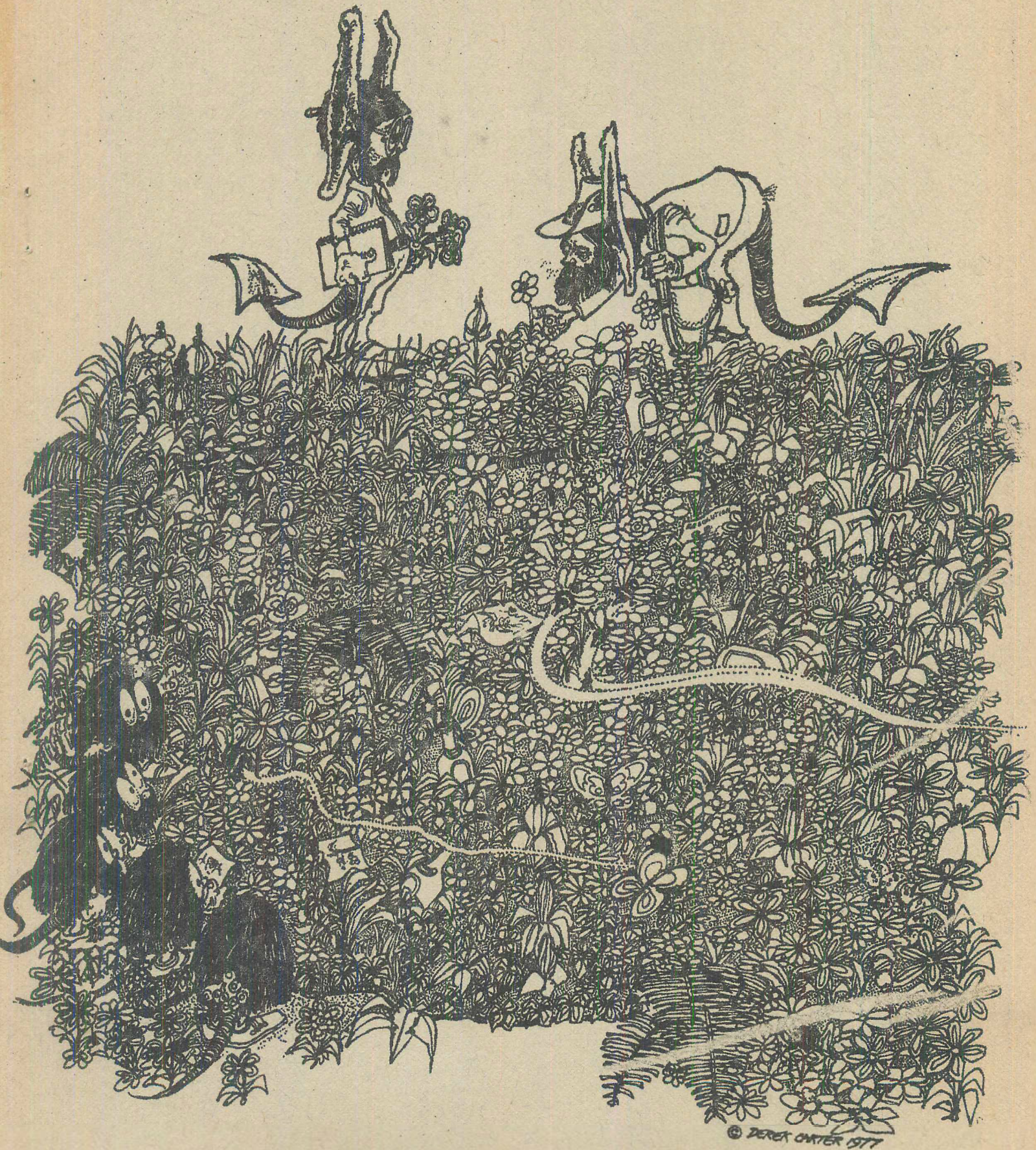


# RESOLUTION





RESOLUTION #1 A fanzine of personal natterings, assorted articles and columns, bits of news news and whatever else I can use to fill up its pages. This is coming from the fevered brain and fumbling fingers of Jackie Causgrove (formerly Franke), now living at her very own place of residence; 2716 N. Hampden Court, #108, Chicago, IL 60614. Telephone, for those wealthy enough to care, is (312) 281-7249. Due to DRASTIC changes in finances, this zine will now be available for filthy lucre as well as the Usual--though because of the aforementioned changes, trades will have to be pre-arranged (I can't afford to trade with Everybody and hisser siblings now...). Is 50¢ a copy, 5/\$2 too much? (I'm a bit new at this pricing game, as you can see...) Friends in Foreign Lands--please do not send International Reply Coupons. Save your shekels, dinara, pesos and pounds and trade 'em in at a bank for US currency, if you must, but don't waste your dough on this rip-off pieces of paper that are worth only 18¢ (US) and cost you a small fortune. Final stencils are being cut on June 9th, 1977, which is a mere six weeks past due....

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(Blaring of trumpets...)

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

(Clashing of cymbals...)

Cover; Derek Carter	Cover by Derek Carter
Jackie's Jabberings.....	Page 1
Ice Snow Where I'm Going--Trip report by Derek Carter.....	Page 7
ConFusion sketches by Derek Carter.....	Page 12
Iguanacon Practice Speech #1 (Marcon) by Bill Bowers.....	Page 13
Close Enough for Fanwriting (column) by Dave Locke.....	Page 16
Dilemma Post-Mortem (Letters).....	Page 21

Art Credits: Derek Carter, pp 8,10, 12, 15, 24, and 30; Marla Gold, p 16; Hank Heath, p 27; and Randy Bathurst, p 18 (with apologies for the repro!).

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Was there ever a time in my life when I could look behind me, about myself, and forward into the future and see nothing but stability? If so, it must have been many a year ago, before I was in my teens, at least, because rack my memory though I will, no hint of such a time remains. I've grown accustomed to change, sometimes gradual, oftentimes rapid and climatic but change nonetheless. So this period of general unsettledness hasn't had quite the traumatic effect on me that it could have had. For the changes I wrote about in the final DILEMMA (now that it's gone, I feel free to capitalize its title) have continued unabated, and only now seem likely to be coming to an end.

Lessee, where did I leave off? Oh yes, with the last-minute rescue of my ConFusion deadline by the happy discovery of one lonely tube of Quill ink amid the assorted paraphernalia Wally had lugged up to Wilmot. In a snowstorm. By a bit past noon the next day I was collating the fifty copies I'd printed up and Wally was loading the Franke Tank for the trip to Ann Arbor. Dire warnings about the road conditions were flooding the airways, and Jon Stopa--never one to come out and tell someone to do the sensible thing--was muttering all sorts of gloomy forecasts for our trip. Fortunately they didn't come true--they never had a chance to. The Tank froze up during the night (it had dropped to 70° (F) below zero according to the local weatherman; wind-chill factor included, of course) (this was Wisconsin, not Canada, after all!). Helpful hands tried to start it to no avail: it finally had to be towed into the Ski Lodge's garage for more intense work by the mechanics there. They gave it their best shot, but by then the damage had been done. Once the car was warmed up enough to start, the starter had conked out from all the previous attempts. We were stranded.

Back at the house, we tried every means we could think of to get out of Wilmot. Even reached the point where we decided to pool our resources and rent a car. But there were none to be had, at least that night--we did find one place where we could pick one up at seven ayem--and since a new starter could be put upon the beast at dawn's first light (well..almost) there was nothing to do but trundle off to our beds and, in my case at least, cry my eyes out. (In the meantime we learned that Paula Gold was stuck out on the highway between Cincy and Ann Arbor, and Mike, Mike and Derek were equally stuck somewhere in the wilds of Southern Ontario. At least we were in familiar territory! And warm.)



Somewhere around noon at Saturday, January 22, we set off for Michigan. We had planned on picking Midge up--since Yale and Lynn had chickened out at the forecasts--the previous evening, and as the hour had grown later and the car appeared to be even less apt to be running RealSoon, she had taken off for Martha Beck's house in Gary, Indiana, more in line with our expected route than the heart of Chicago. But Edieken and Parks changed their minds with the new day, and we drove into Chicago to collect them and their luggage before heading southeast to the Beck's house. Once there, we found Dave Wixon and Caryl Bucklin comfortably ensconced with Hank and Martha and Midge, and no one willing to brave the roads but us. Wishing them well, we went.

And had no trouble at all. In one or two places the highway was narrowed down to one lane, and there were occasional snowdrifts underneath overpasses, but in the main the highway was in terrific condition and I actually shaved a half-hour off my usual traveling time to Ann Arbor (of course, I had padded the speed limit a mite in order to do so, but that's besides the point. I was anxious!) We reached the Ann Arbor Inn somewhere around seven--in time to find nearly everyone we knew was out for dinner. The first person I met in the lobby informed me that the group of fen from Cincy had not been heard from since the previous night. My heart sank. "Whatever you do," I cautioned, "don't tell Wally until we hear something definite." At least Harper's VW had made it in, I learned, so I managed to cadge a room key to Glicksohn's digs from the clerk. (Sheer bravado does work!)

We shall skip the tearful reunion twixt Derek and I and rejoin events later, around 3 in the morning, when we finally heard--from the only Cincinnati fan, Rick Bergman, who made it through the snow (he flew)--news about the Gold sisters. They had made it as far as some town in Ohio that lay near the midway point before they were forced off the road. A National Guard Armory was opened up to shelter stranded travelers, and they rested there awhile before attempting to turn back South. They never got out of the town, and wound up returning to the Armory and making the best of it there. Wally, needless to say, was tremendously relieved, and proceeded to party like mad. Derek's drawing of him later on in this zine doesn't portray half the awfullness of his condition the following morning. It was a sad, sad, sight. (We promised not to rat on him to Paula, a promise we kept until Wally learned she had partied almost as roughly down in Ohio. "You remember all those stories I told you that would be only half-true" he said. "Well, you can believe 'em now...")

In retrospect, it seemed like a hell of a lot of hassle to go through for a one-night party, for that is what ConFusion remains in my memory banks. A pleasant party, not a con. \*Sigh\* So much effort for so little reward!

Derek and I were spending the week at Martha's, so Wally took us there Sunday afternoon. It felt good to be back in my second "home". Monday afternoon, the bad news came in the mail--my application for Landed Immigrant status was curtly turned down. Age and education were the reasons given. Hello again despair. We were building a long-lasting relationship.

By week's end the picture was still murky, but not altogether hopeless. Derek would move to the US, and even if that meant a lengthy separation, things eventually would work out. Now that I had no need to stay outside of Toronto, why not go back with them when Harper came to pick Derek up? Well, for one thing, I'd promised one of the girls back at Wilmut, who had been struggling to find people willing to take over her job so she could attend Mardi Gras in New Orleans, that I'd work her job for two weeks. I'm not the type that runs out on commitments, and those I had run out on the past Fall were still rankling my conscience. I had to stay at least until late February. Also, since I still would be unable to earn a salary in TO, I could save up some cash for the lean times to come. Reluctantly, Derek agreed and we once again parted.

Maybe it was the distance, maybe it was the strain we'd gone through, maybe it was the fault of miscommunication, but slowly the bonds between Derek and I were fading. I made a brief visit in mid-February, and the signs of Trouble were readily apparent. By March, when we'd agreed to meet at Marcon in Columbus, Ohio, we agreed to cool it and return to a "just friends" status. Who said it, Parks or Oberembt? "Long Distance Relationships Stink" Whoever, it's true.



I returned to Toronto with Derek for a two and a half week stay, but it was as a Guest, a Visiting Friend. We still spoke of plans and maybes and eventualities, but both of us knew it was half-hearted, empty talk. When Harper came by to pick me up for Minicon on Thursday, it was "Goodbye" I said, not "Farewell".

Minicon was/is a blur. I was numb, both from the 24 hours it took us to get there and emotionally. But the Easter weekend was a healing one, in a sense, because I developed an even stronger sense of self-reliance. My artwork sold for fantastic prices, and my cash cache grew comfortably large. When Mike and Peter Edick (who was hitching a ride back to TO preparatory to immigrating back to the US) dropped me off at Midge's in Chicago, I looked at the city with new eyes. It was going to be my home for quite some time to come. Go home, some say, and Chicago was the place of my birth...so why not?

I can't stand indecision; indecisiveness and uncertainty drive me stark raving bonkers. Just which direction I head in is relatively unimportant as long as some direction is set, some sort of headway in evidence, even the vaguest of goals in sight. Midge Reitan offered me crash space in her apartment, and had contacted the Federal Civil Service Commission for me while I was still in Toronto. A day to take a Civil Service test was scheduled, April 21--so at least a sort of action was being taken in regards to employment. (Here is where my true fannish nature/selfishness comes to the fore: when Yale Edeiken told me about the openings in the Environmental Protection Agency, and of the various side benefits adhering to Government positions, my eyes lit up. 13 holidays!? 13 sick days!? Plus vacations!? And a more-than-living wage to boot!? Wow! Look at all the conventions I'd be able to attend...!!! The fanzines I could afford to produce!)

In the meantime, I signed up with Manpower, Inc--a temporary-workers agency for those of you who aren't familiar with the company--and began searching for an apartment. Not knowing what sort of a salary I'd be earning, I had a narrow range of choices as far as price went, and in that range, a dismal lot of apartments to choose from. After tramping the streets of the North Side for a week, I found I couldn't do any better than in the building Midge resides at. A small Convertible Studio, 'tis true, but more space and more convenience, in the area of the city I really like, for less money than anywhere else I checked. The required deposits on rent and electricity and phone wiped out my cash cache plus a \$200 loan from my Mom, but I had a permanent address, a year's lease, a lead to a job, plus the promise of temporary work to tide me over. I looked forward, nervously, to being called on my first assignment (it had been 13 years since I'd handled an office job--Wilmot Mountain doesn't count).

And looked, and looked and looked. No calls from Manpower. No sign of the results of my Civil Service test in the mails. No sign of money coming in from anywhere. Then one of those odd coincidences occurred that really make one wonder. I had gotten a letter from someone who had read a copy of Dilemma 10. It had been mailed to Beecher, and Paula had delivered it to me at Minicon. I'd ignored it for awhile, but finally replied to what seemed to be a "What's this thing called Fandom" letter. Thereby I found a sort of Salvation. The man who had written owned a Real Estate Agency, and needed part-time help. I leapt at the chance. The paychecks weren't big, but they saved my hide. Also, Sid Altus had commissioned me to do some artwork, to be delivered in June. I took a chance and finished it sooner and shipped it off. That check helped pay the rent. By the end of the first week in May, a month after coming to the city, I could breathe. It was a bit cramped, but I thought I could make it. Manpower finally came through, and jobs trickled in, one and two-day assignments, and then one that lasted over two weeks. I started feeling cocky, over-confident. This was going to be a cakewalk. As soon as I heard from the Civil Service, the world was going to be my oyster...

