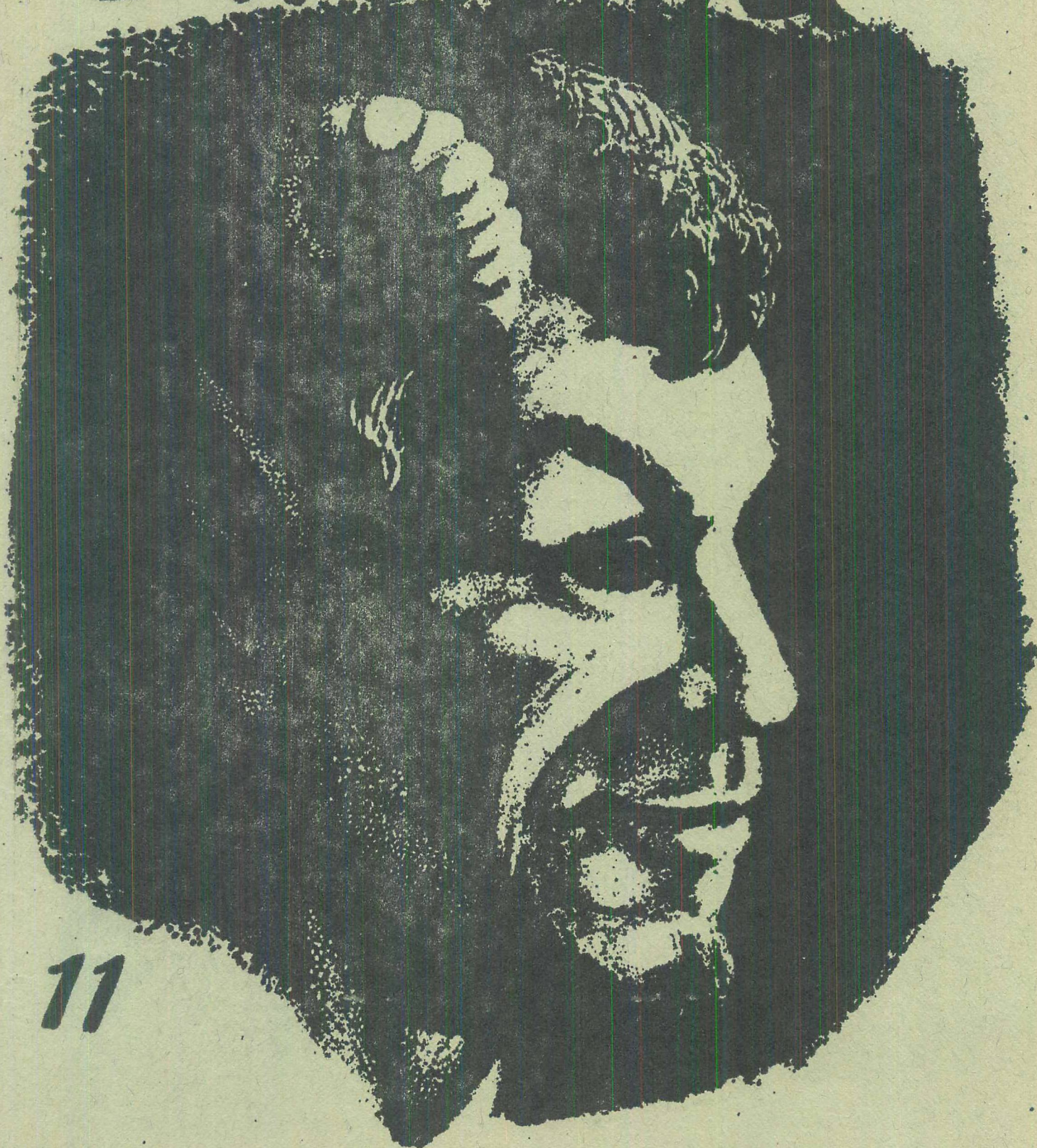


# *Dilemma*



11



DILEMMA 11 is published by Jackie Franke, Box 51-A RR 2, Beecher, IL 60401 for the month of April, 1976. It is available for letters of comment, contributions of material, or because the dart landed on your name this time. Scheduled for approximately three-month intervals. Stamps to offset postage are always needed. Support TAFF, DUFF, your Worldcon, the right to be free, Fandom, and yourselves.

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\*\*\*\*\*  
 You may notice a slight difference in the appearance of this issue. I mean, beside the lack of a FEM-LIB SF cover--a joke only lasts for so long. The Franke household was recently blessed with a brand new Gestfax electro-stencil cutter, and as a celebration of that acquisition, this entire issue is being set on stencil via the machine. I'm rather curious to see how it turns out. As part of the purchase package, the Gestetner folks revitalized my 320 mimeograph, so there should be an improvement in repro as well. Again, I'm curious to see how it turns out.

Actually, I'm curious about how many things are going to turn out. Later in this issue, I discuss some happenings in the SunCon front. Being an acknowledged con freak--to the point that some fanzine freaks doubt my credentials to be part of "their" group (Hiya, Roy!)--I'm extremely interested in how plans are progressing for the upcoming Worldcons. I read Progress Reports from cover to cover, and ask about the current situation whenever I meet any committee members at cons. I vote on the proposed sites at the proper time, volunteer my help at the convention itself, and, in general, care about it and its success or lack of same. While I have no idea whether you share the same interest, or to what degree, I hope the matters touched on here will be of interest. In any case, it is my fanzine...

The future of MidAmeriCon also interests me, though I'm far more optimistic about its chances for success. Certain distortions of published statements, along with outright fabrications, have been printed in Unnamed West Coast fanzines, and a certain amount of flak has been generated because of this. A number of people have expressed expectations, if not actual hopes, that the convention will be embroiled in so many problems that it will fall flat on its face. I don't think this will happen--the MAC committee seems to be coping quite well indeed--but revelations of ill will and outright attacks on the committee's competence won't help matters any should potentialities erupt into actual problems.. I hold with the view that the Worldcon belongs to all of us, and it is up to all of us to offer what aid we can.

This may seem to be a contradiction, in light of a few things I have to say about SunCon's chairman, Don Lundry. But I must stress the fact that I bear Don, nor the committee, any ill will. I am angry about the way matters have been handled in the past, and offer suggestions that, I hope, may prevent such difficulties in the future, but am at the same time aware that the only committee we have to run the 35th Worldcon is headed by Lundry, and includes such worthies as his wife, Grace, Elliot Shorter, JoeD Siclari and Ben Yalow (wasn't he on the New York bidding committee? \*oh well\* Be that as it may...), and if there is to be a con at all, they need all the help they can get. I try to separate the act from the



person and even though I decry what's been done, I sincerely hope that matters will proceed without further hassle from this point on. To argue about what has gone wrong accomplishes little good; the constructive act is to do one's best to see that similar errors do not occur.

\* \* \* \* \*

Because of the SunCon letter, Eric Mayer's piece was squeezed out of this issue. Many apologies, Eric, and it will appear next time, for sure. Gee, after two years of publication, I have an honest-to-ghod backlog! How 'bout that!

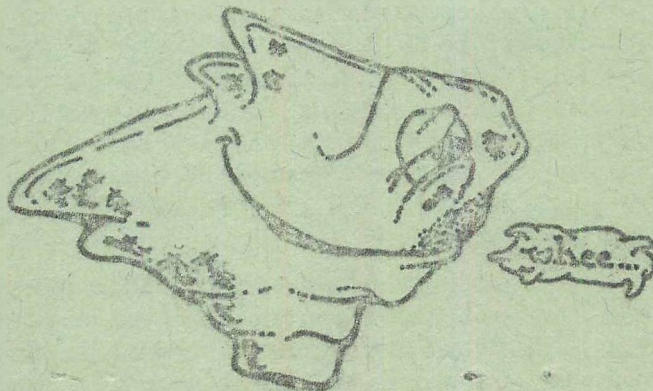
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Now that I have a stencil cutter, I am able to handle electro-stencils for other faneds. Trying to figure out how much to charge is difficult, though, and I haven't really given all that much thought to it. I note that Victoria Vayne lists a \$2 charge for the first stencil, and \$1.50 for subsequent stencils. That sounds fair (more than, in fact--Victoria's cutter scans a 700 lines-per-inch area; mine a lowly 200 l.p.i.) enough. Stencils cost \$26 per fifty from Gestetner, \$34 per hundred through Quill (an office supplies place near Chicago). Allowing for a fair rate for time-n-trouble, plus return postage, I'd guess that a buck-fifty each would be about right for Gestetner stencils. If enough orders come in to make it practical to order the Quill stencils (assuming their quality is okay) I'll knock 18¢ off per stencil. I'll order one to try out before next issue and let you know how they are at that time. For artwork with lots of fine-line detail, you can't beat the 700 l.p.i. resolution, however, and I urge you to send work that would be served better at that scanning rate to Victoria Vayne (address in the lettercol). The difference can be striking!

\* \* \* \* \*

The next few months will see the convention season burst into full bloom. Beginning with Minicon (where many of you will be getting this)--April 16-18 at the Hotel Leamington, Minneapolis, Minnesota--Wally and I are planning on attending BYOBcon in Kansas City the 14th through 16th of May, Autoclave in Detroit the 28th through 31st of May, Kubla Khan Quandry in Nashville the 4th through 5th of June, and--while hoping I have next issue prepared by then--Midwestcon in Cincinnati the 25th through 27th of June. I don't know if I'll be able to report fully on each con, ~~but what else will I fill the pages with?~~ and I make no promises but to try to give at least highlights. Buck Coulson will have to stop applauding or leave the room...

\* \* \* \* \*





Confusion began for us in the same mental state its name implies. We (well, I was driving, but there were two of us in the car...) had gotten lost trying to locate the Ann Arbor Inn--apparently the hotel had been under so many ownerships and through so many name-changes that few gas station attendants knew what we were referring to when we stopped to ask for directions. Persistence won through, however, and we managed to get checked in without incident. Frozen toes from the icy draft that blew across the lobby floor from the broken automatic door doesn't count, does it? Nor the brief conversation with Mike Glycer while waiting for Wally? Thought not...

Our room was very nicely located; two doors away from Midge Reitan and Lynn Christopher, directly across from the ice machine and a step or two away from the stairs. Perfect planning. On Saturday night, it was even better located, but I get ahead of myself. The Friday program was already scheduled to have begun by the time we arrived, so I dashed down to the mezzanine--letting Wally unpack--to get us registered before the desk closed down and grab two seats for Ted White's speech. Only...Ted hadn't returned from supper yet. After some minutes of watching the audience squirm restlessly, Ro Nagey--resplendant in buff-colored suit--came to the front and ad-libbed remarks, trying to keep the mob under control. Ted finally entered the room, and gave a very nice talk on the future of sf pro-zines. His conclusions were pessimistic, however, and they tended to bring down my exuberant spirits. We immediately repaired to the con-suite party, in order to raise them as soon as possible.

The room was packed. I said hello to Mike Glicksohn and Sheryl Birkhead, Lee Smoire, Jim Hansen, Rusty Hevelin, Lynn Lutz (oops, I meant Lin), Ro Nagey, Bill Fesselmeyer, Stephanie Oberembt, Gene Wolfe, and what seemed like dozens more. Wall to wall, and floor to ceiling, the room was a living, pulsing mass of fans--sheer heaven. The entire evening was spent hailing and talking to fellows and filles, and didn't come to an end until early next morning.

The next afternoon, after grabbing some pizza in the restaurant across the street from the hotel--a very funky place named Bimbo's that was a magnet for con-attendees from what I heard--we went to hear Bill Bowers' Fan GoH speech. Glicksohn introduced him, and the intro and speech served as a revelation regarding the firm, joking, friendship between the two men. Loving, funny, touching--they were applauded heartily. Afterwards, Wally and I went up to our room to recoup our energies for the night, and sat and talked with Midge and Lynn. The four of us went out to the Parthenon for some Greek supper, and then returned in time for Lloyd Biggle's Pro GoH speech.

Lloyd gave what had to be the most imaginative speech ever done at a con. He went into his life history, pausing here and there to give concrete examples of what he was doing at the time; they ranged from poetry written as a nine-year-old, to piano pieces written as a teenager, to his clarinet playing as an adult, to an example of his composing (and lyric-writing) done fairly recently--this last performed by a marvelous group of Madrigal singers from the University of Michigan. The entire presentation, and especially the singing, was given a standing ovation, and it was well-deserved.

After that we romped upstairs (again) to the room parties (again). This night the con suite was augmented by a Baltimore-Toronto party in the room next to ours--suite, rather. Wally and I had been dragging around a cache of booze, leftover from the Birthaversary party at Chambanacn and added to after a party we'd had here in early January, and chipped in with it. The Tor-More suite was livelier than the con-suite, all things considered. One of the "happenings" was a mattress party, wherein all present tried to climb aboard a bed, until it collapsed with a mere 14 on top. (We all hastily scrambled off, and pointed accusing



fingers at the laggard, Bowers, with cries of "You did it; we saw you!" Bill blushed redder than his beard...) Pulling off the mattress and setting it on the floor, we tried again and reached 17 people before the point came that new bodies would roll off rather than find a perching place. Just a quiet bunch of sedate fen...

Lee Smoire, Midge, Bowers, and myself ended up in the hotel dining room in time for their breakfast brunch a bit after 7 a.m. A night of partying had left us ravenous (Midge and I made two trips to the spread of eggs, toast, bacon, pork sausage, hash-brown potatoes, and juices) and we definitely got our dollars' worth at the buffet. We then went to Lee Smoire's room, joined by Rick Gellman, where I finally waved the white flag and called it a "night" somewhere after ten a.m.

Jim Hansen had promised to host an omelette party at his house for brunch, and Wally and I skedaddled over to glom onto some good food with Jim, AppleSusan, and Avedon Carol. A quiet interlude, and much appreciated. We made it back in time for the Gripe Session and vote on dispersal of excess convention funds.

Confusion has a tradition--relatively speaking, the con is only three years old--of taking a vote for how the profits from the convention should be spent. Last year the \$400 in profits were split between the Tucker Fund and DUFF. This year there seemed to be more possible recipients than cash. We discussed a four-way split between TAFF, a Special Lou Tabakow "teaching Seminar", the Madrigal Singers who had performed at Biggle's speech and at the banquet (they were to go on tour to Europe, and were in need of extra funds), and publicity for next year's con. Finally a split was agreed on between the future needs of the con and Lou Tabakow, with the Madrigals getting anything above a set amount, if any.

Next came an item which several of us were waiting for with itchy fingers and sweaty palms--Bill Bowers' guest of honor speech. Bill had graciously donated the manuscript(s--he also included the first draft) to TAFF's 77 campaign, and bidding had been written in on the bid-sheet at a fast and furious pace. Only one had dropped out; the rest of us eyed each other warily as the Precious Item was held up.

Up to the time of the voice auction, Mike Glicksohn had let it be known that the manuscript would be his. I'd countered with my stated intention to outbid him. We'd joked about it--I matched his larger bankroll with my larger husband and his persuasive manner--and by auction time a slight edge had crept into our bantering tone. Mike finally feigned disinterest by lying down on the carpeted floor in front of the first row of chairs and covering his eyes with his notorious hat--which he then peeked out from under at frequent intervals, to check on the progress of matters at hand. When Rusty called for bids, I assumed he'd come leaping to his feet.

But no; the bidding began and Glicksohn stayed put: he took a dive: he threw the fight! I found myself combatting instead the heftier, but broker even than I, Mike Glycer. He was knocked out at \$20. As I went to congratulate him on the ghod battle, he and Mike were standing head to head, discussing ways to insure publication of the speech. Joining in on the conversation, the three of us agreed on allowing Glycer to present the speech in a resurrection issue of PREHENSILE, as he had access to far better repro than Glicksohn, not to mention myself. (I'd offered to help with costs for an expanded mailing list for one issue of XENIUM during earlier talks with Mike, but the temptation of being able to contribute, even in so small a way, to one more issue of Glycer's zine was irresistible...) Glowing with pride of possession, I promised to send Mike a copy of the ms within a few days of the con. (As it turned out, I was saved the expense of Xeroxing it; Bowers mailed me two reduced-image copies a day or two later.)



