiked as a result of the hotel's financial difficulties. It is the unlikely possibility that disturbs me: what happens if no contract can be negotiated? What then?

According to the World Science Fiction Society's rules (that's the paper entity we become when we join a Worldcon), if the site is unavailable due to whatever reason, the previous five Worldcon Chairman have the duty of naming a new site. The only difficulty with that is, according to the wording of the pertinent rule, that can't be done until after MidAmeriCon (see Article 3.05 in the rules as printed in MAC's P.R. #3), and that gives everyone little time indeed to whip things into shape. The thought distresses me, and I can but hope that matters won't get that serious. The Suncon Committee may not be the committee I voted for when I checked Orlando on my ballot, but they are a good group of workers who face a rough chore in the coming weeks. Those who have the most reason to be put out with the current committee have expressed their desire and wishes for a successful con, and I can do nothing else but join them in that hope. Too many people have worked hard and long for the Orlando bid to let things collapse in disarray because of personal differences; it would be a shame indeed if matters beyond fannish control could disrupt plans and leave Fandom in a quandry that would pale fan political affairs by comparison. Pray to your dieties, light the sticks of incense, do whatever you can to guarantee Good Fortune to Suncon. They need all the help they can get....



ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE FEMFAN,
DROWNED IN A TUB OF CORFLU.

'Twas by a Stack of YANDRO's Side,
Where Fandom's gayest Art inscribed
Th' immortal Words that glow,
Demurest of the Femfan Kind,
The pensive Selmia, reclin'd,
Gaz'd on Corflu below.

Still had she gaz'd, but in the air
A Fragrance wafted to her there:
The Vapor of Corflu.
Its oriental Midnight-tint,
Its wild and waxen Ether-scent,
These would her soon undo.

So from the Tub she took a Whiff--
A short One--then a deeper Sniff
She tried in vain to take.
She snift once more, and, loath, withdrew:
Who hath not smell'd of Airplane Glue?
Who hath not smell'd fresh Cake?

Presumptuous Maid! With Looks intent,
Again she stretcht, again she bent,
Nor knew the Gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by and smil'd.)
The slipp'ry Edge her feet beguil'd:
She tumbl'd headlong in.



Three Times emerging from the Flood,
She call'd to ev'ry fannish Ghod
Some Speedy Aid to send.
No Faned came, no Artist stirr'd,
No distant Stenciler had heard--
The Favorite has no friend!

O Fans, change not your Heiroglyph
With Corflu, or else do not sniff
This anaesthetic Stuff.
Not all that tempts your fannish Nose
Or Sercon Brain can, we say, 'goes',
And of this Poem, Enough!

--Sam Long--

Diary of a ~~KID~~ HOUSEWIFE

"Who's your best friend, Mom?" Missy asked.

"Your daddy."

"Aw, Mom! You know what I mean," she said in that exasperated whine shared by little girls everywhere.

Yeah, I knew what she meant, so I thought about it a minute. I'd told Missy the truth. If more married people also worked at being best friends, they'd be happier.

"Jackie Franke," I said.

"She doesn't even live here, you never see her except at cons, how can she be your best friend?"

"Look kid, I gave you two answers! Don't argue. If you don't like 'em go ask somebody else. Besides, grown-ups don't have to see each other all the time to be good friends."

Our friendship has its roots in fandom, evolving over a period of several cons into a nice comfortable, sharing type of relationship. You're not apt to see Jackie and me together much at cons. Jackie's a bridge player and goes off with a fourth (and a fifth) early in the evening. She also enjoys staying up till the wee hours and a con's not successful unless Jackie's seen the sun come up at least once during the weekend.

In the daytime Jackie can usually be found in the art show or huckster room--sometimes the bar, late in the afternoon--while I hang around the pool and the lobby, or leave the con altogether to put the check on the nearest shopping center and grocery.

(Neither of us goes to the panels, you notice.)

We do manage to share some time at cons, though. We've been known to party-hop together. We've shared lunches and late-night snacks, tasting and testing each other's cheese, trading off cans of beer and pop, pooling the contents of our coolers and using each other's can openers, salt and knives.

We keep in touch between cons, too. I usually think of Jackie when something nice or not so nice happens to me and I write her, sharing my good news, my complaints, the mundane happenings in my life. As soon as the letter is stamped, I feel good for having passed it on.

Wally and Jackie were in Kentucky in October and drove the hundred or so miles out of their way for an overnight visit.

I was tickled they were coming and looked forward to having them. I was anxious to show Jackie my house, my things: my desk and typer (the Big Red Machine), where I keep my stack of fanzines. Jackie would see my fannish possessions: my Joni Stopa and Bev Swanson plants, the candle of the god with the obscene-sounding name, a gift from Hank Beck, and my wall with its framed TITLE and Chuck Holst RUNE covers. (Not to mention my newly-painted kitchen walls and newly-tiled kitchen floor about which I'd written Jackie at some length.)

Andy, too, enjoys showing people around his domain and talking about his current project. (The first copies of SWORD OF THE GAEL arrived while the Frankes were here.)

Their father instructed the children to pilfer any belt and (especially) belt buckles that Wally took off. Sure enough, Wally had a buckle that Andy faunched after and the kids tried, but the damned thing was so big and heavy it was impossible to lift, even with the combined efforts of the Fantastic Four. (Then, too, there was the knife...)

I knew I'd get a mouth-to-mouth Windycon report and decided Andy, Jackie and I would chip in and see how late we could keep Wally up. Wally hung right in there with the rest of us, I'm proud to report. (Of course, he didn't know where he was to sleep and was too polite to ask...)

I fixed one of my house specialties, chicken and rice. I was careful to fry and serve the onions, green peppers and celery separately so as not to agitate Wally's digestive system--what there is of it.

A voice--a peculiar, unfamiliar voice--inside me said, "Don't use regular plates, get out some paper plates." OK. (Even though rice isn't the best dish to serve on paper plates.) I served the chicken and rice and salad and soya sauce at the dining room table.

The minute we sat down, I knew it was the wrong thing.

We began glancing at each other sidelong, nervously and hesitantly reaching for our forks.

We were all on edge, uneasy. Uncomfortable and fidgety. We felt flushed, quiet, devoid of conversation.

Slowly it dawned on us what was wrong, and Jackie and I looked each other square in the eye, nodded firmly, got up, reaching for salt, pepper, soya sauce, napkins and, taking our plates, the four of us trooped up the stairs to our bedroom and closed the door behind us.

Immediately we were totally at ease and comfortable.

You see, we are just not used to sharing food at a dining room table. We use beds and chairs as tables, or our laps. Jackie couldn't believe that Andy could even eat in any other position but leaning against the headboard of a bed with his legs stretched out and his ankles crossed. And don't I always sit crosslegged, Yoga-fashion, on a chair or bed to eat? We didn't know Jackie knew how to use a fork. And Wally didn't look just right unless he had a coffee cup sitting on the floor beside him. And a plastic one at that!

Some fannish traditions are just not to be mucked around with...

Jodie Offutt
September 25th, 1975



.... backlog....

Yet again into the fray, my friends. As was the case the last time I ran an installment of BACKLOG, I find myself unable to cope with the LoCload and am forced to stall for time by reviewing fanzines that have accumulated in recent months, rather than acknowledge them more properly. To those faneds concerned; I apologize. To those reading this; the following zines are recommended for one reason or another or they wouldn't be listed. I suggest you try those that sound interesting by either asking the editor for a sample copy, or sending the asked-for price, if indicated. Most fan-cas prefer LoCs to cash, but there are some exceptions which I try to note.

[illegible]

VORPAL--Richard Brandt, 4031 Sierra Dr., Mobile, AL 36609. Irregular, Xeroxed, available for art, contributions, trades or locs (the "usual") or 35¢, 3/\$1 if all else fails. I have on hand the 4th issue of Richard's zine (the number of which is a bit difficult to find, being given only on the ToC page, and rather cunningly disguised as a spot illo that I overlooked in three separate searches for it). Apparently without access to mimeo or ditto machines, Richard runs this 24pp zine off on a photo-copier, and doesn't indicate its manufacturer, so I fibbed when I said "Xeroxed"--for all I know he uses a 3M or other brand of machine. However, he does use only one side of the page which seems a bit wasteful of postage and makes the zine feel heftier than it is. He carries artwork by himself, Sheryl Birkhead, Alexis Gilliland, Terry Jeeves and Al Sirois; and material by Ann Breedlove (a ghodawful piece of gothic fan fiction), doug barbour (an "open letter" that deals mainly with rock music, done in doug's inimitable style), and an editorial, book review (MOTE IN GOD'S EYE) and another installment of his sf-horror-fantasy film review column by Ye Friendly Ed which I found to be the best portion of the zine. He covers "The Illustrated Man", "The Deadly Bees", "Where Bullets Fly", "The Torture Garden", "Beast of Morocco", "The Blob", "These Are The Damned", "Psyche '59", "The Gorgon", "Demon Planet", and "The Vulture"; any of which are apt to crop up on your late-night TV viewing list. 5 pp of lettercol rounds off the issue. Again it is undated, and Richard mentions an up-coming move, though I haven't gotten a CoA from him yet, so contact with him at the above address may be rather chancey...

--DON SAUR--Don C. Thompson, 7498 Canosa Court, Westminster, CO 80030. Available for "the usual" or 35¢ each, 6/\$2, or 12/\$2.50. Published bi-monthly with occasional lapses. #s 42 and 43, which I have on hand are fairly typical of this Hugo-nominated faned's output. Don rambles on about personal matters for a goodly portion of the zine, always starting off with some point that he drops for the bulk of his "discourse" and then attempts to tie neatly in at the end. It's a game he plays with us and himself, you see, and like all fannish nattering, sometimes works and sometimes doesn't. In #42, he goes on about Ambition, and how his Hugo Nomination fired said urge within his breast. As a discourse on one man's views about fan publishing and his involvement in it, the piece is fascinating and excellently done. In #43 he presents a muddled report on his AussieCon travels which fails both to present the "mood piece" I think he was striving for or a clear picture of Aussiecon or his trip there and back. The opening pages of this issue, concerning the death of his sister, Polly, perhaps explain at least partially the reasons for this being an "off" issue. Don writes intensely, putting his very soul on paper, as it were, and one feels that intensity as a striving to communicate. But there are times in every person's life when communication is impossible; #43 was written during one of those periods of Don's life I think, and I marvel at the fact that considering the emotional turmoil he must have been undergoing, he even tried. I hope for improvement in #44, not for the zine's sake, but for his.//Running with #43 was GREAT EXPECTATIONS, a 16pp Paean of Praise towards PHANTASMAGORIA (a graphic arts zine from former artists Kenneth Smith) by George Beahm. Excellently done, the article/review/whatever titillates one's interest in a zine that's normally not heard of in sf fandom. I've never read nor seen it, but this piece impelled me to ask around for some copies to borrow and they have been promised to me so further word may be heard on this topic.

VERT--Gil Gailer 1016 Beech Ave., Torrance, CA 90501. Mimeo. Available by editorial whim (no trades unless prearranged, and not for sale). Irregular, about every six weeks. Gil, a high school teacher, seems to be going into fan-pubbing with a vengeance. VERT is his third fanzine (PHOSPHENE is his personal zine, GUYING GYRE his serconish one), and would seemingly be partly a personalzine, partly a fan-service zine in nature. In this first issue--Nov 75--he explains why he's publishing it, and mentions the possibility of yet another fanzine; a genzine. (I don't see why it's needed: already he's editing one, it's only published serially rather than all at once.) He offers to give exposure to whatever fannish cause you're backing, or project you have going, and offers to review zines if asked. CoAs and other announcements will be handled as well. He's after communication, so insists on a LoC or PoC every other issue to remain on the mailing list--a bit stiffer than my unrigid requirements, but fair enough. The bulk of #1 is given over to a series of letters sent to him by Mike Bracken, who has been undergoing several personal traumas in his young life. I don't know how to comment on this correspondence except to say it's touching and very revealing about the hassles that can be tossed into one guy's life when it's just barely started. He runs reviews of Dahlgren and a critique of critic's practice of attributing qualities to a writer that he writes about, instead of treating them as aspects of a story he/she is telling. A smattering of other letters and a few announcements fill out the issue. Could bear watching. Gil is enthusiastic (in spades, doubled), but to be valuable as a platform for news and/or announcements, a zine must be reliable and fairly frequent. Good so far.

KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE --Mike and Pat Meara, 61 Borrowash Road, Spondon, Derby DE2 7QH, England. Mimeo. Available for Locs or even substantial letters, trades (all-for-all), possible contributions (check with them first), old fanzines and dollar bills...US currency, I assume, though it wasn't specified. I gather the \$ is to purchase other fanzines, so Canadian and Australian funds would most likely be acceptable as well. It's difficult to classify KNOCKERS (*ouch* I walked into that one), but it's mainly a pers-zine, being written in a diary-like style. Fanzines received, and reviewed briefly as well as books, records, films and such are listed on the ToC page, with the page number where they're mentioned indicated. Neat idea. Neat zine. The Meara's seem like the fannish sort of folk you've always wished would live next door but seldom do. They're open and friendly and honest, scatter wittisisms and opinions about with abandon, and put out a damn fine zine. I'd advise you to read it. (Free Reality Tester with #1)

WINDING NUMBERS --Randall Reichardt, 58 Penrose Place, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R2J 1S1, Canada. Mimeo. Available for the usual or 10¢ per issue (no subs, please). I'm not certain whether this could be rightfully called a clubzine or an infant genzine. All material in this first issue is written by members of Budding Winnipeg Fandom, but outside contributions are welcome. Randy introduces himself, describes his attempts to get info on starting up a club, and then turns the zine over to the others, Tony Dalmyn, Bern Roy, Andris Taskans, Johnston Smith, Stu Gilson (the only familiar name), and Bob France, who touch on various serconish topics. The pulps, R.A.H., films, Sfaand religion, Gordy Dickson and Machivelli, and a few other subjects are briefly treated. Though a bit superficial, the writing is clear and concise, and WN presents a number of readable fanwriters as well as itself to the world. Looks good, reads good. They've nowhere to go but up. (But Winnipeg in '88!?! Now come one fellas, be reasonable!!! You have to be in fandom for ages before thoughts of a Worldcon can be entertained--just ask the friendly fannish faces in Kansas City. They'll tell you all about it...)