And in the meantime, what of Wally? As of ConFusion, our divorce still hadn't been in court, and he and Paula were getting Anxious. They decided to move Paula's things in to Beecher; the strain of traveling back and forth to Cincinnati was getting to Wally and the phone bills for both were simply enormous. Coincidentally, the day chosen for the move was Wally's birthday. Unknown to him, our daughter, Sandy, was planning a Surprise Party for him the next day, which would be the last day of Derek's post-ConFusion visit. Putting our heads together (Paula was in on it too) I asked Wally to join with us for a Night Out, on February 5th, to get him out of the house so the party-attendees could



arrive and get things set. Naturally, the Weather intervened, and Wally, plus a herd of fen who'd pitched in for the caravan, was stuck in Cincinnati by a--you guessed it--snowstorm. Nothing as bad as January's though, and they were only a day late in returning. Of course Wally didn't know that the people who drove along were also there for a party, and when I called to check out what time he'd pick up Derek and I at Martha's for dinner, he tried to beg off because of weariness. I asked for Paula. "What are we gonna do?" I asked. "He wants to sleep!" And the people will be arriving in less than two hours!" "Never fear," said the crafty Gold Dust Twin, "we'll be there if I have to drag him!"

Sure enough, an hour and a half later, Wally and Paula popped into Martha's--both looking a bit bedraggled around the edges. We took off for the Red Lobster (waited an hour for a table...) and had a scrumptious low-cost (considering...) meal. I suggested that we go to Beecher, on the pretext of picking some things up for Derek to take back to Toronto.

The surprise worked. The house was full of fen and friends (a synonymous term if ever one existed!), and a Ghod Tyme was had by all, as they say. Sandy's Very First party was a success, and Paula's debut in Beecher was properly fannish and hectic.

I didn't see much of them during the remainder of February or during March. Wally had to go in for a cyst-removal operation which had us all worried for awhile, but otherwise matters went smoothly and we kept in touch by phone. He picked me up in March for a visit to Martha's before Marcon, and we all drove to Columbus together. I received the long-awaited phone call, telling me the divorce had been granted, in Toronto on the 22nd of March, and also received an invitation to attend their wedding on the 26th. I had to regretfully decline...

After my return to Chicago, after Minicon, Wally, Paula and the kids would come up about once a week, ferrying car loads of my stuff still left in the house at Beecher. Once I moved into my apartment, the trips became a bit more frequent. I was seeing more of him and the kids than I had since the day I'd left last year. Then...

Paula and Lynn Parks had been planning on holding a relaxacon in a motel near Beecher. Negotiations had broken down between them and the management, and another hotel--more convenient and a nicer site all around, I thought--was selected and the contracts signed. Wally phoned to say he'd drop by another load of books and stuff on his way to pick up Lynn so she could have a brainstorming session with Paula. When he came, he brought our daughter. Almost as an afterthought, as he was heading toward the door, he asked if Sandy could stay awhile. We looked at each other, faces beaming, and said "Sure!". I hadn't really had a chance to visit with Sandy except by phone or with the rest of the family around, and we thought it was nice of Wally to let her stay while he went through another bout of to-and-fro driving between Beecher and Chicago. That was at 11:30 in the morning. By 5:00 at night, I was getting edgy. Midge and I were going to see a film that evening, and the show started at 7:30. Surely Wally would arrive any minute to bring Sandy back home. Sandy looked at the clock. I looked at the clock. Midge came down at 6:30 and she watched the clock. I started unpacking the last and largest of the boxes brought that day--the bulk of my hardbound SF books...and my heart sank.

For an Odor emanated from that box; an odor that strikes fear into the heart of anyone who loves and keeps books--MILDEW!!! Hurriedly (the adrenelin was really flowing now) I dumped the books onto the floor. Fully a third, damn close to half--over a hundred dollars worth of books, even counting the numerous SFBC editions--were totally ruined. They had obviously been sitting in water, and had been left wet for quite some time.

My cool blew. I phoned Beecher, told Wally in no uncertain terms to get up there and pick Sandy up, and check out just what he had allowed to happen to my books. By the time he arrived, I was really in a rage. He'd said over the phone that he had assumed Sandy would spend the night. Assumed! I had no bed, one blanket, no personal gear for Sandy that she'd need. He'd said nothing of an all-night stay to either of us (she was as surprised by it as I) and there was nowhere for her to stay in any case. When he came in, with Brian in tow, I let out all the pent-up anger that had been stewing for ages. It would be best for both of us, I finished, the less we saw of each other.



What I had meant by that remark, and what he interpreted it as, were obviously two different things. When he reached Beecher, he told the rest of the family that I said I never wanted to see him again...which was close to, but far more drastic than, what I intended. In any case, he has done his best to insure that I don't see him, and as little of the children, as is humanly possible.

The first hint came when Sandy came to spend a weekend (after I finally got a bed, so there was somewhere to put another person!). Daddy wouldn't drive her, she said, how could she get up here? My Mom volunteered to shepherd her back and forth, so that problem was solved. Then came the Nocescon Memorial House-to-House party over Memorial Day weekend (what better to Memorialize than a defunct con?). Friday night, my birthday, the party was held at Martha's. No Wally, no Paula. Odd, but not that unusual when a full weekend of partying was planned. Saturday night was at Lynn Parks'. Mike Harper was staying over and the two of us went to help her clean up the apartment--Yale Edeiken and Dana Seigal had moved to their own place that week, and to put it mildly, the place was a wreck. When we arrived, though, it was virtually in order. Sarah Shaw, Wally and Paula had pitched in earlier in the day. I came in: Wally peeled off into the living room and curled up and went to sleep, while Lynn, Mike, Sarah and I chatted in a back room and Paula switched from room to room. During the party that night (if it could be called a party with six people on one side of a room and three others on the other side) was, personally, the most dismal I've ever attended. Lynn, Paula, and Bowers were the only ones of the six to say a word to me, and then it wasn't much. They typed on a one-shot instead. This time it was I who went to sleep...

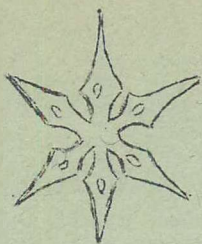
Sunday we drove up to the Stopa's, in a not really sparkling mood. However, Jon and Joni soon dispelled any gloom, and we settled down to enjoy the evening and next day... though without any of the six who had cloned together at Lynn's. Even our friends had split, it seemed, and that didn't help matters at all.

As the situation stands, my things are still out at Beecher, and I have no means to get them from there, though I'm welcome to do so any time Wally is not there. I can see the kids, or have them visit me here, any time I wish--only I, again, have no means to do so. My Mom has pitched in to furnish transportation. Ann Cass tossed herself and her car into the Cause last week, to pick up Brian, who was upset as all get-out when he'd talked of having his turn to visit here and Wally had said, coldly, "I hope you've found your own transportation...", and whatever boxes we could cram into what was left of the space in her VW. With a little help from my friends...

I know not what will result from this temper tantrum (on both our parts), but in a way, it was bound to occur. Marriages don't dissolve because of nothing, and despite all the good intentions in the world, the bitterness that lies beneath a split has to surface somewhere. It's an awkward situation for our mutual friends, but it's also an overdue, natural thing to expect. The only thing I regret is the pain it's causing the kids, and the discomfort it causes Paula and the rest of our friends. Whether it'll all blow over eventually, I cannot say, but the wall of my resentment is being built higher with every passing day, and I would imagine the same is happening to Wally. (He always was a hard-headed German...) I look back at all the nice things he's done and thank him warmly for them, and I look at what's going on now and say "Fuck off, Franke. Who needs you?" For me, them's fighting words, but that's the way I feel...

Not a very pleasant way to end one's opening to a new fanzine, eh? I wish it could be lighter and more up-beat to but that's not the way things are going now. To romp to a close, in the few lines I have left; let me add that my Civil Service grade finally came in--GS-3--but I flunked the typing test. Passed it at the employment agency, passed it during my interview at the EPA, passed it everywhere but there. (And am busy building a massive psychic block about ever passing it!) The assignments from Manpower dribble in and I'm keeping my head above water--barely--while I wait to hear about any openings for mere clerks instead of clerk typists in the Federal Buildings. I worry a lot...but you know what? I feel better than I have for years. I can walk for miles and not get tired. I sleep well at night. I eat three squares a day, and have more things to do than I have time to do them in. I haven't been bored since I moved back. I know I have friends, and how wonderful a thing that is. For that feeling alone, it's all been worth it...





# ICE SNOW

## WHERE I'M GOING

(AND I KNOW WHO WENT WITH ME)

I needed a rest.

Slugging through the opening snows of the Great Blizzard trying to deliver three jobs in different parts of downtown Toronto, then battling back to the bank to attend to sundry financial matters before finally returning to my apartment to prepare egg salad sandwiches for a trek to Ann Arbor wasn't what one would have described as Great Fun. Prior to my wearying jaunt downtown I'd been in the studio since six that morning (having hit the sack only four hours previously), desperately working to meet agency deadlines.

John, the art director, had looked at me in amazement when he learnt how I was proposing to travel over the rapidly forming frozen wastes. "In a Volkswagen?" He turned from me and looked out at the falling snow. "Bye," he said. I left, not really sure just what he was implying with that final salutation.

As the coffee perked and the eggs boiled, I added a few more knots to a macramé hanging (I have a penchant for using every available spare second creatively when the urge is 'pon me--and in my nervous state, 'twas 'pon me). The list of materials and roughs needed for the one week post-Confusion sojourn at Martha Beck's Bed and Beanery was drawn up, ready for checking off, and my suitcase was packed. All was well, though hectic, with the world.

That suitcase, though, was heavy. Having to carry my portfolio as well didn't help. It normally takes ten minutes to walk from my apartment to the studio. This reckoning does not include, however, the wind, the weight, and the snow. With the suitcase paulling one aching arm while the portfolio acted like the mains'l of a three-decker in a North Atlantic storm, the journey o'er the Siberian snows on Yonge Street took 20 painful minutes. At last I reached the studio. Up the stairs I went, staggered through the door, poured a quick coffee and realized that there was just one thought pounding through my head: I needed a rest.

But doubtlessly Michael Twit Boy Scout Harper, the Madman of Bondhead, had sprung to the saddle and Betsy and he were galloping, galloping to pick up weak me. It was time to pack my portfolio; especially since the galloping fool had just come in the door.

He stood like Gibraltar in the middle of a raging sea as I tore frantically around the disaster area that was Suite 201-A gathering up my needs and those requested by Jackie. Leaving him to figure out how to fit into the VW my case, the portfolio, all our sandwiches and still keep the travelling sketchbook free, I tore off to the local Post Office to mail out two Jabberwitch posters. Running back, as we were behind schedule, I fell into Betsy Bug and we slithered away down the frozen streets to pick up Glicksohn. My arms were aching, my eyes were on fire, and, oh yes, I can't stand Canadian winters.

Glicksohn reminded me of a fine upstanding Southron Gentleman, albeit somewhat down on his luck, as he greeted us on the porch of 141--a martini playing the part of a mint julep in this sad, bedraggled version of the Confederacy.

"Are we going then?" he asked. "I thought...you know...the weather..." His weak attempt to maintain an alcoholic haze over the weekend in Toronto rather than establish a new one in Ann Arbor was greeted with the derision that only true Englishmen could have mustered on that situation. And as we mustered it, I realized that not only had Glicksohn turned 30, but traitor as well.







"We'll never make it," groaned the Canadian.

"Hand me the map," said the English chauffeur.

"Highway 2," said the English artist.

"You're both mad," said the Canadian, whimpering. The Volkswagen roared south to Brantford, searching for Highway 2, a small winding road that parallels 401 and once served that road's purpose. Now, tree-lined, picturesque and a slow route, it lays quietly forgotten except by mad Englishmen. Brighter Canadian souls (and Pete Birdog Edick is such) tried Highway 7, north of 401. Birdog finally flew to Ann Arbor. Coward.

"That's funny. Where is it?" asked Harper. "It should be here somewhere! The yellow bug bumped into a parking lot and we scanned the map for the missing Highway 2.

"Aha!" said I. "Look, look. Evil little road called 403 leads to Highway 2!"

"Aha!" said Harper.

"We could stay in a motel," said Someone Else before his words were drowned out by the throaty roar of an angry VW.

Highway 2. "Fangio" Harper roared onto it like a thing demented, yelling how clear it was and yes, he'd like another egg salad sandwich. The Canadian opened his tin of tuna fish (he's given up the creative parts of tuna fish salad making--it's just fish straight from the tin now) and the smell reminded me of early morning down on the quayside at Mevagissey... We began to dodge snow drifts. Where the trees lined the roads the drifts did not. Where there were no trees the drifts and abandoned cars did. Whiteouts ad nauseum, ad infinitum, but the going was good; so good that at one point the driver said we'd be in by midnight, the artist by one, and Beaver Boy was opting for two o'clock.

Dusk began to fall and the whiteouts became a more serious proposition. The wind was really up and the radio was telling us that the towns we were driving toward were blocked off ("Oh? Then how come we're driving to 'em? Chortle chortle chortle); that we should stay at home; that with the wind chill factor it was 40 or 50 below. In the warmth of the Bug we chortled some more.

The drifts had us going in crazy curves around them where they dotted the road and, once in awhile, emerging from the whiteouts, Harper would bounce over small snow banks. We'd pray, but still maintaining 60 mph, the fool continued to rush on.

Shardik had a brother. He worked for the Woodstock police and in the wind, snow and dark of six o'clock, he directed us past his road block and told us to hole up for the night. Going through Woodstock we noted how the snow seemed to be worse in the town than it was outside it. Then we wondered if there were a police block on the other side of town.

"Are you game, you two?" Hell, there was no place else to go. "Sure," we replied.

Harper's foot stuck to the floor, keeping the Bug at 60, and we roared on through. No police. Two miles out of town, we heard ethereal voices inform us that the road from Woodstock to London, our next port of call, was blocked and impassable. We think they told such a blatant lie because all the liquor stores in London were closed and they didn't want people risking their necks just to check it out. Glicksohn wanted to check it out though, so we drove to London. They were right--the liquor stores were closed--so resigned to whatever fate and Lady Luck had set for us, we thought it might be nice to check out the liquor situation in Chatham.

It was now close on to nine. The wind really had its dander up, roads apparently were blocked all over the and the radio kept telling us to stay at home because it was at least 50 below. Chortle chortle--gulp, as we rode out another whiteout--chortle chortle--gulp--chortle. We ran through a whiteout and found an abandoned car right in our path. Harper slewed around it, missed a snow drift, we cheered as he bounced off another, found a pickup just sitting in the middle of the road, avoided that, bounced off another snowdrift and ended up in yet another. SHIT.