The remainder of the con was anti-climatic. We hung around awhile longer; shared a drink with the Canadian fen in the bar, but after judging the dead dog party in the Imagination Unlimited room as the deadest ever, we went to Jim Hansen's house, where we spent the night. Jim took us on a tour of Ann Arbor the next day, and we had gret fun slipping and sliding across the streets and walks, laughing and scratching and having fun. But, officially as well as emotionally, Confusion ended shortly after the Sunday auction. A great con to start the year off with!

\* \* \* \* \*

Between conventions, Wally suffered another attack of his enteritis. A progressive disease of the intestines, it has afflicted him since his late teens. We've grown used to knowing an attack could send him to the hospital at any time. This trip proved to be a short one; but it delay fannish matters--like LcCs, letters, and preparing Dilemma. Apologies to those short-changed, but I know you'll understand. It's impossible to make up for lost time when operating at crifanac speed!

\* \* \* \* \*

*GUEST CON REPORT--by Jodie Offutt* ARTANE was a small affair; intimate. We met some nice people as usual, but I'm afraid the con chairman is in the hole. Wilmington is such an out of the way place; too far North for Southern fans, too far South for Northern fans (the ones who made it drove for hours) and too far East for Midwestern fans. Of course, there's nothing East of it to draw from but fish. Unfortunate. The hotel was beautiful and the personnel very nice. Ken Moore said he sure wished he had that hotel in Nashville. Me too.

The people who were there though, got a good program. Kelly Freas was most generous with his time and spent a good deal of it talking to artists who had work in the HUGE art show and wanted comments. Kelly also did an interesting slide show (as his GoH speech--there was no banquet) of his work beginning back in the early days; showing covers and illustrations and commenting on techniques, how he chose to show what, etc. Extremely interesting! At a panel on Saturday, andy talked about art on the covers of his books. Who did them, if they depicted the story, what he thinks of them, etc. That was my suggestion and it worked out rather well, I think. They seemed to enjoy it. Bob Passovoy, Steve Miller and I panned a discussion on fandom because there were so many neos there. (Also my idea. I'm just full of them; maybe I ought to offer my services to Ken Keller, or better still, put on my own con. Choke!)

A large crowd of us--nearly half the con--went to a restaurant where we were served family style all the fish we could eat. They just kept bringing us platters of fried fish, oysters, shrimp, french fries, hush puppies, cole slaw, potato salad, green beans and barbequed pork. It was marvelous. Even Ken Moore had all he could eat! We went back the next night, a smaller group of us, after successfully sneaking away from a very loud-mouthed girl who was driving us all up the wall, especially Lou Moore and I. I felt sorry for one of the local fans who was experiencing his first encounter like that and felt pretty bad about the whole thing. I told him that it just happened every once in a while in fandom and not to worry about it. I can remember when such a situation was very upsetting to me. I've had meals ruined by fans, and writers too.

Bob and Anne Passovoy were there; they'd been visiting the Freases. Met and talked with some fanzine fans--Brett Coz, Jim Brodie, and Tim Marion. I met one woman, Mariann Steel, who lives in S. Carolina and is on the SFC roster. It was her first convention and the only one that has been close enough for her to go to. She said she's been sending in attending memberships for years because she wants to support them. She was so enthusiastic and is going to try to make Kubla Kwandry. We had coffee with her and her friend (not a fan) and she said she'd been reading sf for forty or more years. She seemed quite happy to know that all fans aren't high school and college age kids, and seemed to be having a great time. I'm going to send her a few fanzines...



## SUNCON ...or GLOOMCON ?

While at Marcon this past March, I heard a rumor that the SunCon committee had moved the 35th Worldcon to the Fountainbleau Hotel in Miami Beach from its previous site in Orlando. To be blunt, I was stunned. Before I saddled up my white charger, I wrote to Don Lundry, asking if the rumor was true, and if so, on what authority had the decision been made. To refresh your memory, a few hundred of us, during the 33rd Worldcon (Aussiecon), selected Orlando as the site for the convention. Rack my memory though I did, I could recall no place on the ballot, or in the WSFS Constitution, that established a "floating committee", who could unilaterally decide where a few thousand of us would travel to for the 1977 Worldcon. While I fully appreciate the difficulties the SunCon committee has encountered, I also feel that they are not being entirely honest with us, the prospective attendees. First, read the response I received to my letter of inquiry...

# SunCon

thirty fifth world science fiction convention

P.O.Box 1343  
Radio City Station  
New York, NY 10019

March 30, 1976

Dear Jackie,

Don Lundry mentioned he had gotten a letter asking about the convention from you so I asked what you had to say and after reading your letter, I figured I would write and give you my personal opinion about what is going on. I imagine Don will answer for himself.

I imagine you have talked with Rusty and know generally what problems the SunCon has been facing. However, I will go over what I know:

Since last February (1975), I had offered my services to Don for the con. After he had come back from Australia, he asked me to do the first progress report and I started getting actively involved from then on.

At that time, Don told me that there was a problem with the hotel and that no contract had been received from them despite repeated letters and calls. As time went on, various mailings, press releases, committee messages, and talks with Don revealed that there was also some internal lack of communication within the committee itself. These problems were settled at Philcon after two long meetings of all those concerned. The resolution which was presented by Rusty was agreed on completely by all. I hope with no ill feeling by all.



The resolution stated in effect that Rusty Hevelin and JoAnn Wood were no longer currently part of the committee, and that this was because of the communication gap which ~~there~~ geographical distance between them and the rest of the committee caused. At this time, with Rusty and JoAnn's approval, an executive committee was approved consisting of Don and Grace Lundry, Elliot Shorter, Ben Yalow and myself. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

Since then, I have consulted with both Rusty and JoAnn on different matters and they were both kind enough to ~~lead~~ give their advice.

As you know, we did have large problems with the Sheraton Towers Hotel in Orlando. First, the hotel was in a state of bankruptcy; second, if the hotel got out of bankruptcy, we had to renegotiate our contract with them.; third, the hotel said that they had scheduled another con in starting a Wednesday after our but because they had a heavy set-up, we would have to give up our entire exhibit area by noon on Sunday (this was told after they had agreed to let us have the area until Monday verbally and after the bid had been won). This last would have meant closing the Huckster Room and the Art show early Sunday or ~~Monday~~ and causing all convention members to have to walk outside around the Exhibit Hall to go from their rooms to the program area.

These problems decided us to check into other hotels. In the Orlando area, there were none that could hold a convention the size of the Worldcon. The hotels in Disney World might have been a possibility but they were a minimum of \$40.00 per night and are spread all over the Disney World resort (some are miles away from the main hotel). Also Disney World is a conservative business organization—it would have been bad business to let us in the hotel because the Labor D weekend is one of the biggest at the resort itself and, also, we are not one of the most conservative groups in the world. Because of all this it was finally decided that if we were forced to move from the S Sheraton Towers, it would be necessary to move out of the Orlando area.

Various well-known fans as well as many lesser known were asked their opinions on the matter at fan gatherings and cons, if they thought we should move or stay in Orlando at any price. The general concensus was MOVE!!! In my own case I talked with almost 50 fans and all of us on the Executive Committee were checking with fans. This was what we used as our authorization to move plus the fact that the bid under Don's leadership was the one that had ~~mine~~ won.

We checked various areas and after consideration, Miami Beach seemed the best alternative if we had to move. To decide whether we had to move it was decided to send some representatives down to check on the Orlando hotel and on the Miami Beach Hotels. Don, Grace, Karina Girsdansky, and I went down.

To compare hotels, we went to Miami Beach first. We spoke and went through the Fontainebleau, the Deauville, the Carillon and the Americana. The Fontainebleau was, by far, the best hotel suited to our needs in Miami Beach. However, we still did not want to move. We told the Salesman at the Fontainebleau only that we were considering them if we had to move but that we were committed to Orlando unless the problems were ~~irreconcilable~~ irreconcilable.



we went to Orlando after spending the night at my parents. In Orlando, we spoke with the National Sales Manager of the hotel, and I personally was very disappointed. He was uncooperative to say the least. The hotel had on only a skeleton staff and we were told that when the hotel got out of bankruptcy they would be keeping the same management which had gotten them into that position less than one year after they had opened. He also could not extend the time we wanted the exhibit hall to Monday; we had to be out by Sunday Noon. In addition, other items which had been promised to us, such as in-house A-V equipment and bus service to nearby hotels could no longer be provided. Lastly, their room rates had gone up drastically; they wanted \$26. Single, \$32. double, \$38. triple, and \$44. Quad. With all these, what would you have done?

We still had not decided to move until two weeks later the entire executive committee voted unanimously to move. Arrangements were made with the hotel and now I can put out the first progress report. Don has probably told you all this and I know a good deal of it will be explained in the PR out in April.

So, the SunCon has moved to the Fontainebleau in Miami Beach, Florida. For your information, we will have between 1000 to 1200 rooms for the con and rates are \$27. Single(\$1. more than Orlando), \$31. Double(\$1. less than Orlando), \$35. triple (\$3. less), and \$39. Quad (\$5. less). In addition, our convention meeting and exhibit space is larger than any Worldcon has had, including the Sheraton Park.

I think we can run a better con in Miami Beach than is possible in Orlando, all things considered. I hope you agree. I would like to know.

We have been working hard to get set up to run a good con and have been getting the best people we possibly can to fill the key positions so that we can run a smooth and efficient operation. We need help from all fans who are willing both before and during the con and I hope we can get their support.

I have gone on at some length in this letter because I, and the rest of us on the ConComm, want you to understand what has happened and why. I especially appreciate your writing direct to get your answers rather than relying on rumors. I hope I have supplied them.

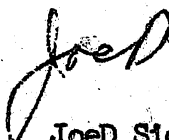
This letter is NOT DND, if you think it is of interest to others.

Anything else you would like to know, I will be glad to answer any questions. If it is about a specific area of the con, you can write to me and I will pass it on.

Executive committee: Don Lundry, Chairman, Computer Services  
Grace Lundry, Administrative Services, HQ Room  
Elliot Shorter, Special Functions  
Joe Siclari, Programming and Publications  
Ben Yalow, Facilities

Thanks for writing, and please pardon this typing which is terrible.

Good luck,



Joe D Siclari



An excellent and informative letter. JoeD responded politely and thoroughly replied to the two questions I'd posed. The adding of further details was a most thoughtful gesture, and I appreciated it. However, it not only did not satisfy the most important point about this action, it brought into light another aspect that I'd heard about and had been concerned by--that "contract".

I've spoken to several people who worked on both bidding committees and the final, operating, committees for Worldcons. To a fan, they expressed shock and bafflement at the thought of anyone coming forward, asking fandom to choose them to head up a Worldcon, without a signed contract with the proposed site in their pocket. Yet, apparently, this is exactly what Lundry did. He then compounded that error in judgement by not getting a binding agreement with the Sheraton Towers immediately after Aussiecon. This, in my opinion, is extremely careless behavior for a Worldcon chairman to exhibit. He then tried his darndest to conceal the lack of a commitment with Sheraton by issuing statements of "renegotiating" the contract after the hotel had filed for bankruptcy. It is patently impossible to "renegotiate" something that does not exist.

By omission, Lundry lied to us. If the hotel had not wound up in the situation it did, he may have gotten away with it. The Sheraton, however, tossed him a sharp curve by promising use of the facilities needed by SunCon to another customer. It is for this reason, as well as others, that bidding committees are expected to have contracts with their hotels. Without one, Lundry was stuck. SunCon had not legally bound itself to an agreement, but while Lundry's feet were dragging, someone else did. No business can operate on proposals--firm commitments are needed--and the Sheraton Towers had every right to give another, contracted, customer access to "our" facilities. I'm surprised that Lundry did not have a contract prior to Aussiecon; I'm simply astounded that he did not obtain one as soon afterward as physically possible.

Obviously, SunCon had a problem--in spades; doubled. The hotel was lost: what to do next? According to JoeD, the committee then looked into alternative hotels and sites. Without a precedent to guide them, this seemed a reasonable action. However, then "various well-known fans as well as many lesser known were asked their opinions" on the matter. Strange, it seemed to me that it was the voters at Aussiecon who "selected" the site--not a batch of fans known only to a select Executive Committee.

Would it have been all that much trouble to mail out a ballot to the pre-registered members of SunCon, listing the alternatives, and asking for--in effect--a new vote? It had been considered practical to mail out postcards after the bid had been won, therefore the registrants were known to the committee, as well as their addresses. Why, when something of such an important nature was concerned, wasn't it put forth to those most concerned? Transcontinental phone calls were allowed in their budget--why not a by-mail poll of the pre-registered members? By every rule now in effect, they were the ONLY ones empowered to select the site for the WorldCon!

As an aside: is it not true that two previous members of the committee were taken to task in public--though the action was later retracted--for daring to request ideas and suggestions about the Worldcon in general from a group of east coast fans? Why then, with a matter as serious and with as far-reaching effects as the loss of a site's hotel and a proposed relocation, was it then considered proper to consult with a relatively small group of fans and not with the larger membership?

Are you registered with SunCon? Were you consulted?



To look at matters realistically, with the Sheraton booked for part of the period needed for the con, another city had to be found, and Miami Beach probably fills the bill as well as any other site. In any case, I see little that can be done about Lundry's high-handed action. Despite the longer drive, or costlier plane fare, Miami Beach will be the site for the 35th Worldcon. That is a *fait accompli* and has to be lived with.

However, I do think that something must be done to prevent such actions in the future. It must be made clear to following Worldcon Chairmen that the convention is not a regional--where the chairman can set things up or move them about at will, change hotels, dates, whatever on his/her own hook--but a World Science Fiction Convention, where the site was selected by pre-registered members, and said members, or a named alternative, have the right to be asked to name a second site should the first one fall through. It must be insured that no bidding committee can present its bid without a SIGNED SEALED AND NOTORIZED CONTRACT in hand. It must be emphasized that no single person is being elected temporary ghod, to make drastic decisions affecting the plans of thousands of people, but that the site for the convention is being chosen, and that other procedures will come into effect should that site be lost.

Prior to DisCon, an alternative procedure was in existence. The previous 5 Worldcon chairmen were empowered to choose a new site, should the selected site be lost through resignation of the committee or other cause (I'd call having the hotel rented out from under you "other cause"). The new constitution gives no advice or procedure to follow in this eventuality, covering only the possibility of the entire committee being dissolved. (In which case the Chairman of the other con--there always being two committees in existence at any one time--has the job of deciding what on earth to do; poll the membership or act unaided, depending on the amount of time available.)

I would hope that two amendments will be presented at MidAmeriCon's business meeting. One, to guarantee that only committees with binding contracts with their proposed facilities be permitted to present their bids; and second, that a procedure be established to cover the eventuality that the properly selected site is somehow no longer able to hold the convention. I would prefer that such a procedure include a mail ballot sent to registered members of the defunct convention which includes what alternatives are available.

To sum up: I think that Lundry acted with poor judgement in not obtaining a firm, signed commitment with the Sheraton Towers before the Site Selection meeting at Aussiecon. I believe he was not being completely honest with the members of Suncon in explaining this fact as relations with the hotel began to deteriorate. I have no violent objections to the selection of Miami Beach as the alternate site, but I resent, most deeply, the way the site was chosen. I urge you, and other members of Suncon, to attend the business meeting at MAC in order to pass regulations that will hopefully prevent such occurrences in the future.

Right at the moment, I feel as disenfranchised as I did when Gerald Ford became President of the United States--and about as powerless to do anything about it. I cast my ballot for Orlando to be the location of the 35th Worldcon (DC was my second choice). I did not vote for Don Lundry to choose the site, but for a group of specific people to host the convention at a specific place and time. (One point which hasn't been discussed is: at what point does a committee no longer exist? When one member is dropped? Two? Three? More? When a chairman resigns? Should names of the bidding committee members be listed on the ballot as well as the site? What if a committee should split in two? Who has the mandate to act in the name of the Worldcon? The more I look, the more complicated this gets.)