DORK-PIZZLE--Carl Bernet, Box 8502, Portland, Oregon 97207. Offset. Available for the usual (I assume, that's how I've been getting it) or 50¢, \$3.50 a year. At first a quarter-sized personalzine, D-P seems headed toward genzine status with its increase in size to standard 8½ x 11 inch pages in #5. Carl's been wearing himself out, pubbing issues like mad on practically a monthly basis. He's funny, serious, intent and flip-pant by turns--a typical fan. He's gathered some excellent artwork in the short time he's been publishing. Good Locs, to-the-point reviews, good writing and getting better.

ETERNITY ROAD--Larry Carmody, 118 Lincoln Ave., Mineola, NY, 11501. Offset; available for "the usual" or 3/\$1. On hand is #3 which is apparently quite late and deserving of the announced "irregular" publishing schedule. ETERNITY ROAD consists mainly of book reviews written, I guess, by the editor. I can't say that I always agree with his assessment of the books read--sometimes I wonder if he's really read them at all--but very few people ever see the same book in the same light. Larry gives a brief report on Fantasy Con, and touches even more briefly on the awards given there in another section. A slender letter column uses a unique and not particularly successful system for editor response. Larry's worked at setting up an attractive layout, and once he has his procedure straightened out, ER should turn into a reasonably good review-zine. I don't know whether he's looking for contributors, but it could be a place to keep in mind to send any reviews you might have lying around. He sprinkles spot illos throughout, and those done by David Haugh show great promise indeed.

FARRAGO--Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Drive, St. Louis, MO 63131. Offset, available for trade or 3/\$2. Donn, never one to use a thing for only one purpose if he can think of another to add to it, uses this zine as a vehicle for more ambitious items of fan fiction, poetry and illustration than his pot-pourri of a zine, TITLE, can carry, as well have a zine to offer in trade instead of T. I simply don't read fan fiction unless I'm enticed to do so by strong personal recommendation of someone whose taste I trust, and even then, it's under duress, so I can't vouch for the quality of the tales in this first issue. However the articles on criticism read well, and the zine certainly looks good, so I imagine the fiction should be good for its type. Donn introduces his contributors in the first pages of the zine, with photographs as a pleasant addition to this seldom-seen practice. 50 pages of material; well done if you care for fan-written fiction.

DIEHARD--Tony Cvetko, 29415 Parkwood Drive, Wickliffe, OH 44092. Clear repro, but darned if I can tell by what method it's done. Available for the usual, or 60¢, 2/\$1. Tony states that this will be the last issue for at least two years--usually the kiss of death for a fanzine, but the option is at least open in this case. The cover, by Tara Wayne MacDonald, a Canadian fan who's cropping up frequently of late, has it's own explanatory pages: almost a story in itself. Don D'Amassa adds another chapter to his continuing series of author-studies; this time he regards the three novels of C. M. Kornbluth. Mae Strelkov continues with her studies of ancient languages of America, this time focussing on the Maya-Quiche and the contrasts between their religious symbolism and that of Christianity. Brett Cox reviews fanzines (RANDOM, OUTWORLDS and SHAMBLES in my copy, but since I'm missing P 17-18, there may be others). 17 pp of lettercol top off the issue. Tony really has evolved into a competent faned since the early issues of his zine--reproduction is excellent, contents solid and varied, and artwork's good--and he's relaxed when writing his own portions of the zine as well. Good reading, and I'll be missing this zine. Hope he does keep his promise and revive it in 2 years...

HUNTING OF THE SNARK--Robert J. R. Whitaker, Box 1148, Wilmington, Delaware 19899. 50¢ or the usual. Offset. An unusual zine, but I can't really say why it strikes me so. Contents surely fit well within the norms: editorial, a take-oof (Hey! I like that typo!) on the Theatre of the Absurd, by Mark Rogers, a by-mail interview done by the editor with D.G. Compton, and a reprint from Terry Carr's LIGHTHOUSE of an article by Samuel R. Delany done in 1967 that is a sample of Chip's weird acquaintanceship with the English language. A satire on the Ballard story THE DROWNED GIANT by Darryl Schweitzer and a short book review column lead up to a one-page (though extremely reduced type) lettercolumn. In any case, I had odd sensations while reading it; perhaps it was due to something I ate, but I'd suggest you try a copy and see if you get the same effect. 15 pages of reduced typeface, so those hard-of-seeing, be warned!

And now for something--two "somethings", actually--more than a bit out of the ordinary. The transcript of THE MIMED MAN published by Moshe Feder and FANHISTORICA, a prospectus-issue, from Joe DiSicliari and Gary Farber don't qualify as the usual sort of fanzine, yet both merit more than a mere mention.

It took nearly six months for Moshe to produce the copy of the fan-version of the old Broadway hit, "The Music Man", but it was definitely worth the half-year's wait. Moshe presents the script--43 pp worth--and 17 pages of allied material, including a charming map of the site of the play, Nova City, drawn by Ross Chamberlain; which is offset as is Ross's excellent cover. Interior illustrations, including one hand-cut gem, are by Stu Shiffman, who also contributed a fine back cover to the effort. Everything fits in this zine; I've never seen such a totally "together" fannish job that still maintains touch with the time-honored mimeo process. Usually productions of this type are sent to the printers for offset repro; Moshe chose to show what a good mimeographer can do with his machine. I mustn't neglect the contents. THE MIMEO MAN began as a fun idea based on Meredith Wilson's musical that Aseneth Hammond contributed to the one-shot, QUO-DAVIS. It was expanded upon after a multitude of requests by Debbie Notkin and Eli Cohen (who wrote the first few songs for the one-shot), and then later fully fleshed by Moshe. All paid strict attention to the origin of their parody, and their care for detail shows in every line. I haven't seen the play as performed at PgHLANGE and Dis-Clave, nor have I heard any witnesses report on it, but if it was done with one-tenth the flair and grace of this transcription, it must've been a joy to see! Moshe ran off only 200 copies of this. Please write to see if he has any left. It's definitely worth the \$1.35 by-mail price asked. (142-34 Booth Mem. Ave., Flushing, NY 11355)

JoeD Siclari and Gary Farber's grasp of mimeo techniques may not be as perfect as Moshe's but the respect they show for their subject--fanzine history--is just as evident. What they intend with this "non-issue" is to tease the readers' appetites into coming up with suggestions for worthwhile articles and pieces to reprint from fanzines of Yore. The premier issue was due out in October (which was when I got this), so I don't know for sure if it is available; but when and if, the asking price will be 50¢ or the "usual", which is being expanded to include help in research. This "prospectus" includes material by Joe Kennedy, Redd Boggs, Pat & Dick Lupoff, and brief pieces by the editors. I hope they do a better job at giving credit to the sources of their material--dating, in particular, would be appreciated, but otherwise there's no quarrel with what they're doing. Mike Gorra often used reprint material in his RANDOM, but this is an entire fanzine devoted to nothing but reprints, and all of the finest calibre. Write JoeD and inquire, or better yet, suggest your favorite pieces from the past. (JoeD Siclari, PO Box 1343, Radio City Station, New York, NY 10019)



Off the top of my head

...denny lien

FEMINIST BARSOOM TITLES, as rewritten by Burrows Rice Edgar (A Proposal...)

1. A Prince of Mars
2. The Earth Person of Mars ((Goddesses of Mars? White Goddesses of Mars?))
3. The Warperson of Mars
4. Sidney, Guy of Mars
5. The Chessperson of Mars
6. The Mistressmind of Mars
7. A Fighting Person of Mars
8. *
9. Synthetic Persons of Mars
10. Llana of Gathel **
11. Jean Cartier of Mars ((Or whatever))

*Note to 8 - This volume, originally The Swords of Mars, proved intractable to revision and has been repressed. Market research suggests that a novel called The Scabbards of Mars won't sell...certainly not to the proper audience anyway.

**Note to 10 - This title can stay as it is. Who the hell knows whether "Llana" is a Barsoomian masculine or feminine name anyway? Or, after slogging through nine previous novels, cares?

Then there's the Marxist rewriting of the same ---

1. A Czarina of Mars
2. The Opiates of the People of Mars
3. The Capitalist Warmonger of Mars
4. Tania, Worker's Heroine of Mars
5. * *Note to 5 - This title, tentatively planned as The Chessmen of Iceland, has been suppressed, as has the author/translator/editor

#####

And perhaps the soft-core porno rewriting...?

4. Thuvia, Wanton of Mars
5. The Chestmen of Mars
6. The Mistress-Minded Master-Mind of Mars
7. ---
8. Gay Blade of Mars
9. Synthetic Pleasures of Mars....

....After which Phil Farmer gets hold of the series and writes I Still Live Alive!--John Carter's Apocryphic Life and Apoplectic Readers; J. G. Ballard publishes a ninety-word novel titled "Why I Want to Fuck Dejah Thoris" dealing with Vietnam, media, and egg eroticism; Roger Elwood commissions an abridgement of The Gods of Mars making the Therns the good guys; R. A. Lafferty accepts the commission and makes them Catholic as well; a new Star Trek movie has the ENTERPRISE hit a time warp and land in Barsoom, where Kirk, Spock, McCoy, Scotty, Sulu, Chekov, and Uhura all go down in the same landing party and are captured by Tharks, see, and this female Thark falls for Kirk, see...

After which, since it's become Trek dreck, no straight arrow sf fan will ever read the books again - which won't stop the completist collectors from buying up all new editions, & the cycle begins again...

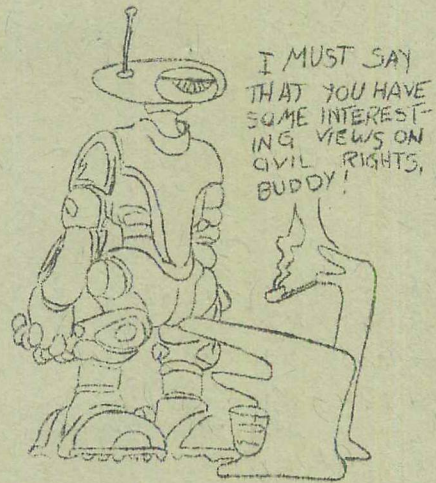
.....End of Idea Trip....

THE CONVENTIONAL FAN Worldcon Guide

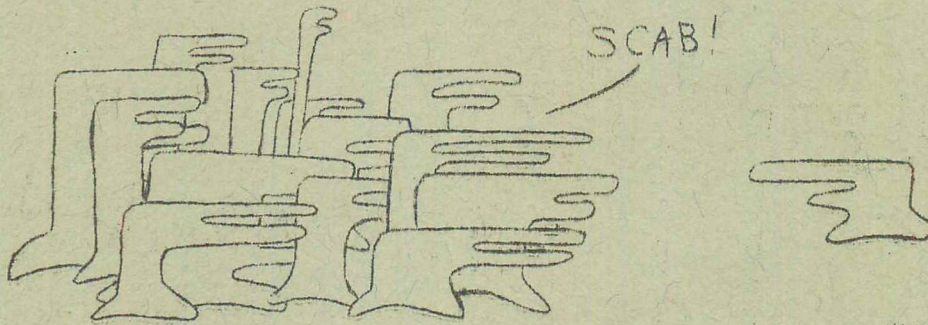
F=FAN/P=Pro

by *Reese*

MEETING OTHER FANS

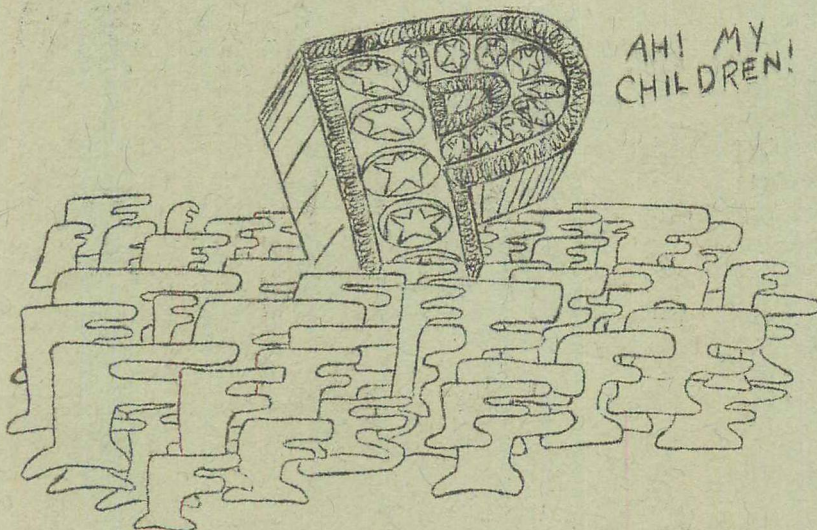


FAN DISCUSSION GROUPS

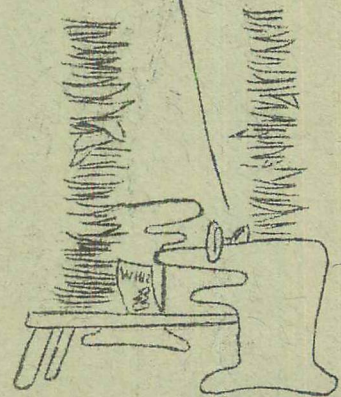


HUCKSTERS' ROOM

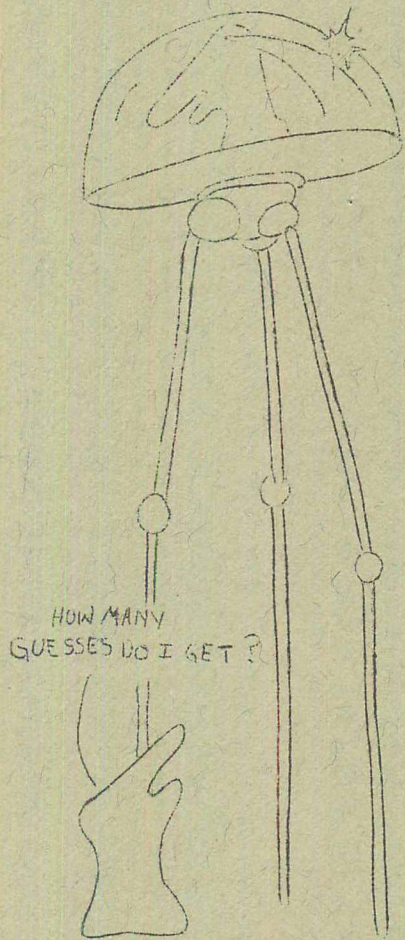
PRO GUEST OF HONOR



NO! I'M LOOKING
FOR THE JULY '47
ISSUE OF 'ASTOUNDING'
AND I DON'T WANT
ANY 'CAPTAIN MARVEL'
COMICS !!

