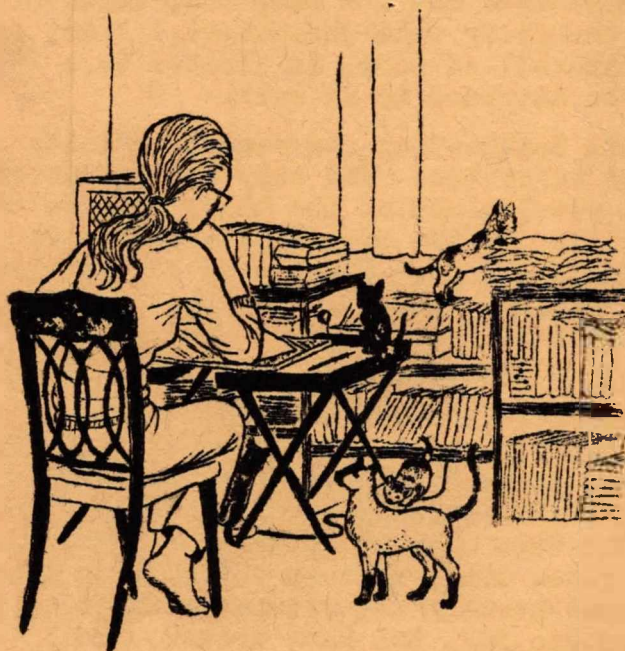


DILEMMA



Dilemma 5 from Jackie Franke; Box 51-A RR 2; Beecher, Illinois 60401. April 74 Slightly expanded, both in format and circulation, this issue is dedicated to Hoy Ping Pong Arthur Wilson (Bob) Tucker and our hopes for his speedy deportation.

Not being the "Organizational" type of person, there seemed small chance that I'd ever find myself involved in anything like the Tucker Fund. Except for a lunge for my purse each time an appeal was made, I steered clear from commitments that smacked odiously of work. Let the other schnooks handle that stuff. It made a good motto, I thought.

But there comes at times, a notion so compelling, so "right", that resolutions fly out the window. And when that idea came to Bruce Gillespie and myself, it couldn't be ignored.

We were returning to Beecher, after spending an evening in the hallowed precincts of Heyworth, rehashing the discussions about Aussiecon in '75 and Bob's wistfully expressed wishes that it were possible for him to attend; and how impossible it really was. A special Fan Fund! Why not? I couldn't even say who thought of it first.

On reaching home, having talked out the possibilities in the car, we called Tucker to find out his feelings on the subject. Though it was evident that the idea appealed to him, he asked for time to think it over. Understandable enough, under the circumstances. We worked out some contingency plans, and sat back to await the decision.

Well, it came, two months later; long after Bruce had departed, but before he could reach Australia. I contacted Gene Wolfe, who had been most enthusiastic over even the possibility of such a fund, and from there we were off.

A few people have pointed out that, as a rule, special fan funds are begun to bring a fan to our shores, not send one away (I am, of course, excepting the rotational nature of the permanent funds like TAFF and DUFF). Someone (fake-fan, I'm sure!) ventured the opinion that perhaps Fandom was too selfish to lay out cold hard cash without the incentive of meeting some BNF as a return on their investment. I disagreed then, and still do. Fans, by their very participation in this weird hobby that's so heavily dependant on volunteerism, would be more than equal to the challenge. I may have known Tucker only a few years, but he's been a friend to us all for over four decades. Sharing him with the Aussiefen is but a small gesture of appreciation for those years, and for Bob Tucker simply being himself. So far, the heartening response has only reinforced and confirmed that view. When Fandom loves, it loves hard; and Tucker is loved by Fandom...

In my usual bumbling fashion, I did mishandle the initial stages of the Fund. Since DUFF (which needs almost as much money as this one does) and TAFF would not end their campaigns until later in the year, I felt that the fund's kick-off should be delayed until June. Things simply didn't work out that way. The news was published in two fanzines, donations began to come in, requests for information started to crop up in each day's mail, and in brief, like it or no, the Fund was "On". Fittingly, the mimeo Tucker "lent" me has been getting a hard workout churning out flyers for the Fund along with pages of this zine. My own correspondence has been adversely affected, but I'm sure that those of you who have been on the receiving end of the delay will understand. I may not be an "Employed" housewife, but my time, like all of ours, is limited to a 24 hour day. Other things beside fanac must be attended to as well.