\* \* \* \* \*

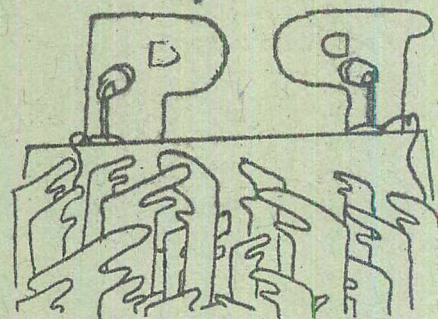


# THE CONVENTIONAL FANS Worldcon Guide

F = FAN / P = Pro  
by *REE*

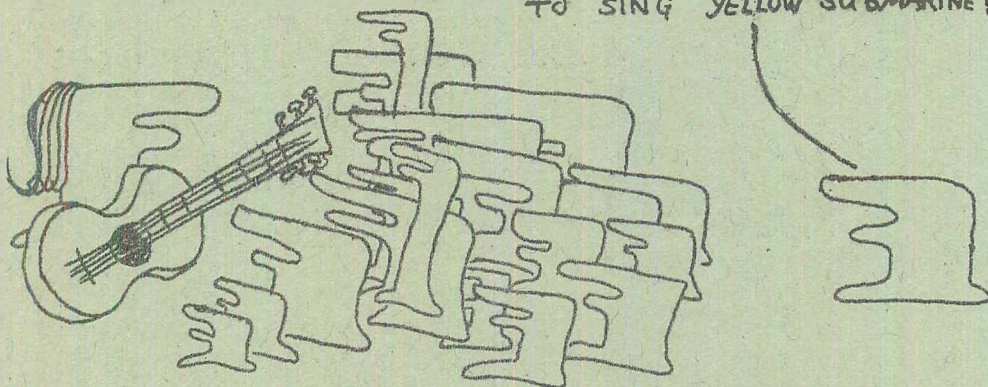
## PANEL DISCUSSIONS

I WROTE 'CAP KENNEDY'?!?  
HELL! I THOUGHT YOU  
WROTE 'EM!



## FILK-SONG FESTS

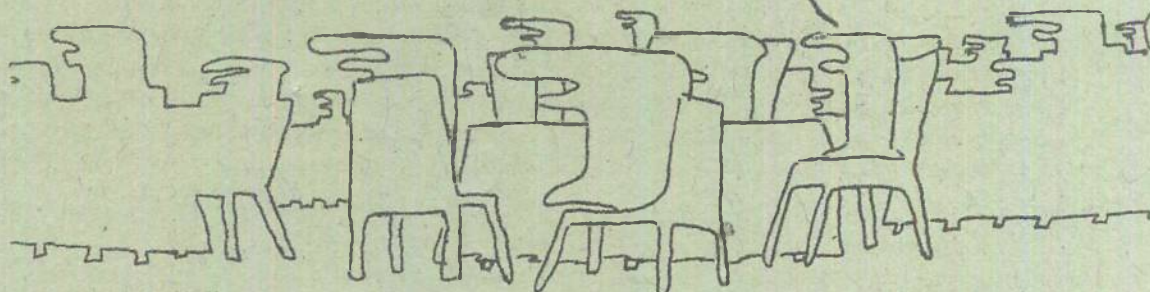
DOESN'T ANYBODY WANT  
TO SING "YELLOW SUBMARINE"?



## HUGO AWARDS BANQUET

... AND NOW FOR THE PRESENTATION  
OF THE SPECIAL VAN DANIKEN SCIENTIFIC  
MERIT AWARD.

I THINK I'M GOING  
TO THROW UP.

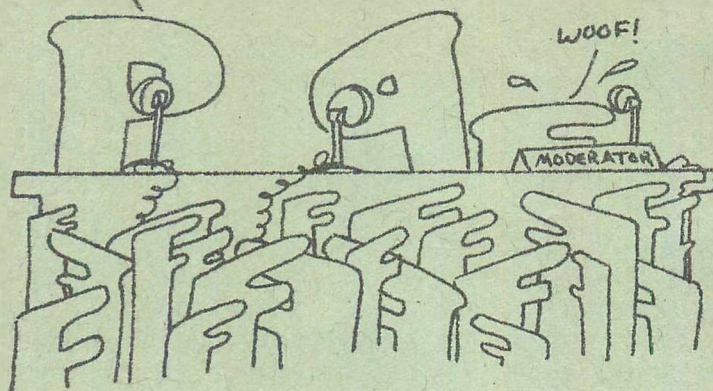




# MORE PANEL DISCUSSIONS

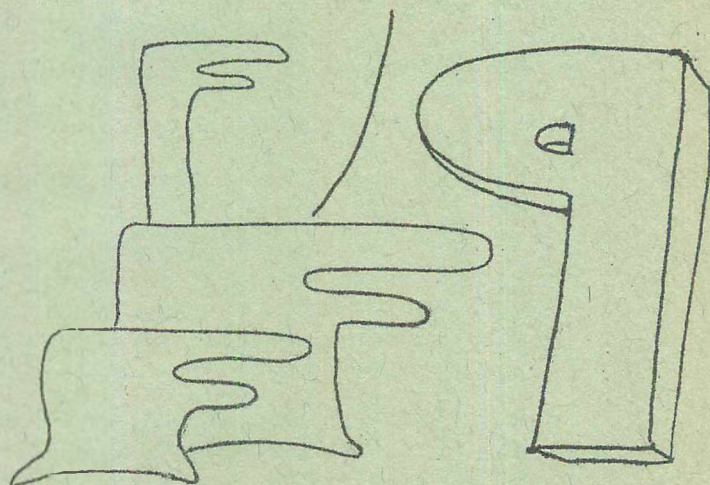
OH!?...AND JUST WHEN  
DID YOU DETERMINE THAT MY  
'MAGNUM OPUS' WAS A JOKE?

AFTER READING  
THE COVER BLURB.



MEETING YOUR FAVORITE PROS

WHAT PRICE  
GLORY?



-FINI-

...THIS IS CALLED FILLING THE LAST OF THE STENCIL...

Running off this issue of Dilemma has been one big hassle. I ran out of paper, had the expected glitches in learning to operate new equipment, the usual lack of time when I needed it and tons of it when I didn't--the ordinary complaints of the fanned. But, nearly two weeks late, #11 is finally finished.

The biggest--virtually only--problem I'm having with the stencil cutter is trying to handle a tendency it has to cut portions of the right edge of some pages too lightly. Any of you out there who know what could be causing this, I'd certainly appreciate hearing from you. Otherwise, once I learned how downright fussy the machine is in insisting that not only the stencil, but the plastic plate that covers the to-be-copied material, be absolutely FLAT against the drum, I've had no difficulty. For your information, the cover was done in charcoal; retouched and recut. The illo for Sebastian's poem was done with ball-point pen on the reverse side of tracing paper, with the lettering done on the right side. All other sketches were done with pencil. Apparently my crowquill pens can take a rest for awhile...

Two more LoCs on #10 arrived--Eric Lindsay and Al Fitzpatrick wrote a bit too late to be included this issue. Next time, fellows!

April 8, 76



## Marcon Snapshots

Some conventions are so chock full of Things That Happened, that to do a balanced report would fill an entire fanzine by itself. MarCon XI was one of those. Yes, I know. I had vowed I'd never attend another, and yet... If there had been an organized conspiracy to entice me to Columbus over the weekend of March 19-21, it could not have been planned more effectively than sheer circumstances dictated. To list all the reasons would take a page, and undoubtedly bore most of you, so I won't. Just accept my change of heart as another fannish whim; one in an endless list. Regardless of previous statements, attend I did, along with Martha Beck and Midge Reitan, and we enjoyed ourselves enormously. I'm most pleased that I changed my mind. Now, however, a problem raises its ugly head: how to condense 48 very-full hours into a reasonably sized chunk of fanzine space. Impossible! So, in lieu of a proper conreport, allow me to relate a few anecdotes about the con. It may be more confusing that way, but since that's the usual net effect of a convention weekend, it could be called fitting...

### #1 OF CARDS AND FRIENDS AND JODIE-GESTURES...

My husband spoils me rotten. That's not a very good stance to take when you're a moderate feminist, but it's true all the same. I do very little to warrant the attention and generosity that Wally gives me; by most criteria I'm a washout as a Wife-n-Mother. A housewife, I ain't. As 'reward' for all my non-performance, Wally showers me not with the Badges of Honor any normal suburban matron would be pleased to get--diamonds, minks, or trips to Bermuda--but neat things like Selectrics and Gestetner mimeographs.

He had picked up an idea at Confusion, upon hearing Mike Glicksohn sing the praises of Victoria Vayne's newly acquired electro-stencil cutter, and it burst into fruition the week before MarCon. Despite my protests--admittedly, feeble than they might have been--he bought me a new Mark II Gestfax. Will my crogglements ever cease? (Thank ghod for employer-maintained savings plans!!!) Anyway, between ordering it and picking it up, I only told two people in this area, Midge and Martha, and mentioned it in one letter; to Jodie Offutt, which I didn't expect to arrive until after the con. (Jodie and I play this Game, y'see--not at every convention we attend, but enough--each of us tries to get their letter to the other just past the wire, so it will be waiting when the other reaches home. It's not quite "laying an Ob", but it's close...)

Naturally, Jodie received the letter the day she was leaving for Columbus.

Since she is she, and her mind works in a fashion peculiar unto herself, she did a very sweet thing; a very Jodie-like thing. She picked up a greeting card that one would send to someone with a newborn baby, adapted the verse inside, had one of her talented family sketch a picture of a stencil cutter and placed it over the photo of a baby's face. Taking it to the con, she passed it around to various people for signing and embellishment, and presented me, shortly after our arrival in the wee hours of the morning, with a Congratulations On The New Arrival card. It was one of those fan-touches that put you into so high an orbit, you know you'll never come down again. She told me later that quite a bit of work had gone into composing the jottings in the card, so Snapshot One shows its interior. Thanks to you all!!!



Marcon. 1976

The most spastic lines of pen or pencil  
Are faithfully produced on stencil.  
May the new device aid as you go  
On to a FAAN, or less, a Hugo.

Congratulations

Love *Mike Schubert*

Now you'll find out how easy it was  
For GURKISCHN TO GET THE REPRODUCTION  
HE USED TO...

BUT IT'S STILL NOT AS MUCH FUN  
AS A SELECTRIC\* (WHICH HE DOESN'T HAVE)?

\*OR SEX

*Bill Bowers*

*I don't love - Rusty*



NOW  
YOU  
CAN  
DUPLICATE  
ARTWORK

*Randy Bathurst*

Have fun with  
it.

*Oliver L. Cunningham*

*John Ayotte*

Of life's most wonderful moments  
Nothing can take the place  
Of holding your fanzine in your hands  
After filling every space,  
And Electro-stencil's easier ways  
So clear, sharp and neat  
Will fill DILEMMA with gladness  
And make your lives complete!

BEST WISHES TO ALL OF YOU

*Love, Jackie*

*I have decided not to  
sign this card.*

*John Cleve*

JJJJJ  
OOOOO  
EEEEEE  
HHHHH  
AAAAA  
TTTTT  
NNNNN

*Leah A. Zeldes*

## #2 BUTTON, BUTTON: WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON?!

This doesn't involve me at all, but concerns two other ~~straggling~~ faneds who are in dire need of egoboo in order to achieve the relatively prestigious position of Well Known Fans. As they both labor hard at their fanac, I'm certain they'll reach their goal...just a few more years, fellows! One of them, Bill Bowers (note the name well), was to introduce Randy Bathurst, MarCon's Fan Guest of Honor. But first, he had a piece of business to attend to. Imagine this scene....

(Setting: a large public function room in the Neil House Hotel, chairs lined up in rows before a dias, seated fans who stir uncomfortably, waiting for the next item on the day's program to begin--the Fan GoH speech. Tall, cadaverous-looking, Bill Bowers even more uncomfortably shuffles the papers in his hands. Seated behind a green-clothed table--Randy Bathurst at his side (it is possible to loom, even while sitting)--Bill eyes the audience, takes a deep breath, and decides, against all his better judgement, to honor his commitment to speak. A hush falls over the audience...)



"Before we get down to - or rather up to - the matter at hand; I have a little (shall we say) "personal business" to attend to. Last fall, Jodie Offutt wrote me a letter, in which she said that she had observed, over the course of several conventions last year - that I seem to have acquired a number of - well, the word Jodie used was "groupies".

"Now this was a flattering idea - particularly to one of my advanced years - and I must admit that I hadn't been aware of the developing phenomena. So - at the next few cons, I began to look around in an attempt to discover just who was always around me. Naturally, I expected to find a multitude of shapely young ladies whom I had somehow managed to overlook in my single-minded quest for the Ultimate Fanzine.

"Unfortunately - all I found was Larry Downes and Patrick Hayden...

"Still, I don't give up all that easily. And, after Confusion, when Lee Smoile sent me the first prototypes of "The Official Bill Bowers Groupie" buttons, and suggested I find somewhere to stick them - or, rather, someone to "pin" with them - well, who was I to refuse such a challenge?

"I spent many sleepless nights wondering just who should be the first recipient of this unique award. Certain qualifications came to mind--obviously, it had to be someone short and cuddly - someone whom I'd slept with at a convention.

*(The object of the "award" stiffens, and suspiciously studies Bill's face. Rising warily, the fan takes a few steps toward the rear of the room, contemplating flight. Reconsidering--is that the fannish way to behave?--the retreat is halted, and position assumed, en garde, near a pillar.)*

"But I'm also aware of what happened at GALAXY last year - and the last thing I need right now is to be hit with a sex discrimination suit..."

"In the end, there could only be one choice - and to make a long story short... Michael, will you please come up here? *(Winching in confirmed pain, Glicksohn trudges to the table, accepting his fate with forbearance)* Ladies - Gentlemen; the first "Official Bill Bowers Groupie - Michael Glicksohn!

"Mike *(as he pins the emblem of honor to the awestruck Canadian)* - I realize it's not quite a FAAn Award. But if you play your cards right..."





### #3 THE GENTLE ART OF INTRODUCTIONS: AS PRACTICED BY BILL BOWERS.

Though this item follows immediately after #2, it is, indeed, a separate "snapshot". I hope this sufficiently sets it apart.

*(The chitter-chatter and joking die down as Bowers resumes his seat. He clears his throat and casts a sideward glance at Bathurst--who uneasily smiles back--then, rearranging his notes, begins anew...)*

"And now for something completely different..."

"As you may have noticed - in particular, just a moment ago - there are very few people in fandom that I have to look up to. And those I do have to look up to, like John Meisel, I can generally see around. Still, when the MarCon committee offered me the opportunity to introduce their first fan guest of honor ever - and, as a small remuneration for my time and trouble - offered me a free, all-expenses paid trip around Randy Bathurst - how could I refuse? I put on my backpack - and here I am. A seasoned veteran of public speaking.

"Yes.

"Randy is described by one word - BIG! In fact, that's how I met Randy - in the Kansas City suite at DisCon II (That's where I met Ro Nagey also, but let's keep our attention on a "single" object.). *(For the unacquainted, Ro was married the 6th of March to Lin Lutz)* - where he was attempting to form "Big Fandom". Qualifications? Over six foot - or over two hundred pounds.

"But don't tell Kaufman. He thinks he's in, but actually he's just our mascot.

"Did I say "Big"? *(Bill turns his head to survey the sheer mass of Randy, who attempts to appear no more imposing than a giant stuffed panda...)*

*(He succeeds marvelously well, considering...)*

"Last year - here at MarCon as a matter of fact - as I was innocently sitting behind my huckster's table - located beside my "peer", Buck Coulson - just trying to work my way through fandom, don't you know? - every so often, Randy would come strolling across the room to lay another cartoon on me. Now then, if you think approaching Randy while you are standing can be a belittling experience - well, believe me, when Randy approaches you, and you are sitting - now that is an intimidating sight to behold!