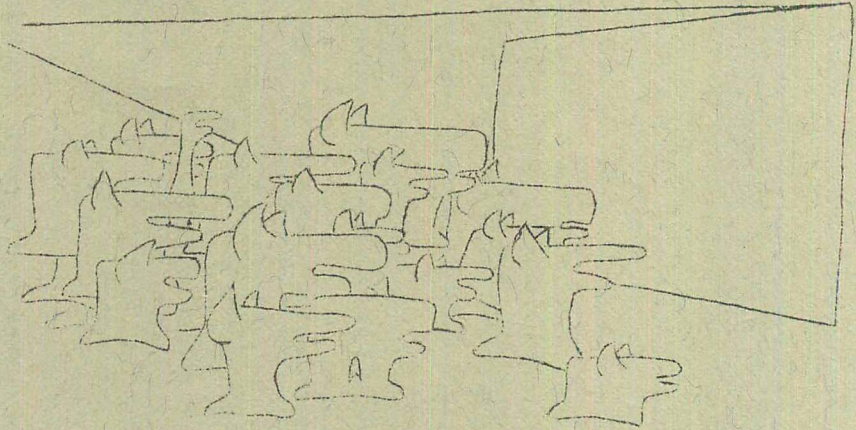


THE MASQUERADE BALL

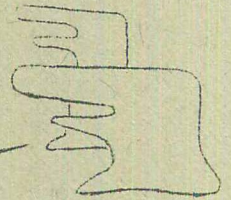


HOW MANY
GUESSES DO I GET?

ALL-NIGHT MOVIES

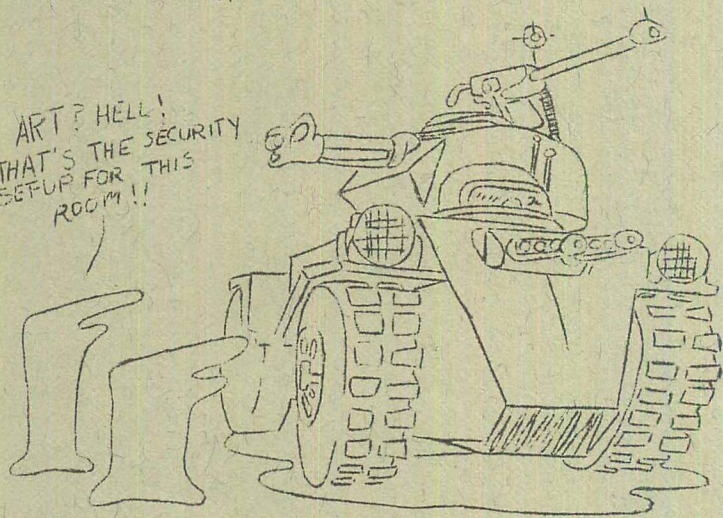


OH CHRIST!
'STAR TREK' KEEPS
'TIL DAWN!



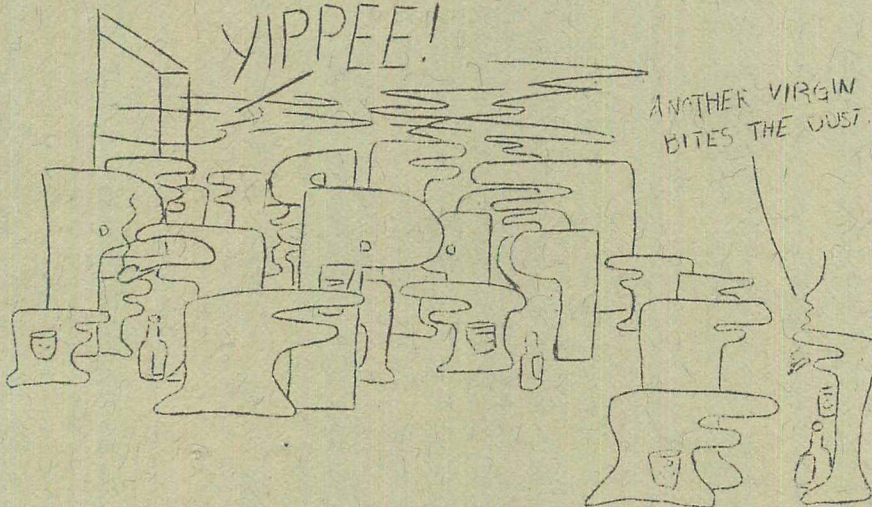
THE ART SHOW

ART? HELL!
THAT'S THE SECURITY
SETUP FOR THIS
ROOM!!



ALL NIGHT PARTIES

YIPPEE!



ANOTHER VIRGIN
BITES THE DUST...

CONVENTION-al VIEWS

WINDYCON 2 Ascot Motel, Chicago, Illinois. October 3-5, '75. Mark and Lynne Aronson, Chaircouple. Being on the committee definitely interferes with one's enjoyment of a con. I haven't the vaguest idea of whether Windycon could be considered bad or good. I didn't have a particularly good time, but I suppose that's part of the dues one pays. The art show was twice as large as last year's and showed a wide variety of material, ranging from stuffed animals, jewelry to a Strek-oriented terrarium--that much I can verify...as well as the insufficiencies of the hotel. The function rooms were too small, the thronging areas non-existent, the lodgings inadequate in size, construction and sound-proofing--but the Ascot did have a decent bar, though that was about the only redeeming trait they did have. My main impression of the weekend was overcrowding--too many people in too small a facility. We ate outside the hotel in the most part--the Greek Isles with Mike and Carol Resnick and John Guidry on Friday night, and the Casbah with Jon, Joni and Deb Stopa, Tome Rose, Applesusan, Bob Tucker, my Mom, Midge Reitan, Larry Propp and Karen H. from Mpls, and a few others whose names I've forgotten at this late date. Saturday night was the only time I got to party, having spent all of Friday ~~the whole day~~ working on art-show set-up and cataloging until past one in the morning. Even after the last of the sheets were run off the mimeo, all I did was move to a chair about three feet away and play bridge for a few hours until I couldn't keep my eyes open any longer. Yale Edeiken and Ted Pauls were desperate indeed for playing partners, and seemed willing to capture any moving thing that claimed the remotest familiarity with bridge, and at that time I was just barely moving. We held the dreaded fanned panel, which underwent a last-minute change in plans (read that as Revolution, since the panel--Ben Solon, Bill Bowers, Buck and Juanita Coulson, Mike Glicksohn and myself--decided over warm-up drinks in the bar that we didn't care for the proposed set-up) and suffered from a lack of audience response. I was scared stiff to be sitting up front with such Worthies, but seeing Glicksohn and Bowers appear equally nervous helped mollify things somehow. Nothing like having a fellow-sufferer around to share the misery! Dinner took so long at the Casbah that we missed the Masquerade, coming in at the awarding of the prizes, so except for a sort of review of Aussiecon slides, I saw none of the program. It helped to unwind in Leigh Couch's room after the auction was over, but I unwound a bit too much and suffered for it the next day. For once I stayed relatively put; Leigh and Midge Reitan's were the only parties I visited, but what I lost in variety I made up for in intensity. Those hours were the only relaxation I had the entire weekend. Didn't get to talk to many out-of-towners. Saw for too brief a time people like Sam Long, Lloyd Biggle and Ro Nagy, but my mind wasn't really present, only the corpus. No, leave others to report on Windycon, I was too busy to see it.

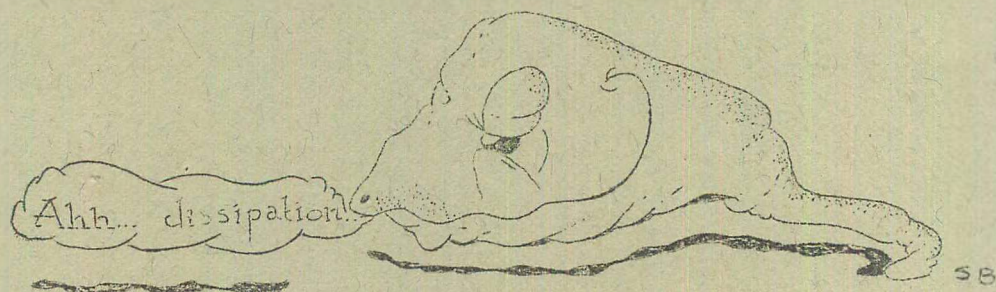
ICON Ironmen Inn, Iowa City (Coralville), Iowa. Greg Frost, Chairman. On the other hand, Icon was ideal. Small, fannish, with scads of parties, skinny-dipping in the pool (not me, I hasten to add, but Tucker took his baptisimal swim), bridge games, laughs, serious talk, drinking, smoking, smoffing, snogging, singing---all the things that go into a really fine con. You'll note my careful avoidance of matters like Program. Well, even there, Icon excelled. The only items I saw were ahilarious skit put on by four extremely talented and multi-faceted fen from the local SFLIS, the masquerade which was well-run and had some terrific costumes (Chuck Holst from Mpls really outdid himself as a High Priest Of Lankhamar (sp?), and his lady Jennie Brown was stunning as a Cordwainer Smith "Bird". Joni Stopa should've won something for her Instant Costume, constructed of garbage bags and a facial masque, but they didn't have a category that would have fit. An excellent werewolf costume was shown, as was a "Gort" from THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL --and that's a damn long parenthetical statement, ain't it?), and a

small piece of the Sf in Acadamia dissertation/rap by Ivor Rogers. But I overheard many glowing comments about the convention's panels and Roger Zelazny's reading, and assume that the committee planned well indeed. In fact, I didn't hear a single gripe, so they should feel proud indeed! I had ridden to the con with Midge Reitan and Lynn Christopher, in Jim Hansen's car, and since the other femmefans didn't get off work until late Friday night, we couldn't get to Coralville until nearly midnight. The parties were in full swing by then, and we simply dived right in and Enjoyed. There were few room parties as such, but nearly everyone had the door open to their room at one time or another, and fans wandered about, congregating here, there and everywhere in small groups of eight or so, with occasional larger clumpings containing a couple dozen. It gave the entire motel complex the feel of one giant, far-flung party, with everyone relating to everyone else. There was a great deal of drinking and smoking going on, so the spirits were higher than normal for a Friday night. Only one case of obnoxiousness from overindulgence occurred though, and that one caved in fairly early, so the total impression was one of ghod fellowship that carried over the entire weekend. I slept late Saturday and spent the afternoon hours roaming about, talking to this person and that, kibitzing a bridge game on the con-floor, and in general, gathering my forces for the evening. Joni Stopa asked Midge, Chris and I to come to her room and help out with the costume she planned to wear to the masquerade (I contributed the propellor blade for her Plastic Fan), and as the time approached for the start of the show, we went downstairs to the motel's restaurant for dinner. Joni had called ahead for our order, but the message had gotten lost between clerk and kitchen, so she and Bill Fesselmeyer--who also had to finish costuming--had just a bowl for soup to eat while Jon, Midge, Chris and I garbaged up on some excellent food. (They made up for it by going out after the con to another eatery across the highway from us, and from all reports, had an equally enjoying chow.) After the Masquerade, Midge, Jim Hansen, Lynn and I were holding a room party, so we scurried down to tidy up. The party went well, but around one a.m. or so I could barely keep my eyes open any longer, so borrowed Lynn's room key to grab an hour's shut-eye (a practical way of keeping one's energies up for a hard night's partying, and which I recommend). The filk-singing room was right nex-door and though I had my doubt about getting to sleep at all, the music proved soothing indeed. (The next day Bob Passovoy apologized for any noise they may have made and I said it was quite pleasant being lullabied to sleep by Gordy Dickson.) Yale Edeiken and Joel Lessinger came by, looking for someone to play Reject (an ersatz version of bridge) and since by then--3:30 or so in the morning--the parties were beginning to wind down, I joined them and Bill Fesselmeyer in the trek to Yale's room (the lucky stiff had an actual bridge table in his room instead of the chintzy little lamp tables everyone else was stuck with). Passing the pool, we did a double take on seeing some nude bodies on the sidelines, so we naturally wandered in for a look-see. Bill thought skinny-dipping much more appealing than cards, so we recruited Jim Furstenberg, an addition to the Chicago group, and left the water-freaks to their cavorting. The pool party evolved into a sizable gathering, with estimates ranging from 12 to 30 in attendance. Even Tucker took the plunge, losing his virginity to planes and buff-bathing in the same year! We played cards until seven or so in the morning (Furstenberg faded around five, but Fesselmeyer had returned by then, so the Game continued unabated). Then Joel, Bill and I went to the restaurant for breakfast before finally surrendering to shut-eye for a couple of hours before check-out time. In all, a highly satisfying evening--talking with friends, playing cards, and co-hosting a party. What more could a Trufan ask? Icon was definitely one of the Good Uns (copyright, Rusty Hevelin) and we hope they do it all again next year. However, keep all the praise under your hats. We don't want attendance swelling past the 200 mark next year. Somehow I don't think it would be the same if a mob showed up; for one thing, the motel couldn't manage it!