Boy Scout tried reverse. He tried forward. Betsy Bug, cute, round and yellow, just sat.



"Oh well, we'll just get out and give her a push," we said. The secluded warmth of that little German pushcart had addled our brains and numbed our wits after close on to seven hours. We soon woke up in the fresh air; but did it have to be so fresh?! We dug a bit, we jumped on the fenders, we tried pulling it sideways. We said rude words about the berk in the pickup who drove up, gave some totally useless advice (staying in his car all the time) before finally driving away. We re-assembled in the car and debated our next move. Once we'd thawed out, that is.

"There's a car coming," I said, peering through the ice crystals that were coating up a rear window.

"I'll flag it down, said the Twit. Fate moves in mysterious ways even at 60 below, for the car that I saw and Twit flagged down was a tow truck. God had not totally forsaken Southern Ontario--but the collection plate that Sunday would be \$10 lighter. Following the rear lights of our rescuer, we tailed him into the thrilling and unforgettable metropolis of--er...um..ah, yes. Chatham. I think.

The latest adventures had completely shattered us and we searched for a glimmer of warmth and civilization. The only restaurant in town decided to close its doors as about 12 customers and at least \$6 in tips hammered vainly at the door. A passing patrol car indicated the whereabouts of the local Holiday Inn and further added the information that all roads out of Chatham were closed. We told him we'd come from Toronto: he didn't seem to hear.

Despite his adoption of a bloody useless citizenship, Glicksohn does have some redeeming qualities; one of which emerged as our heavily muffled trio smashed its way into the hushed silence of the Holiday Inn lobby.

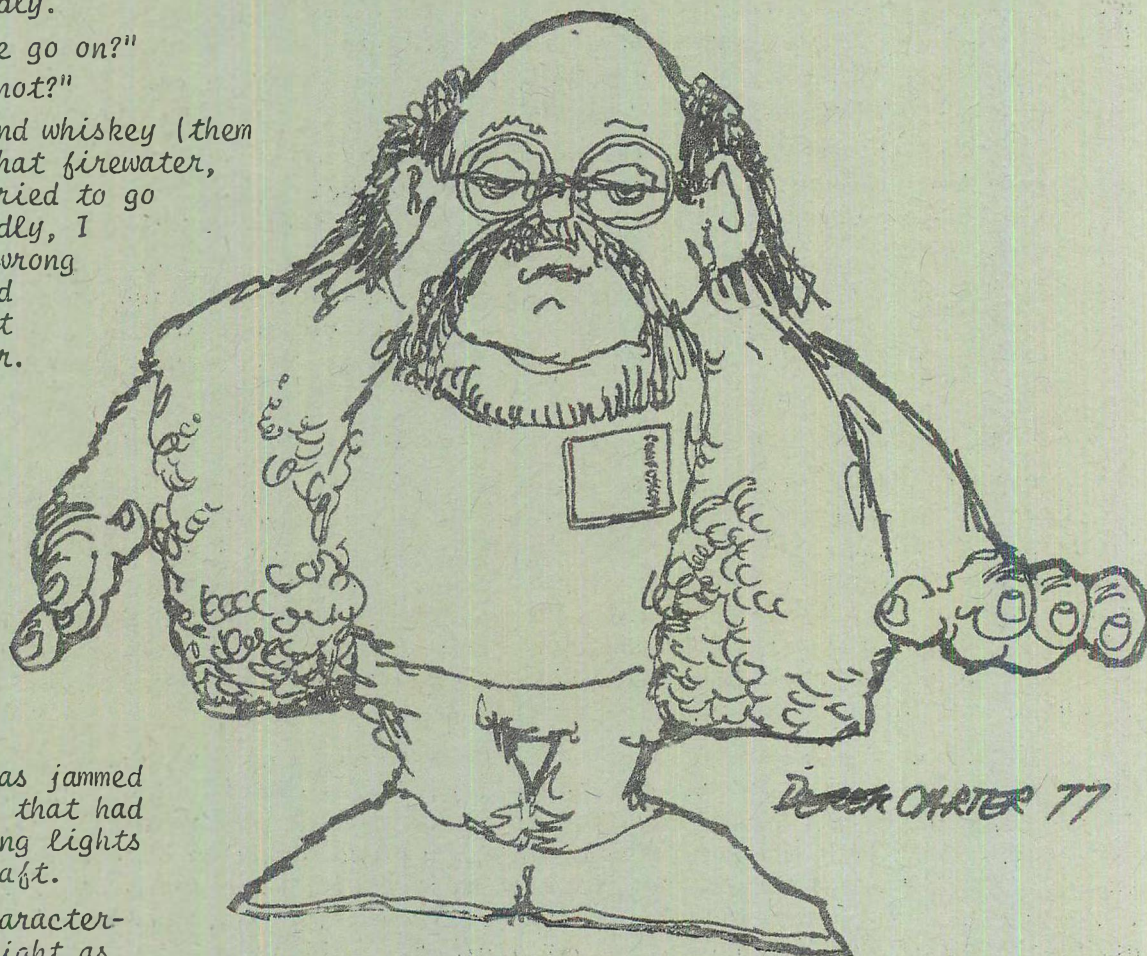
"Cafeteria. Soup. A drink. Come, I lead." So the two Englishmen followed Hiawatha the Glicksohn into regions that only a convention-trained nose could have sniffed out in a hotel so rapidly.

"Well. Do we go on?"

"Sure. Why not?"

After soup and whiskey (them injuns sure love that firewater, pardners...), we tried to go on. Navigating badly, I led Twit down the wrong road where we found one tow truck about to pull out another. Regaining Highway 2, we found true chaos--18 wheelers and Kenosha Cadillacs were strewn all over the place. Retracing our tire tracks, we discovered the road to 401. We also discovered that it too was jammed with snow and cars that had those funny flashing lights blinking fore and aft.

Redeeming characteristic #2 came to light as Glicksohn stalked back into the Holiday Inn, still hushed and quiet.



A FAN SEEN AT CONVICTION



"We want a room."

"Sorry sir, but..."

"Company policy clearly states that alternative accomodation will be found for customers if none is available at Holiday Inn."

"Er--yes, sir..."

"We will be in the bar. Come. I lead."  
Follow the bloody injun again.

In the bar Glicksohn tried to buy a bottle of scotch, only to discover that the price was worked out by multiplying the number of shots it would yield by the price per shot. He wasn't about to pay \$68 for a bottle of semi-decent Scotch!

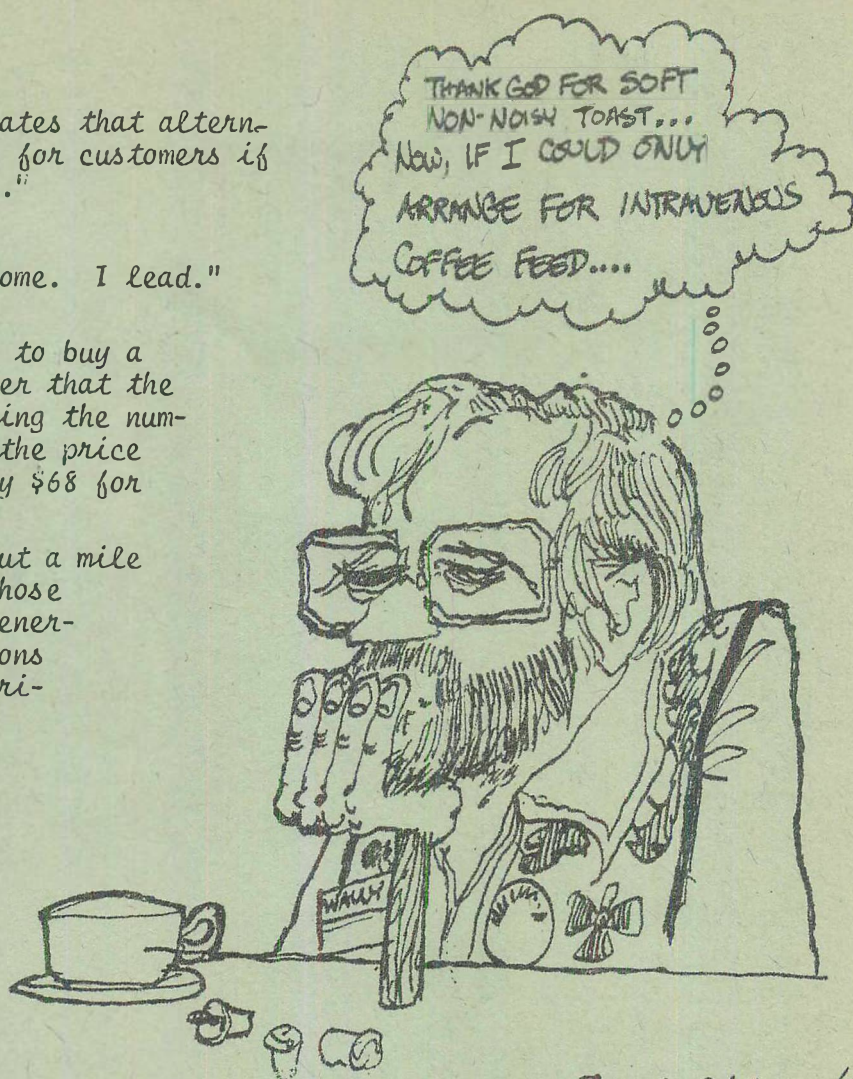
We ended up in a motel about a mile down the road, run by a couple whose joint experiences, careers and generosity made one's average companions look dull--and not even by comparison. Our hostess poured us huge coffees while our host prepared our room. Once in it, we drove the poor guy nuts as we activated the motel's switchboard and said "Hello, America. How are yuh?" to places like Gary, Iowa City and Wilmot. Glicksohn bemoaned the lack of firewater as we watched the tail end of a forgettable late night movie and then bedded down for the night.

Dawning bright and clear, the next day was almost an anti-climax. We found out by 11 o'clock that, although Highway 2 was still blocked by the ghastly automotive mess that had bestrewn its length the night before, the 401 was open--at your own risk. We risked it.

From Chatham to Windsor the 401 was a mass of abandoned cars, drifts, a few white-outs and strings of deserted trucks--at one point three had jack-knifed, one behind the other. But on the mad Twit drove, at 60 to 70 mph, disregarding all in his frantic fanatic.

Over the border. We had been told tales that had the U.S. as thickly covered with snow, wind and Ma Nature's Instant Freeze-Up as Canada. It sure didn't show. I-94 out of Detroit was almost as smooth as a baby's bum, and the run into Ann Arbor was, apart from a curious bottle of rum that kept floating around the Bug, totally uneventful. We should have known, I suppose, that such a run would be an omen of the con to come. That was also uneventful.

Don't misunderstand me--it was a pleasant con and, as some of the illustrations show, it had its moments. But somehow the struggle, the fight to get there, was the biggest thrill for Mike + Mike and myself. If nothing else, by the time I arrived, I really needed that rest...

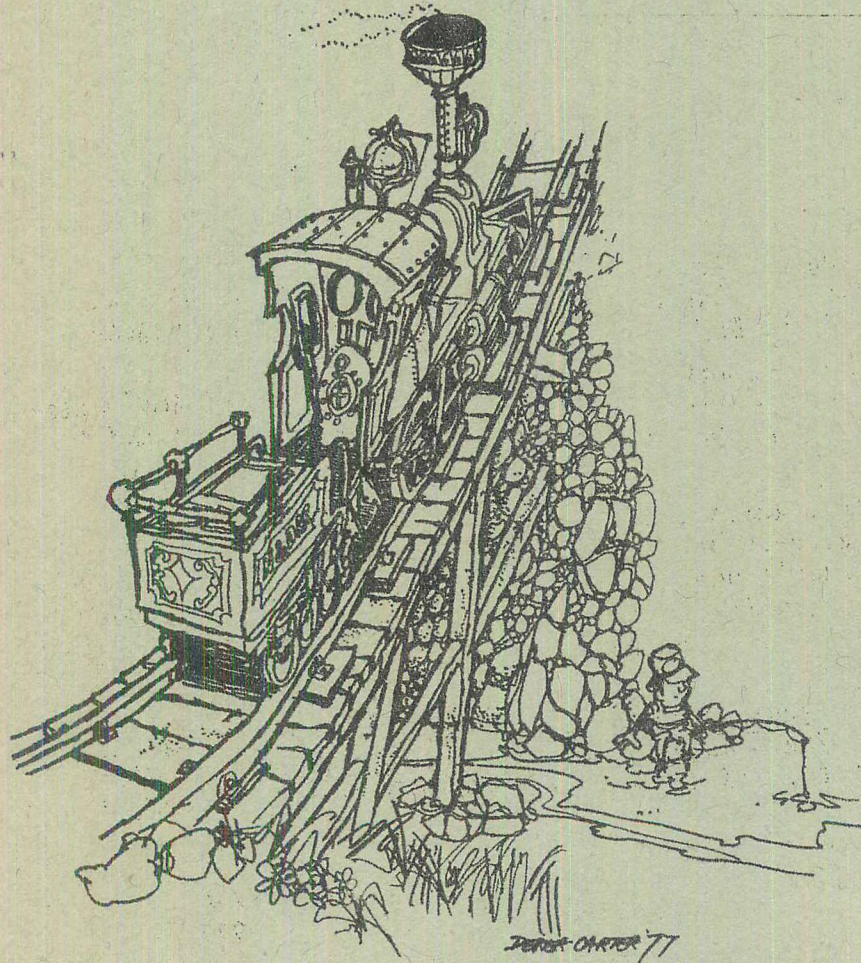
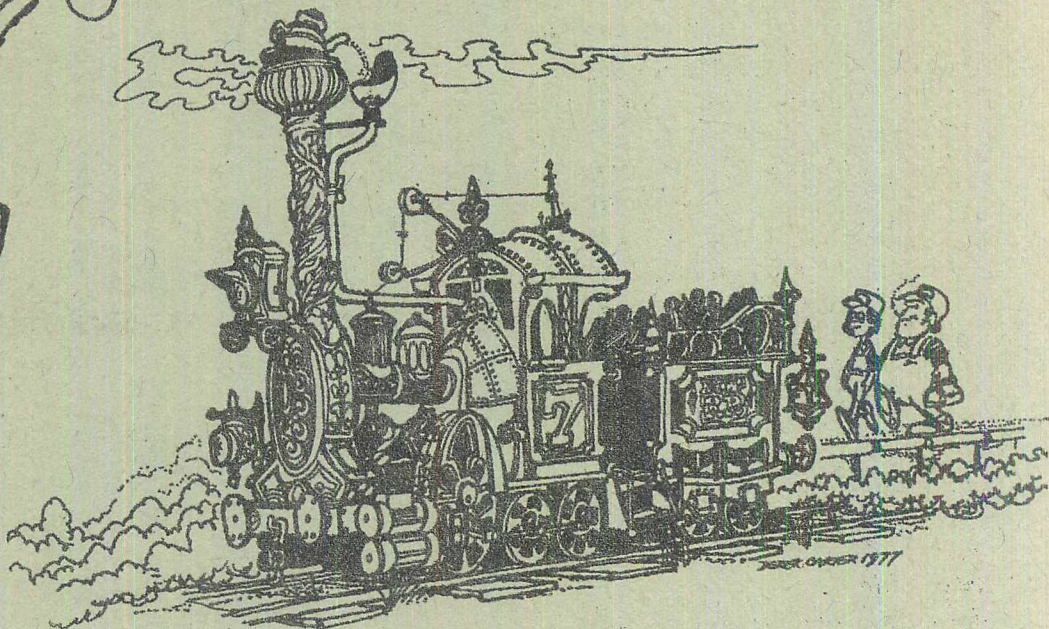


Derek CARTER '77.





from the  
*Confusion*  
sketchbook





# CLOSE ENOUGH FOR FANWRITING

by DAVE LOCKE

Apas are not, of course, the proper medium in which to insert an article. Back in April of 1976 I did an arkle for THE BEST LINES ARE OFF THE WALL, which was one of a series of Burbee one-shots. The arkle was entitled GRAFFITO AND ME, and it didn't inspire any comment from the residents of the elephant's graveyard. As everyone who has been there knows, the egoboo in FAPA is not sufficient to sustain life.