"I mentioned this to Randy - thereafter, he approached me on his knees! At last, someone willing to give me the respect that is my rightful due!

"But enough of "size" jokes. You'd think I was introducing Glicksohn..."

"And yet...that very same word - Big - describes Randy in so many ways other than the physical. It sums up his heart, his sense of humor - and his talent. He is, without a doubt, one of the most uniquely inventive fan cartoonists around. And at the rate his technique is developing - very shortly he will be without peers. And his talent is not confined to the two-dimensional representations you will be familiar with through \*ahem\* some of the better fanzines. *(He draws toward him a large object, covered with a paper bag, and pulls off the sack, revealing one of the FAAn Awards that Randy designed and made--a representation of the Enchanted Duplicator, with an animated Bheer can perched on top, complete with propellor-topped beanie)* As you can see, since I brought along one of my Bathurst originals.

"Will someone keep an eye on a certain Torontoite and make sure this is still here when I finish?

"In fact, the only basic "problem" with Randy is his modesty regarding promotion of himself as someone of value, not to mention his work, is all a bit flustering to those of us who know him and love him.



"By way of example...in late February, I drove up to Ann Arbor. And one of the prime purposes of that trip was to "interview" Randy - unlike those who have introduced me in the past (*sharp glance toward Glicksohn*) I take these "assignments" with some degree of seriousness!

"Well, that interview garnered me a grand total of three facts: Randy Bathurst was born on April 1, 1950 - he got into fandom in 1968 - and that someone named Glicksohn published his first illustration. Michael, you've been holding out on me. You never told me you used to publish a fanzine!

"That was the sum total of the "interview". Everything else got a "I'm going to use that myself", a "You'll have to clear that with Candy" - or, more often, a "But nobody would be interested!"

"But the trip was not a total waste. Later that evening, when Ro & I got Randy in the "Fan Attic" - hmmm...this combined with that little preliminary ceremony isn't going to do my "reputation" a hell of a lot of good, is it? - we, by means you'll never know, convinced Randy to do the first Outworlds Productions "Professional" Project.

"It will be an adult - but sans-genitals; ask Randy about that - coloring book - tentatively entitled OTHER PLACES, OTHER TIMES, and will be out for MidAmeriCon. Won't it Randy? (*He smiles, sweetly, at Randy. Bighod, Bill can look mean!*)

"But if I keep this up much longer, it'll be written up in Mishap apazines - and Randy will start to think he's someone "important". He is - but we don't want him to know that, do we now...

"In the cosmic scope of things, I would suppose that being a fan guest of honor in Columbus, Ohio is about on a par with being a fan guest of honor in Ann Arbor. But be that as it may...

"Here is a person with a heart and a talent literally as big as he is:

"I give you Fandom's Gentle Giant: RANDY BATHURST!!!!!"





#### #4 THE TALE OF THE BUNNY...

Saturday noon, Midge, Martha and I had gone to the drugstore down the block from the hotel and taken our nourishment, such as it was, at the lunch counter there. After paying our checks, we stepped back into the warm afternoon sun and started back to the Neil House. A display in one of the store's windows caught our eyes: a vertible warren of bunny rabbits; cunning little greyish-brown flocked toys that had the most life-like eyes I'd ever seen on a frankly fake, non-stuffed animal. WATERSHIP DOWN, in person. Midge knew exactly where they were located in the store: she'd cruised its counters while Martha and I had dawdled over our sandwiches. They didn't look as striking amassed in one section of the Easter Goods department, but they'd lost none of their charm. We studied the various poses offered, and sizes, and selected two small ones and one large. (Martha likes her possessions to impress!) Once back in our room, we put them on the dresser, except for the Big Bunny, which took the place of honor on the window sill.

Time passes: the banquet had been scheduled for seven o'clock, and we poorer fen gathered in our room for a cracker, cheese, and whatever-was-on-hand repast. Rusty Hevelin, with his "Great-Grand-daughter" Steve Oberembt in tow, and Brian Burley joined us--Rusty chipping in with what food he had stashed in his room. We ate and relaxed, talking about matters fannish. Sometime into the meal, Rick Gellman peeked into the doorway, and asked if he could come in. A wind had kicked up outdoors, and the curtains were beginning to snap about rather energetically. Martha asked him to move her rabbit to a safer spot. Rick went to comply (when Martha requests, fandom leaps to obey...), and stopped in mid-step.

"What rabbit?" he asked bewilderedly. With a gasp, Midge dashed to the window and looked down--six floors below, near a roof vent, lie the rabbit. Intact. (Hong Kong must be improving its quality control standards!) The wind and the drapes had obviously gotten to it before we had thought of the danger.

Sighing, Martha picked up the phone and dialed the front desk. "This is Room 764," she stated, crisply, concisely. "I want to report that my rabbit fell out the window--NOT A LIVE ONE!!" The manager made concerned-sounding noises and said that a security man would be up momentarily. We clucked over the bunny's misadventure, and turned our minds to other matters.

A short rap on the door jamb announced the arrival of a flustered-looking hotel detective. "Is this the room with the rabbit?" he asked. Wordlessly, we pointed to the still-open window. He stomped through the room, pointedly ignoring the boxes of food, pitcher of orange juice and quietly-perking coffee pot, and thrust his head out the window. Before Midge could point it out, he had spotted the toy. "Oh, yeah. I see it. Well, we got four or five other things to attend to; it'll be awhile yet. But you can claim it at the front desk later." Without even a nod of farewell, the too-busy-for-words man left.

Another, slighter, leap forward in time: The others have left, and we have just finished dressing for the after-dinner speeches--the ritualistic marking of the onset of Party Time. Another knock sounds on the door. In comes Gellman, walking with little bouncing steps. "Bunny express, on it's way," he says with a grin, and with a flourish, presents Martha with her Lost Bunny. It's welcomed with hugs and kisses and restored to a safer place of honor. Later, almost each time someone would enter the room, we heard the questioning cry..."Is dis da room wid da rabbit?" Of such insignificant events are fannish stories built...





## #5 ONE CON AFTER ANOTHER...

MarCon splintered into several conventions. Not long after the speeches on Saturday night, a tornado warning was issued--funnel clouds had been sighted nearing Columbus and everyone was advised to take shelter. The hotel staff, once the wailing sirens alerted the guests, suggested that people head for the lowest floor. Midge and I were on the mezzanine, and it took us mere moments to skip down the escalator and one flight of stairs. There was a small bar in the basement arcade, and we decided it would make an ideal haven. Only in Columbus would a bar post hours like "7:30 til 11:00" on a Saturday night...it was closed. We halted, our plans stymied. By then Bill Fesselmeyer had joined us, and we headed for a nearby stairway. Sitting, even on concrete stairs, made more sense than standing on a brick floor. As more people came swarming down the main staircase, we'd wave airily and call out greetings, but hearing was impossible over the din of the sirens. One of the many Toronto Peters and Sue Wheeler (from Baltimore) strolled over, cheek-busting grins on their faces and a quart of Seagram's, a bottle of Coke, and a bucket of ice cubes nestled in their arms. We, of course, welcomed them warmly to our spot. FunnelCon, the REAL TorCon, or TwisterCon--depending on which name you'd heard first--was on.

The warning soon expired--a twister had struck fifteen miles from town, but nowhere closer--and people wandered back to parties. The evening passed. Signs began to appear, promoting a "SleezyCon" (sic) to be held in Room 650 at 4 a.m. We kept it in mind. A bunch of us decided to make a Grand Tour of the remaining room parties around 3 a.m. and wound up in Lou Tabakow's room on the first floor. (We heard the con-suite shut down shortly after we left) Midge, Bowers, Fesselmeyer and I thought we'd go see if the announced "con" had actually developed. Once up on the sixth floor, we found friendly fannish faces who said the party was being moved to the Ann Arbor room, as 650 had proved to be too small. Being among the Early Birds, we claimed the beds first and lolled in luxury--such prime sites being always at a premium. However, we were not to retain our privileged positions for long. A group of filksingers, without a room to filk in, wandered in and began to tune up their guitars. I enjoy a good filk-sing, and settled back to listen. The singers began to tune up their vocal cords. Someone complimented one girl on her high voice. "I can sing anything from mezzo to coloratura," she said modestly. Unfortunately, not in tune...

En masse, we Early Birds departed, surrendering the room to misharmonics. In front of the elevators, Bowers and Bill Cavin claimed the two chairs and we Lesser Beings arranged ourselves on the open floor. SleazyCon-in-Exile had found a new site. We sat and talked, munching crackers I'd brought down from the room and smiled sweetly at the security man as he periodically passed on his rounds. An elevator door slid open, disgorging Ann Arbor fan Sid Altus--indeed, it had been his room from which we'd been evicted--who beamed at seeing fans still up and about. We related the sad history of SleazyCon, telling him of being routed from our "own" party. We sang a woeful tune of injustice, sketching the image of a band of stalwart spirits who refused to say die, and had maintained their "convention", in exile. Slowly the point of our rambling tale came clear to Sid. His eyes widened.

"Hey! That's my room you're talking about!" We applauded his perception. The Territorial Imperative asserted itself, and, chest swollen with righteousness, Sid marched down the hallway, the deposed fans at his heels. Zip. Zap. The filkers (I can't call them singers!) were politely but firmly ejected, and again we had our rightful place. Trufans triumphant.



## #6 THIS CAN'T BE WINDYCON: WE'RE IN COLUMBUS!!!

Sunday morning dawned bright and early. Few sane fen are up to see it, however, and my day began officially at a quarter til noon, when a group--Joe and Gay Halde-  
man, Bill Bowers, and myself--assembled in the Huckster's Room to meet Mike Glick-  
sohn, who'd invited us out to brunch. The trek to the Water Works--a place recom-  
mended for its good brunch and unlimited Bloody Marys and Champagne (Mike was very  
keen on that point for some reason)--was delayed as is the fannish custom, while  
first one then another of us got sidetracked. But we soon got our act together  
and ventured outdoors into the bright sunshine. The streets had been washed clean  
by the rains of the past night and everything looked fresh and sparkling. We found  
out that an eddy from the storm system had hung around, and were almost knocked  
flat by raging winds. Struggling to preserve our balance by leaning at a 50° angle,  
we slowly made way down the deserted street, following the directions given to Mike.  
To pause for a stoplight was extremely hazardous. Constant adjustments had to be  
made in order to maintain a relatively upright position--not a snap job when wide  
awake; formidable indeed when suffering a slight hangover. We looked more like  
whirligigs than people. The wind whooshed down the wide avenues, abruptly altering  
direction every so often, just to complicate things. I soon began to regret not  
heeding Wally's advice to bring a heavier coat: my fingers slowly turned blue in-  
side the pockets of my poplin jacket. Responding to the challenge hurled by the  
elements, Joe's military training came to the fore, and he snaked and dodged from  
doorway to doorway, an imaginary M-16 in his hands, a steely glint in his eye.  
Gay and Mike tried skipping for awhile, but the increase in circulation wasn't  
worth the effort to me.

The neat downtown area of Columbus began to give way to a down-at-the-heels, .  
industrialized section that showed scars of urban renewal--demolished buildings  
abd empty, brick-strewn lots. Just about the time that suspicion began to grow  
that we'd been misdirected, an address was spotted on one of the buildings, and  
Joe spied the restaurant's sign. The Water Works was aptly named; it was located  
in a former pump house or public utility building.

Entering brought blessed relief from the chilling wind, but immediately deprived us  
of our sight. The WW apparently was designed for late-evening business, and main-  
tained a light level approximately equal to that of Mammoth Cave at midnight. After  
the bright sunlight outside, we were struck blind. Hands before us, we groped down  
a narrow, twisting hallway and descended a flight of stairs to the lower level.  
Here the situation began to improve a bit--or our eyes to recover from the shock--  
and we could make out the dim outlines of a humanoid figure beckoning us toward a  
table. The hostess, or so we assumed from her voice, said that our waiter, Bruce,  
would be with us shortly and left. Discovering a placard menu on the table by  
touch, Gay tried to decipher it. Bill kindly ~~clicked his~~ lit his lighter and  
gave us enough illumination to read by. The meals sounded good--two kinds of ome-  
lettes, and three sauced-egg dishes. When our waitress arrived, we confused her  
utterly by calling her Bruce--would a hostess lie?--before giving our orders. As  
could be expected, they were heavy on the Bloody Marys. She came back in a minute  
to impart the saddening information that the bar would not open for another 35  
minutes. Choking back tears, we tried to persuade her to bend the rules, just a  
little, just this once, but to no avail. Settling for coffee, we at least thawed  
out during the wait. As vision slowly returned, we saw only one other employee  
in sight; a waiter who we promptly dubbed "Shirley", as a partner to "Bruce". Few  
other diners were present, and we relaxed in the cozy, quiet oasis for a couple of  
hours. An altogether Neat Way to start a day, Mike. Thanks!



## #7 THE BARCON: ENTERING A TIME WARP...

It was shortly past three in the afternoon. The three of us, now checked out of our room, considered where to go and what to do next. There was no need to leave right away, but few fans were in sight. Naturally, the bar came to mind immediately. As we neared the doorway, Lee Smoire emerged, and, it being a physical impossibility for a fan to steer a direct, uninterrupted course to any objective, we stopped to exchange greetings and good-byes. On the Sunday of a con, you may say farewell to the same fan several times, as no one is certain whether or not you'll meet again before departing. It creates a sense of Deja Vu, but what the heck...it's part of the fun.

Entering the dimly lit Red Lion, we waved to a small group who were assembled within reasonable reach of the bar. Offutt and Haldeman, with Glicksohn and Bowers, were sitting amid a larger circle of chairs that indicated the earlier presence of a sizable congregation. Martha, Midge and I joined in, and the sprit of BarCon took hold, locking us in its spell. Fellow fans would join in, drop out, be replaced by another, return again--the gathering swelled and diminished in size with a random pattern that was somehow comforting. Our waitress grew flustered as her checks grew in complexity, but our talking went on with peaceful serenity. As time wore on, her shift

came to an end. A minor flurry of tab-totalling, buck-passing and change-making was ended by the arrival of our new waitress, who stepped into position and developed a hard to execute, synchopated rhythm of taking orders, bringing them, and clearing away empties. Bheer, martinis, Cokes, coffee; glasses and goblets and cups hove in and out of sight, and the conversation never ceased its flow. But, finally Martha began to make edgy-sounding noises, and I saw with regret that the hands on our watches had refused to slow their relentless crawling, despite the time-stasis that had taken grip on we fans. It was time to go; we said good-bye for the final time. Looking back, I think perhaps the best hours of the con took place there. Pleasant times with pleasant people. What more is a con for?

## BUMBLE

——— that scrambled word game  
by Dave Locke

Unscramble these six Bumbles, one letter to each square, to form six ordinary fannish words.