CHAMBANACON 5 Ramada Inn, Champaign, Illinois. November 28-30, 1975 Jim Hansen and Penny Tegan, Chairpeople. Chambanaccon is always on Wally and my Must List, and this year, since I was Fan GoH, there was even more reason to attend. We had intended to go down early, since Wally got the day off, surprisingly, but so many last-minute things

cropped up that we didn't get down there until six-thirty in the evening. Jim Hansen and Rusty Hevelin greeted us in the lobby, and after exchanging hugs, kisses and beard-pats and signing the register, Jim showed us to our room on the con floor. Martha and my Mom came in while we were unpacking our stuff, and I got to say hello to Buck and Juanita and Bruce Coulson and to Jodie Offutt before we joined a small group for supper at the pancake house next door. I'd been upset at the thought of acting as Fan GoH for quite some time, but soon learned there was nothing to it. No one paid the slightest bit of attention to me--except for my friends. Martha pulled back my seat in the restaurant and took my coat, as a start to the Royal treatment she gave me all weekend. We had one of those long, skinny tables that made communication difficult, so wound up with two groups at one table, with slight overlapping being done by those in the middle as the conversational ball got kicked around. Once back in the motel, I was able to register, since Penny and her husband Al had returned from their supper in the meanwhile. Friday night parties were fairly quiet, with most activity taking place on the large open area in front of the elevators (and onto which our room opened). Mark and Lynne Aronson held a Whatchacallit (the potato pancake which is traditionally served at the beginning of Hannukah) Party, and the smell of frying pancakes soon filled the entire floor, turning fannish stomachs into growling beasts. Phyllis Eisenstein taught several ~~shukker~~ goyen how to play a gambling game with the Dreidel, and soon was raking in the fruits of her labors. A few non-gambling versions of the game were started up with the extra tops, and the room became more or less the focus for the night's festivities. Rick Gellman and Louie Spooner asked Martha, Jim, Karen Anderson and I into the Art Show room, where they were acting as security, and showed me a Secret they and Joni Stopa had been keeping from me. Joni had bought a stippled drawing I'd done at one of the cons last year, and Rick and Louie had had it printed on postcards, along with a drawing done by Tom Rose, their daughter Deb's friend, and brought the newly printed products to the con. I had the dubious pleasure of signing a few copies (now there's an odd feeling for you) and got several copies for myself as a gift. Thanks Rick and Louie; thanks (I think) Joni. I only wish it were a better drawing... Saturday noon "dawned" and another day of con continued. I caught the pro panel, where Gordy Dickson and Joe Haldeman began and were joined by Phyllis Eisenstein and Roland Green; talking mostly about misadventures en route to the publishers. Andy offutt then gave a reading of a novel-in-progress (part of which I'd scanned while visiting their house in October) the second in a series of Cormac Mac Art stories, based on Howard's character (but which Andy has taken as his very own, heart and soul). He usually reads a light-hearted short story, but this novel is deep and dark and forboding with much Majick and Eerie Happenings, and was a nice change of pace. After the reading we watched the auction for awhile (Bob Passovoy is rapidly becoming the area's Top Pitchmen, perhaps relating to his Discon Costume as Kikaha the Medicine Man) before a final look-see about the con floor preparatory to Clean-Up Time for the Banquet. A small group of us, Midge, Gay Haldeman and Joe, Lynn Christopher, one of the Iowa City femmefans (whose name refuses to stick in my memory), and I retired to Joe and Gay's room for awhile, joined later on by Jim Hansen and Rusty Hevelin. Though it was a nice, quiet place to sit and chat, there was a deeper purpose to our moving there; a certain predatory female was giving Joe the shivering fits, and he felt his room was a reasonably safe haven--for awhile at least. (The chase became The topic of fun for the weekend; Chambanaccon seems to have one table-turning femme each year, and this time it was Joe who was The Target. I don't think he enjoyed the switch at all.) After returning to our room to shower and dress, I swallowed by again-building nervousness and went to the Banquet, depending on Wally to hold me up. As usual Jim had set up a sumptuous feast for the con; rolled breasts of chicken, baked pork loin, and french-fried shrimp, with all the goodies that go with them. The head table (I learned) had a tradition of having wine served with their meal. I'm not fond of dry vines, but at the time I would've drunk anything to steady my nerves. The food was good, the table chatter interesting, and I was feeling rather mellow by the time the speeches came around. Jim did his Introductory bit, pointing out the various fen and pros in the audience, and making general comments and announcements, and then, suddenly, it was my turn. I'd dreaded this moment for months. I got up, an idea about

relating the various anniversaries one celebrates on a trip through fandom, and got about halfway through it when my eyes caught Martha's face, beaming and tear-marked, and I simply froze. Andy had offered his hand for security, but even his grip couldn't bring back my chain of thought. I mumbled something (ghod alone knows what) and fled back to seat. A moment or two, after the shakes subsided, I felt really light-hearted. It Was Over; my responsibilities--the few there were--as GoH were done. I could settle down and enjoy myself from then on. Andy then gave a talk, tying in with his correspondence--a con tradition--on Effective Writing, a short, often funny, How-I-Do-It rap on getting things accomplished via letters. He explained how one letter helped alter the late-night movie commercial breaks in his area, related a less successful but still helpful series of letters between him and a certain Nameless Publisher, and wound up with the capper: an announcement that his name which appeared on the SF-EXPO ads was there in error. He had been told the exposition was slated for the July 4th weekend, would not shun Midwestcon for the NY spectacular. (Unfortunately, he'd taken the wrong letter from his files, so couldn't quote verbatim, but the essence was there.) I guess it was about the best news I'd heard in quite awhile. The Banquet speechifying came to an end, and we all went our seperate ways; Wally and I and a bunch of others to our room, so we could carry various potables down the hall to Ben Solon's room for the Birthaversary Party. Even though Leigh Couch and Bob Tucker couldn't bethere (Leigh because of family illness, Tucker because of the flu) The Party would continue. Wally ran out and bought a birthday cake and a tube of frosting so I could add the "Anni-" part--making this the first AnniBirthday party at Chambanacon instead of the third Birthversary fete, and Ben had offered his room as a quieter place to hold it in (since so many people are involved in the celebrant group, we have to make it invitational to have enough room for guests. I frown on Closed Door parties, and we like to keep that part of it short and sweet, in order to open the party as quickly as possible). Jodie Offutt was the birthday gal all by herself (though we'd propped up drawings I'd done of Leigh and Tucker--I'd done for each of the celebrants as a sort of present--in one corner and toasted them frequently through the night) and Bob and Anne Passovoy and Wally and I shared our spot as Anniversary couple. Doug Rice later came in and got the last piece of cake when he revealed that December 1st was his birthday--welcome to the group, Doug! Now we are eight! Awhile later, when the crowd thinned out to only a few, we moved everything back to our room and opened the doors so people could drift in and out all night long. Literally. Wally, for the first time, managed to stay up until the sun rose, and only folded a short while before Midge, Bill Messelmeyer, Ben Solon and I trotted to Uncle John's for breakfast. I slept til one on Sunday, and got to say goodbye to all those poor souls who had to leave early. Wally, while cleaning his new metal-rimmed glasses, dropped a lens, and our plans for the evening underwent rapid revisal. Wally had to go to work Sunday night, so we knew he'd have to leave relatively early, but since he was now unable to drive, he had to leave even earlier, with Mom and Martha. Instead of grabbing a ride home with Jim Hansen on his way to Ann Arbor, I'd drive our car back. It was with heavy heart we parted in the lobby. Though unable to explain just why we feel as strongly about this con as we do, we feel even more strongly about the after-con gathering, and really felt glum about his having to depart so soon. I changed into my swim suit and went to the pool to perk up my spirits. Penny and Al and baby Rowen were in the pool, and andy and Jodie soon came down as well. We splashed around the pool and soaked up the warm waters in the hydro-pool, rehashing the con and letting all our tensons fade away. There'd be dinner later, a small Dead Dog party too, but this was one of the nicest parts of the weekend, floating and talking and just being. Nice.





WE GET LETTERS

ERIC LINDSAY
6 Hillcrest Ave.
Faulconbridge, NSW
2776 AUSTRALIA

(Sept. 10, '75) Dilemma 8 arrived a few days ago, while everyone in Australia was still recovering from Aussiecon--you didn't really expect a fast response at this time, did you? I was interested in your comments on Marcon and the reasons for a con committee doing a con (I'd always thought it was temporary insanity, or force of circumstances, as it has been on the two times I've been involved with running a con: once when the people who organized it were unable to attend at the last minute due to family problems, so I had to take over as mc & general organiser, and at Aussiecon, where the ConCom decided I was arranging the auction, but didn't tell me about it until a month before). My own opinion is like yours--tell the hotel anything, but keep the parties! (I must say the Southern Cross was pretty good about the con as far as I could see.)

andy offutt and the patriotism issue interested me, and my reaction is perhaps not what you would expect from those articles in GEG. Some people have the idea that I am rabidly anti-American, whereas in fact I thought it one of the pleasant places I have been to. I deplored things like PanAm showing a musical comedy, "1776", on the way over, because I happen to think that the Decl. of Independence is a fine, workable general policy for running a nation (well ok, the majority if it is an attempt to placate the English Parliament by blaming the monarchy for all the colonies' problems, but the political philosophy, based on Locke, is what I'm specifically referring to). I care enough to complain when I think those ideals are being thrown away. That sort of thing is unpopular among the flag wavers, since they would prefer the symbol without the actuality. If you find out who is going to publish andy's speech, please let me know; I'd like to read it.

RoyTac's letter: Tucker has promised a trip report, which means a Le Zombie, and it seems to me this would be in a good position to win "the most delayed fanzine" award.

The con here reminded me so much of Torcon and after that I decided I simply had to come to MinAmeriCon in 76--so I'm hard at work, declining to buy books, working out costs, and so on. I will be able to make it, assuming the time off work is okay, but I'm not sure for how long a period. Robin Johnson is leading a 21 day group trip, but that is too short and organised. I think I can get a 45 day ticket within reason, and a three month one, with 3 weeks in Europe is possible, but very unlikely.

Did I mention the minicon at my place after Aussiecon? Ended up with 40 fans here at different times over the 4 days--Tucker, Rusty, Mike, Sheryl, Susan Wood and John Berry, Ned Brooks, Don Thompson, and all the fans I normally write to in fact. Good times...

Well, not quite all the fans you normally write to--unless you counted me present in spirit.//Hope to see you again next summer (or this summer, considering how long it takes you to get an issue of D) and I will of course expect you to stop over in Chicago again. The best time to make additional cons, as you asked in your letter, is probably just before Worldcon, since most fans sort of retreat into post Worldcon Catatonia for the month of September. Windycon kicks off October, and then you have one each weekend until nearly Christmas--but that one-month dry spell is a bit much.//I don't

recall just who it was who asked to print andy's speech at KKK; maybe if I mention it here, I'll get an answer from Jodie--my memory's so lousy I for-got to ask her last weekend at Chambanacon.//Well, since Le Zombie's announced schedule is "whenever a zombie awakens", it may not qualify as being most delayed. It could be the promptest of zines, for all I know...

DON D'AMMASSA (Oct. 16, '75) I suspect that the Mayaguez incident, and
19 Angell Drive andy offutt's speech, are going to be talked about for a
East Providence, RI 02914 long time. I confess to being of two minds about it. Many
of the people outraged at the US action are just being bi-
goted; there's a tendency for many leftists in this country to believe that the US
cannot do anything right in foreign policy. That's why we have so many people with
good things to say about Castro, despite the fact that he's one of the most oppressive
dictators in the world today. Some people believe that in any disagreement between
the US and someone else, the US is always wrong. There are some circumstances in which
it is necessary, even desirable, to intervene militarily in other parts of the world.
Monroe's (or was it Madison?) war against the pirates in Tripoli, for example. The
Cambodians who captured the Mayaguez were obviously pirates, and I have no sympathy
for them whatsoever.

On the other hand, I think the form US intervention took was unwise. The straf-
ings of fuel depots on the mainland obviously had nothing to do with recapturing the
ship or releasing its crew; it was just a chance to bloody the nose of someone we didn't
like. It was clear even then that there was no central authority functioning in Cam-
bodia, and the ship's capture could by no means have been construed to be necessari-
lly a matter of government policy. If a group of overzealous Coast Guardsmen had seized
the crew of a Mexican fishing vessel off our own coast, we might accept the interven-
tion of a Mexican warship against the Coast Guard vessel involved, but certainly would
not consider that justification for a Mexican airstrike against Los Angeles. On top of
that, the military operation appears, from this distance, to have been hopelessly inept.
Rather than wait for better intelligence, we attacked the wrong island and lost as many
lives as we rescued. We all know why such precipitous action was taken; the US was
looking for an excuse to save face, to prove that we wouldn't let ourselves be pushed
around. It had little to do with recuing the crewmen.

Marty Helgesen's letter mentions that agnostics should feel compelled to discover
whether or not there is a god, because that is important. I disagree. I'm an agnostic,
and I don't feel the issue is particularly important. There is no conclusive evidence
in either direction, so it becomes a matter of faith, not reason. A difference which
makes no difference is no difference. It doesn't matter whether there is a God, only
whether of not we believe there is a God.