Of course, unless I'm writing a pseudo-redneck column for Mike Glycer's SCIENTIFRICTION (my column there is entitled BEYOND THE SHIFT KEY), most of what I write does not have a tendency to provoke comment other than "I liked it" or "it sucks". When one is pretending to be a fanhumorist, that has to be expected. However, when no one writes to say either of those things, the writer feels cheated.

As Jackie is pushing a deadline, I'll use that as an excuse to resurrect that old FAPA material, change it a mite, and present it here. Those one or two people on her mailing list who read it before can skip it this time, but for the great and select majority of you it will be new material.

This material concerns graffiti. The subject interests me, although only once have I been overwhelmed with the urge to scribble something on a wall (I was working as a carpenter's helper, and wrote "cut window here").

I imagine many of you have had the occasion to be amused by a rather choice piece of graffiti. And most everybody has graffiti stories. I love them. Write in and tell us yours.

Myself, I think the subject is fraught with much social concern. Timely. Significant. Of environmental importance and wholly germane to the safety and well-being of our country.

Many moons ago I was terribly impressed with one of the walls in the men's room of a local pub. Not what was on it, but rather the wall itself. It was covered with a specially prepared paint, and everyone was invited to scribble on it for as long as they could hold their breath in there. Once a week or so a hired hand would go in and hose it down. The graffiti would melt away.

Science and technology march onwards.

However, a little later I wandered into a bar a little further down the street. They too had a special wall in the men's room. But to hell with science and technology. What they had done in there was pure genius. To hell with the expense of specially prepared paint, the cost of putting it on, and the cost and time involved in hosing it down. They had a blackboard in there.

The mind of Man marches onwards.

Dean Grennell once told me of a Navy head where they had taped up a huge sheet of paper to one wall. After it became suitably filled-in with the wit and wisdom of our men-at-sea, they would take it down and put up another. This all sounds quite reasonable. Almost as good as a blackboard, but perhaps a shade more expensive and time-consuming. It was more time-consuming mainly because, Dean said, they would fold up the completed sheets and then file them away.



Our armed forces march onwards.

One time I was out drinking with a couple of friends in a very comfortable but noisy bar in Pasadena, and I felt the urge to go to the men's room and take myself in hand. I did so, and while I was standing there at the urinal trying to rip apart a soggy cigarette butt I happened to glance at the graffiti. Much of it dealt with such universal secrets as: "Sue Bodkins is a cock teaser," "Sherri Norton sucks dick, SY9-3542," and "Stella Chandler raped the Washington Monument on a dead run." All wonderful stuff.

But it gave me a rather perverse idea.

Upon returning to the table I commented on the volume of graffiti which I had just been exposed to, and that kicked off a discussion on graffiti in general. Just as I had suspected it would. Both of the other gentlemen had two or three hundred graffiti stories in their repertoire, which they proceeded to dump out on the table. I listened, contributed once in awhile, and then executed my perverse idea.

"Say," I said, "that wall in there is probably more valuable than Hugh Hefner's black book. You could blow your entire paycheck in dimes by phoning all the numbers that are scribbled in there. Even if one were rather fussy, there are still half a hundred amusing advertisements worth checking out."

Both fellows nodded.

I turned to the single man, but I kept my peripheral vision on the married one. "There's even one in there about a gal who likes to take on three fellows at a time."

"Maybe she's after triplets," quipped the married fellow.

"Well, I've got a dime," said the single guy. "Just for a laugh, what's the number?"

I told him. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I watched the other guy turn blue.

"You bastard, that's my number!"

"I'm sorry, Curt," I told him.

"You made that up, you bastard."

"Well, somebody did, apparently."

"You bastard."

"Perhaps I got the message wrong."

"You bastard."

The single guy finished his Brave Bull and tossed the dime up in the air. "Well, are we going to call or not?" he asked.

We are still on the subject of graffiti, but let us move backwards now to when I was a teenager, and even before. I was always fascinated by the graffiti in my father's shithouse. My father had his own shithouse, you see. A two-holer. This was in the summertime, in the Adirondack Park of upstate Nyok, where my dad used to have a boat concession at a state campsite. He had a tent platform, and an outhouse in back of it. That outhouse was older than he was, and he was born in 1911. There was more than fifty years of graffiti in that shithouse. The wisdom of the ages was in there, pencilled by pimply teenagers over the course of half a century.

It was like trying to read the bible. You couldn't do it at one sitting.

After some fifty plus years, available writing space was becoming quite scarce. There was even graffiti on the seats, and countless legs had stood on those seats to even scribble words on the ceiling.

That shithouse was almost a national monument to graffiti. People even signed their names and dated their material, and as I recall the earliest date to be found was somewhere around 1900. I forget who signed it, but the graffiti itself was: "Curse the cold dark night / In this little hut / I can't see to shite / While I freeze my butt."

Most of the inscriptions were high-class graffiti, at least in comparison to "Sue Bodkins is a cock teaset." Who knows how many people found comfort in these words of wit



and wisdom as they stood there trying to hold their own while the world became more complex and ever more confusing. I certainly don't.

Probably they have torn down that shithouse by now. Almost certainly they have. A few years ago I was momentarily moved by nostalgia to think about inquiring about that. Perhaps it still stood there, and I could purchase it. I could carefully dismantle it, coat the inside surfaces with valspar, and panel my living room with it. Think of what a conversation piece that would be. "Dave, what are these two oval holes in your paneling?" "Why do you have a roll of toilet paper hanging from the wall in your living room?" "Why does it say on your wall that Morris McCormick ate here?" The potential is mind-boggling.

As I say, I thought about it. But the next morning I sobered up and decided that my apartment manager would be easier to get along with if I decided not to pursue the idea.

But nostalgia marches onwards. Memories of the sayings on those shithouse walls, ceiling, floor and seats have provided me with much inspiration for the material which I write. In some cases I have even tried to improve upon the original source material.

Graffiti is wonderful stuff. If more people took to writing on shithouse walls it would keep them off the streets, out of wars, and away from the various immoralities which tempt us in our everyday lives (I saw a comedy show on television the other night which was prefaced by the notation that the program dealt with a mature theme and that parental discretion was advised. Presumably they were afraid that someone underage might see it and laugh.)

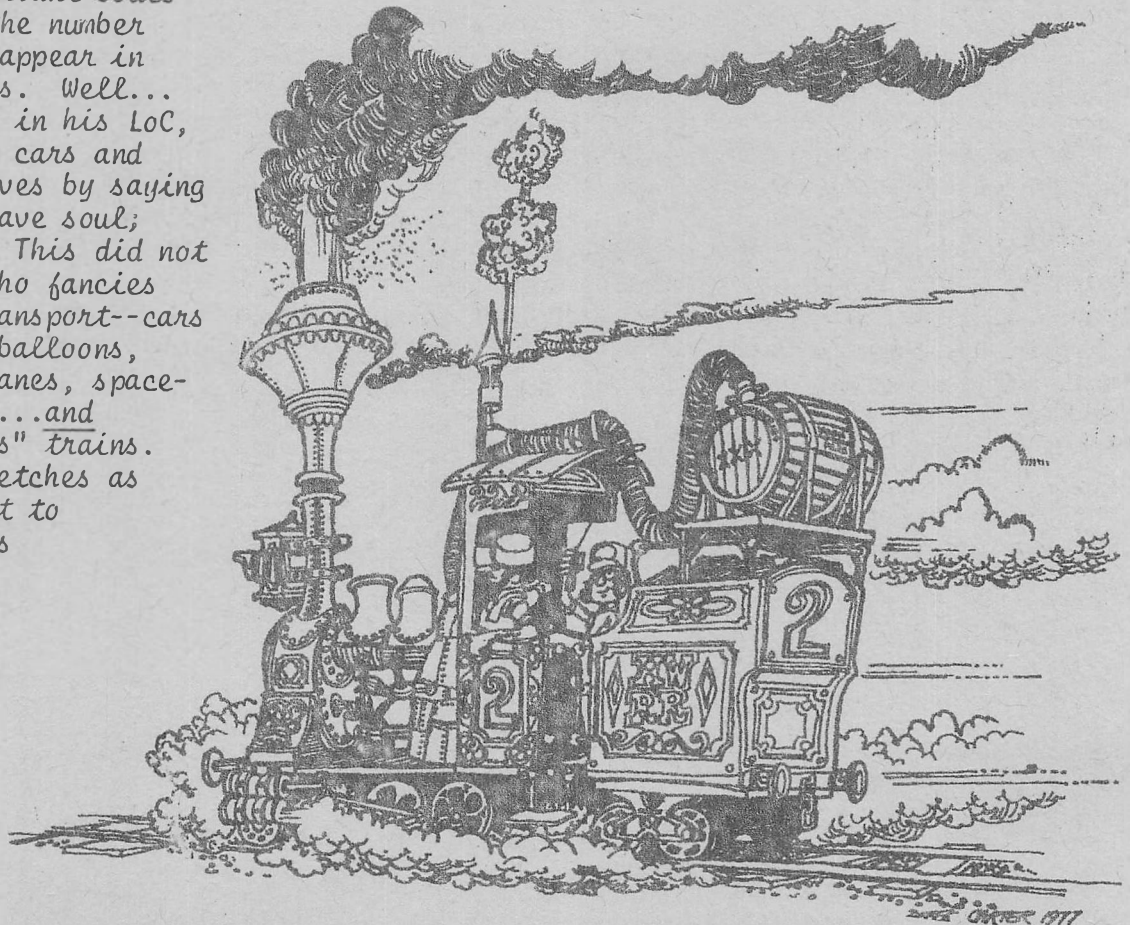
Excuse me while I go and mimeograph this article on my wallpaper.

--Dave Locke

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#### AN EXPLANATORY NOTE....

Some observant souls may wonder at the number of trains that appear in Derek's drawings. Well... Ronald Saloman, in his LoC, praised trolley cars and damned locomotives by saying "Trolley cars have soul; trains do not." This did not Please Derek, who fancies all forms of transport--cars, trucks, boats, balloons, trollies, airplanes, spacecraft, bicycles...and those "Heartless" trains. He did these sketches as his counterpoint to such blasphemous comments...





\*\*\*When asked by Ross Pavlac (if I have the story right) to "say something" at Marcon, Bill Bowers agreed with the cautionary condition that his talk would be but a warm-up for his GoH speech at Iguanacon (1978--Bill feels he's going to need a lot of practice!) and that it might not be particularly appealing to those who don't know him. Since I'm one of those who do know Decrepit Ole Bill, I can't attest to the truthfulness of that statement, but I--and quite a number of others present--enjoyed it. With the co-operation of Leah Zeldes (Bowers is so easy to ~~convince~~ convince), RESOLUTION is proud to present, in its debuting issue, another debut of sorts....

## BILL BOWERS' FIRST PRACTICE IGUANACON SPEECH

I used to say that, if God had meant for me to make speeches--he wouldn't have invented fanzines. Or, as I said at Midwestcon two years ago, on my way up to get my second FAAn Award (I did NOT "head" the Committee; my name just came first alphabetically!--when pressured by Tucker to "SAY SOMETHING!": "I don't make speeches...I just print them." However, since my fanzine production seems to have fallen off--just slightly--over the past year, I suspect I'm going to have to come up with a different line.

Would you believe...?

It's not easy; believe me. Still. I can no longer plead total lack of experience at these things. After all, my Very First Speech--some people say it was good; I wish I'd been there--at Confusion 12, last January, not only caused Mike Glicksohn and my brother, Wally Franke, to almost come to blows--it also caused a fan who is big on the West Coast to revive a dormant fanzine, just to publish my speech. Or so he said. Hi, Mike Glyer!

And, at Marcon last year, among other duties, I introduced the Fan GoH, Randy Bathurst. And that seemed to go well enough...at least well enough so that the text later appeared in a fanzine...a fanzine that, were I to attempt to explain what has happened to the editor since, well, it would pose quite a DILEMMA.

I was getting used to having my public utterances see print. I should have known better. The fact that, other than a maudlin display of sentimentality at AUTOCLAVE, I made no "speeches" (there's quotes there, folks) between MARCON 11 and CONFUSION 14 this January may well have something to do with it... In fact, it was this Confusion that convinced me that I'd best go back to literally writing/reading my speeches; I just don't cut it by trying to wing it, I fear. Which is why, with this due to go on at 7 Friday night, I started writing it as 7:03...last night. I didn't want to put it off to the last minute, but some small things interfered.

I had offers of help. Ro Lutz-Nagev offered to ghost-write my speech--but I talk enough like an "Automation" as it is. As a matter of fact, last weekend, Marla Gold did write a speech for me. Here it is:

Bill Bowers  
First Squarcon  
Practice Speech

Marcon 12?

Read between the lines Bill!

Keep Smiling  
Midget Jumbler

But, like the author, I'm afraid it comes up a bit short...



And I talked to Lynn Parks Wednesday--she said she'd write me a speech, and mail it to me Special Delivery--if I agreed to read it word for word. Never one to be intimidated, I rashly agreed. She also said she'd charge me \$10.00 a word...but I guess that's understandable. Just because I made her, and can break her...there was really no call for me to sell her to Sid Altus. I guess I do owe her something. [If Parks Speech arrives...Insert here. It did\_\_; It did not\_\_]

But all of that is simply time killing... Ross said I had an hour, but someone is going to have to keep me informed of the time, since my watch seems to have been Lynn-jacked again... Someday I will learn, Jackie...