Despite the alien-to-my-outlook hassles with bookkeeping and recording letters and such, working on the Fund has been most enjoyable. Not only for the intensified contact with other fen, but for the revelations of the kindly nature of Fandom in general. In these days of crumbling faiths, such reaffirmation of my beliefs has far more meaning than one would expect. There's no way to thank everyone who has helped and supported the Fund, but you all know that you have my eternal gratitude and benedictions. Enough said...

You should note more outside involvement in this issue of Dilemma. I have an article/anecdote (pruned drastically, for which I apologize in advance) from Mae Strelkov and a newly-hatched fannish cartoon strip from Dave Locke to toss in with the Slanted Viewpoint (I hope you appreciate those justified margins, Dave). Now I don't want to give the impression that this zine is striving for genzine status: it isn't. But short pieces like these are more than welcome, in fact, can't be encouraged enough. Also, this issue heralds the return to fanac of Plato Jones. It's been sometime since good Ole P.J. has been around, and I hope his reappearance foreshadows more and better things from him. Welcome!

It may be a symptom of getting the fanediting bug, but I notice items in general circulation magazines far more sharply now, and find myself composing little sermonettes about them. Usually, you're quite fortunate. I forget to write them down, or if I do by chance jot down an a note or two on paper, it get mislaid or lost. This time, however, luck was not on your side.

SMITHSONIAN MAGAZINE (April '74) carried a quote that I found intriguing. Made by Lynton Caldwell, during an American Association for the Advancement of Science symposium held in San Francisco a few months ago, it went: "The most disasterous energy development could be the sudden availability of a cheap, inexhaustable, on-site generated supply //An reference to the development of fusion power//. At the present stage of human development, this gift, like the touch of Midas, could become a devastatng social plight. There is no quicker way to destroy a society than to bestow upon it power that it lacks the wisdom, consensus, restraint, and institutional means to handle." I don't know about you, but that bothers me, and on more than one level.

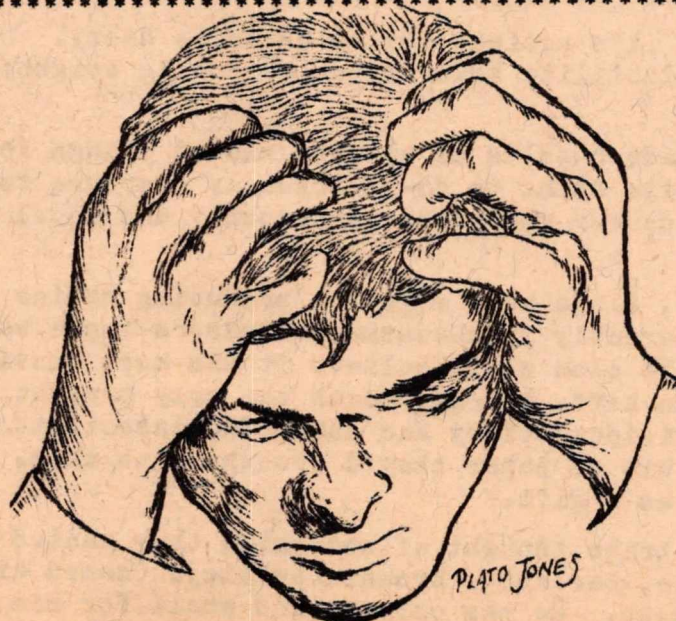
First. I have looked for the breakthrough that will make fusion power a reality with anxious anticipation. To me, fusion power represents a most satisfactory solution to the problems in maintaining the technological society we have. Cheap, clean and relatively riskless, operating a nuclear generator by combining atomic particles rather than by the messy, dangerous, and radiation-producing method of fission promises to proceed a New Dawning for Western (and global) Civilization (which despite its drawbacks and areas of failure, I consider worth saving). But this person seems to be cautioning scientists against researching this new source of power because the institutions for operating it haven't been designed yet! Does that make sense to you?