CHANFU

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

TOMHOS

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

GERGLOC

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

EFNONA

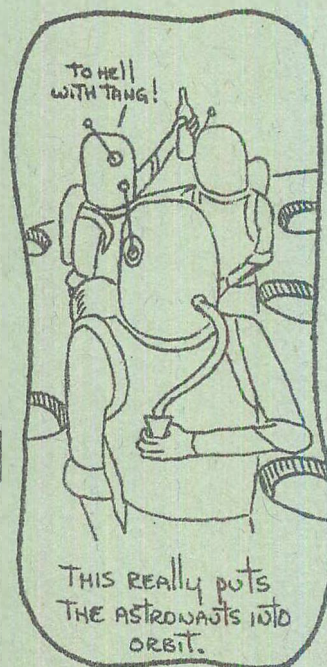
--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

DAMNFO

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

IGNENZE

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--



Now arrange the circled letters to form the surprise answer, as suggested by the above cartoon

Print the answer here

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

-- Solution on p. 33

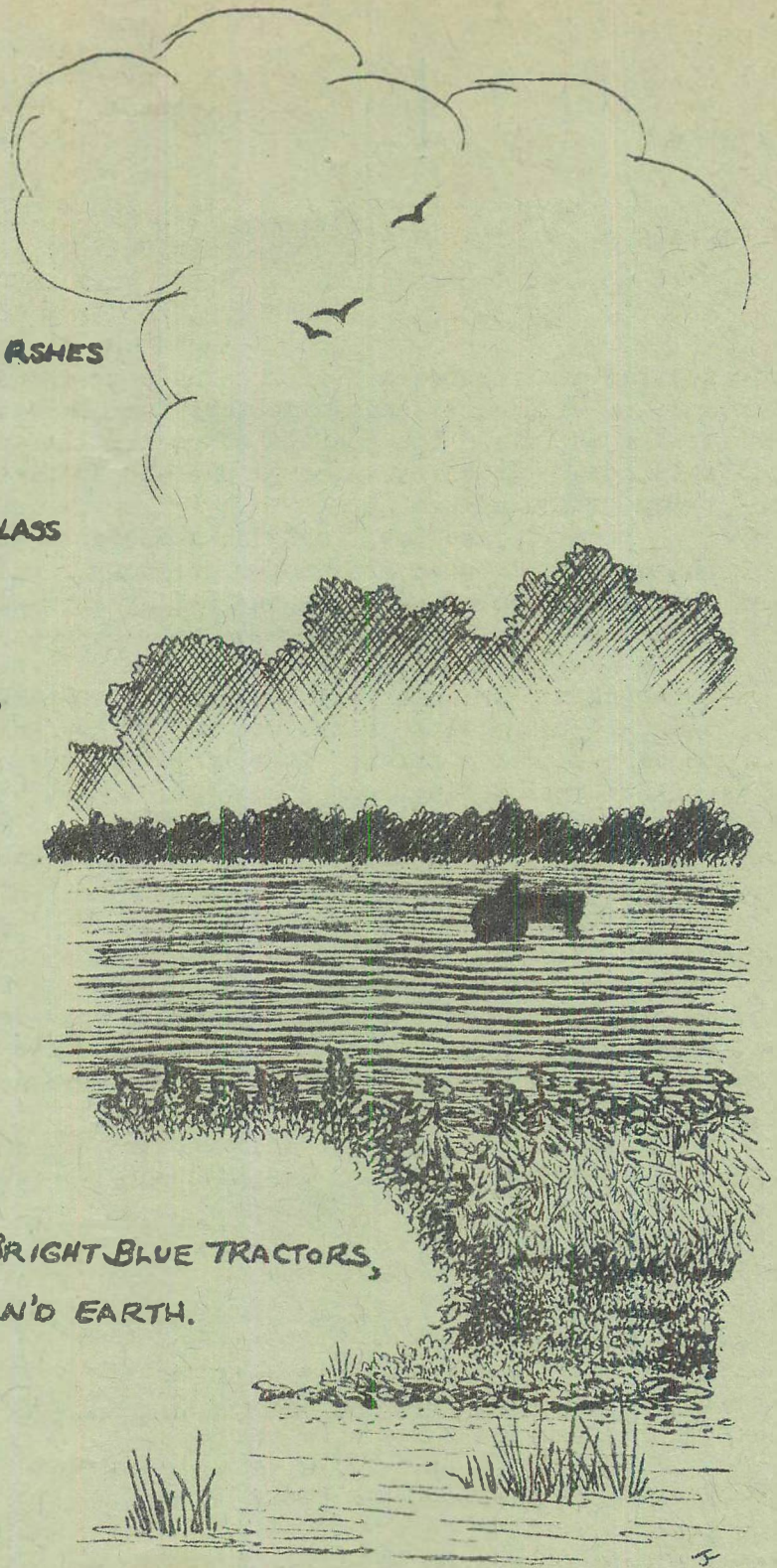


## MORNING SONG

DREAMS OF REED-COVERED MARSHES  
CAUGHT BY THE SUN,  
THE MISTED WATERS  
SHINING LIKE LACE COVERED GLASS  
THE CHILL OF NIGHT  
EBBING FROM ME  
REPLACED WITH THE WARMTH  
OF MORNING GOLD.

BEFORE ME  
THE GREBES GATHER  
PAYING HOMAGE TO THE SUN  
BEHIND ME  
CURLEWS CRY  
AND  
WHIRLING SEAGULLS FOLLOW BRIGHT BLUE TRACTORS,  
FEEDING FROM THE FRESH TURN'D EARTH.

THEY'RE STILL THERE  
STILL FOLLOWING  
AND ME?  
(WHO ONCE SAW SUCH VISIONS FROM MY BEDROOM WINDOWS)  
I'M EIGHT YEARS AWAY  
... AND STILL WONDERING.



— Sebastian Simon



## feedbacktalk

DARROLL PARDOE  
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PE18 7SU ENGLAND

(Dec. 11, '75) About this religion argument (if I'm not too late to contribute my own thoughts to it); why do people assume, as Marty Helgesen does, that the atheist position is as much a matter of positive proof as the believing position? I don't see it that way. An atheist, or at least an atheist as I understand it from my own viewpoint, does not deny the existence of god; he refuses to recognize that the concept of god is one which is of any value. If I don't allow the concept to be a valid one, I don't have to prove its non-existence. It's for those people who do insist on its validity to show positive proof of its existence.

It all comes down to Occam's Razor in the end; we shouldn't invent concepts unless there's good reason for doing so. I don't (and I can hear cries of "Shame!" in the background as I say so) believe in Santa Claus either. I don't have to prove he doesn't exist, because the concept of Santa Claus is not one whose validity I need in my philosophy. I and the world can relate perfectly well without bringing him into the argument at all. Similarly, my philosophy of the world manages all right without the concept of god intruding in any way. I don't have to prove he doesn't exist: it's up to the believer to show that I can't get along without introducing such a concept.

Why is god always a 'he', anyway?

I don't agree that the New Testament is much good as a moral guide, either. It owes a great deal to the apostle Paul, who had some really weird ideas. "It is a good idea for a man to have nothing to do with women" (1 Cor 7:1); "If a woman is not to wear a veil she might as well have her hair cut off" (1 Cor 11:6). And Jesus had his prejudices too--see Mathew 15:24 for some racial intolerance. Though we can be fairly sure that Paul wrote what we read now, the same can't be said for Jesus. Like you, I'm not entirely convinced that he ever existed. It's quite instructive to read books by modern theologians: an up-to-date theologian will be quite willing to admit that the evidence for Jesus' existence is not overwhelming, which is a position quite an anathema to the 'ordinary Christians, most of whom haven't thought all that deeply about it, and are quite ready to take what they are told by their church on trust, as a matter of 'faith' (ie. blind ignorance).

Come to think of it, a lot of atheists are quite unwilling to admit the possibility of Jesus' non-existence, too. One interesting book I read quite recently on the subject is The Fall of Jerusalem And The Christian Church by Prof. S.G.F. Brandon which is an impartial study which erects some interesting theories on the basis of evidence only. Ro has just reminded me of another good book on those lines, too--The Jesus of The Early Christians by G.A. Wells, though the theories in this one are a bit more way out.

EXPO 76 is a worrying thing. Where will our fandom be if people move in on it with dollar signs in their eyes? But one ray of hope is that the affair is planned for the same weekend as Midwestcon. That should solve the problem: all the real fans will be in Cincinnati, and the hangers-on, fakefans, and so on will be in New York.

*One thought has occurred to me: what with most fen planning on going to Midwestcon rather than SF EXPO, who will be there to assuage the spirits of our Fannish Pros in New York? Mayhap the East Coast fen who will be attending the EXPO are performing a Service for friends who'd be otherwise bereft of fannish company...//Re: Mathew 15:24--Jesus did relent and aid*



*the non-Isrealite, and that section was always presented as an example of how True Faith affects even God in the parochial school I attended. I would also imagine that the indication of bigotry could be explained as a further example of the duality of Jesus' God/man-nature; akin to his fear of being crucified. Paul, however, was a nerd.//I can accept Jesus as a teacher/rabbi who taught some 2000 years ago, but not all the myths that have grown about him since. But if I don't believe the myths, does it really matter if I accept the man?*

ERIC LINDSAY (Dec. 11, '75) Dear Ms. Franke,  
6 Hillcrest Ave. I write to protest the blatantly sexist cover illustration on  
Faulconbridge NSW your otherwise excellent magazine "Fem-Lib S-F". Such cater-  
2776 AUSTRALIA ing to a decadent minority of thrill seekers and voyeurs as  
would be attracted by a half bared male body will in no way  
compensate for the decline in community standards engendered by such publications.  
Yours, etc.

*P.S. Many of my friends are males, and hardly any of them are torn shirt fetishists.*

Confound it, Jackie, I'm certain that commenting on D9 will take more space than this letter actually contains. First, I'd like to go on for a page on "why I publish", but you have covered the two I admit to; communication & egoboo. And I don't want to admit that I am seeking friends via print, firstly because I like to maintain the delusion that I don't need friends, that given sufficient reason I could drop the whole thing and not regret it, at least, not much. I don't want to have hostages to fortune. And since I've come to enjoy having friends, while still trying partly to avoid them, I'm torn between a desire to attempt to keep them, and a desire to prove that I really am alone and totally alienated--you'll probably see the results of that conflict in a future Geg, when I finally get that personalzine version done.

I've tried to get an early reservation in to MidAmeriCon, but they sent it back telling me to send it on the reservation card. Confound it--I'm going to have to see the SMOFs about that, I tell you...

I don't really see the problem with people like Don D'Amassa choosing their own morals--most people do, but in most cases they are the same set of morals that some large group happen to claim as their own. So if you have a group following deSade, you have problems, just as you do when an individual gets the same set. For myself, I rather like the ideas expressed by John Stuart Mill in "On Liberty" as the basis of a moral code. Unfortunately, it does tend to bring you into conflict with the law in most countries.

Marty Helgesen's GINI figures were nice, but I can't help wonder if they relate to individuals only. If they do, then they don't take into account the income hiding and goods/services providing capacity inherent in the life style of the corporate executive. In less developed countries one would expect the higher economic classes to hold income and property in their own names more, whereas in the US & Australia, just taking income alone provides a very much less than accurate indication of the wealth available to the individuals compared to corporate managers & executives.

Confound these short letters!

*I tend to question government statistics in any case; whatever they refer to. Too many of them seem to be mere guesses, and not very educated ones at that.//I'm not familiar with Mill's writings--another of those things I hope to rectify RealSoonNow...//I can appreciate your thoughts on the wanting, yet not-wanting friends. If you don't have any, they can't hurt you any, right? It's a line of reasoning I subconsciously followed through*



high school and part of my later years; at least until I realized that while getting hurt was a risk one assumed in reaching out to other people, the possible pain didn't remotely match the pleasure gained by giving and receiving honest affection. It's been said that fandom attracts loners, but I believe it keeps reformed loners...

KEITH CURTIS (Dec. 4, '75). Many thanks for Dilemma 9 which has brightened 26 Undercliffe Rd. an otherwise dead week from the receipt of mail point of view. Earlwood, NSW Mon, Tues & Wed the blasted mailbox stood empty. I know I 2206 AUSTRALIA don't write too often to anybody--well, maybe there is an exception in California--but not even a damn circular! One can easily get miffed at such things. It also causes prompt replies to fanzines, but that's obvious.

At this end of the sphere your con reports are welcome--if only to mutter enviously at the lack here. Not that Aussiecon '75 was to be sneered at, no way. There's not much I can comment on regarding the con reports for as you know my con experience is strictly limited, having missed several due to an unsatiable lust after "old mouldering tomes", as I believe you once wrote.

Your comments in 'A New Age Dawning?' were interesting and informative. There's been a lot of discussion among Sydney fans about this particular con. Apart from the flyer put out by EXPO, we've had very little information. One of the most hotly debated ideas has been that of autograph booths, paid autograph booths at that. From the book collector's, or bibliomane's if you prefer, point of view this idea is repellant and from where I type a signed copy obtained this way would not enhance value as a collector's piece. Maybe in a couple hundred yearss or so outside the field... I will be interested in seeing how many authors will sell their autographs this way. My information could be dreadfully wrong on this particular point. The booths may be there for authors to sign copies of their books sold at the convention only with no further charge. Bookshops have been doing this for years and it is an acceptable sales ploy. From the collector's point of view (again!) it depends on the author as to whether or not it increases value. In Australia, for example, a signed Ion Idriss novel can be picked up for 10¢ if you're lucky. He has the reputation of signing any and everything at the proverbial drop of the hat. Ergo, a signed Idriss is worth no more than an unsigned copy.

However, apart from this collector's minor higggle, the one thing that perturbs is what kind of fan will this bring into fandom? Will it reduce communications between pro and fan? I don't know what the effects of this style con will be--you never know, it just might cause an entirely new and separate fandom/audience to emerge. Also, being a post 1970 fan, I cannot but feel my lack of qualifications to write further on this, to me, potentially harmful convention.

Finally, having gone the whole trip with Christianity all the way from motorcycle evangelist and trainee theologian, I'm not getting involved with the hassles of that discussion. These days I prefer to remain sceptical and open-minded. Call me a chicken, but after a fairly full involvement one way, I've no wish to go completely the other way and be an atheist. I still believe in a god/God, but as for the rest...

P.S. Where I come from in the Old Dart [*Did I read that right?*] (England) 'lurgi' is spelt 'lergy' and is considered a slang corruption from ALLERGY--though it is pronounced with a hard 'g'.

*I've been pronouncing with a soft 'g' all along... \*sigh\* // Not being in The Know myself, I'm not positive, but I think the payment referred to at the autograph booths is to the authors by the Exposition--at least Tucker mentioned an hourly rate in the figures supplied to him. And, please, don't call it a 'convention'--it's a commercial EXPOSITION. Another species*



*altogether...//I'll simply never understand the collector's mind; why on Earth would anyone want to spend money on old books, of all things!? How quaint!//The terror of the empty mailbox strikes again...*

DAVE COCKFIELD  
31 Durham Court  
Hebburn, Tyne and Wear  
NE31 1JX ENGLAND

(Jan ?, '76) The letters on religion were also of interest to me, in particular the one from that voice in the wilderness (he must get tempted by the devil a lot) Rod Snyder. He is just beginning to rebel against a christian upbringing, yet with me, the greatest of all Sunday School hookey players, I am just getting turned on by a religion which I was never forced to adhere to. My only beef about Christianity is that I don't like large congregations, so although I may believe I will probably do so in my own private way rather than in public. I consider worship, or whatever name you may wish to put such devotions under, to be a personal thing. And now I may finally get to what this is all leading up to, ie. the reason I changed from an agnostic to a believer in a GOD, not necessarily the right one.

A couple of years ago I squandered a couple of hundred on a trip (a non fan-nish one I may add as I was very much an Asimov oriented Neo at the time) to Italy and was suitably impressed by St. Peters, the Sistine Chapel and all the other religious artifacts on view. However none of these inspired any religious fervor or awe to well up in my humble breast. They were nothing more than beautiful works of art--that is until I went to Assissi.

In the center of Assissi is a majestic church called "The Church of The Lady of The Angels" and it has a massive interior full of golden altars, tapestries, stained glass windows, etc. Every inch was pure Catholic indulgence except for the one thing which all of the tourists go to see, the original chapel constructed by St. Francis when he first began to preach. Positioned in the centre (the church was actually built around it) it is a simple wood, mud and stone shelter about the size of an average-sized room but the walls have painted frescos depicting angels, saints, animals, etc., and it is so beautiful not because it is a perfect work of art, which it isn't, but because in its simplicity it sums up everything that Christianity stands for. As I say I was not religious at that time but I felt so like an intruder defiling that shrine by my mere presence that I was unable to enter through the door of this chapel. It was as if a hand barred my way. Whether this was some divine intervention or a psychological hang-up I'd latched onto, I don't know. What I do know is that it changed my attitude and while I am not yet a complete believer (who can be expected to have that much faith?) I am no longer an agnostic. I may also add that this occurrence also happened a second time in a different church but I won't belabour the point other than to say, out of the 30 or 40 churches I visited in Italy, why did only two (the most simplistic of them all) affect me in such a manner?