As to the why of why I'm doing this, that's yet another story. Basically, and I'm not questioning it--just accepting it, it seems that I'm something at IGUANACON, the Worldcon next year in Phoenix. Tradition dictates that one of the prices for my "free" convention will be that I'll have to make a speech in front of a whole bunch of people who will be there primarily to see some short fella...what's his name now?

Which brings us to Leah Zeldes...

Apparently unimpressed by my sterling speech-making track record to date... and in her role as Official Bill Bowers Liason--well, it seemed like a good idea: this way we could write off phone calls and trips between Oak Park, Michigan and the Wasteland against Iguanacon coffers; but so far, Greg Brown refuses to honor the invoices...what can you expect from a school teacher? Anyway, Leah came up with this cold, cruel & cunning (or am I thinking of someone else?) idea: why not, she said, a series of "practice" speeches at regionals leading up to Iguanacon? She would write to the appropriate chairmen, if I would follow through... Well, knowing Leah's promptness in writing letters, I foolishly agreed...naively figuring that I'd have to make my first speech at Chambanacoon 8--think about it--at the earliest. How was I to know that she would corner Ross at Confusion and threaten to heap various Mishaps on his body if he didn't agree... that after she'd intimidated Lou Tabakow in his own home on New Year's Eve...?

Anyway, here I am. Where else I'll be between now and Labor Day 1978...only God and Leah know... (What I'm waiting for is for her to write a letter to the Autoclave chairman...)

That's the introduction. The speech may well be shorter...

\* \* \* \* \*

I carry this Bill-proportioned piece of paper in my billfold. Last night I wrote on it, in red, "MARCON 12". Next to that notation is a number. 50.

Given that one fan's con is another fan's party, or vice-versa...this is my 50th sky-fi convention. That may be a little bit off in that I didn't keep that good a record the first couple of years...back when the world and I were young (Copyright, Bill Bowers, any year)--but it's close enough to use as an excuse for a theme...

According to my little list, I've been to 8 Worldcons, 8 Midwestcons, 5 Marcons, 4 PgHlances...and a pear tree. I've been going to cons for 15 years, and I note some interesting patterns: 3 of those years I made only one con, 3 years I didn't make any at all--and 3 was the most I made in any one of the first 11 years.

But in 1974, something strange started happening: I made it to 4 conventions. The following year, I was at 9. Last year I seem to have been at 16--plus innumerable parties and weekend non-con trips. (That by the way, is in no way a "record"; I believe Rusty Hevelin made it to something like 22 in one year--but then we all know about Rusty...) The odds are that I won't make nearly that many this year; but the odds also are that I'll be at as many as I possibly can...

Conventions, he said profoundly, are different things to different people. Some go strictly for the programmed panels and speeches and to meet the pros. Pthers go strictly to party and see friends. There are variations, of course, but the extremes are real. I'm more and more becoming the friends/party stereotype--this may well be the only "official" program item I attend this weekend...who knows? I think when I knew I was totally "lost" was one weekend in 1975 when, while leaving a con in Pittsburgh, I said to some friends from the East Coast--"See you next weekend in Chicago!" And it seemed not the slightest bit out of the ordinary to say it!

What I'd intended to do here was a sort of nostalgic overview of the conventions I'd been to since my first in Chicago, 1962--until my 50th in Columbus, Ohio, of all places, 1977. You know, things like: staying up three solid days at my first Worldcon;



participating in the formation of "Belly Button Fandom" with the Lupoffs and Arthur Thompson on the infamous balcony of the Hotel Leamington, in Oakland, CA, 1964--and 11 years later, at a Westercon in the same hotel, I found myself, from Ohio, and the incredible Jon Singer, from New York, functioning as the con committee for about two hours one night, at least as far as locals calling in wanting to purchase "tickets" were concerned; things like ALPHA & OMEGA, the most obscure convention ever; I was co-chairman (hid that one pretty well, haven't I?); or I could tell you about the banquet at Pghlunge 2, where there was literally more food on the utensils when you sat down than there was on the plates after the "food" was served; then there were the Midwestcons of the 60s at the Old North Plaza, where the air-conditioning didn't...but where 80 attendees made it a biggee; or I could tell you about Marcon 9--perhaps the most fun weekend of my life, starting with being asked for a divorce the weekend before, having Joan get hit by a hit-&-run driver just before leaving to pick Glicksohn up at the airport, finally getting there, returning and not getting Mike to the airport in time, getting home, literally breaking down--then a phone call from Harlan (an experience you do NOT want) followed the next evening by a call from Jerry Pournelle--not a bad imitation either; or I could tell you about Marcon 10, where I was Lin Lutz for an evening, but... or I can tell you about Marcon 11, last year, but...

Like I said, I was going to do that, but it would take much too long (maybe even ten or fifteen minutes). I know of only one way to react to things: that is on the basis of how they affect me, personally. I can judge a convention on only one criteria, one that has very little to do with location or programming: that is the basis on how I come thru it. You may judge differently; fine. It can happen that tho we may both be in the same place the same weekend, we may well not have attended the same convention.

I don't write con reports; Buck Coulson intimidated me a long time ago. But, and this is probably much more for my sake than years--I am selfish, if I am anything--because in many ways it was the most pivotal year in my life thus far, I'm going to do a (brief, I promise you!) overview of my conventions last year...

This then, is my Con Report on the 16 in 76...

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CONFUSION 12 -- Ann Arbor; January. It started for me after my speech Saturday afternoon...when I came down from the stage and mistook one tall femmefan with long, dark



hair, for another tall femmefan with long, dark hair, and have lived to rue the day. This precipitated several identity crises that are still rippling thruout the Midwest: I sort of wish Wally Franke had made it to Leprecon last weekend; it would have been interesting to see if the Phoenix people would have treated him with the respect due their 1978 Fan GoH!

Then there was the incredible collapsing bed; I mean with only 18 people on, it fell down twice... And, just because I was first on...and therefore last off, I was blamed: foul, I cried, but to no avail.

BOSKONE -- Boston, February. A good convention but one



that was for me dominated by the pain and hurt and parting of friends; I won't dwell on it. But there was also the 16-hour van trip (each way) with Rusty, which is a good way to make a friend--and when I first started taking "lessons" from Rusty...much to the dismay of Lou Tabakow. (Have Lou explain that to you...)

MARCON 11 -- Columbus, March. I will not make Tornado-con references; it's too early in the weekend to tempt fate. I don't think I'll miss the Neil House...There was my introduction of Randy...which followed my making a total fool of myself by publicly proclaiming Mike Glicksohn as the Very First Official Bill Bowers Groupie--yes, you saw it here first, folks. Of course even that ridiculous thing had its rewards--when a semi-tall femmefan with long, dark hair came up and asked me for a Groupie Button... There was also the rather awe-inspiring sight of seeing Gay Haldeman make Andrew offutt blush, by simply blowing him a kiss. It was also the infamous Jackie Franke/Bill Bowers trade-off convention: I agreed not to go to Expo if she came here. I think I won.

WONDAYCON -- Detroit, April. A fitting length con considering the stature of its GoH...and being introduced to that fine old Michigan custom of snogging; something that could well become habit-forming if it ever caught on here...

BALTICON 10 -- April. Bidding farewell to a friend; otherwise I recall very little of it--other than sitting one night and discussing with Bill Fesselmeyer the differences between East Coast and Midwestern cons; I'm afraid the coast loses...

AUTOCLAVE 1 -- Detroit, May. An incredible convention (with incredible highs and lows for me, but that's yet another trauma...) I do wish to go on record and state that I did not put a piece of his birthday cake--strawberry shortcake--in Glicksohn's beard; Barb Nagey put it there. All I did was rub it in. Let's do it again in July--this year it'll be a birthday con for others--what more can I say?

MIDWESTCON 27 -- Cincinnati, June. Read all about it in OUTWORLDS...Also known as Lou Tabakow's Biggest Mistake Ever: "I am a Veteran of the Last Table at the Midwest-con Banquet"...signed: Lynn Parks, Jon Singer, Midge Reitan, Randy Reichardt, Jackie Franke, Stephanie Oberembt, Michael Glicksohn & Bill Bowers. (This year, Lou pays; believe it!) That was also the weekend I introduced Lynn Parks to Jon Singer--as you will see about midnight tonight, one of my finer publications.

WILCON 14 -- Wilmot, July. If you're invited and don't go, you're an idiot. Thanks once again, Jon & Joni...

SYMPOSIUM 2 -- Toronto, July. Maybe a party, maybe a con. Who knows; it was good.

RIVERCON 2 -- Louisville, July. I get this call from Parks, saying: "I wrote you a letter, but left it at my mother's in Indiana." "So tell me about it," I said. "It's too complicated," she said. "So write me another letter," I pleaded. "No time," she says, "meet me in Louisville." So that's why I went to Rivercon; I must learn to be firm one of these days.

MIDAMERICON -- Kansas City, Labor Day weekend. No way am I going to tackle this one! It was good, it was bad; it was more like a large sprawling regional than previous worldcons I've been to. I'm glad I went, but don't know if I'd do so again...does that make sense?

PgHLANGE 8 -- Pittsburgh, September. Memories of three very small people roaming the halls, trying to get in their room. Of staying up Friday night until the hotel restaurant opened at 7 for breakfast; of returning at 11 am for a second breakfast, and then moving across the room when the bar opened at noon...and staying there until about 7 that evening with a group of neat people; it wasn't quite as delightful as the barcon at Marcon last year--but it was close.

WINDYCON 3 -- Chicago, October. A strange convention is a tactful way of putting it; the first Windycon was one of the 3 or 4 best I've been to of the 50; the 2nd and 3rd, well...I keep hoping...

OCTOCON 13 -- Sandusky, October. With Wilcon and Midwestcon, one of the three conventions I'll make every year even if I have to walk--and I may, this year. A wonderful weekend with two of the best roommates one could wish for...of course, Tony was there also, but...



ICON 2 -- Iowa City, November. God, that's a long way out there; I had company going out, but the 750 mile trip back was solo, with only a short break in Detroit. So it's not a straight line; I've got Triple A so confused with some of my trip requests that it's become an artform...

CHAMBANACON 6 -- Champaign-Urbana, November. The last "formal" con of the year... a year that started off with my discovering a very tall femmefan with long, dark hair, and ended up with me discovering a very short femmefan, with long, dark hair...(and where Wally told me 5 people had asked him about the latest OUTWORLDS before I got there!)

That was just a portion of my 1976: there was a picnic that wasn't, a housewarming, a 50th birthday party, two Sidcons, and all sorts of other delightful things...I doubt if there'll ever be another year quite like it for me--for once in my life I threw out all the stops and went for broke...and don't regret it. (I keep telling myself this year I pay for it!)

Even Institutions from Ohio have their limits.

I did some foolish things; I did some good things. I have my regrets; I have my rewards. I ranted and raved about my "Image" and proceeded to go out and make one for myself...to wit: (Apparently, Bill was going to read the words to Paula Smith's filk song as published in MISHAP--"The Wretch of Bill Bowers Fandom" but he chickened out and merely lifted a copy aloft for the audience to wonder at. If room permits, I'll run it; but I doubt it...)

Does his egotism know no bounds? Very little, if the truth be known!

Speaking of 1978, if you call yourself my friend, you'd best be there. I'm not sure I will be... You see, as a result of a Rusty HevelliN DUFF auction, Leah and Lynn own an hour of my life: they plan on collecting during my speech at Iguacon. I fear to ask...or even speculate...

Nevertheless, I feel it only fair to warn you that as of the first of next month, the attending rates double--so you'd best send in your membership--NOW! (I'll have the address & details at my table in the huckster's room.)

In my Confusion speech, I said: "What fandom is, is people. Lots of people, different people. Mostly good people. People just like you..." Substitute the word "convention" for "fandom"; and you got it...

If this is your first convention, you may well be in for a treat...or a trauma. I cannot guarantee you either. It's up to you--a heckuva a lot more than anywhere in the "outside world"--to make of it what you will. It's a long time until Sunday afternoon...and yet it's so very short until we have to say good-bye... It's a time-warp, a never-never world--a world of Bill Bowers esoteric references, of short jokes, a world of joy and pain, of much ado about very little, a place where you can read that crazy stuff (if you have time) and not be looked down on... But more than anything, it's a world of loving and caring...

If you like this one, there's more--sometimes it seems like at least one a week, don't ask me about Easter!--as many as your stamina and finances can allow...

...for the newcomers, it's a beginning; for the rest of us, just a continuation...  
a picking up from where we were when we last met--a week ago, or a year or more...

Enjoy; have fun (and don't get between me and the bar!); this is the first hour in the rest of your weekend...

Thank you...

12:15 am / 18 March 1977

[illegible]

As some of you may know, Father William is moving (will have moved by the time most of you get this...) to Cincinnati this mid-June. As a public-spirited ~~citizen~~ fan, I herewith present his genuine steel-engraved, accept-none-other COA: WILLIAM BOWERS: PO BOX 3157; CINCINNATI, OH 45201. Write and hound him about the next ish of OUTWORLDS...

[illegible]

As some of you, though fewer than know about Bowers, may have heard, Hank and Martha Beck had been discussing the possibility of moving to California in the fall. Well, family illness (Hank's sister, Sally, and those of you who met her at MAC) intervened and Martha has gone to the West Coast already. It was a traumatic move for everyone, and I know she'd love to hear from any and all of you. (She's no great shakes at writing back, so be forewarned...) MARTHA BECK 325 GLENDORA AVENUE; GLENDORA, CA 91740

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# POST-MORTEM...

## ... LETTERS ON DILEMMA 14

HANK HEATH  
250 Dale Drive  
Cassadaga, NY 14718

(March 17) I apologize to you (and many others) for taking so long to write. I've a million excuses--ranging from the time taken up by teaching to the time lost by our god forsaken blizzards, but that still doesn't get rid of the guilt. A few announcements are in order, tho. (1) I survived the blizzard. (2) I am teaching in Buffalo (not far from Toronto if that's where you've settled. Would love to see you!). (3) Just prior to the Great Blizzard of '77, I became a father (again)--this one's a boy. (Ended up in a ditch on the way to the hospital--how fannish can one get?!!) (4) I will be starting my con-going for the 1st time this summer (any suggestions on which to start with?). (5) I turned 30 last week, and it didn't even hurt...much.

I want to thank you for using my drawing for the bacover of your final DILEMMA. Even my sublimated LOVE logo reproduced well (the one over the right arm). I thought the whole thing was rather fitting to the ish.