In one way, I can see his point. How easier it would have been on the economy, the habits and customs, as well as the peace of mind of this country if a Ministry of Automobile Traffic had been established prior to the introduction of the horseless carriage! Better planned highway systems; a probable reduction of deaths attributable to accidents; far more comprehensive handling of gasoline supplies, repair parts and all the allied paraphernalia of Motordom, would have greatly differed from the actuality.

But, really now, is it realistic to expect Man (ever the Unready) to set up the means of coping with a situation or innovation before the fact? Extrapolation only goes so far. Often, the more you ponder a situation, the more possible complications can be seen. And the more awesome they loom in the imagination. I'm not advocating a Leap Before You Look philosophy, but if you stand and stare for too long, you may never move at all. Not because you see that it's impossible to do so, but all the inherent dangers of crossing unknown territory grow correspondingly huger with the time spent on considering them. True, we should anticipate and prepare for difficulties in the assimilation of something so momentous to our way of life as cheap, limitless power. But how far should such preparations go? Do we need form yet another government bureaucracy first, and then take the step of developing that power source? Or do we work for the break-through and then handle it as best we can? Ghod knows, the red tape will come soon enough, and as far as I'm concerned, preplanning to that extent isn't necessary.

But, on the other hand, there is a problem implicit in the promise of cheap power. The probability that what resources we have will be consumed at an even faster rate; depleting our planet of the needed staples of industry, commerce, and even of life itself. I see one possible solution: the use of that power source to recycle cast-off items and return their constituent elements to the stockpile. Currently the main drawback to reclamation and recycling is cost. The major portion of that cost is power expense.

Maybe I'm being short-sighted. There's no way for me to tell, but I doubt whether a bunch of bureaucrats and social scientists and cultural engineers can either. We'll have to try it and see. Throughout history, it's been the only way anything of importance has been accomplished, and I doubt that trying to do it differently will be of any use....



DO GOOD AND LEND

by Mae Strelkov

In 1953, Vadim and I gave up steady jobs in Buenos Aires, and with our children (five then) tried tree farming in the Argentine Delta of the Rio Parana. We did it due to the longing for the country-life, worth any cost. So we planted poplars and willows on the alluvial island we got in the region called Parana-cito. But it takes time even there for such saplings to grow big enough to sell for pulp to Celulosa Argentina, the leading buyer in that vast region. (Some 2,000 kilometers of waterways, big and small, and marvelous fish and wild-fowl, formerly in incredible numbers. Now, I don't know. Brazil needed the Parana for its industries, and you know what that means...)

While waiting for the saplings to become trees, Vadim had a part-time job, with the Forest Association as Secretary, right there. I kept a part-time job with my old advertising agency in Buenos Aires, to which I traveled regularly to attend to their English language correspondence. But we were still short of cash.

A Guarani woman, Aleja, who did our washing occasionally, discovered how soft-headed I am (though I prefer to call it soft-hearted). Her tumbledown mud-and-grass ranchito stood just out of sight, downstream beyond the river's bend. Soon after we first moved there, she produced a baby daughter, her first after many sons. That seemed to call for a celebration. I thought of giving her some baby clothes left over from our own two little girls, but as I looked at the lovely little garments, things I knitted and sewn myself, I felt they were much too pretty for that wooden-faced, black-eyed bairn.

Then I recalled my missionary parents (devout Protestants who "walked by Faith") in China. I remembered their own "unfailing text"; Luke 6:35: "Do good and lend; hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great!"

Lending goes against the grain! It's easier to give the required object with a flourish and a warning that "You'd better not bother me again! I've already been much too generous with you!" That way, you neatly wound the self-respect of the borrower and let him or her know you're aware they don't really plan to return whatever it is or pay you its value someday.

The trouble is, it's against the rules to be nasty. We simply had to assume an air of false amiability towards our borrowing neighbors, hoping thus to hood-wink even God.