I especially liked Jodie's piece. Having only been to one con, eating at room parties is not a regular occurrence for me, but at home I very rarely eat at the table. The nearest I get to it is a tray on my knee and I much prefer it that way. Perhaps what struck me about Jodie's article is that basically it was about nothing yet she wrote so well that anyone would swear that it was full of meaning. A very special piece of writing which demonstrates her undoubted talent.

Who is Dave Hulan kidding? The day that British political parties, in power or out of it, are held together by discipline is the day I will streak around the world. Ministers of Parliament in this country spend so much time calling each other names and pointing out the various mistakes that not much ever gets done to benefit the government. Public disputes are common between members of the same party; perhaps the best known being between Maggie Thatcher ("Maggie the Cold War Warrior" according to our defence secretary) and the deposed Conservative leader Edward Heath. Heath is acknowledged by both parties and statesmen throughout the world as being the most diplomatic statesman we have at handling foreign affairs,



yet he cannot get a position in the Shadow Cabinet because of the animosity Maggie holds for him. In theory our system works well and occasionally, more through good luck than anything else, it does, but it is not necessarily any better than yours or any other country's.

Lastly I will say that religion is definitely behind the troubles in Northern Ireland. Admittedly it is a stupid excuse but more than likely it is not just a matter over which to unleash violence but an inbred trait which has developed back to Cromwell's time. Prejudice is almost impossible to get rid of when it is inbred. Some of my best friends are Irishmen and I am a member of an "Orange Lodge" social club and it is unbelievable how fanatically some of them hate members of different religions. Enough I think to kill if they were misguided enough by a minority of persuasive extremists.

The only thing I envy about American fans is that they have so many cons to go to if they have the cash. You also get books earlier, have the better authors, and generally have one hell of a good time in fandom. A couple of cons a year are not enough if you want to get to know people out of your area. The only fen I have really been able to get to know in the six months I have been in fandom are those locally and Mary Legg. But Mary is marrying Sam Long and moving to your side of the water. The government quibbles about the brain drain but what about the fen drain? It's bloody disgusting.

*Fen drain? I haven't really noticed one. We do have some ~~traitors~~ who move in the reverse direction, after all...//I'd agree that religion is the "excuse" for the Northern Ireland Troubles, but the reason? If it were only religion, then every Protestant and every Catholic the world over would be at each others throats--or at least the ones who live in those areas where there has been religious animosities in the past; England, France, Holland, etc.//I think Jodie's article did have meaning, but a hard to define one. FIAWOL, perhaps?*

PHILIP M. COHEN (Jan. 14, '76) I am moderately interested in conreports, knowing 310 Stewart Ave. little of that life, but for me the zine moved into high gear on Ithaca, NY 14850 p. 12 with Denny Lien's excellently paced joke. Doug Rice's cartoons are also good--that F/P convention ought to become a staple with fan cartoonists, if it isn't already.

I must agree 100% with Don D'Amassa's letter. The Cambodians deserved to get creamed, but our reasons for attacking them were base and the operation bungled. Not only were more lives lost in the 'rescue' than were endangered originally, but safety for the captives (judging from reports of firing on their boats) seems to have been of less concern than the desire to regain self-esteem. ("This nation may need a war to give it purpose" --RMN) I wouldn't be surprised if the whole bloody mess helped our world image though, considering the world respect that Communists and their autocratic ilk get.

I don't think I agree with Dave Locke that atheism is an absence of faith, which is why I call myself an agnostic. There is an immense amount of evidence for every major religion--eyewitness accounts in scriptures, Lourdes, the signed statements that preface the Book of Mormon, etc.--of rather higher quality than that for Bigfoot or Van Danekin's chariots. I think it takes a little faith in a rational, mechanistic cosmos to throw it all out the window. And when you get to questions about the origin of the Universe or the like, any hypothesis, theistic or scientific, takes faith; we know too little. (So who created the monoblock? Or what?)

To Gene Wolfe: if you think Huxley cured his sight, check the section on Bate's eye exercises in Martin Gardner's FADS AND FALLACIES IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE for a revealing anecdote. Even if an improvement in your sight is real and not just will-to-believe and overlooking of certain blurrinesses, it needn't be Bates that did it. I wore bifocals until about 20, when my oculist said I didn't need them any more. Ask me not what the bases of his decision were, though.



There is a typo on p. 35 that makes me almost giddy with its Inner Meaning and boundless potentialities as a sound effect for all seasons. I refer, of course, to: \*gas\*. I hope Mike Glicksohn does an essay on it in his next letter; it is beyond my poor powers.

I have this 31 Oct 74 linguistics test, and have intended for a long time to share it with fandom. Finally I bestir myself. I quote:

"Give the deep structures of the following sentences and show how the surface form of each is derived.

1. That John was the culprit was thought by Bill to be untrue.
2. Bill condescended to try to persuade Harry to leave.
3. It was never doubted by anyone that there would be an investigation.
4. John appears to have been forced to reveal the secret.
5. Discovering that he was a vampire upset Max considerably."

What intrigues me about this is that the 5 sentences were independantly thought up, with no coherence, yet (looked at properly) they form an intriguing outline for a horror-fantasy short. Yes no?

*Linguistics tests as source material for fiction? What other Secrets of Prodom have you to reveal?//I tend to doubt eyewitness accounts in general, but even more so those set down in Ancient Times. Knowledge of the world was scanty at best, and supernatural explanations for events with perfectly natural causes were so often given that they all become suspect. Even today, people detest admitting that they don't understand all that happens around them, and will do their damndest to "explain" the unexplainable, using whatever means they can think of.//While atheism requires a more assertive stance than agnosticism--"You're wrong" as opposed to "I don't know", neither one requires a belief or faith in something, merely a healthy dose of skepticism.//To my knowledge, the F/P idea is Doug's alone, but I agree it could become a fannish convention in cartooning.//What I really liked about Denny's piece was that it was a hand-written, roughly-considered, "note", not a manuscript in any sense. If only I could do so well. \*sigh\**

VICTORIA VAYNE (Feb. 4, '76) I think I know the feeling you had at CHAMBANACON PO Box 156 Stn D upon receiving the present from Joe Haldeman and Gordy Dickson-- Toronto, Ontario it's the sort of good feeling that you matter to someone, and M6P 3J8 CANADA it's the feeling more than the actual gift that is so good; and this is I'd say the best kind of egoboo to get. I get that feeling not only from surprise gifts but also from unexpected words of praise or a telephone call at an unusual hour from a friend who just wants to be a firend. That sort of thing. It restores my faith in people, and believe me, that sometimes takes a battering.

Strange, but I can believe it, that you would want to revert to convention style eating habits when sharing a meal with the Offytts. As a lover of the informal in life, I sympathize entirely, and would do the same thing. Here, when I share a meal with friends, we always end up eating off our laps, or sitting on the floor at a low coffee table, or standing at a sideboard, but never sitting at a proper table. The closest we get is a card table and a bunch of TV tables shoved together in motley array. No Toronto fan even owns a dining room table!

Got quite a chuckle out of the Conventional Fans' Worldcon Guide, and it's only so true!

I thought WINDYCON a really good con, and didn't notice the crowding all that much, but then I had a room to myself, and slept until noon, and spent the nights partyhopping. But there were lots of people there that I either had not met before



or had wanted to meet, and I could name drop for several lines but I'm not trying to impress anyone. It was also the best con I've ever been to; the whole weekend was a perfect one for me. (I also enjoyed CONFUSION just past, but I can't really compare the two cons that well since they both struck me as quite different.)

I didn't see Dave Locke's article on agnosticism, but Rod Snyder makes some good points. The original article will be worth looking up, I think, and I'll ask around to see if any Toronto fen have the back issue in which it appears. As an agnostic myself, I like to compare my own views to those of others, partly out of curiosity, and partly out of a need for support. Agnosticism includes by definition the idea that one cannot be certain about matters usually taken on faith by most people; and it is this uncertainty that arouses insecurity in me. Therefore, seeing someone defend agnosticism in a clear, logical manner can help reinforce my faith in my own reasoning ability. I guess, even now, I am still trying to get my head together.

Arrgh, to the notion that Harry Warner advances that SFEXPO & ilk might wind up with the Hugo. If that happens, let them have the pro Hugos and welcome to them; but ghd, leave the fan Hugos to the original Worldcon. Maybe if that happens the fanzine Hugo will no longer go to the semi-prozines but once again the editors of the low circulation mimeozine might have a chance. (Not that I want it for myself, though--I am enough of a realist to realize that I don't have a prayer. But there are some excellent small-circulation zines that I really feel should have a nomination--MYTHOLOGIES for one--and I intend to nominate that one.)

*The highest circulation zine I consistantly nominate is OUTWORLDS, but all the others are in the under-300 range. I agree that the small faned should be given a chance, but I don't see how it could be done. You can't blame people for not nominating a zine they've never seen, and to vote for something you're not familiar with is downright Eviol. Unless all fanzines are sent to the same people--cutting off 75% of the present readerships--there's no way enough people will see the same zines and be able to compare them. To me it would make more sense to restrict the fms category to only high-circulation, or semi-pro, zines, and let the FAAn awards honor the smaller publisher. (I can hear the screams already...)//Amen to the "thought not the gift" concept. The card I got from Jodie at Marcon meant as much as the champagne did: more, since it was directed to only me. But any "touch", even verbal, does a lot to lift spirits. Fandom's great at doing that, regardless of the method used.*

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

(Jan. 9, '76) Fear not your beautiful description of one of the moments that make fandom such a great place to be was cornball, because whatever it was I was moved by it and empathized completely. There are just so many good people in fandom that sometimes I wonder what I did to deserve all their friendships. They make the fools and fuggheads seem immaterial and they keep us coming back con after con and year after year no matter what else may have befallen us. I can't imagine what my life would have been like if I hadn't found fandom and the people that make it such a warm and friendly place to be. You said it well for all of us.

As it happens, I had a similar although less emotional incident last night. I'd been working hard all day at trying to get caught up on fanzine obligations. I'd read eight or more fanzines and written several long and involving locs. Now I do all this because I like it, but after a twelve hour stretch it does start to get a little tiring. I was feeling dragged out, a little wearied and somewhat frustrated because there was so much undone. Then the phone rang, quite unexpectedly. And I had the enormous pleasure of chatting drunkenly for ten minutes with





Ed Cagle and Dave Locke! They'd been drinking together most of the day and just suddenly decided to call me up. I toasted them with a glass of Chivas, they toasted back, we bumbled on about things fannish and I came away feeling completely revitalized and ready to read anything, even an OUTWORLDS had there been one waiting. Another spontaneous gesture that shows what fandom's all about.



Somehow or the other DILEMMA seems to be a real newszine for me. A little while ago you provided some information regarding SFEXPO that I hadn't heard before and now you tell me that the Suncon committee is in trouble and sending out information to faneds. (They must have been listening to Bowers since I never received anything from them.) Have you thought of going monthly and replacing the mysteriously non-appearing KARASS?

I just burst out laughing at Dave's suggestion that you start a fund to bring him east. Once again that droll little chap has brightened my day. (Actually, if he was in Oklahoma last night, surely he's not too far away from you? What's a few hundred miles between friends?) Now if you started up a fund to send Dave (you call him Davie? Davie??!! Hee, hee, hee...) westward I'd happily contribute my entire salary for next week! (Well, actually that's cheating since we're still on strike and won't be getting any salary next week, but I'd contribute copies of my first three fanzines to start things off...)

Dave, of course, makes his outrageous statements about conreports and fanzine reviews because he knows his good friends like you and I write such things. I consider this rather small of him. (I consider everything about Dave rather small, come to think of it.) Not once have I seen either you or I denigrate the essential worth of boils on one's ballbag as a topic from which to launch a fannish reputation. We are above such things. (Now that I've met Dave I can report that 75% of Dave is also above such things. An odd looking chap...)

An interesting contrast is provided by your reaction to SFEXPO and that of Linda Bushyager. Linda is hoping fervently for the complete failure of the con, while you wish it every success. Were it not for the impressive list of sf pros that SF EXPO has listed as being in attendance (and I know that some of them are there without their permission) I'd probably fully endorse your position. But while I don't go to cons to see pros, I do go to meet my friends and a good number of my friends are listed as being at SF EXPO which means I won't have the pleasure of their company at Midwestcon. And that I do not appreciate, although I fully understand why they'd go. Were SF EXPO not in conflict with one of the best and longest established regionals, I'd probably wish them every success too. As it is, I'm selfish enough to hope they either lose a fortune or move to another weekend. Loved your cartoon in Cagle's letter! Naturally, the first thought that came to my mind on reading his description was that the creature he was talking about was none other than the man himself, then I turn the page to find you've presented that idea better than any of your letterwriters could. Good cartoon, good editing, good idea!

Speaking of good ideas, a hearty round of applause for the deft way Ben Indick subverted the cover on the previous issue of Fem-Lib SF. It took an agile mind and lots of fancy footwork, which is what we've come to expect from him.



I think if I was sharing toastmastering duties with someone as calm and collected as Rusty I might find it easier. As it is, I'm already petrified at the thought of having to handle the job in Detroit in a few months. One is supposed to be witty and lively and entertaining and, worst of all, live rather than on paper. Why do we do these things, I often ask myself. And of course I know the answer. Good luck: to both of us!

*Two toastmasters means half the work, and with four Gohs, there won't be hardly any time left for me to make an ass of myself, so I'm not worried at all about Minicon. You, on the other hand, have deal with introducing two of the finest men we have in fandom, which will undoubtedly require literally hours of creative sweat to compose, and some time to present properly. It's you who needs the luck then, not I!//I too regret that many friends won't be at Midwestcon because of the conflict with SF EXPO, but if the New York affair manages to draw off the fringeers and trends, the sacrifice might be worth it. Assuming other Idea Men catch onto the notion and put on other such-like gatherings, the flash-in-a-pan fan might well find it so expensive to attend that there won't be any money left to go to our more dreary, fannish conventions. The fact that fan-cons won't go to any lengths to "entertain" the attendee, as opposed to the spectacular goings-on in New York may also dissuade them from overwhelming our more sedate conclaves with hordes of screaming faddists. Hoping things go well doesn't hurt, does it?//Phone calls are dandy spirit-boosters, aren't they? Calls from ghod fen and true like Cagle and Locke and Randy Reichardt (who must account for fully a quarter of the out-of-area calls placed from Winnipeg) can make one glow all over for hours. A nice feeling, indeed.//Can I depend on you for that contrib to the Locket Fund, then? You're not the type to renege, are you?*

MIDGE REITAN (Mar. 16, '76) Thank you again for Dilemma 10. I loved  
2716 N. Hampden Ct. it as usual. I especially liked Jodie Offutt's offering.  
Chicago, IL 60614 The more I read by her the more I know I'd like to get to  
know her.

I must disagree with Roy Tackett that most convention-type fans aren't interested in fanzines. I am to the core a con fan, but I enjoy very much reading zines. I don't think I'm alone either. Most of the fen I know, and that is through cons, also read fanzines. And you, Jackie, weren't even the one to turn me on to them. Bowers got to me first. I do feel sorry for Roy being deprived of the great cons we have in the Midwest, but not everyone can be as lucky as we are.

I also like to read con reports. It's nice to see what went on at a con you've attended from someone else's point of view.