In my comments to Dilemma and her sister zines, I tend to make little, or no, comment about the con reports. This is wrong, because most conreps fall into the category of my most favorite articles--especially when well-written as yours. Seeing as I haven't (yet) gone to any cons, it gives the flavor of an event to me that I missed. And I'm introduced to many persons/personalities that I'm looking forward to meeting. So I really do enjoy conreps; the problem is, how does one comment on them? As with most published locs, there's just nothing one can add to what's been written. But my lack of comment does not indicate lack of interest. Comprenez?

Ronald Solomon was a bit off in his comment about a second pair of socks/panyhose. It should have gone "Different frocks for different flocks".

Joseph Nicholas mentioned Mr. Hondo Crouch of Luckenback, Texas. He's the guy (along with a fellow world traveler) who bought the village of Luckenback (it was bankrupt), took over the major services himself, set up a few festivals to bring in tourist traffic (like the annual Chili Cookoff and Beerdrinking Festival) that brought the village back in the black--by making use of backwoods American Bad Taste. So, he was an expert in the subject at the time of the Bad Taste judging. Incidentally, he died last year. Personally, I mourn a guy with such a sense of invention and humor. I feel I'm heaping high praise on him by saying that he would've made a good fan.

Artwise, #13 would be labelled as something fantastic if one liked what Derek Carter does. Fortunately I (and many others) do like what Carter does. Enough so I'm jealous as hell of his natural talent and humor! Me, I have to work hard at drawing and this guy just sits down and does beautiful stuff. The Rotslers, Shiffmans and Frankes were all up to their usual high standards too.

#14 was exemplary (a 37¢ word if I ever heard one)! Bathurst and Jeeves had some interesting contributions and, of course, I liked Heath's bacover. That Carter character, tho, he's just got to stop being so prolific! Maybe if we cut off one of his index fingers he'd have to learn how to draw with his other hand and the rest of us could catch up?!!! (Personally, even then I doubt it!)

I certainly hope Derek's recovered from his bout with Iron City beer. To my knowledge, IC has the distinct privilege of being the only beer in the nation to be worse than Koch's--which is made in Dunkirk, NY, out of rejected Lake Erie water (rejected by the lake, that is).

Stu Gilson says that he wouldn't mind teaching "provided the job didn't run over eight hours". I had to laugh. Teaching is a bit of a profession. The physical "work"



doesn't last over 4 hours a day, but to do proper research and planning may take as long as 10 or more hours per day (tho it rarely does, thank Ghu!)

*Loved that egoboo! Though I did blush just a little bit...//Needless to say, I'm nowhere near Buffalo now--should've said something sooner!//Derek raised a quiz-zical brow at the thought of his work being effortless--there's rather a large amount of training and years of practice behind that little "trick" of his...//I doubt of many jobs 'require the out-of-office preparation that teaching does. I do know that the hours spent in class aren't all a teacher uses by a long shot!*

HARRY WARNER, JR. (March 31) There's no way I'm going to succeed in commenting adequately in a couple of pages on two fat issues of Dilemma. If I write longer letters, I'll be haunted by the thought of all the other locs I hadn't written. Forgive me if I scimp and fail to be specific about my great admiration for all that fine Derek Carter art. The front cover for the 14th issue, in particular, looks as if it must have taken days and days to creat, and I'm sure I could devote at least that much time to looking admiringly at it!

All the material about cons in these two issues, read in quick succession, gave me almost as many memories of those events as if I'd attended them. Every con report I read teaches me all over again how much I miss in fandom by attending cons so rarely. So many of the names that appear over and over in con descriptions belong to fans I know little or nothing about, simply because their fanac is the in-person type for the most part rather than on-paper media.

Eric Mayer's article was both amusing and familiar-sounding. It's now almost six years since I converted my journalism from mostly straight reporting to mostly column-writing. Most of Eric's experiences has a familiar ring to it, since newspapers and their readers are pretty much the same all over the nation. How can I lose patience with a fan who does something stupid when I've experienced the way some readers react to the columns I've written? There was a time last Yuletide when I lost patience with the silly way authorities were asking people to cut down on Christmas lighting to conserve energy, while doing nothing about the major forms of energy waste that go on throughout the year. So I wrote a column speculating how similar efforts might be made to reduce energy consumption on other holidays--such as ordering people to color two-minute eggs instead of hardboiled ones for Easter and serving TV turkey dinners, which take only a half-hour or so to cook, for Thanksgiving rather than the real kind which take hours and hours of roasting. I suggested that everyone should be encouraged to plant artificial trees on Arbor Day because real trees would eventually grow so large that they'd block illumination from street and security lights and waste energy. A state forestry official wrote to me, explaining all the ways in which real trees help the environment and suggested that my well-meaning idea wasn't really justified.

Eric doesn't say anything about the newspaper columnist's other cross: finding things to write about. I stick to local topics and finding subjects for five columns a week can be a real problem. I never manage to build up a substantial reserve stock of topics and I never run out of ideas altogether, so there must be some natural force at work which feeds ideas into my mind at just the right pace. I must think up about 1,350 topics for columns between now and retirement, if I keep my intention to quit on my 60th birthday. It scares me just to think about that task!

I liked immensely Jodie's character sketches. Maybe they are less meaningful to a fan who sees all these people every month or so, but I can think of reasons why more material of this type should appear in fanzines. Nobody thinks it's superfluous to publish reviews of books and movies which most fans will read or see because it's good to learn others' opinions and ways of looking at such things. There's also the archival value of printed descriptions of fans. Twenty years from now fandom will have experienced perhaps a ninety-five percent turnover. How will memories of 1977's fandom survive until then if such things don't appear in fanzines? (Well, there will be pictures, but most fans use color film nowadays and the dyes in that have a limited life. Around the turn of the century the images of those fans will begin to grow dim, literally.)

One major difference between Star Trek fandom and science fiction fandom in its early years is that ST enthusiasts continue to concentrate on just one topic--their



favorite television series; except for the ones who crossed into science fiction fandom. Our fandom almost from the beginning saw participants spread their interests--into weird and fantasy fiction, into social questions, into lunatic fringe areas, some became fans of fandom. To this very day the sub-fandoms have continued to multiply. I don't mean this as an indictment of Star Trek fandom, just as a suggestion that the parallel isn't really that close.

I think there's been some misunderstanding about my loc in the 13th issue. I did not suggest a weighted system for determining fan Hugo winners. All I pointed out was the fact that if we were given the complete results on how many votes went to which individual or fanzine, we'd get a rough idea of how the voting really went. A fanzine editor whose publication failed to be nominated for a Hugo would feel a lot better if he found his 200-copy publication received half as many nominating votes as a fanzine with a circulation in the thousands.

*Yes, it was the sticktoitiveness of ST fans, their devotion to just one topic, that finally turned me off of that fandom. There seemed to be so many subjects suggested by the series that were worthy of discussion to me, but apparently the main concern was what the various stars were doing with their lives once the series ended. SF fans, on the other hand, seldom discuss SF at all; they prefer to read it instead.//Sorry for misreading your comments--I reread them and see what you meant. Unfortunately the opportunity for rejection to result from seeing how the nominating votes tallied up could be just as likely as that for elation. Fanned seem to be a rather sensitive lot...//The thought of you retired doesn't quite compute. But, then, if it allows you to devote more time to fanac, perhaps it'll be a blessing for all concerned.*

BEN ZUHL (April 23) Here I finally sit down to LoC Dilemma and you up  
2626 15th Avenue S. and fold it. Now that Dilemma is a dead issue, so is this LoC.  
Minneapolis, MN 55407 It's an Ex-LoC (warning: shitty pun). Now that that's out of  
my system...

Derek Carter proves once again that he's one of the finest artists in fandom (and mundania). I understand that a trolley ride was (or is) a traditional part of Phlange, tho I never seem to have time for it.

And Derek is as good a writer as he is an artist. His conrep is brilliant. Too bad he isn't more prolific: I'd really like to see more.

I find myself agreeing with Ed Wood and your comments. (with a big second the notion to Jon Stopas). Shortly after Big Mac, I suggested to Fred Haskell that he write a song entitled "Mediocre MAC" to follow "Mediocre Fred". Ken Keller says if he ever hears it, he will kill me...

Gee I like pubbing a zine. The reaction to B'ZINE has been uniformly excellent (I haven't heard from Midge yet, tho). I find that B'Z and all the correspondence needed to pub is a great way to diet. Whenever I'm hungry, I write a letter and the money that in the past would have gone into junk food now goes into postage.

*Of all the reasons given for publishing a zine, that has to be one of the most original. Pubbing as a means to controlling one's weight? \*Oh well\* Why not?  
//Sorry you strained so hard to waste a LoC--but now that you've managed to get into a first issue, perhaps you won't feel so...crappy?*

VICTORIA VAYNE (February 27) Dilemma 14: an enjoyable issue as always. Derek's  
PO Box 156 Stn. D cover is a delight, and reminds me of his earlier work (Jabberwitch  
Toronto, Ontario era) more so than his interior cartoons do. I have a copy of the  
CANADA TORCON progress report on my wall gallery (No. 4) and it's in much  
the same style. Do you have any spares of this cover? I'd like one  
for my wall, if possible. I'd have to add the NOCRESCON ad drawing as another good one--  
those wide-eyed little gremlins are cute. And there's the PgHLANGE conrep folio--I re-  
member some of those in the making on the trip there, wherever the Pennsylvania highways  
were not too execrable.

Interesting to read your account of the past fall, filling in the gaps where my own doings had intersected with yours. (Nomention of those strange doings at Octocon, though, and perhaps just as well.) I hope this border hassle gets cleared up--I can't

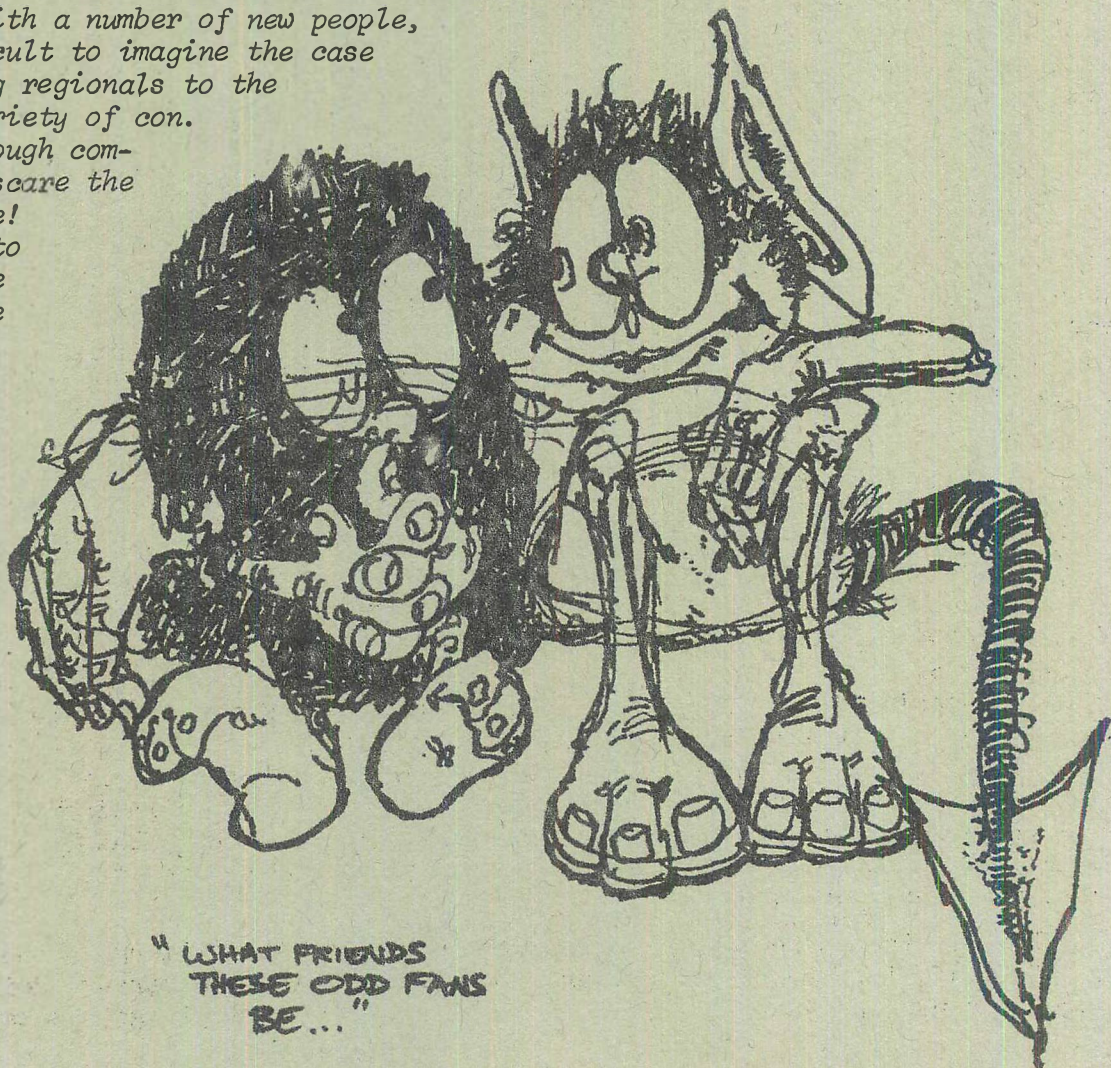


understand why there'd be a problem. The Trudeau government has been opening its doors to so many people from everywhere else in the world. I understand there is a problem getting into the States too, and at the moment I'm not clear on what the immigration policy is on either side. I'd like to see a no-border situation come into being somehow, with everyone free to go where he'd be happiest, and able to move his stuff around at will and buy it anywhere. I don't know what problems this would cause and how to solve them, but it would be nice if this were possible. (I've been saying lately that I don't really care who is ruling over me as long as I can say what I want, do what I want, go where I want and not be ripped off. All with a regard to the similar rights of others, of course.)

Everybody's seen a different MAC, I'm sure. I thought it was a good con, and it must have been, considering the personal problems I was going through at the time. But then I avoided a lot of the regimented things and problem spots, and confined myself to chasing after people--ALL the time I was tracking down "last seen at..." rumors of people I wanted to meet. Even then there were people there I missed. I think I prefer the smaller regionals. At PHILCON and BOSKONE I seemed to spend all the time with a small number of New York and area fanzine fans, but enjoyed both while not seeing much of the actual cons in either case.