*From this distance it is easy to see that there were several mismanaged
aspects to the rescue of the Mayaguez's crew, but at the time of andy's
speech, not all the facts were known. The primary fact is that we did go
in there and get those crewmen out. Certainly it was a face-saving gesture,
and as such, it served its purpose well. US morale was at a low ebb then,
and though it's still not at a peak, it is healthier than before, and the
rescue mission helped in part to raise it. The details such as the bombing
of the mainland hadn't been disseminated widely back in May, nor do I feel
them particularly important to the crux of the matter. When the world, and
many of our own people, thought we were running with our tail between our
legs (whether it was a legitimate image or not), an act of piracy was com-
mitted, and we took immediate, effective--though costly--action. That the
price was more than we would have liked to pay, or that incidental goof-ups
occured, is and was beside the point. At least the lives that were lost
were done so in an attempt to act positively rather than through hands-
holding inaction; which was certainly a distinct possibility considering
the then state of affairs in Cambodia.*

"Try it once, you're a connoisseuer; do it again, you're a pervert." --- Dean Grennell

ROD SNYDER (Undated) Your talk on cons was interesting for me, an Inexperienced
3600 Ripple Creek One. Nope, never been to one. And the more I hear of 'em, well...
Austin, TX 78746 you know. Texas seems to be sedate when it comes to cons, as far
as I know. There are a handful of relatively big comic cons every
year (and out of reach in my car-less state), but I've yet to hear of anyone talk of
any sizable sf fan gathering in the three months I've been into sf fandom.

D 8's other luring feature to this reader was Dave Locke's letter/article on his
being an agnostic. This came at an opportune time for me. I'm one of those who've
been brought up in a Christian family, and have just now begun to silently rebel
against their adopted religion in earnest. At first I was quite cautious about ques-
tioning something that had been so ingrained into my moral fiber. I'd been exploring
other philosophies very lightly, and it suddenly struck me that all this was illogical!

I'd call it a psychological crutch, this whole Christianity bit, I said to myself
--until I learned that the phrase was already clichéd. So lately I've been wandering
around mentally interrogating myself about my new outlook, and Dave's article helped
me sort a few things out, since he gives a clear view of just what an agnostic thinks
about religion. Believe it or not, I've never felt in a position to ask any purported
atheist or agnostic what he thought of Christianity or any other faith. All I know is
that something is definitely wrong when I see many kids my age spouting condescending
theories at littler Sunday School kids, speculating recklessly on their own, self-
adopted Rules for Prayer and similar Golden Rules for Knowledge and getting Blue Stars
on your Celestial Report Card. The whole rig is too hodge-podge. Unorganized, in an
undermining fashion. There are too many preachers, if anything, and not enough souls
to preach to. I can't think of any other reason why Christianity should have so many
denominations. If everyone is going to exploit his own Divine Ideas, why bother with
a Church at all? Now I can dig flexibility, but that of Christianity is detrimental
to their whole trip.

In #9, "New Age?" was of interest. Sounds like this extravaganza you mention
will end up like the Julycon in NY or the San Diego con, both for comic fans. I haven't
been to either, but the similarities in what I've heard are there. I'm for less exclu-
siveness at cons myself, but it seems to me that a helluva lotta faanish flavor would
be missing at such a spectacle; too much for me to bother trying to go.

*I think your letter points out one reason for running 'old hat' things like
discussions on religion again: there are always new people coming in who
haven't heard or read much on these topics. If fandom were static--and thank
ghod it isn't!--it would be a different matter entirely.//Denis Quane, the
onliest fan in Commerce, Texas, says the same thing; the Lone Star State is
damn lonely when it comes to cons. He has to roam pretty far afield to reach
the ones he does, and they'd be impossible for a carless fan to get to...*

STVEN CARLBERG (Oct. 14, '75) "Trouble is, so few Christians pay the least
4315 West Alabama #4 bit of attention to Christ's teachings!" *sigh* Jackie,
Houston, TX 77027 do you really believe that, or was it just something you said
for effect? Examine what you're saying and what you're meaning
by it.

Now listen. People from all walks of life (as they say in Bridgeport) become
Christians. Some of them are pretty smart. Some of them are pretty dumb. And, as
they also say in Bridgeport, "Everybody talking about heaven ain't going there." You
have a lot of social types and other non-believers mixed into almost any fair-sized or
better group of Christians. Now out of this group, you're going to have some people
who know the general drift of Christ's teachings--in fact, given today's distribution
of information, just about all these people know the general drift of Christ's teach-
ings. (Even non-Christians in America are more likely than not to know the general
drift of Christ's teachings.) Now, of this group of informed people, some are going
to consciously disagree with or rebel against some part or parts of Christ's teaching.
Some are going to make an honest attempt to follow the teaching and just be too dumb
to get it all right. Some are going to be led astray enough by mundac (as opposed to
ecclasiac, I suppose) that they'll follow some of the teaching while failing in other

areas. Some are going to subvert it consciously to suit their own purposes (see: political propaganda). Some are going to get it wrong other ways.

But the really important thing is, that deep within that morass of people who may bear some outward resemblance to Christians, there are some who make the honest effort to understand Christ's teachings and act on them, in complete sincerity.

Compare this array of "Christians", if you will, to some other group of people whose activity centers around some belief. I might suggest you look at the "Americans" around you and see whether a proportionate number of people bearing that particular designation aren't just as hypocritical, misguided, and generally pathetic about what they're doing as any bunch of Christians you ever saw.

I guess the point I'm trying to make is that there are intelligent, reasonable, sincere Christians. Generalities of the "Trouble is, so few Christians..." variety are unfair to the people at the core of these clouds of church-goers and street-shouters. (By way of comparison, you might think how unfair it would be to the people at the core of these clouds of con-goers and tret-children to say something like "Trouble is, so few fans actually know anything at all about science fiction!") Certainly there are legitimate criticisms to be made of the people who make Christianity today look as though it's composed in the main of nuts and dolts; but I think it behooves us, as a courteous sort of people, to leave those criticisms to be made by the people to whom constructive change in that area is vitally important--the true Christians themselves.

Fair's fair, after all. When was the last time you heard a priest complain that the Worldcons are being overrun by fringe-fans?

Indeed, fair is fair. It was the pastor who clucked over the failings of atheists and agnostics that triggered this all--not the other way around.// I stand by what I said, and it seems to me that with your comments of "cores within clouds" and "some within that morass", you buttress my very point. Whether by design on their part or on others, whether by ignorance or malice, most Christians do not behave as Christ taught that his followers should. It is that fact that is insulting to the True Christians, not the fact that I should notice. (I could also say, by analogy, that the trekkies are insulting to fandom, not the fact that some people point to them and laugh at us... but I wouldn't be so crass.//Yes, Americans--the bulk of them the self-same hypocritical Christians I sigh over--are pretty pathetic; but at least, as Americans, they are not required to believe and practice a certain philosophy as is required of Believers in a particular religion. All a citizen of this country has to do is be born here or swear allegiance, if he's born in another country: nothing impells him to adopt a particular set of moral standards.//By the way, you'd be surprised at how many would agree with your "Trouble is so few fans..." jape. RoyTackett, for one, unless I'm mistaken.

STEVE BEATTY (Nov. 29, '75) I'm enjoying the discussions in Dilemma even though I haven't been taking part. (I am going through a severe Comment Shortage and have to ration my locs.)
1662 College Terr. Dr. Murray, KY 42071

RE: faith in Christianity depending on (1) the historicity of Christ and (2) the inspiration of the scriptures. Few serious historians doubt the existence of a man, in first century Palestine, called Jesus, who had a group of disciples. If there were no such person, the gospels and letters purporting to describe his life and teachings would not have been accepted or propagated in the land where he supposedly lived. Or, if you are unsure of the dates assigned to the composition of the New Testament (50-60 for some of the Pauline letters), there are some references in Josephus. The more widely known and more favorable has recently been called a later interpolation by some scholars, because an old manuscript was discovered that did not contain it. But the other one has not been doubted, and it does not sound like what a pious forger would write:

"((The high priest)) assembled a council of judges and brought before it the brother of Jesus the so-called Christ, whose name was James, together with some others, and having accused them as lawbreakers, he delivered them over to be stoned."--Antiquities of the Jews, 20.9.1.

You list belief in the divine inspiration of the Bible as a precondition for belief in Christianity. I am not sure I agree. Assume that the New Testament was written in the first century and transmitted as accurately as humanly possible. Given that the New Testament was written and accepted in the first century and that much of it was circulated orally even before it was written, could the apostles have successfully claimed the Resurrection in Jerusalem if there had not been, in fact, an empty tomb? If the Jewish priests or the Roman government could have gone to the tomb and said, "Here is Jesus' body; he didn't rise from the dead," then they would have done so, because it was in their own best interests. But there is not the slightest trace that this was ever done. All the early arguments against Christianity suggest alternate explanations for the empty tomb.

If one accepts that the New Testament was written in the first century by people who carefully wrote what they had seen and heard, and was preserved as carefully as we know it has been, then how important is the question of whether or not it was divinely inspired and preserved verbatim? I'm not sure. It would provide a way to avoid awkward questions like "Was Jonah really swallowed by a fish?" or "Why did God send a bear to kill the children who trusted Elisha?" Someone asked me if I believed the Bible is true, and I said I believe it is literally true except where it is figurative, which I suppose is not a complete answer.

So to get back to your original statement, Jackie, I think the Christian Faith depends on (1) the historicity of Christ and in particular the resurrection, and (2) the belief that the N.T. accounts of the life, death and resurrection of Jesus are truthful and accurate accounts.

As Roy Tackett said, it was not the actuality of Jesus I was questioning, but the legitimacy of the claim that a divinely-begotten Man was sent by God to redeem all Mankind from Sin. That Jesus was alive in Palestine in the first century and gathered about him a group of disciples is and was beside the point. Others have done so and will doubtlessly do again. I boggle at his presentation as Christ the Redeemer. The Jews had many messiahs, and even by biblical reckoning, Jesus did not fulfill all the requirements; though later writers tried their best to distort facts enough to make it seem so.//Not divine inspiration, but divine preservation is what I meant. Errors have crept into all sorts of manuscripts from copying and recopying, and most scholars accept it as something they have to cope with; but the Bible purports to be the Word of God, not mere historical narrative, and as such should have been divinely protected from error--as some sects claim. That I cannot accept. As for the resurrection, I feel that's yet another weak link in the case for Jesus' divinity. A body could have been removed by any number of means, and even the Romans couldn't see the point in arguing such an easily-arranged set-up. If they had, indeed, cared enough to do so, they could've put some other corpse into the tomb and thusly refuted the claim of any resurrection ever having taken place. That they didn't shows the little concern they had about the proto-Christians. That didn't develop until after the first century, and even then, in another part of the world. I still say you gotta have Faith to accept these things, and I simply don't have it. Mind you, I do not sneer at people who do, but only at those who seem to feel that a non-accepter is a dunce for not agreeing with them.

DAVE LOCKE (Sept. 23, '75) If you're pleased that DILEMMA has a goal, then I'm
819 Edle Dr. pleased. But doing something "simply" because one feels like doing
Duarte, CA 91010 it is pretty adequate justification for doing most anything, provided no one gets shat upon. I might make note of the fact that I'm doing this LoC simply because I feel like doing it. No doubt I could dig deep and come up with some impressive-sounding justifications for inflicting these words upon your editorial personage, but it might tend to make the occasion rather serious and somber and constrictive, and ruin my image. The last time I was serious was back at the turn of the decade, when I had this large boil on my... Oh, you've heard that story before?

I would be most pleased to travel to a Midwest convention and meet Jim Hansen. Start up a fund for me, won't you?

Yes, we know that you are a con junkie. Every major and some minor hotels within a 1000 mile radius of Beecher, Illinois has "Jackie Franke drank here" scribbled somewhere on one or more of its walls. If I'm ever on the committee for another convention, I'll be sure to insist on having you for fan guest of honor, if only on the basis that we'd be sure you'd show up. There's always the possibility that I might not show up, but you certainly would.

I'm afraid that Marty Helgesen overlooked much of what I said in my article. Atheism does not require "an act of faith". Atheism is an absence of faith. I do not feel that the rings of Saturn are made up of empty Coors cans, and if somewhere there is a religion founded on such a belief it would not be "faith" on my part were I to blanch at such a premise. Similarly, the atheist position does not either "affirm the non-existence of God". There is no such thing as proving a negative, Marty. The burden of proof lies with the affirmative position and it is not an affirmative position to prove a negative. In a debate situation it is up to the religious person to prove his position, as it is the religious person who is taking the affirmative position. If you believe that something exists, and someone else does not, it is quite evident that the ball is in your court in terms of debate.

Marty also says: "I completely reject Dave's claim that a religious position cannot be supported by fact and logic." Accept it, Marty, accept it. Up to this point in time it has not been done, though it has been attempted by many of the great minds in recorded history. Anyone may feel free in trying their hand at it, but they will soon learn that the tools at their disposal are inadequate for the job. Paine arrived at the only logical conclusion, that religion can be accepted for personal reasons only. To each individual those reasons are sufficient, but they cannot be taken outside of oneself and presented as proof positive to the world at large.

Concerning the indenting of the third line of Omar Khayyam's quatrains, it had been my contention that either FitzGerald or Grennell has a defective left-hand margin set on their typewriters...

Contrary to whatever Dave Hulan might tell you, there really is no such thing as good faan fiction. Faan fiction ranks right down there at the bottom of the fan writing barrel along with fanzine reviews and convention reports. In only one instance have I ever read a good piece of faan fiction (there are exceptions to everything, I guess), and it was good because the story line (the fiction) was more than enough to compensate for the faan aspects of the story. I realize that one or two people may disagree with me on this, but...