*So there, RoyTac!!!*

DON D'AMMASSA (Jan. 18, '76) Enjoyed DILEMMA as usual, even though I think  
19 Angell Drive you're being rather silly and alarmist about SF EXPO. Sigh.  
East Providence Possibly in a few years you'll have been proven correct and I'll  
RI 02914 write you an apologetic letter, but just at the moment it strikes  
me as 1) a temptest in a teacup, an event that will have little  
if any significance outside of the single event, and (2) if there should be any  
lasting change, it will be for the better. Professionals to handle the adminis-  
trative problems of cons would eliminate many of the foul ups, and would give  
some time to talk to people who are currently so busy running things they can't  
do any socializing. I've been co-opted into helping with Boskone this year, and  
I know whereof I speak. And it's something I will be very chary of getting in-  
volved with again.

Although I think we're pretty much of the same mind about the Mayaguez inci-  
dent (and although it's not something I really have any interest in talking about  
interminably) I did want to respond to a couple of your points. I don't, for ex-  
ample, consider that our response was "effective". It has been revealed that the



Cambodian government had apparently not been aware of the actions of its coastal force in advance, and had already ordered the release of the ship and crew when our force struck. So my comparison to the possibility of a US-Mexican confrontation was doubly valid.

It is dangerous to accept that violent international acts are sometimes necessary for psychological purposes. I tend to agree to a certain extent that what was needed was a morale booster for the US and its client nations, and this particular incident might have been just what the doctor prescribed. But by irritating our Thai allies, by over-reacting instead of showing firmness and restraint, and by the ludicrous results, we accomplished just the opposite. I would far rather have seen a US blockade of the Angolan coast to prevent all foreign intervention or something of that nature. In foreign policy, I'm rather conservative, but that doesn't mean I don't think we're capable of military asinity. Experience has shown far too much of that commodity for me to doubt it.

Some additional soft-core porn titles that you missed were:

THE PROCURATORS OF MARS

THE GOODS OF MARS

THE WHORELORD OF MARS

THUVIA, MADE ON MARS

Etc.

*I dunno if Denny's keeping a list of these things or not (what on earth would he do with them if he did?), but these would be neat additions...// I fail to see what Cambodia has to do with Angola, but maybe it was just a slip of the typer? Since there wasn't any foreign involvement with the Mayaguez situation, I fail to see what good a blockade would've done. Is it not also true that Cambodia was in the throes of a violently bloody civil war, and that it was therefore impossible for anyone to be certain just what the "government" (assuming you could be sure who was the government) was ordering? Unless Mexico is gripped in a similar war, I can't see the analogy between what happened in east Asia and what you hypothetically proposed could happen off our own coast. If it were some other, more unstable S.A. country, perhaps. But the swiftness of our reaction against the Cambodians would also tend to discourage any air strikes against our cities. This deterrant effect, and the fact that we did free the men, was what I meant by terming the mission "effective". Not that it was the "best", but merely that it did what it was supposed to do. It would be nice if we lived in an Idealistic World where violent confrontation did not happen, but we do and we'd better be able to face that fact or we won't be around to dream of better, more peaceful times.//Me? Alarmist about EXPO? \*Sputter\* Why, I never get excited about anything! Now, as I was saying; about Suncon...*

DAVE LOCKE (Jan. 20, '76) If you get a chance at Minicon 11, buy Leigh 815 Edie Dr. Brackett a drink and then take her aside for some quiet chitchat Duarte, CA 91010 away from the thundering hordes. You may find it to be one of the more interesting conversations of your con-going career. I did, when I did that at a Westercon some years ago. She's one of the good people.

Jodie's article was fun reading. I'm a table person, though. Not just for eating, but for relaxing too. If I'm going to read, or talk to someone, I'd just as soon shun the living room and prop elbows on the kitchen table. For some reason the fans out here also like to congregate in the kitchen, but they prefer leaning against the counters or the refrigerator or the stove rather than sitting down. I like to sit down, and I like to lean forward and have something to support my arms when I do that. Well, I'm strange in other ways, too.

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Answer to BUMBLE: FAUNCH, SMOOTH, CROGGLE, NEOFAN, FANDOM, GENZINE -- MOONSHOT



I am not, however, shorter than Mike Glicksohn. As I recall, when I first met him he seemed to be about two inches taller than me as I looked at him standing there, but I was sitting down at the time. I will admit that when I first stood up we seemed to be seeing eye-to-eye, but I soon noticed that Sheryl Birkhead had painted two eyeballs on that ridiculously tall hat he wears.

I should apologize to Mike for my behavior that evening. I'm ashamed of myself for the spur of the moment thought that caused me to signal a couple of LA fans and have Mike stripped of his hat and his elevator socks. I don't know what came over me. They then sat on the floor and held Mike while I put a tape measure up to him. Mike is exactly 66 inches tall, or 66 millimeters. I forget whether or not the scale was in metric. It might have been.

As soon as my friends let him go, Mike punched me in the kneecap and then ran away. I never saw him again, and consequently had to mail him his hat and elevator socks. I had trouble with the post office because it was an oversize package, so I had to mail one item at a time. I felt it was the least I could do under the circumstances. I even had his socks laundered, heavy on the starch.

Imagine, his trying to convince people that Dave Locke is not 6'3" nor "a vertible Conan among fen". Nervy little bastard, isn't he?

I think closed-door parties have their place. They help keep out the riff-raff. The more cons I attend, the less I like open-door parties. Too goddam crowded and too goddam noisy. I dislike shouting to be heard, and I dislike not being able to hear the person who is screaming in my ear. I also dislike not being able to shift position without jamming my elbow up someone's ass.

Rod Snyder misread me. I'm not an agnostic. If we must have labels, I'm an atheist. I am, therefore, an undesirable person to many people. Telling people you're an atheist helps keep away the riff-raff too...

Well, Jackie, there are a reason why the burden of proof lies with the affirmative position. It's because that's the logical way to go about it. You are innocent until proven guilty. Advertisers are supposed to be able to prove their claims. Anyone who promotes a philosophy should be able to prove that it works. It would be a hell of a world if people had to always run around trying to prove that something isn't, that something doesn't exist, and that the unknown is still unknown. Think about it.

*The point I was trying to make is that from the Observer's position, both sides are taking a stand. One says something Is and another says it Ain't. Just as Columbus had to go out and prove that the earth is not flat, as many believed in 1492, I seek some evidence from both points of view. All an Observer has to go by is two statements that contradict each other. You are speaking as a person who has already made up his mind. So do people like Marty. I look at both of you and shrug my shoulders. I just don't know, and unless I want to commit perhaps the rest of my life to finding out, I will never know. I don't, so I probably won't.//I don't like the very crowded open-door parties very much either, but here in the Nirvana of fandom, the Midwest, we rarely have such crowded conditions develop. Too many open-door parties. People tend to circulate more, so except for the con-suite (where it's generally sardinesville) you have room to breathe and enough quiet to hear someone speak.//I'd watch comments about sticking your elbow up someone's ass. Mike might make the assumption you were on your feet at the time, and Round 3 would develop (or it 5?)//I'll try to talk to Leigh at Minicon, but no promises. I'm lousy at beginning conversations, far preferring to sit at the edges of a group and simply listen, adding something if the talk should turn to subjects I feel at ease with. Initiating topics is beyond me...*



LAURINE WHITE  
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(Jan. 18, '76) Ah, another nice Fem-Lib cover on Dilemma 10. Adding the zip-a-tone gives it a more "classic" look than the last cover, but SHE is more of a classic than the pulp stories. I just don't have the same enthusiasm for this cover though. What fun it would be to save a good looking guy from a ravening monster or a fate worse than death and him eternally grateful! I never imagined myself in the reverse SHE situation, so this cover doesn't appeal as much.

Doug Rice's cartoons were cute, and I'm glad you reprinted them, or I'd have missed them. The best one was the Spock-eared fans watching Star Trek. I didn't understand the one on fan discussion groups ("Scab!"). Feminist Barsoom titles would have gone great with last issue's cover. Perhaps it was inspired by that?

Having sat through the entire DisCon masquerade, I should remember a Kickaha costume, since that is one of my favorite Farmer characters. Or is Kickaha the Medicine Man inspired by something else? Which would explain my not remembering the costume.

Is THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR considered fan fiction? If so, wouldn't Dave Locke agree it isn't from the bottom of the barrel? I really enjoyed it.

Your attitude towards SF EXPO is refreshing after all the bitching Linda Bushyager has done in KARASS. If I lived in New York, I'd probably go, just for the films, if nothing else. But it's 3000 miles away, and I've already made plans for a 2 week vacation in Missouri this summer. If you'll be at Worldcon, I'd at least like to talk with you. Maybe a gathering of Slanapa and Ex-Slans.

*We'll be at MAC, all right. I've volunteered for a gofer job at Joni Stopa's masquerade, so I have Commitments to keep, and all that. (I can always use it as an excuse when someone beligerantly demands to know why on earth I'd want to attend; and I don't feel in a scrappy mood...)//I'd be happy to see the other Slans, but I hadn't known that "Ex" slans were invited to the get-togethers. Someone would have to have an awfully big room in that case, wouldn't he/she?//Passovoy will undoubtedly be broken-hearted to read that someone missed seeing him in breech-clout and a couple of grand worth of indian jewelry--eagle-claw necklace, silver concho belt, etc. Yes, he was the Farmer character, and I saw him; don't know why you didn't.//You can't put zip-a-tone on hand-cut stencils. That was done with shading plates. I didn't care for this cover much either. Another idea that looked better on paper than in execution...\*sigh\**

RANDY REICHARDT  
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Winnipeg, Manitoba  
R2J 1S1 CANADA

(Jan. 6, '76) The conreps are always something I hate to read, because they make me more and more eager to get to a con; they inform me of what I've been missing. Each one I read rubs it in a little more. I'm glad to see that you'll be at Minicon; I plan to arrive there Saturday morning and stay till Sunday night. I hope you'll find time in your busy schedule to allow me the pleasure of meeting and rapping with you. I would really like that (as would Stu, who'll probably be there too.)

Off The Top Of My Head made me laugh, really. It's the type of light fannish material I love to read. The same goes for the Conventional Fans' Worldcon Guide. I especially liked the illo depicting the pro among his children.

But I found the most enjoyable pieces of Dilemma to be Jodie's article and your powerful editorial. In reading 'Diary', oh, it's hard to say what feelings ran through me. Probably envy is one of them. Envy of the picture painted in the article. Another is admiration, and then joy, which the article seems to generate as you read each line. The clincher was your accompanying illo, which was beautiful. Better than a photo! I've seen pictures of andy, such as the one in the Discon program book, and I saw a photo of you in a recent Title. I could see a definite resemblance in your two faces, and I'm sure the others were equally accurate.



Your editorial hit the hardest though. The story you told was beautiful, not "dreadfully cornball". The last three paragraphs I keep reading over and over. I'm starting to think like you; optimistically; not only about fandom, but of everything. I told my father tonight that fandom, in the few months I've been active in it, has brought more joy and peace to me than anything else before, and I thank the Lord for it. But I've just tapped the well; I've got far to go. You mention a sense of belonging and communication that exists and can't be duplicated elsewhere. That is something unique to fandom and nothing else! I've had no feuds yet, experienced no bitter animosities. Rather, I get good feelings from my mailbox, and the very infrequent phone call when I feel like blowing ten bucks. (Speaking of blowing, your mention of the blow job really caught me off guard. Great joke!) So don't be surprised if you hear your phone ring at 12:01 a.m. some night and it's me at the other end.

I've struck up correspondence with people in Toronto like Phil Paine, Patrick Hayden, Barry Kent MacKay, the Glick, Victoria Wayne and others. I've talked on the phone to Phil and Pat, Linda Bushyager, and Donn Brazier, and loved every minute of it!

So, I now find myself watching the mailbox like a hawk, every day. Phoning home from work, and asking if any mail came, and then asking who it's from, and so on. I'm still a young sprite of 22.5 years in existence, so I've plenty of time for cons et al. If this is what fandom's all about, I respectfully want in!!

Simply put, it is not hard to understand why you think so highly of fandom. And you spread that good feeling through your zine; an important characteristic of Dilemma.

*Your comments are appreciated. Fanneds seem to come in two separate and distinct species--the self-assured kind who comes across as confident and pleased with their own talents; and the constantly-tensed sort who feel positive that no one will notice nor care what they do. I'd guess that the bulk of us fall in the latter category, and generous amounts of ego-boo serve to keep us afloat (and I assume that the more secure ones like to have confirmation of their own opinions, for that matter). Thanks for the kind words.//I'm certain that Jodie wasn't trying to instill envy in anyone's mind: quite the contrary. By relating even fictionalized anecdotes--embroidering as all the Irish do--she shares the good times that are to be found in any fannish gathering, regardless of size, with those who weren't present. It's a problem I face every time I try to write up a convention report: relating every good moment is impossible, for one thing, to do so would take too much room, and for another, many of the things that happen sound so trivial out of context, that describing them seems pointless--you'd have to be there. I can only hope that your first con will have many of those Little Moments that go so far towards building up a Contented Whole, you seem to have the right attitude, at least. I cannot agree fully that fandom is the only place that encourages sharing among its participants--some people find that sense of belonging in church, social, political or employment areas, but, for many if not all of us, fandom's been the place for our 'roots', our 'spot', our 'Home'.*

JODIE OFFUTT (Feb. 10, '76) I've seen several comments on yours on SF EXPO. Funny Farm Yours have been the only calm thoughts I've read. People are Haldeman, KY 40329 so damned worked up about it! It's as though the whole fannish structure is being shaken at its foundation.

Another thing I've noticed an awful lot while reading so many zines in such a short period of time is how well the Aussiecon has been reported on. Don Thompson, Bob Tucker, Susan Wood, Denny Lien, and I'm sure there are others. And Rusty's



slides tie it all together. I can remember how little was written about Heicon at the time. I'm sure glas so many fan writers went to Australia.

You got a letter from Bill Cavin! My God, but you pull the damndest people to their typewriters! Next you'll hear from Jim Hansen.

You managed to get some good humor from your contributors: Sam Long, Denny Lien, Dave Locke and Doug Rice. Is Doug the guy who shared the Birthaversary party with us?

Jackie, I want to comment on your account of Chambanaccon's last night. You said it beautifully and made me cry all over again.

Have I told you about our upcoming travels? Next month andy's going to be MC at a con in Wilmington, NC, where Kelly Freas will be GoH. ArtCane, I believe it's called. In April we're going to the Nebula bash in LA. Just think: both coasts in the space of one month. Before I went to my first con the Ohio River was the biggest body of water I'd ever seen and that only once when I went to Cincinnati to the zoo. Then I went to St. Louis in 69 and saw the Mississippi and it hasn't stopped since.

I'm very excited about 1976. It's starting out fine and I have no reason to think it will go anywhere but up. All the good things and good places I'm going to and all the good people I'll see that I know about! Then there are all those good things I'll do and good people I'll meet that I don't even know about yet.

As the children say: "I CAN HARDLY WAIT!!!"

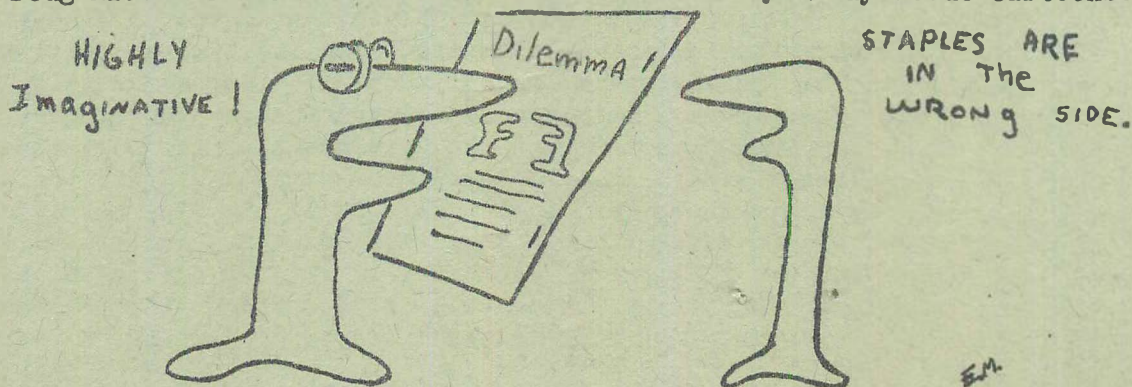
*It does look like a good'un coming up, doesn't it? With two down and ghod knows how many to go, I'm pawing at the ground. I think the high points of any convention are meeting neat people unexpectedly; that instant shock of recognition: "Hey! A fellow fan!" and the good-all-over feeling that there's one more to add to the swelling horde.//Yep, Doug's the newly uncovered member of our "group" An excellent artist as well as cartoonist, I hope I can pry more work loose from him. Maybe (crossed fingers!) the improved repro will help...//Jodie, will you please say a few words to Don D'Ammassa...?*

ERIC MAYER (Feb. 13, '76) As you can see, I'm still around. On the thin edge of gafiation, perhaps, but still around.