Yes, I do have some spare copies of Derek's cover, and I've been meaning to send one to you ever since I got your letter. RealSoonNow...//While the Official Criteria remain identical, I suppose immigration standards are less strict for those from underdeveloped countries in actual practice. Looking at the newcomers to our shores, I would think the same situation applies here as well. I do doubt that our standards are any tougher than yours, though. After all, Birddog's now in the U.S., isn't he? ~~If they'll let him in, they'll don't anyone!~~//Once a fan gets his feet wet at conventions and meets and makes friends with a number of new people, I find it difficult to imagine the case of not preferring regionals to the more mammoth variety of con.

Crowds, even though composed of fans, scare the dickens outta me! The only thing to do to make large conventions more tolerable is to form a con-within-a-con; as apparently you did at PHILCON and BOSKONE.



"WHAT FRIENDS  
THESE ODD FANS  
BE..."



JIM MEADOWS III

31 Apple Court

Park Forest, IL 60466

(March 24) I've never been to a con, and have had little personal contact with fans. (I used to live in the same town as Don Ayres and we saw each other frequently, and there's this sf club I run into now and then, but...) So I live through the conreps, though only to a point. Because when you see them in print it isn't always that exciting to read in one report after another about these things that mean a lot more to those who participated. Your fanzine has been caught up in all this con life more than any other I've seen, and it's a bit sad to see Dilemma go.

Your hurried impressions gave me perhaps one of the most interesting views of con life I've ever read, in a format that's new to me. Like a Chuck Braverman film, it just sort of whizzed by in a cheerful way, letting me get just a taste of the whole thing. Not something I'd recommend doing all the time, but a good way to telescope when the need comes.

I really liked Jodie Offutt's DIARY, and I can tell you with absolute certainty that this doesn't have to be a hands-across-the-ocean thing. You were right in guessing that a lot of fans know fellowfen from glimpses in fanzines, and that a fuller description by another would be helpful. I have, with a lot of years' reading, gotten a somewhat fuller picture of a few fans--say the Katzes, and Donn Brazier, and Harry Warner, and Mike Glicksohn--simply because I see them so much in the zines. But there are lots of interesting people I don't know much about from this viewpoint, so it's nice that someone slows down a bit and points them out.

Quick, what the heck does SMOF mean? I thought I knew all the slang...

We see different stripes of ST fans; you in the cons and me in my zines (and trek-zines, costing what they do, don't come to me often). My comparing First Fandom and young ST fandom was a bit simplistic, I know. I misspoke myself by using the fans-are-slans things, which gives the wrong impression. However, in young fandoms, there's a tendency to believe that not only is the center of fandom (sf or ST) something very special, but that it's something that should be special to a whole lot more people than is actually the case. As a corollary, there usually are a number of fans who are interested in bringing sf or ST or whatever to the mundanes. An example were Gernsback's "What I Have Done To Spread Science Fiction" contests in Science Wonder Quarterly. Similarly, in a recent letter to The Halkan Council, one fan--spurred on by the success of ST fen in getting the Space Shuttle names The Enterprise--suggested starting a Star Trek Fan Political Lobby. These sort of things are the ideas of the young convert who isn't aware that other people don't find his interests all that interesting. In a young fandom, with less FIJAGH brewing about, without the influence of fannish fans or the turned inward attitude toward enjoying fandom, a young convert can dominate a bit more.

I guess Derek Carter is new to these last two issues. He seems like an interesting person, and he definitely knows how to--as Arnie Katz would say--art. Boy, does he art good. I found his Pghlange report, with its running dialogue (it's great to read aloud; I suppose you've tried that already?) to be a lotta fun. Does this guy to trek-zines?

*I won't quote Derek directly--this may be seen by young children after all--but the gist of his comments were "No, Derek does not do Trekzines."//As a matter of fact I hadn't tried reading that report aloud until you mentioned it--it does add a new dimension; thanks for the suggestion.//Of course, Gernsback wasn't a youngster trying to "convert" the masses; he was a man selling a product--a SF zine--using a method for increasing his market. (Though, admittedly, Uncle Hugo did have a Messiah complex when it came to SF) But even so, there are some SF fans filled with fervent hopes of bringing new sheep into the fold, as quickly as they can. This urge usually dies away fairly soon, thankfully.//SMOF=Secret Master of Fandom, a term used partly in jest, partly in wariness of the schemes of more-politically-motivated fen.//I can't say it often enough--I, too, hope that Jodie continues her con-diary thingee. However, it's been some time since I've seen another installment...(hint-hint, nudge-nudge, Jodie!)//More egoboo/feedback from con reports! I'm flabberghasted! What is fandom coming to these days???*



MIKE GLICKSOHN (April 25) Many things about your editorial capture the essence of  
141 High Park Ave. the good parts of fandom independant of the particular events they  
Tornoto, Ontario related to. I'm glad you found support and comfort from your friends,  
M6B 2S3 CANADA because you and I share the same sentimental view of "our" fandom.  
If I was able to do anything to ease the difficulties of your transi-  
tional period, I'm glad: you've already helped return the favor when our roles became  
somewhat reversed. And that's what friends are for, and why I love my friends and the  
fandom they form as much as I do. Even at the bleakest times enough good things happen  
and enough good people show themselves for us to realize how lucky we are, despite our  
setbacks. Hang in there, love, and when we next meet may it be under happier circum-  
stances for both of us.

One of the differences between us, tho, is your willingness to write about the per-  
sonal side of your life in a fanzine. As you may know that's something I've never done,  
and probably never will do. Things change too quickly, and emotions are such delicate  
things that I prefer not to commit to paper what's been happening in my private affairs.  
I admire your willingness and ability to express yourself on such things, though, and I  
hope you never regret having done so.

Derek's cover is truly superb, but I've just noticed something about it. What con-  
nects the trolley to the overhead cable? There doesn't seem to be any linkage, and yet  
That certainly looks like a cable wire to me and it also looks like an electric trolley.  
Both the angle and design of that apparatus coming out of the middle of the roof of the  
car make it look like the top of just another support post. Could the hairy little  
chappie have goofed?

I've had a soft spot in my head for the Bubonicon people ever since, five years  
ago, they were the first fan group to ask me to be a Guest of Honor at their convention.  
I think that shows that the con traditionally has been run by people of highly suspect  
mental natures, and it's good to see that tradition maintained! There isn't a lot one  
can say about RayTac's description of the joys of being a big-time con man except to note  
some of the neat uses of parallel word structure he tosses out and thence ponder if he  
really meant that he distributed "Punblicity" locall? With the world's absolutely-most-  
incurable bad punster (west of the Mississippi--can't forget Sam Long, can we? ~~Oh! Kinky~~  
~~WTF! WTF!~~) right there in Albuquerque, that might be just what he did!

I guess MAC has just about been analyzed into the ground now and the consensus  
seems to be pretty well what you and Ed gave here: MAC was a good con, not a great one,  
and would have been better if the committee had spent its money a little more wisely. I  
think the one thing I've found rather surprising about the follow up to MAC has been the  
large amount of bitterness the people involved with the running of the con have evinced.  
Just about everyone who was active in some part of the con has had bad things to say  
about someone else who was also working on it. I guess this happens frequently, but it  
does make me wonder how the thing managed to hang together long enough for us to have  
had a reasonably good time? (MAC once again convinced me that a Worldcon is not worth  
the money it costs to attend. So howcum I'm going to SUNCON which'll probably be even  
more expensive? Some of us just never learn...)

Derek's illustrated scroll is just spiffy, although I suspect that to someone who  
wasn't at Pghlange it bears about as much resemblance to a con report as Bowers does to  
a fanzine publisher. I wonder what people who don't know Del or most of us that he  
writes about think of this sort of thing? (Are there any such people getting it?)

SYMPOSIUM ought to be another dead issue. It certainly points out the ephemerality  
of fannish goings-on, doesn't it? I happened to visit many of the very people Derek was  
writing about for the first time in ages a while ago and found, once again, that they  
are just not the sort of people whose company I particularly enjoy. I got into yet ano-  
ther arguement about names with Barrel Vague McBoring which sort of ended with Taral  
(I will try to call him that from now on) telling me quite huffily that it was all right  
for me to call him anything I wanted to because it clearly said in his fanzine that "all  
his friends called him Taral", emphasis his. I couldn't help but be struck by the way he  
said that. Almost as if he thought I'd be kept awake nights by the blinding revelation  
that Taral MacDonald and I are not friends. Who cares? I'm sure he sees me just as dull



and boring as I see him: that shouldn't cause either of us any concern considering the number of people we do relate well to. It was a most unusual couple of hours indeed. I'm sure Del would have found it monumentally hilarious!

It seems slightly unreal to be reading of Eric's trip again when only a day or so ago I got a letter from him talking about his plans for nextyear's holiday over here! I'm sure I'm just one of many people he charmed while here who'll be happy to see him again, and I'm equally sure I'm not alone in wondering when he's going to give in and do what we all expect him to do: move over here permanently. (I see that he "managed to catch John Berry in Seattle": I warned him not to drink the water, but those Aussies can be as stubborn as hell!)

It sounds as if Phoenix is attempting to run the most fannish Worldcon since TORCON and I wish them luck. I'd guess that one of the major problems they'll have to contend with will be the large number of worldcon attendees who simply don't know how to enjoy a fannish style con and expect to be catered to with formal style programming and structure. Their approach certainly seems refreshingly different from the Ultimate

Worldcon, although when I think back on MAC and consider how Sol Cohen runs AMAZING and FANTASTIC, I'm left wondering whether or not we didn't all misinterpret what Ken Keller had in mind with his slogan.

I suppose the degree to which one's sexual activity is centered on conventions would determine how important sexual opportunities were in deciding whether or not you'd go to a con. If one had sex only at cons, that would become

a major factor. I expect there are quite a few people who are either in that category or close to it. (Not everyone lives with a lizard and hundreds of willing mealworms, after all!)

Reed Andrus will obviously never be a true fan if he allows the mere existence of his daughter to impose restraints on his fannish activities!

The tyke should be trained from birth to accustom herself to the sounds and smells and sights of fan-ac. The only good child is the one who can't get to sleep because the house isn't resounding with the happy sounds of typewriter, mimeo and stapler. After he or she has put in several hours of help, of course. Of what other possible use are children anyway?

*While I may wax more sentimental in print about "our" fandom than you do, it is evident that our feelings run in the same direction. There are those who get bored by my constant harping on the same subject, but so be it. Tha's da vay it is, Charlie!//I haven't the nerve to point out that boo-boo to Derek, do you?//Is it really that unusual for people who've worked together for so long under extremely trying circumstances as a Worldcon*



Jan 11/77



Committee has to have negative feelings about their co-workers for awhile? Seems to me that I still hear bitter words said about things that happened at Worldcons from many years ago!//Gee, I'm sure there are some people on the mailing list who aren't familiar with those mentioned in Derek's report. Let's see, theres...no, how about...no, not that one. Hmmm. Let me think on it awhile.//The impression I received from Iguanacon's progress report was that the non-fannish fans were going to be "catered" to, only in a bit different a manner than usual. Wasn't Greg Brown taking us to task for neglecting the one-con-a-year and strictly-a Reader type of fan?

REED ANDRUS (February 16) Once again I'm locking your zine after the toad's 1651 E. Paulista Way put to bed--been trying to get into the habit of locking right after I read through, making comments on those highlights which seem most important or loc-able to me. I confess it's a bit harder with D, because of the conreps which are enjoyable enough but nothing I can truly get involved with; more's the pity. That's why I particularly relish articles such as those that Jodie produces!

I hesitate to say anything about your personal situation because I'm not too sure you were inviting comments in your editorial, and also because, as a practitioner of Libertarian philosophies, I believe adults have the right to build or dissolve relationships at their own discretion. However it's fortunate that fandom is filled with more level-headed, common sensical people than other subcultures. The embarrassment factor, which would be extremely high in my mundane microcosm, is surprisingly small when dealing with fans. Perhaps that's why I feel more comfortable around fandom than around even the people I work with. Ain't it nice having friends like Glicksohn close by?

Speaking of Mike, even us isolationists here in the Utah outback heard those reports from the Canadian Can )' Beans (Libby's no less-- a decidedly inferior brand). Sam Long says that must have been the "shit heard round the world". I prefer to think that this was the true origin of the term "Can fen".

I can't end this loc without tipping my hat to Derek Carter, applaud his reporting ability (as well as his ability to withstand excruciating pressure from uncompromising faneds) and inject several notes of envy that he is not contributing to HARBRINGER. I'd solicit, but fear I'd be arrested...

Eons ago (it seems) I, too, used to LoC on reading a zine. Now I'm lucky if I can find the time to even skim them! Perhaps once I get into a schedule of some sort...?//Anything in my zine is bait for comment; that's up to the reader. But whether I print it or not, that's up to me.//There was a certain amount of embarrassment--in my own head at least--and it still exists to a certain extent. Friends have been doing their darndest to alleviate that, though, so I doubt if it'll last too long.//I'll pass on this pun...they're coming too fast now.

DON AYRES (March 10) You make me miss the Midwest again, Jackie, for 5707 Harold Way #3 all the trials you had there. You realize I missed the great Hollywood, CA 90028 snowsto-m of this century, spending it instead in this frigging sunshine and smog? I'm probably the only man on this planet to resent the fact that I missed it!

I'm not going to argue Bruce Arthur's point, as I've not been to any AZ cons, but I gathered that they are more like Midwestern cons (same with CO): the information was a combination of my own observations and remarks by some people I knew and trusted; take the Coast part more literally, I suppose.

I met Phil Paine at Autoclave, with my only previous acquaintance being his MISHAP-zine. I can rarely think of any time I was so impressed with a person on first meeting. His enthusiasm literally overran all boundries and he shows a reasonably good sense of judgement. (We talked science at Autoclave; music and I forget what else coming back from MAC, keeping each other awake.) I remember vividly at Autoclave wishing there were some way I could set him up under my major professor at SIU. Not because the degree is so vital--he could learn most of it himself with little problem--but it does make things easier. Besides, I don't think I could recommend a better teacher than Dr. Galbreath;



though he officially shows no "great papers", he reflects an attitude I feel should be typical of a good scientist.

I think Phil shows that potential. I just hope it doesn't get lost, whatever he finally winds up doing.

Myself, I seem to be unlearning most of my college study. In part from disuse, but also more or less deliberately. I shall keep my interpretation of the scientific method, but I know not how much else. And it's slowing down; soon I shall start learning deliberately again. I just don't know when. ~~When I get all these things done?~~

*You, who basked in the California sun while we poor peons froze our butts off, have the nerve to regret you missed our weather?!? Ayres, I no longer wonder about your sanity--I know!//Agreed, Phil seems the type who could Go Far with whatever he chooses to do with his life--or nowhere if he can't find a direction for himself.//Perhaps your "unlearning" is just a way to clear out the clutter for a more real absorption/understanding of what you know?*

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(March 2) Good to hear from you again. I had wondered from time to time where you and DIL had gone to, having heard dire rumors which were indeed confirmed by your COA. I'm afraid I wasn't considerate enough to send out COAs. Kept thinking I'd memorialize my move with a little fanzine, but the money never seemed to be at hand. I'm glad you asked me about my newspaper experience. In a strange way I like the article and feel I had to write it. It's flawed, certainly; I forgot I was responding to your idea and maybe readers, coming into the middle so to speak, might find the thing ungainly and incomprehensible. But it worked for me and fit in rather well with the last issue of Dil.