Dean's stories about proofreaders are classics, particularly the one about the pineapple bush. I laughed out loud at that one. One of these days I'll have to assemble a batch of my own episodes in such matters and turn them into an article. But I'd rather read the same sort of thing from Dean; he's got a wider variety of gems to choose from and it's the kind of thing that he can do better than anyone else.



The preceding illo was not an editorial comment, Dave.//Humor is all a matter of taste. I dote on Dean's humor too, but I also have found a few--not many, but a few--examples of faan-fiction I've liked. Since I recall you editing a humor-zine, ostensibly to send some minor sci-fi writer or the other overseas, and it contained a great deal of faan-fiction, doing so certainly must be ranked as a truly heroic gesture on your part.//These bits about "proving" a negative or a positive have lost me. I've not been trained in debate techniques, nor do I particularly regret it. It merely seems to my enfeebled brain that if one says something IS and another says it ISN'T, you've come to an impasse until one or the other comes up with more data to support the stance taken.//Sure, I'll start up a fund for you. We could call it the Locket Fund (Locke Travel Fund). I'd even chip in a buck. By the year 2001, at 5% interest, that should get you about as far East as San Bernadino County. Locket to us, Davie...

DAVE SINGER (Oct. 10, '75) Wish I could have made some of the cons you got to Buck 21 - Box 264 over the summer; I hit Fan Fair and Crotoncon, on successive week-ends. I missed much of the goings-on at Crotoncon because I was R.P.I. dead from the train ride up, and I'd barely recovered when Fan Fair Troy, NY 12181 came around. But I enjoyed Fan Fair, despite the hotel hassles (both general to the con and specific to me--the guy I was planning to share a room with never showed up; luckily the room was in my name, but I spent most of Friday night looking for someone to split the room with), despite the oppressive heat, and despite the fact that I had no idea how or when I was getting back to Richmond from Toronto. But it was a small enough con that I was able to sit and talk to people; I even managed to get out and explore Toronto some...mostly restaurants, as usual.

I find myself worried about MidAmeriCon. I haven't gotten PR 3 yet, but Bob Warner had his copy at last night's ASSFS meeting; I read the whole thing, and don't like the tone the committee is taking. I'm referring to the "Smoke-Filled Back Room" article, where they tell us what's going to happen to the con. Now, my impressions are based on a somewhat cursory reading, and they might change when my copy arrives and I can re-read it, but it looks as though the committee has taken the attitude that, "This is our Worldcon; if you're nice we might let you come, but don't fuck it up for us!" And, with all the hassles that have been predicted, I'm beginning to have second thoughts about going at all. Especially since I have no idea where I'm going to be after May, and I might not even be able to get to KC. As a poor student, I find the idea of having to shell out \$20 or so for a room deposit almost a full year in advance rather untenable...I really have better places to put that money. And I wasn't the only one who read this sort of attitude into the PR; everyone who read it came up with much the same picture. What do you think?

Admittedly \$22 is a lot for a student to come up with, but it'll still be a lot come September. I'd prefer to pay some now, rather than be faced with that much larger a bill at check-out time. Actually, the deposit is not required to attend the con; only if you want to reserve a room in the Muebach. The overflow hotels are close by, and a regular reservation is all that they require. KC's hotel is a quarter smaller than DC's was, and to guarantee rooms on a first-come, first-served basis, requiring a deposit is a workable solution. That way the committee is assured that the person really does intend to use that reservation, not reserve "just in case", and possibly screw someone else out of a room that's been set aside for someone who never intended to show up for certain.//I just re-read "The Smoke-filled Back Room" and I feel you're over-reacting. Very little has been changed in the way memberships and so forth will be handled, but the committee is laying it all on the line now rather than have all sorts of fen come up at the door or at check-out time, wailing that "they never were told" about certain things. The MidAmeriCon committee asks for and reacts to feedback from all of fandom, something I've yet to see done so openly. The point is they fear an overwhelming number of "trends" (thanks for the term, Dave Rowe) might come and

literally take over the con. They are attempting to keep hassles for those who truly wish to enjoy the World Science Fiction Convention to a minimum, but all the stories about everyone who's busy thinking of ways to gyp the convention (which ultimately is you, the attendee) have made them defensive and they're quite outspoken about their intention to foil such groups or individuals. What, precisely, do you object about in the rules as set forth in the PR #3? Let me know if you wish, but even more importantly, let the Committee know! They may not respond individually, but they will react, if your objections are valid, in the next PR. MidAmericon has to combat some horrendous problems, some real and immediate, some that are only possibilities, but they're doing their best, from what I've seen, to handle them openly and above-board.

BILL CAVIN (Oct. 12, '75) I received Dilemma 9 two days ago, and it did much to soothe the aches and pangs I suffered at missing Windycon this year. Please convey my extreme regret to all the wonderful people in the Chicagoland vicinity. All year I've been talking up Windycon, telling everyone I'd be seeing them there for sure. After all; I had already bought a membership! However, financial indiscretion has a way of catching up with one, and sacrifices had to be made. Consolation: there is still Octocon, and (dare I hope?) Chambanacon. Of course, there is Confusion 12, but that is a new year.

REALLY liked the cover art. Could you introduce me to the girl who modelled for the cover? I think I'm in love. Disappointment. I looked all through the zine and couldn't find hide nor hair of the story "Under the Moons of Saturn". Mr. Edgar's character, Jean Cartier, seems to be a new and original character, and one I'd be interested in reading about. It was doubly disappointing since I'm not familiar with Mr. Edgar's work, and I was hoping to satisfy my curiosity. Obviously the deletion was necessitated by lack of space; therefore I eagerly look forward to its publication in Dilemma 10. Could you also print a bibliography of Burrows Rice Edgar so readers will know what other books, if any, to look for?

A new age dawning? Haven't thought that one out. But I'm somewhat depressed. Adaptability is the key to survival; happiness; whatever. I'll take the best of what comes. If we lose the Worldcon to commercial interests, we can: ignore it; start our own; try to convert it back; take whatever advantages we can. Y'know, all of a sudden I'm not worried. It doesn't matter what happens. People usually get what they want, so let'er rip.

When it comes to fandom, I'm basically an optimist. Fans can overcome or take advantage of nearly anything that comes along, and I don't think that SF-EXPO or things like it can hurt the fanish core, though things might be altered a bit. Not enough to make any real difference though.//A biblio is included in this issue, but unfortunately, after running off the story that was squeezed out of last issue, I lost both the pages and the ms., so no story this issue either. Alas.//You mean you couldn't tell that the heroine was a self-portrait? Phooie. Back to the drawing board and mirror...//Glad you made it to Champaign this past November. It's my favorite con, and I'm pleased when others take to it too.

GENE WOLFE (Oct. 5, '75) I've been reading #9, which you were good enough to give me at Windycon, and have just come across "A New Age Dawning?" I think I can predict pretty well what's going to happen when your New York promoters (and others like them) start putting on enormous commercial conventions. It is that they are going to find they cannot fill them with people interested in reading sf, and thus in meeting writers, editors and artists. The crowd will be a movie and TV crowd, and thus the people engaged to appear will be scripters, directors, and--above all--stars from films and shows. Reading fandom will be left very much where it is now.

I sincerely advise Ben Indick, and anyone else whose vision is deteriorating, to get hold of a tiny, inexpensive book titled HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR SIGHT. The author

is Margaret Darst Corrbett and the publisher is Bonanza Books. The method it describes is the one Huxley (BRAVE NEW WORLD, etc.) used to cure himself after half a life of near blindness. I seem to have reversed the decay of my own vision just at the time my occulist told me I would need bifocals.

I wished I'd recalled your recommendation before I went in for a check-up in October. Might have saved an unnecessary expense. Any chance of giving us a progress report every so often? I'm always leery of gimmicky HOW TO books, but when something comes along that really has worked for someone I know, well, I'd be a fool not to hear the evidence!//Too true. I don't see how enough Readers can be attracted to make a huge convention succeed. Even with the Worldcon, the bulk of the growth is attributable to those whose interests lie in the visual media other than books. But as I implied, I do hope that enough non-fans, non-readers will be bled off from our cons to let us have a bit of breathing space. So for that reason, if nothing else, I wish the EXPO folks all the success in the world. Really, I do!

DAVE HULAN (Oct. 23, '75) Got Dilemma #9 today, which is pretty remarkable
PO Box 1403 when you say you cut the last stencil Sept. 16th. Even if you
Costa Mesa, CA 92626 ran it off the same night and mailed it the next morning (which seems unlikely unless you're a lot more efficient than I am), it took only six days to get here third class. And with 2¢ postage due at that, which usually causes the PO to do all kinds of horrid things to fanzines. I would only wish my SFPA bundles could move that fast when I pay for Special Handling.

I hope the word you got about the commercial outfit starting to put on SF cons is true. If they can draw off the hordes of Trekkies, Apies, etc. as well as the ruck of avid but non-fannish SF readers, maybe the amateur SF cons will return to a civilized state again. There hasn't been that big a population explosion since 1964, nor are there that many more for real fans than there were then--it's the fact that publicity for SF cons has increased, and they're playing to non-fans with their programming, that has made the con sizes go out of sight. We played it cool with the 72 Westercon and that had only about 375 members--which was quite enough. A similar effort now could easily halve the size of any SF convention. And we didn't price the thing out of anyone's reach--even at the door memberships were only \$5, and the room rates were \$19 single or double. We just avoided publicizing it where non-fans would find out about it, and our program was purely fan-slanted. Worldcons are more difficult, of course; there's inevitably going to be a lot of publicity for them in fanzines, for instance. I still would bet that a determined effort would cut the size of a Worldcon down to under 2000, though. (And I'm not likely to attend one that doesn't show the distinct promise of cutting itself below 1000.)

Can't say that I agree with your statement that "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". You may not fret about it, but if so it's because down underneath you're convinced that there isn't a God, at least in the Christian sense. If I had any idea that there might be a God in that sense, I'd be as worried as hell about it. Hell is an exceedingly unpleasant place, and that's where you and I and Dave Locke are headed for sure, if Phoebe and her church are right. Or Marty and his. I suspect that what you mean by being an agnostic is that you don't know whether or not there may be a God who created the Universe, but that you're entirely convinced in your own mind that even if He exists, He doesn't give a damn what you do. (And I mean that quite literally...) Right? ((100% so!))

Um--Sam Long is incorrect that it hasn't happened in the past 300 years that a reigning monarch was forced to abdicate lest he be deposed by Parliament. It happened 39 years ago, to be specific. (At least I have a vague recollection that Edward VIII abdicated the year I was born. That, or thereabouts.)

The British system of changing governments works much faster than the US system because of party discipline (which is the main reason the British Government is so different from ours; the other differences pale by comparison). Each British party

knows who its leader is, and he will be PM if his party wins a general election. Even when his party is out of power, he has his "shadow cabinet" which stays au courant of what's going on in each office of the government, and as soon as the election results are in there can be an orderly transfer of power. In the US, by contrast, the leader of the "outs" is unknown up to the convention that chooses the Presidential candidate for that party, and in most cases the "ins" aren't in much better shape--the 22nd (if I remember the number right) Amendment guaranteed that in every other election no incumbent would be running, barring death, resignation or impeachment. In fact, it's worked out that way, but if Ford gets the Republican nomination in '76, it'll break the string. (No incumbents in '52, '60, or '68.)

Anyhow, since the leader of the "outs" is unknown and the leader of the "ins" only known half the time, they can't very well pick their cabinet as soon as they know who they are. And the time between picking and the election is so taken up with campaigning that there's no time to choose a cabinet then. In the US, we need the time between election and inauguration.

Since Omar wrote in Arabic script (albeit in the Persian language, I believe), it's certain he didn't write his verses flush-left. Flush-right perhaps, (The Arabs, like the Hebrews, write from right to left.)

If you'r going to be that picky, Dave and Dean might get typers with Arabic script and leave us all in the dark!//Edward VIII abdicated before he'd performed the action (marrying a divorcee) that would have resulted in Parliament deposing him. In other words, he quit before he did the illegal act, and wasn't forced from office because he did it. Slight difference, perhaps, but it meant the difference between a forced move and a voluntary one.//I should've stressed the "not be a God" in my statement, as you seemed to have taken the "may" as being stressed.//To be sure, con-size can be controlled downwards. A few have been going that route all along. But some concons seem to get this thirst for power, or something, that makes them go outta their skulls. Then it turns into a battle to "best" the attendance of the year before instead of bettering the enjoyment of the con. You wind up with too many people wandering around and everyone, fan and non-fan alike, wonder what on earth they're doing there.//Your copy of #9 went into the mail on October 19th--the day before the postage increase, by the way, so you shouldn't have been asked to pay the 2¢--therefore I didn't quite publish overnight, but damn close to it. My Gestetner churns out the copy pretty quickly and I have the procedure down fairly pat, so that a 24pp zine takes me about 5 hours to run off, not counting break times, of which I need a multitude. I collated over a two-day period (sometimes the kids help; lastish they didn't) sending the mailed copies immediately and waiting a few days for those delivered by hand. A small print run helps a lot! The speediness of delivery, though, was all the work of the (for once) beneficent PO.

BOB TUCKER

34 Greenbriar Dr.

Jacksonville, FL 62650

(Oct. 19, '75) I've just read FemLib S-F, the copy you gave me at Windycon, and I'll offer no excuses for being this late in reading it. (But I've reached page 14 on my Aussiecon trip report.)

I've also received circulars and printed form letters from SF-EXPO-76. The letters were sent to me as a writer, and made me a Magnificent Offer to entice me into the wicked city. They say they are willing to pay for everything. First of all, free registration for the writer and his family, plus a free double room for the same for five days. After that the writer will be paid for his time as follows: autograph booths, \$10 per hour; panels and forums, \$25 per hour; readings from his own works, \$100 per hour; acting as host on charter flights, free first-class ticket; submitting stories, 5¢ per word; articles, 5¢ per word; novels at \$1500. They expect to publish these stories, articles and novels in their progress reports.