RD 1 Box 147 Falls, PA 18615 Your last two covers have both been just great, among the best and most imaginative I've seen, not to mention technically mind-boggling. (I've never cut a stencil, but I've cut woodblocks and linoleum blocks, so I can imagine what it must be like.)

I enjoyed your own writings. Even if they were about those convention things. Someday...maybe. Autoclave, I think it is, looks interesting. Funny thing, Kathy has occasionally talked about going to the Beatles convention that's held in Boston every year. I find the idea of that to be almost as nauseating as she finds the idea of sf cons. Maybe we'll work out a trade one of these days.

Doug Rice's cartoons were excellent. What can you say about cartoons?





Incidentally, I've been doing a little bit of fanwriting lately, inspired, in a way, by Jodie Offutt. It seems that every time I pick up a fanzine there's something quite enjoyable in it by her. (Always one of the best articles in the zine.) "How does she do it?" I asked myself. Upon examining the evidence I found that she tends to write about just any old thing. "HMMMM," I thought, "if she can make one interesting article after another come out of very simple events, why do I have to keep on waiting for some BIG IDEA to occur to me or some IMPORTANT EVENT to happen? Why not just go ahead and write about what's happening to me right here in Falls? After all, it may not be Paris or Nepal, but I'll bet there's not another fan around who's familiar with the place either.

*Many of the better fannish pieces are based not on content, but on good, solid 'wordsmithing'. "Nothing happened, so what should I write about?" can freeze a person before a typewriter forever, staring at that blank sheet. Something always happens, even the fact that "nothing" happened is grist for the fanwriter's mill, and is therefore an "event".//Stencil cutting has no relation to cutting either linoleum or wood blocks. It's more like tracing, only using a metal-tipped stylus rather than a pen, and having also done both, I can vouch that stencil cutting is a heck of a lot easier! If you want to study some truly fine examples of the type, though, I recommend looking carefully at Ed Connor's work in SF ECHO, Ken Fletcher's work in RUNE, or Juanita Coulson's (now sadly infrequent) illos in YANDRO. Now those people are GOOD!!!*

SAM LONG (Jan. 9, '76) 'Twas indeed mighty generous of Gordy and  
Box 4946 Joe to send y'all over that champagne, but then, you know,  
Patrick AFB, FL 32925 they're generous men. On a much smaller scale, I was surprised and pleased to get a Xmas card from Joe and Gay: a small thing, but still awful nice of them. Don't be ashamed to be cornball: I've been the recipient of a fair amount of fannish generosity and hospitality myself, and know how inadequate words are to describe the gratitude I feel for what fans and fandom have done for me. (Not the least of these is to have found me a bride: I met my fiancée through Yandom and wooed and won her while putting out a zine; she is herself a fanned.) It's comforting to know your mailbox will rarely be empty, and that in almost every major city in the country you've got friends, tho you may not have met, and that your voice will be heard and listened to in fannish or sfanal debate: you need not think yourself lonely or unheeded. You're a fan. Right? Go ahead, be cornball: I'm right there with you, and I agree wholeheartedly.

I dare say "Ben Fan's" idea has already been done. But did you know that the well-known 19th-century humorist Petroleum V. (for Vesuvius) Nasby was a pseudonym for one David Locke? When I wrote and asked Dave (our Dave) about this, he hemmed and hawed...

To Dave Hulan: Edward VIII didn't have to abdicate, and if he'd stuck it out, it's doubtful that Parliament would have deposed him, though there would have been a grave crisis in the realm, not so much political as constitutional. (The constitutional question was this: could Edward obtain a Government if he married Mrs. Simpson? The Government and the Government of the Dominions (or Commonwealth) had already stated that to them, Mrs. Simpson was not the sort of woman they wanted as their Queen, and Queen she'd be if the King married her. If he had married her, the Government would have resigned and there might be difficulty, both before and after a general election, in finding a Prime Minister and a Government. Impasse. But there was no talk of deposition. Rather than cause all that uproar and trouble, Edward abdicated in favor of his more conventional



and 'respectable' brother Albert, who was happily married to an Earl's daughter and who had two daughters of his own to insure royal succession, and who turned out to be a very good King George VI. The present Royal Family is 'respectable', but the Prince of Wales likes the Goons and is almost fannish. If we could turn him on to SF...what a coup for Britain in '79!

*Another revelation of the holes in my education: I'd never heard of Nasby until you mentioned him, and I thought it just another of your made-up names. Dave Locke set me straight, that there was, indeed, a 'P.V. Nasby' and he was quite well-known in American History. Well, our school never mentioned him!//No longer being alone is one of the benefits of being in fandom, and I don't restrict the concept to the physical facet, but the emotional/spiritual as well. Maybe not every fan is fully 'kin' to you, but there are bound to be some. While you may also be able to find these kinds of people out in Mundania, who has time to search them out? The odds of any fan finding a kindred spirit--or many--are increased a thousand-fold inside our miniworld than beyond it.*

JOSEPH NICHOLAS (Mar. 11, '76) Neither of us know each other, but I borrowed 2 Wilmot Way Dilemma 9 and 10 when I was round at Alan Stewart's place the Camberley, Surrey other night and thought: if I was to send you a LoC, might I Gu15 1JA ENGLAND get lucky and find myself on your mailing list? In the hope that I do, what follows is not to be read when doing anything other than sitting down (I don't want you to break anything when you keel over in disgust)).

Gene Wolfe is probably right when he says that reading fans (trufans, call them what you like) will stay away from SF EXPO, and that the con itself will be thronged with TV and movie producers, actors, and others of a similar ilk. But... you have only to remember the Star Trek thing to realize just how many mundanes were inflicted on fandom. (With luck, this thing might siphon them off, but that's another story.) The danger with this proposed Garbagecon (or whatever it's called) is that it will draw in an equal number of people (although I sincerely hope not) who will either swamp out reading fandom or believe this sort of thing is fandom itself. Even more so when Garbagecon goes to great lengths to advertise itself to all and sundry, whereas Worldcons (and Eastercons in this country) hardly advertise at all, and then only in specialist magazines or fanzines. Such could result in an influx of neos the like of which fandom has never seen before--except that fandom itself won't see them at all, because they'll be the new fans who are moving up to replace the others who die or gaffiate or whatever, and fandom will become atrophied and sterile.

It all sounds pretty ridiculous, doesn't it? Maybe I'm just over-reacting here, but I have an idea that it will result in an influx of Trek proportions. With any luck, Dave Hulan will be proved right, and all the Trekkies and Apies and Shitties, or whatever they call themselves these days, will bog off to this sort of thing.

A con-junkie, hmmm? It's a pity, in one sense, that we in the U.K. don't have as many, or at least more than we have at the moment, as you have over there. The Novacon that's held every year in Birmingham, originally intended as a faanish gathering has now become about as organised, and as programmed, as the supposedly more prestigious Eastercon, and a couple of attempts are being made to introduce some new ideas. Recently there was a completely programmeless con held at the end of February, at which the object was to sit and talk for as long as possible. It's now on definitely for next year, and has been christened Talkcon. And then there's another, slightly more programmed (two films and a bookstall type of affair) that some nutter has christened Silicon (I ask you!) planned for later this year, about the end of August, intended as another more faanish gathering than the Eastercon (which is beginning to show signs of suffering from that dread disease of gigantism).



Referring to Gene Wolfe's letter again...his mention of some book called HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR EIGHT sounds as though it might have something to do with the Bates system of eyetraining exercises that A.E. Van Vogt was supposed to favour at one time. Really, Gene, do you believe that this sort of thing can do any good at all? I admit it might work in some cases, but if your problem has anything to do with the retina, or the involuntary muscles of the iris, or the cornea opaquing over, then you needn't bother. No amount of eye training is going to weld a retina back on, or stabilise the iris. Like you, Jackie, I'm leery of HOW TO books, but then I'm just waiting until it gets to the stage where someone brings out one entitled HOW TO GET LAID or HOW TO MAKE BETTER LOVE before I let myself have a really good laugh over them.

Burrows Rice Edgar, hmmm? How about some fascist titles to counter the Marxist versions? Titles like A DICTATOR OF MARS, or CONCENTRATION CAMPS OF MARS, or maybe even MARS KAMPF? No?

*And yet another nice thing about fandom is getting nice letters of comment from out of nowhere. Hello, Joseph (Joe?), hope you like it around here.//I doubt that Gene has anything wrong with his eyes that concerns the areas you mentioned; he seems to suffer from myopia, as so many fans do. Retinal problems are seldom helped by wearing of eyeglasses, and I would assume that surgery would be indicated for that and the other ills. I haven't heard from Gene about his success (or lack) with the method, and I still am interested in hearing more...//One reason that so many Trekkies came into fandom was that their "dom" was as reader-oriented as ours (I know, that's how I got in), so reader/editor reaction was common procedure with both fields. I doubt if a commercial "con" would attract as many people who'd pay the amount of attention to fanzines that trekkies did, and if they expected the more fannish cons to be the extravaganzas that EXPO touts itself as being, they're doomed to bitter disappointment. They could be aggravating in the meanwhile, though... I get your point about possible newcomers feeling that "their" version of fandom would be "the" fandom, because, in a way, it's already happening. When a large group comes in all at once, and communicates largely with itself, it soon begins to feel it is fandom. When enough newcomers meet up with that group first, then, in time, it could be--by weight of numbers--the fandom of the future. If new fans think that all fandom is is a bunch of cons with wild parties, or a group of fanzines that discuss close, personal problems, then all that's gone on before could be forgotten except for a few dauntless, hardy few. \*Yuck\* I don't want to think about it...No, I'd prefer to just think about SF EXPO drawing them away like flies.*

HARRY WARNER, JR. (Jan. 5, '76) Your fretting about the need to give a speech brought back old memories. I did a solo speech for the 423 Summit Avenue first and only time in my fannish career when I was the fan Hagerstown, MD 21740 goh at Noreascon and I was terribly worried for several reasons: my topic was fairly contraversial and I was afraid it would inspire heckling which I wouldn't be able to cope with, I developed a sore throat that day which turned out to be psychosomatic but threatened to take away my voice while it seemed real, and I kept suffering from the delusion that the whole thing was a mistake and someone would drag me away from the rostrum because I certainly had no business among all the high-powered professionals at the speaker's table. I even learned that there was some wagering in progress at the con on the question of whether I would give a talk, because of my reputation for keeping in the background at such events. As it turned out, nothing awful happened except when I stumbled over a word at the very start. But when I got my contributor's copy of the lp records of Noreascon, I was afraid to play them. It brought the whole tense situation back to life again.



Sam Long's poem tickled me immensely. Sometimes I think he must be the reincarnation of an 18th century man of letters. Sam always seems to be enjoying himself in a leisurely manner, both in person and behind a typewriter, going to more trouble to talk and write properly than most modern fans without growing pedantic or stuffy-sounding in the process. This poem has the real tang of Alexander Pope, even though it doesn't follow his favorite couplet form.

The reports of SunCon difficulties confirm some of my old fears about the directions worldcons have been taking, like the two-years-in-advance site selection and the formation of committees to plan for cons an even greater distance ahead. I think it's very important not to increase the selection period to three years, as some people have suggested. That's just too long from both the standpoint of fanish stability and the speed with which a hotel can suffer economic problems. Nobody has explained to me yet how the Republican Party can choose its convention city less than a year ahead and be sure of getting accommodations. Meanwhile, I think it would be a good idea to try to build even larger the worldcon emergency fund, as a cushion against the year a genuine crisis involves the event. It might be a few years in the future, even a decade or more, but by the law of averages, it will come.

Gene Wolfe's letter gave me a drastic new idea on how to cut down on con attendance. Give everyone who shows up a copy of the program book and watch what he does. If he starts to read it, let him in, and if he just starts to look at the pictures, throw him out.

Maybe I'm the person in fandom who has the least interference from his family. It consists of three aunts, only one of which lives in this area, and a scattering of cousins and even more distant kin. However, I was very fortunate when I was a Neofan, because my parents never interfered with any of my reading or my fanac and they even bore up well under the impact of unexpected visiting fans at all hours. I don't know if Mike Glicksohn is right when he finds so many fans unhappy in their home life. But maybe the situation, if it's so, just reflects the national tendency to a lot of stress and strain in most homes, as the Divorce Rate and the Kinsey Report prove.

I appreciate the concern over my health. The trouble was in my throat, and at various times two doctors diagnosed it as a chronic infection, a lesion, my teeth, and nerves. After three months of waiting in doctor's offices, and creating a sensation in one when I passed out midway in the exam, I used up all my medicine and a few days after that the symptoms began to go away. It has been completely gone now for several weeks, giving me welcome opportunity to resume worrying over other areas of bodily disintegration.

Harry, have you considered taking up a hobby to distract your mind from worries about your health? Something like a literary group, or amateur publishing might do the trick...//I'm relieved that your trouble wasn't anything more serious. I know how upsetting it can be to have a persistent complaint that gets nothing but conflicting diagnoses from the MDs, and hope you don't have a recurrence of the difficulty. I also hope that you still are considering the possibility of attending MAC; you'd certainly jolt the dickens out of a lot of people if you showed up!//It's all but impossible to get a large hotel to commit all its facilities--which are needed by today's worldcons--a mere year in advance. It is utterly impossible if you insist on a certain date. Two year committees are necessary, and, allowing for the bidding period, already exist three years (or more!). To ask yet another year's planning in advance would strain fanish viability to the extreme, I agree, but the situation as it now stands is the only operable one, and has to be.



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(Jan. 9, '76) The Warperson of Mars is absolutely hilarious--but Denny overdid it with "person" in the series. #2 should obviously be The Supreme Beings of Mars, and #8, obviously, should be The Lariets of Mars. (I trust the symbolism is obvious enough?) The Marxist versions are all good, particularly #5.

I feel all sniffily; my little neo has grown up to be a convention fan.

Why should Stven Carlberg feel that alleged Christians who don't follow Christ's teachings are an exception? Since when is the majority of any group considered an exception to it? The real Christians who do follow Christ's teachings are the exceptions. Of course they exist, and what does that have to do with what you said? Stven's argument is irrelevant, immaterial, and inconsequential. The fact that a few people follow Christ's teachings is no more relevant than the fact that an equally few people follow the teachings of Karl Marx, or Buddha, or Mahatma Ghandi, unless one is pointing out that sincere believers are in the minority.

Thanks, Buck. That was, indeed, my point. All groups, including sf fans, are judged by outsiders on the basis of how the majority of that group act, not by the actions of some inner-circle, Really-For-Honest-And-True-Followers-Of-The-Correct-Path. I base my optimism for humanity on the actions of a few friends and acquaintances; I base my more pessimistic expectations on how the bulk of the rest behave. If all Christianity were composed of sincere, devoted, thinking people, I'd be willing to wager that my expectations would improve a thousand-fold--the same goes for almost any theistic faith.

Well, that winds things up for this issue. Many thanks to those of you who wrote and I didn't have room to include. WAHF: Sheryl Birkhead, Gil Gaier, Stu Gilson, Patrick Hayden, Marty Helgesen, Dave Hulan, Dave Piper, Dave Rowe, Ronald Salomon, and Rod Snyder. You brightened my day by writing; please, do it again!!