What a marvelous issue to finish up with! Full of great things--the usually excellent letters, your own moving personal writing, the super, original, art-word combination from Derek. All the zine lacks is your own hand-stencilled illos. Without them, it isn't quite the same Dilemma, you know. I can understand how you might have lacked time to do them, though. It is certainly one of the best zines to have come my way since I moved to Brooklyn. What a fantastic cover! What style! So much to interest the eye, yet without being cluttered or fussy-looking.

From reading Dilemma, from your locs and letters, I can't see you witing on tables. Can you see me going to law school? Drastic upheavals. There comes a time when you realize the track you've been on isn't the one you want to follow anymore, and then you have to do something about it no matter how "out of character" some may think it. Heck, I don't love law school (cause I hate schools), but it allows me to be where I want to be, with whom I want to be with (gracefully put, wasn't it?), so I'm going and quite happy. I am almost in awe of someone who can do all you've done (so many cons, for starters) in the last half year and still you put out a fanzine. I'm glad you did it.

I hope to hear of your continuing adventures in some new zine. Are you like me? With so many things to write about that you can't decide where to start and without enough time in order to start? It's been a tremendous change for me in moving from the countryside to New York City. Moving to a foreign country must be even more unsettling. Not to mention living in the snowbelt in this Winter of all Winters.

I was, until the last OW, unfamiliar with the Carter talent. Upon seeing it displayed there, I decided to nominate him for the FAANs. However I'd forgotten the award completely, and the deadline is a few weeks away. Glad you sent the zine when you did!

*As am I! Though non-fan Carter professes to be unimpressed by such things, I noted that his eyes lit up when he saw he'd been nominated...//Though Toronto's "foreignness" was a mite unsettling, it also gave me the chance to become used to living in the midst of a city. Where before I swore I hated cities, I found they aren't such nasty places after all. Because of Toronto, I can live in Chicago...and like it!//True. Too often, when I complain about not knowing what to write, what I really mean is not knowing how to abridge what I want to write about into a compact enough size for a fanzine. What to edit, where to compress, where to begin and end...it's a trick I'll never master.//Few fans*



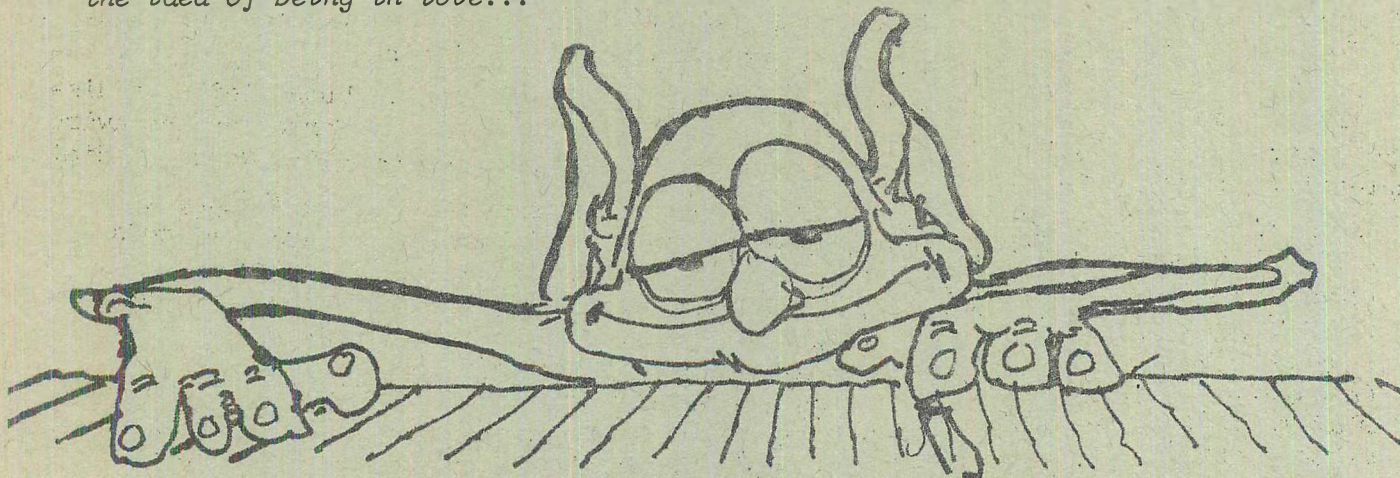
"look" their profession--Hensley a judge? Wixon, Hixon, Dixon and Propp lawyers? Glicksohn a Math teacher? Naw...never in a million years!//Some of the art in this issue is/will be hand-stencilled, again, out of necessity. Ran out of electrostencil blanks and ghod knows when I'll have \$36 for another batch...// Canada has one plus mark; their post office sends COA cards without charge. I haven't been able to send any out since I moved back to the States because I just can't afford it. Apparently, not very many fen can.//Glad the last Dil pleased you so much--I kinda liked it too.

RANDY REICHARDT (May 23) Derek's cover on Dilemma 14 has to be the best I've seen yet this year. Honest. I'm staring at it now and it is truly marvelous.

R2J ISI CANADA Ed Wood's piece was a bit of a downer; too bad things went as they did. I do regret missing MAC, but I think I'm more furious (tho not violently) at the fact the UK will probably get it in '79. I will not vote for them, on the simple fact that every bloody time an overseas group (except Aussies) want the worldcon, they pick the Central Zone slot! I don't really consider Toronto a Midwest city, and they had it in '73. At this rate we won't get another Worldcon in our area until '82; what with Miami this year, Phoenix the next, most likely Britain in '79, back to the East Coast in 80, the West in 81...then us. Maybe I'm making a big thing over this. By the same token, it's nice that the British and Australian fen get it once in a while. (How Germany ever got it I'll never know. Do you?)

Good idea to place Stu's marathon loc at the end, where it belonged as a sort of summation and response. Gee, but this boy is eloquent. One thing I agreed with (and you'll see a brief mention of this in WN5) is that fandom "is not an end to itself--it supplements my daily existance", too. For one thing, we live too far from any con circuit to speak of. Thank God Minneapolis is so close! I ahve too many other activities besides fandom to toss either fandom or the others aside. I love them all too much to discard any of them. Some may take a back seat (like, don't laugh, my tropical fish), but that's ok. You can only do so much. Before you break down. And what will happen when I meet the right girl, when I fall in love? I'll want to spend all my waking hours with her, and where will that put everything else? It's something to think about, something I enjoy thinking about. Lately this has been an occasional topic of conversation with the boys.

You've struck a minor sore-point with me too--the lack of worldcons in the Midwest. Toronto has always been considered as an "Eastern" city by me (and not a few others as well) and it's only when something brings it to my attention that I recall that yes, Torcon was a Central Zone convention. Since I missed St Louis con in 1969--only finding out about it a mere three or four weeks before it began--MAC hs been the only "real" Central Zone Worldcon since I've been in fandom! Unfortunately, there doesn't seem to be any way of remedying the situation, except plan on attending the NasFic...// You sound like you're in love with the idea of being in love...



RANSOME PULE, PIANIST, PLAYING "ETUDE TO A PAIR OF PARKS' ANKLES"....



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(April 21) Mike Glicksohn made mention of the low circulation of an-  
nish fanzines, and in the consequent imbalance in the fan Hugos.  
While I agree with what you say in 14 to Eric Lindsay, and to a cer-  
tain extent with The Hat himself, I don't think that the idea of fan-  
zine fandom being distinct from fandom per se quite covers the ground.

It's the cost. Fannish fanzines thrive on feedback, not the money that the Brown's and Geis's demand for their efforts. In fact, because they require money that they are able to boost their circulations and thus capture a mass audience that's mug enough to vote for them when the Hugo ballots come around. This is one of the reasons I support the idea of the Faan Awards--because of the voting restrictions, only those active in fanzine fandom can vote, and the mongs that vote for Locus and SFR time after bloody time don't get a look-in.

I made some remarks on the usefullness of the fan Hugos in a recent letter to Rich Coad's SPICY RAT TALES #4, so I don't want to repeat myself here, but I will say this: it seems to me that the fan Hugos were all very well back in the days when fandom was sufficiently small that almost everybody knew almost everybody else, and the voting could be done on the basis of the best and not the largest. With the ballooning of fandom, this just isn't viable any more. The fan Hugos have, to my mind, become totally meaning-  
less, which is why I feel we should all get out there and throw our weights behind the Faans. Okay, so they were introduced in a rush, and no one had a very clear idea of what they were supposed to be about, but that's no excuse for us all sitting around now, a couple of years later, still complaining. They won't lift themselves out of the doldrums by themselves; we've got to do it. So let's do it, yeah?

*I still have vague reservations about the need for any sort of Award System for what should be a recreational activity. It's like applauding the one who has the most fun at a picnic. However, I still admit to a wish to thank in some larger way than a mere letter, those who have given me so much sheer pleasure through their zines. The FAAns may be in-bred, but so are the Nebula Awards (and, no, I'm not comparing the two in any way), so I say let 'em continue. As for the fan Hugos, well, I guess the casual reader of fanzines should have some say, and these days of easier access to printing and increased familiarity with various production methods, the number of Large Circulation fanzines (using the term at it's loosest) is increasing, so there's a measure of competition for that award. Live and let live, is what I'm saying, I suppose...*

DAVID M. VERESCHAGIN (May 9) I've totally lost count of the number of reports I've read  
R.R. #2 about MAC. Not having attended is not conducive to my making any  
New Sarepta, Alberta relevent comments. But I would like to make a few remarks that  
TOB 3MO CANADA might be valid. Fandom, it seems to me, is increasingly concerned  
with professionalism. Now, many decry it, but it appears that  
most seem to set their sights towards it, some even while denying that they are doing so.  
The rationalization is that they are not trying to be professional, but are merely try-  
ing to "improve" fandom.

It seems to me, from what I've read, that KC was merely caught up in this trend and they can certainly be forgiven if it didn't work out. However, others learn from their mistakes and MAC can be used as a point of departure for the next group attempt-  
ing the "ultimate" worldcon.

One thing I am somewhat distressed about is the party mentality in regards cons. It seems that no matter what's in the program, no matter what afforts the committee may make, the con is always judged on the number and strngth of its parties. If these are all that fans go to cons for, then I don't see how you can properly label Conventions "conventions". It seems we might be carrying on a self-delusion. Quite frankly, I just might be inclined to sit in a dark room and watch decades-old films, and, no, I cannot do that anytime. What am I supposed to do, call Dial-A-Film?

I was going to say that Stuart Gilson's letters are usually among the most inter-  
esting in any zine, but I have just reread his letter and don't know quite what to say now. He seems to be able to write refreshingly candid and open letters, while at the same time displaying a fine ability to mouth cliches. Now, while I suppose the two



aren't mutually exclusive, somehow I don't expect the two together. At any rate, Stuart seems to be about my age, which makes it easy to understand some of his concerns.

I fail to see how fandom can ever be a way of life unless one is totally lacking in creativity and adventure and prefers to live in a narrow, limiting universe. That's not for me, thank you. The mundane world is only mundane if you think it is. It has things to offer that fandom never can, or will. To subscribe to FIAWOL is to deliberately limit yourself as a person. (But I suppose there are some people insecure enough to need the intense, in-group confinement.)

True, MAC shot for something Important in many fan's eyes--though I quibble with the term "professionalism". Perhaps "polished" would be better. Fans want to do as good a job as the professionals do, only for different reasons. They don't want to make money at what they do, but they still want to deliver the best they can deliver with whatever resources they have at hand, whether it be a con, a fanzine or a checklist. I can forgive MAC for failing in it's attempt to be the "Ultimate Worldcon", because they did, at least, try and they did not totally ruin the con in the meantime. I liked it: I simply didn't love it.//The con reports you read in fanzines are generally written by people who have gone to dozens upon dozens of conventions. (I went to something like 16 last year...) There just ain't any programming they haven't seen over and over again, so the basis for deciding whether a con was good, bad or indifferent has to lay in different directions. "Convention" isn't the proper term, historically--it just became into being as a mis-reading/interpreting/whatever of the word "conclave", which is what conventions were called originally (and still are closer to in actuality).//Since I am one of those "insecure" enough to deliberately limit myself to fandom, my remarks may sound defensive--and probably are to a certain degree. But I can't help but wonder how anyone could consider Mundania as a wider universe than fandom, unless one is using sheer size as the only criteria. As far as I can see, every viewpoint--social, political, theological, philosophical--is represented within fandom. You can literally discuss any topic you wish with someone else to virtually any degree of expertise you may desire. Fandom, to me at least, is a "compressed" mundanian world, with most of the dross eliminated. (Not all, by a long shot, but I'll take the 10-90% ratio in fandom to the 1-99% in Mundania anytime...) I don't have to go through the sorting procedure one uses in dealing with casually-met strangers in order to establish whether or not there is a commonality of attitudes--if a person is a fan, then the likelihood is increased enormously that we'll see eye-to-eye on other matters. No guarantees, of course, only the enhanced odds. I'm a FIAWOLer by choice--because I don't care to spend the time and energy to find what I've already found here in the world outside. Okay, so I'm lazy and you're not--but as long as we both find what pleases us in whatever way we can, I see no grounds for tossing aspersions at either viewpoint....

Delightful! (as always)  
tinate (you traveling giant, you!)  
enitive (I found it very much so)  
vocative (it made me think about you)  
Milwaukee (my copy was mailed from there.  
Are you collaborating with Dewese?)  
More! (under this or any other title)  
Annihilate (the extracted foreign opposition! Smash the unarmed border!)  
That's not too many....

The material to the left is what Tucker passes off as a LoC nowadays--I loved it! Unfortunately, I didn't have the room to print it just as it came; imagine it four times larger...

Once again, it comes time to list those that WAHF (I use W as meaning "were"): Sid Altus, Gary Farber, George Flynn, Alexis Gilliland, Lynn Hickman, Ben Indick, Rob Jackson, Alan Lankin, Dave Locke, Eric Lindsay, Jodie Offutt, Dave Piper, Dave Rowe, Robert Runte, Ronald M. Saloman, Milt Stevens (whose letter I lost--drat!), Ira Thornhill, Bruce Townley and Gail White. To those of you I missed, many apologies, but my mail is scattered all over this end of the continent! Maybe next time?