Also: an author's lounge with free bar and free buffet for the writer and his family.

I have no doubt whatever that a great number of writers will volunteer and appear. Now, if they offer to pay my transportation costs as well, I might be tempted by that free bar.

But did they say what type of bar it's to be? What if it's stocked with things like fresh carrot juice, or cranberry delight? No Beam's Choice, no Jack Daniels, no Wild Turkey. No Tucker, I bet...

ROY TACKETT (Oct. 11, '75) I suppose you're right--every fanzine should have a purpose. If you ever figure out what the purpose of Dynatron is, let me know. I think it is published mainly to get fanzines in trade.

Will you, however, be able to accomplish your purpose with DILEMMA? Perhaps so, if your circle of convention-type fans read the zine because it is from you. By and large, though, it would seem--and I, of course, generalize--that the convention-type fans aren't interested in fanzines.

If you have read D63 you know my reaction to the SF Expo bit. I wrote to the address listed and told them as much. I got a note back signed from someone or the other assuring me that they were, indeed, on the level. Maybe so, but I have no intention of getting involved. (Note the difference there, Jackie...you called, preferring a more or less voice situation. I wrote. By analysis, then you are more of a convention fan than you are a fanzine fan. Yes.)

I have no idea of what the solution to the con question is. If EXPO is legit--or at least semi legit because I think they are a bunch of people who think they see a way to pick up some easy money--then, as you point out, it is to be expected that a group like that would move in. If they do the right amount of advertising and promotion they should be able to drag in vast numbers into their expo. Maybe.

Maybe we should concentrate on small, quiet regional cons with no big hoopla about pros and all the rest of it. I can see problems for me, though. I am, basically, a science fiction fan. I enjoy hell out of room parties, and talk and talk. But I also want SF programming. I enjoy hell out of panel discussions and talk revolving around the basic subject. (Don't look now, Jackie, but I think there's a Dynatron editorial being born here.)

Why I wonder, (Hello, Ben) should there be surprise at Indira Gandhi's moves toward repression and dictatorship in India? Surely not because of her sex. Some of history's most tyrannical rulers have been women. (Mary of Scotland, Catherine of Russia, Zenobia, etc. People always accuse me of generalizing and not being specific.) The urge to tyranny is in all rulers. Consider the attempts by various Presidents of the U.S. (Lincoln, FDR, Nixon). Any national ruler will attempt it if he/she thinks it can be gotten away with. That's one of the reasons those clowns are in politics--because they think they know what is best for the people. The other reason is graft.

I'm still not sure I want to get into this discussion of religion. Such discussions usually get acrimonious ere long. I would suggest that anyone who desires to seriously discuss religion first needs to study anthropology and history. Anthropology/archeology gives the first evidence of the development of religion in man starting with the early beliefs in some sort of afterlife, animism, spirits, etc. Usually, however, when we talk of religion in this country, we talk Christianity and there is, at times, little relationship between the two.

You say that faith in Christianity depends on the assumption that Christ was a historical person and I started to jump on that statement and changed my mind. Right. Emphasis on Christ. I think there is sufficient evidence and/or reason to believe that Jesus was a historical person. But, to be a Christian, you must assume that Jesus was Christ, and that is something else. Christianity, with its multitude of gods and beliefs is undoubtedly the most synthetic religion in the world, having its roots not only in Judaism, but also in the Greek and Roman religions, Mithrasism, Zoroasterism, and of course, the Goddess. And probably a few more for good measure.

Christianity, being a political tool in so many places, has had to adopt local beliefs and dieties along its historical course. Which helps it attain so many converts in various parts of the world, but also weakens its claim

to be the One True Faith. To my view it has reached the point of Rome's religious position about the time it fell: a mish-mash of philosophies that can't hold up to reason or logic any longer. It was reading of Assyrian and Greek mythologies while in grade school that I first began to doubt the validity of Catholicism. It's a wonder that GREEKS, GODS AND HEROES wasn't banned from the parochial schools long ago!//Discussion do usually end up touching mainly on Christianity, but that's the faith most of us have to deal with in our daily lives.//Like I've said, move to the Midwest and you'll find just the sort of con you like. We've got scads of 'em.//I did phone the SF-EXPO people, but at the ~~Wybly~~ request of another fan. I also wrote. Now what the heck does that prove?//I got a call from Jim Hansen, a con fan if ever there was one, and--two weeks after receiving D--he already was on Page 2. Now if that's not burning interest, what is?

HARRY WARNER, JR. (Oct. 17, '75) The fan history's final draft put me out of action 423 Summit Ave. for the better part of three months earlier this year. Now I'm Hagerstown, MD 21740 trying to alternate locs to newly arrived fanzines and locs to fanzines that have been sitting here patiently for many months, on the theory that this will somehow cause the backlog to shrink more rapidly than if I tried to do my duty by date of a fanzine's arrival, from either one end or the other. Of course, it doesn't, but my failure to recognize that reality helps make me feel more useful, so I don't want to shatter my illusion.

There really isn't any one, single purpose for fanzines, any more than there is just one reason for the existence of aluminum or radishes or Wilt Chamberlain. But the one you attribute Dilemma to is a valid one. Back here in these primitive hills on the foothills of the Appalachians, I naturally get most of my impressions of fans from the fanzines they publish, so to me that's a primary purpose for fanzines: to turn a name and address into a personality in my imagination.

There's one matter concerning completely commercialized conventions you didn't mention. The one thing an annual professionally promoted giant con would need for total success. That's the Hugo awards. If the Worldcon turned them over to the new series of cons, the Worldcon would lose one major attraction for the fringe people who attend it and the new event would have a real gimmick to promote on a grand scale. Presumably if the Hugo awards were handled by a con with a membership in five figures, the winners each year would be mainly the most famous writers, those whose names on stories mean more to the mobs than to the people who belong to Worldcons. This in turn might guarantee the Supercon network TV coverage, because a Vonnegut or a Heinlein or some such author would be likely to be getting the fiction Hugos each year, and they're well enough known to intrigue even the people who read little science fiction. The Tony awards, to New York City stage stars, probably mean less to the general public than the Hugo awards would under increased commercialization, and the Tony awards are normally broadcast live.

Somewhere in my attic is a copy of Invisible Stories. I remember seeing it just a few years ago, and noticing how it hadn't suffered from the fading that many fanzines of its era have undergone. Checking the Fanzine Index, I find that it was published by Tucker and dated April Fools Day of 1939. Bob Pavlat inserted a note about that publication because his listing is different from the one in the original Swisher edition of the Fanzine Index: "Swisher shows 12pp, but the two issues I've seen have 8pp. Maybe like the printing on some of the pages, the missing four pages are invisible." I suspect that he meant to write "copies" where he typed "issues" because I received only one issue, unless by chance a second issue was so extremely invisible that I never realized that it had arrived.

I share your doubts about the role that religion plays in Northern Ireland's mess. I suspect that most of the people in the world who want to find an outlet for their brutality, belligerence, and violence look around for a convenient cause behind which they can mask their real purpose of destruction. So religion is degraded in the eyes of many people in just the same way that extremists have damaged many other movements like civil rights, women's lib, and the Cosmic Circle.

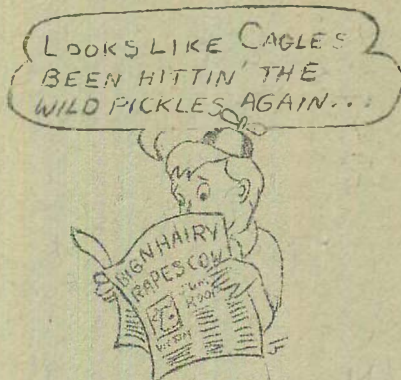
If you want to slow down the acceleration of time that has been troubling you, all you need to do is come within shooting distance of retirement from a job you don't enjoy. It has now been about ten months since the day I realized that retirement was only ten years in my future, and it seems as if ten years had passed even though the calendar still insists on ending dates with 1975. Wasn't it Edgar Allen Poe who claimed that the human mind cannot conceive of a distance of a mile? I find my mind incapable of imagining ten years: its duration seems as incapable of occurring as traveling to Sirius without exceeding the nation's 55 mph speed limit. All I can do is fix my mind on nearer objectives: the chance I might get a parole from column writing long enough in 1976 to turn out special material for a bicentennial supplement, the attainment in 1977 of an investment situation which will make me feel more self-sufficient, and the knowledge that by early 1979, I'll no longer suffer severely in the social security calculations by premature retirement because they subtract your five years with the lowest income before calculating your benefits and by then the remaining years will have produced at least a modest amount of income. Of course, I face a date with a specialist later this month because of a new physical problem that has been bothering me, and all this wait for retirement could turn out to be theoretical. This difficulty even affects my thinking about the MidAmeriCon. I just wasn't planning to attend, but now I am tempted to get a reservation in, just in case I should have something serious, get over it and want to do something to celebrate recovery.

*I do hope that the problem isn't as serious as you fear. Please keep us informed, though. I realize that talking or writing about illness is often avoided out of what I consider misguided reasons. Telling your fanzine friends and acquaintances what's going on can ease their worries, too often the imagination can be more morbid than the truth.//Hope you decide on going to KC this September regardless; this time I'd actually like to meet you, instead of looking back on the near-misses of Discon.//The SF-EXPO people plan on having an award, voted on by attendees, and if any such-like group decides to do an annual event, I'm certain they'd continue the notion. I see no need to hand over the Hugos to them though--let 'em find their own titles. Hugos are fandom's, not necessarily the sf readership's, award. A commercialized venture could call their trophy an Elwood, for all I care. The Hugo is OURS, even if there's only two fen left to vote on 'em!//I read of all sorts of ways to cope with backlogs; none of which has helped me in the slightest. *sigh**

ED CAGLE (Sept. 21, '75) Thanks for the latest DILEMMA. Your editorial
Star Route South Box 80 concerned a topic I've mull'd myself from time to time. Ob-
Locust Grove, OK 74352 viously I came to a different conclusion than you did. No
doubt I began publishing for egoboo and some vague need to
communicate, but after perusing my first eight or nine issues for traces of positive re-
sult, I found nothing worthy of the effort of continuing the damned thing. It began as
a Fun Thing from which I drew much egoboo and a few worthwhile correspondents, and turn-
ed into a drudgery filled exercise in self-serving scattershot-ism. Somewhere along
the way I'd lost my taste for casting my opinions upon the water in great profusion in
hopes of receiving an acceptable amount of feedback from the maximum number of readers.
I suddenly realized that 90% of the response was equally self-serving as the material
to which it responded. This was one instance when what was good for the gander didn't
interest the goose, or whatever.

Gobboon, eh? Great... I prefer more contemporary creatures, like Bigfoot, the
Fouke Monster, and, just recently, the whateverthehell bigandhairly in Northern Okieland.
Scares the crap outta the folks. Runs across the open meadows, screeches, climbs tin
roofs and raises a hell of a noise, kills pigs and goats. Typical Okie. The only
thing it hasn't done yet is rape a cow (but as one bug-eyed witness reported: "It's
tall enough to breed a cow standing up!")

If cons are proliferating to the point where gimmicks are necessary and more
attendees are wanted, then it is becoming something directly opposite to what cons were
designed to be. Or at least it looks that way to me. But capitalism will out, as you



damn well know. Personally, just from my viewpoint, you all seem a little jaded anyway. What once appeared to be a unique experience now looks more like a Shriner's convention. A veritable ghetto citizen's committee gone Popular.

Arguing about religion again, eh? Do you know why this argument continues to pop up with absurd regularity in fanzines? It is simple, may be attacked from an emotional or intellectual standpoint with equal precision, and requires of Believer and Disbeliever alike the same amount of specific knowledge of the topic: zilch. Clearly it is Made For Fanzine Discussion. (Yeah, it draws a little viewpoint dissemination, but fanzine fans, pedantic

folk that they are, tend to drift more into personal bullhockey than in any marginally interesting direction.)

But there are examples of even bullhockey being of interest--no personalzine could last past its third or fourth issue if it wasn't so...//I don't think fans have really made up their minds about what they want (so what else is new?). Gimmicks are thought up both to attract new attendees as well as to avoid repeating vebatim the program of the previous year. But at times they go far afieled from what a con should and used to be. Later they turn around and gripe that cons simply aren't the same as they used to be...don't make sense, nohow!//But I didn't see all that much opinionizing in KWAL. Lotsa humor and anecdotes, but damn little scattershot-ism. Are you sure we saw the same fanzine?

SHERYL BIRKHEAD
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(Sept. 25, '75) Gee I wish I could verbalize why I like DIL so much, but either that faculty is beyond me, or such things aren't verbalizable. Stand in awe of the work it took (and takes) for your lovely covers! Want you to know that it is

appreciated--very much.

To me, "etreing" is enough reason for a fanzine. The mere fact that for some reason (stated, conscious, subconscious, unconscious (?), unknown...) "you" feel a need/desire to set stuff down on paper--that's sufficient. Of course, it's always nice to "kill" more than one bird with a stone (such as owed correspondence, "loc" when locking time runs short--or just telling everyone you're still alive and what's been happening.)

Yeah, it always seems odd to realize all the people you "know so well" through zines and/or conventions aren't necessarily the same people. At times I find it frustrating because then, when speaking about someone, you have to back track and fill in enough information so the reference is "clear" (or at least understandable).

We didn't have a garden this year--courtesy of Snappy and the cows! They got into the infant garden and wreaked (or whatever the word is) tremendous injury...sigh. Not even fresh tomatoes!

Did you "honest and truly" break your hand? That sounds like a silly way to phrase it but... Pretty low trick to get out of doing fan art if you ask me.

Well, I was feeling overpressured, you see, and it was the only excuse I could think of in a hurry... Actually, it's healed quite well now, though I have acquired my very own personalized "barometer" that signals changes in humidity and/or air pressure. And I didn't "get out" of doing hardly anything--things just were postponed. Rotten plan that was!

BEN INDICK
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Teaneck NJ 07666

(Oct. 15, '75) I am reading DIL and writing while a seminar on Effective Pharmacy Management is droning by, with several hundred other pharmitcists in various states of attention, mostly non-. It is a torture visited upon us by the Board of Pharmacy, in their efforts to keep us up to date with such "post-grad" work. The License demands, so I must comply, and the dinner will be good... I am perched beneath a wall lamp scribbling and I suppose I may be mistaken for an eager beaver taking notes, perish forbid!

On THIS gook? A Star Trek con would be better for note-taking. At least that would be anthropologically useful to a future curious generation.

The cover is a gracious tribute indeed and we males appreciate it. You have graphically shown how the hero, having bravely fought to protect the helpless woman he loved, has fallen gravely wounded. Behind him are visible the deadly back-plates of several gigantic monsters he has single-handedly slain. Now scarcely able to breathe, he has handed his gun to the girl, who having hidden behind him, is still unscathed, allowing her the luxury of thinking she is aiding him. Actually the monster is already dead and prone before her, as she sprays the coup de grace upon it. The illustration is a glowing accolade to the heroism of the man, as well as a credit to the plucky lass who is, even if it is a superfluous act, trying in her small and helpless way to be of some use. We salute you for this stirring piece of art!

I am happy to make the acquaintance of Bill Cavin, as I am happy to make the acquaintance of all good fen. As you know, I am a true believer in the brotherhood and sisterhood and in-betweenhood of all Fandom, a good country indeed. Hi, Bill!

In the LoC section, I am pleased to be sandwiched between such stalwarts as Ole Bone and Don D'A, two favorite friends of mine. In the pleasantly somnolent mood this droning speech is entrancing me, I muse over Ole Bone's name and the several years since I saw my first Title, and how quietly they have slipped by, like the exquisite autumn leaves slipping down outside...the colors are warm and soft, and the memory a good one.

No more comment on religion. I shall admit that of course Economic reasons are usually at the base of conflict, but old debbil Religion is such a handy label and red flag to wave. Now it's being used in Lebanon... Alas, I do think it may be about time that the world allowed its god(s) to worry about Him (Her, Them) self (selves) and get down to the business of improving our own lot. Waddaya say all of us, ALL, act at once, disavowing religion completely, okay? One--two--three...e...eeeeee.... Naw. No good. Some dumb bastard in the mountainy South, in Africa, in Russia, in Isreal, in Rome, in Belfast, in New York, surreptitiously refuses to go along, so the whole thing is off.

Hey, my daughter speaks to me again, even, my gracious, asks ADVICE of the old man!!! Not too much, but some! I do love my kids, but the pair who are upstairs now as I type in my cellar (I'm transcribing my notes at home now) where I am banished due to my in-laws occupying my den--are not the same kids as I had five years ago, nor even the pair of a decade ago. Each stage has its charms, of course, and the memory of each must be carefully filed away in a mental filing cabinet; but my favorite age is that 7 to 12 period, of growing minds, questions, closeness. Well, in spite of it all, I love them.

As I'm sure they love you, though, being kids, they probably don't show it all that well.//While one does often look on the past appearances and behavior of one's loved ones, it should be done with a sense of relief that they have changed. I doubt if you are the same man you were five or ten years ago--and a ghod thing it is! The place for static figures is in the museum or in those mental filing cabinets you speak of; surely not in real life. Not that looking back with wistfullness can't be a pleasure, because you can turn back and see your kids and loved ones exactly as they were.//Hmmm, somehow I feel that you and I have come to differing conclusions about the events previous to those depicted on that cover. Maybe B.R. Edgar will have to have that story printed after all!!!

MIKE GLICKSOHN (Oct. 15, '75) Much as I enjoyed the newest DILEMMA, with its delightful executed cover, it has put me on a bit of a spot. I'm currently working on a new issue of my own fanzine, the first I've done in nearly a year, and I realize that I have no Purpose whatever in doing it, other than the satisfaction of doing a job well, creating something I'll be proud of, and garnering what slight egoboo there might be for my contributors and myself. But I'm definitely not trying to publish the Perfect Fanzine like my old (emphasis on that adjective) friend Bill (I could say I've already done so but not

everyone appreciates such subtle humour and besides, Bell would toss his FAAN awards at me in rebuttal and those are heavy, and numerous, mothers), nor am I searching for the perfect squelch, or trying to live up to fanzine fandom's reputation as a mail-order cocktail party, or striving for any other esoteric and ennobling goal. I'm just trying to enjoy myself. I guess I'm going to have to give this matter some serious thought. Sweet as I am, and filled with booze as my fanzines are, I'd hate for them to be considered as mere trifles...if you happen to run across an unfulfilled purpose looking for a champion, let it know I'm in the market. (Probably at the liquor store..)

I couldn't help but note at the Windycon that I probably can give up my position as Fandom's Most Terrified Upfront Convention Performer to you, at least for awhile. In a way it's refreshing to discover that not everyone has the free and easy public personality of a Bob Tucker or a Rusty Hevelin who can discourse in a relaxed and enjoyable manner on just about any topic at the drop of a hat. I'm getting to the point where I can cope with panels, but speeches still reduce me to a quivering mass of total tension and nerves for days or weeks before I'm scheduled to perform them. If I had any sense I'd turn down such invitations, but if I had any sense, I probably wouldn't be in fandom in the first place!

I'm saddened by Ben Indick's comment about his daughter and hope it isn't quite as unhappy a situation as it seems to be. When one stops to think of the number of fans who have wives (mostly, though occasionally it's husbands) who are either indifferent to, or worse, actively hostile towards, their participation in fandom, it's truly a saddening thing. Many of the people I know and respect the most in fandom are bound to unhappy lives at home and in many cases their times immersed in fandom are the only happy times they have. It's a sobering thought, I think you'll agree. (luckily the other aspect of the situation is also much in evidence in the existence of fan couples who are both active and happy with the almost infinite variety of fannish experience. That's a happy thought, and well worth celebrating with a small glass of Chivas Regal!)

Perhaps the nicest thing that happened to me on the way to Aussiecon (welllll... maybe not quite the nicest...there was a fine faanishly intimate gathering with Tucker and Rusty and Mary Beth over a bottle of Tequila...and seeing Walt Leibscher up and active again...and a rather nice thing at 35,000 feet over the Pacific...and...) anyway, one of the relatively nice things (then again, there was the half-price cocktail hour at the hotel...and seeing all of Sandy Cohen's very fine art collection...and a superb Thai dinner...and...) still, meeting Dave Locke in Los Angeles was much much more enjoyable than being thrown up on at a football game would have been...I expect. (If I get more data on the matter, I'll keep you informed.)

Actually, meeting Dave was a great pleasure. Did you know he's shorter than I am????!! Yes, he is!! I refused to believe he was Dave Locke at first. I mean, I know what Dave Locke should look like; I've read his fanzine and his letters and his articles and his ~~very different~~ opinions. Dave Locke is a Giant: a man of mighty thews and bulging biceps, a veritable Conan among fen. But for some strange reason he sends this pleasant short little chap to cons to pretend to be himself. He's trained him well though; his diminutive simulacrum talks a lot like Dave Locke, and jokes a lot like Dave Locke, and, wonder of wonders, even drinks a lot like Dave Locke! Someday I'll get to meet the real thing, but in the meantime, I was mightily pleased to have a chance to finally get to know the convention persona. And we actually seemed to get along quite well together. Which makes it sad indeed that I can't recall what the hell I was agreeing with Dave on in my loc on the issue of DILEMMA before this one. (I'd have said "penultimate DILEMMA" but I don't know the word.) If ever I file my fanzines (and some of them have enough rough edges to make it worthwhile), I'll try to remember to look it up.

Dave's delightful bit of drollery on the all-blank fanzine shows his agile mind to its best advantage. It's truly wonderful what a little Johnny Walker can create... Undoubtedly the issue would remind Harry Warner (for precisely two pages) of a time when the Hagerstown newspaper inadvertantly printed a blank page instead of his write-up of the County Cherry Pie Eating and Two-Hole Outhouse Erection Carnival, while Sam

Long would generate fifteen mediocre and two excellent puns on the words "blank" and "empty" while explaining how it all was done differently when they put out blank fanzines in England, and Sheryl Smith would send seven hand-written blank pages containing her most intelligent reactions to fandom yet, and...I'm out of paper...(also friends, I suspect...)

*Assuming you had some to begin with...//I could bring an end to all this by reaching behind me and looking up the point on which you agreed with Dave, in my file copies of D, but I don't think I will. I'm enjoying this exchange too much as it is. However, I note in the latest XENIUM that you *gas* again agreed with Dave! What does this portend?//Having had Dave as a house guest (albeit a short visit of but one day) I know quite well how tall he is, and I would've sworn there wasn't more than a staple's thickness of difference between you two.//When I consider how miserable some people in fandom are with their family situation, I bless the existence of Wally. If and when I feel guilty about spending too much time and money on my fannish activities, it's me who's causing it, not him. If things were reversed, I doubt if I could be quite as giving as he is. But other couples like Leigh and Norbert Couch, and Andy and Jodie Offutt, and Bob and Anne Passovoy make even me envious!//You will note in Bens letter that his parent-child relationship has improved. Teenagers are such variable critters!//I don't think I'll have to worry about making speeches in the future...my one example was enough! Conversely, I'm not apprehensive at all about sharing the introducing duties with Rusty at Minicon--I guess it's simply because the topic isn't myself or my reactions, or anything personal. I could talk about others endlessly! It's getting around to self-expression that I freeze...*

LAURINE WHITE
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(Oct. 13, '75) When your zine arrived in the mail I opened it and was struck by the cover. It was delightful! Too bad no such story was inside. Jim McLeod brought some beautiful artwork to the last meeting of Sassafrass to show us. One of his sketches had an idea just about like your cover, but it was done in a different layout and style, of course. He'd done it for a symposium of women authors. I don't know when it will be held. But the idea as shown by your cover was more obvious. Jim's human figures are smaller, dressed in full spacesuits and harder to make out at first glance.

Your purpose for Dilemma, of introducing various fans with different interests to each other, sounds like a good one. Certainly I know so little of some of those fans you are always meeting at various midwest regionals. Does NocesCon have anything to do with the Minneapolis group?

Leonard Nimoy was opening speaker last week for a group of lectures in Sacramento. My mother had a season ticket and was unable to attend the first lecture, so she gave it to me. Most of the people in the audience were older women, but many Star Trek fans were scattered around. They were the ones who asked him the most questions. Nimoy said he and the rest of the ST cast would be at the big convention in January. He estimated attendance at 20,000. Sacramento and the surrounding area has over 200,000 people, but I can't picture an sf extravaganza being successful here. The 1/2 day minicon back in April had 2-3000 people for the Star Trek episodes, but then the STAR chapter here has about 300 members. I doubt if a more general sf program would attract as large an audience, especially if the prices were high.

Mrs. Gandhi never was my idol. There are a couple of women in California politics I do admire. One is Diane Feinstein, who just might be the next mayor of San Francisco. The other is March Fong, either a senator or state representative in Sacramento; I can't remember which. She is most famous, at least to me, for her campaign against pay toilets in public buildings. Several years ago she led a parade down the main street of town, at the end of which she demolished a toilet with an ax. It was called the "Potty Parade". She's for the Equal Rights amendment, and I can't remember what some of her other views are. Recently she was accused of using her state phone for

private business, a travel agency, but was cleared of the charges. That incident didn't hurt her image.

You mentioned Ann Cass. Will she publish another issue of Dragon Runners Chronicle? That was one of my favorite fanzines.

Apparently DRC is dead. Ann couldn't afford the upkeep on the stable of dragons any more, and not enough volunteers came forward to help pay the feed bills, so she dropped the whole idea. Being an Industrial Engineer, active in SCA and cons, and putting out a zine to boot, was simply Too Much for her. A pity; it was a unique zine, and will be missed by many.//Why are women politicos remembered best for essentially frivolous issues? I'm certain that Ms Fong worked on matters of more pressing urgency to her constituency that pay toilets....er...I worded that badly.//Nocres is an offshoot of Minnstf; the socializers and talkers rather than the apa-addicts and games players (though they did allow us our bridge game at their gathering, albeit reluctantly).//As you can tell by the amount of comment I'm printing in the lettercol, I'm rather pleased by the reaction that cover has gotten. Enough so I'll give it another go...

And so closes another lettercol. Believe it or not the letters preceeding this were viciously cut--I began with over 25 pp of text and only drastic pruning would bring it down to managable proportions. My apologies to all those whose letters were so sorely mangled. If ever I get access to offset and photo-reduction, I'll run every blessed syllable, but until then, the axe must reign supreme. Thanks to all of you, including those WAHF: Don Ayres, Ruth Berman, Phil Cohen, Keith Curtis, Al Fitzpatrick, Marty Helgesen, Lynn Hickman, "Plato Jones", Sam Long, Jodie Offutt, Dave Piper, Dave Rowe and Paul Walker. See you in another three months or so...

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Art Credits: P. 5, Sam Long; P. 11, Dave Locke; Pp 13 & 14, Doug Rice; P. 18, Sheryl Birkhead, P. 24, Rod Snyder; and P. 36, Sam Long. All others by Ye Friendly Editor.

The accompanying cartoon may be a mite late with its wishes, but the thought is valid all year long. This issue took me a disgraceful amount of time to prepare, and only part of the delay can be rightfully attached to the time of the year. Sorry for the delay folks, and to Darroll Pardoe; your letter arrived too late to be listed in the WAHF, but will be included next issue. Thanks for your continued interest!!!

Last Stencil cut December 27th, 1975