So I hastily made bundles of all the nicest things for Aleja's girl-baby. It seemed the politic thing to do--a friendly overture to our Heavenly Father. I hoped He'd notice our remarkable generosity and model His behavior to us accordingly.

As time went on, Aleja kept right on producing babies on the dot, every ten months. My apparently inexhaustible treasure trove was finally depleted, though none of the Aleja clan would believe it and kept hinting for more. Not a bib nor a bootie was left, and one month the only present we could give the newest baby was insecticide. (They had asked for insecticide, offering to buy enough to fill a tiny bit of paper they'd brought with them, but Vadim gave them a nice bag of it as a gift.)

When the Aleja tribe thought of something they wanted from us, they usually sent poor little, barefoot, brownfaced Alejo (named after his mother) to transact such business. He was only 11 and small for his age. We saw a lot of him and his little brothers. They came to our waterpump continually, armed with

tins that once contained Mobil Oil. Otherwise, they'd have to drink the tepid water that flowed past our mutual doorsteps.

Whenever little alejo sidled up to our pump and hung around, scuffing his bare toe in the dust after filling the can, I knew what was to happen. So did our boys. Ed, our youngest at the time, would grin derisively and announce in English, "He probably wants to "borrow" something again!"

"Talking English in front of Alejo is very rude," I would tell the children. Wearily, I would turn to the boy, "Want something, Alejo?" I might even manage a faint smile of encouragement--if the day wasn't too hot.

"My mother," he would recite in a sing-song voice, "says could you sell her a bar of soap?"

Vadim would stick his head out of the front door and snap, "This isn't a grocery store. We don't sell soap. Or salad oil. Or kerosene." (All these things they "borrowed" from us daily, and recalling my Bible stories, I gave while the family frowned.)

"But we will give them to you," Vadim would go on nobly, "if we have them. And now I will give you a bar of soap, if you want it." I would take my knife and hack off a chunk from the bar of laundry soap and hand it to the boy. The soap never returned, but Alejo would!

There he would be, back at the pump, scuffing his toes and wishing the ground would swallow him. (So did I, at times!)

"My Mamma," he would sing, "says could you sell her a cup of yerba?" (Paraguayan tea)

"Bien," I would grunt, hoping I didn't sound too grim. I would go to our heap of throwaway glass jars, select one (not too big; we didn't want to spoil God's other Sparrows, though we would love Him to spoil us!), wash it and fill it with yerba.

Once, to my consternation, the yerba was actually returned! Things were getting out of hand, it seemed! I wouldn't be able to feel virtuous or sorry for myself. Indignantly, I told Alejo to take the yerba back to his Mamma. Mentally I added, "Am I such a skinflint that I can't make a present of the cheapest beverage in South America?"

It was a long time before they asked for more yerba. They began borrowing sugar instead. Now sugar was much, much more expensive, so "lending" cost me more. However I decided to make a grand gesture for the Obversation Committee Up Top. I went to my heap of throwaway jars and picked one with a nice cover.



I filled it with sugar and gave the present with a sweeping gesture that was almost a bow.

To my disgust, the next morning, Alejo was back with the same jar still filled to the brim with sugar. "Mamma says," he chanted, "we just bought some sugar ourselves, so you can have this back." It was Ed who received the sugar from Alejo, and he ran to me, breathlessly asking whether he should make the boy take it back.

My thrifty soul responded, "No, dear. It's good for their self-respect for me to accept this, since they want to start returning things nowadays." I put away the sugar, on a top shelf, in reserve for the next time they'd appear to borrow some.

Sure enough, two days later, Alejo appeared with a scrap of paper; to be filled with "sugar for the baby". I produced the same jar, delighted. She'd return it and I'd save it and give it back each time she sent for more, and so on. What a hope! It was never returned. Instead they sent us a board as a present, because the old one used as a seat in our rowboat had just floated away in a torrential downpour that had sunk the boat. The Aleja family, like every neighbor beyond, used our boat as a free ferry, so they missed the board and wanted it back for their own comfort, as well as ours!

Of course, I accepted the board from Alejo, delighted for the improvement in our neighborly relationship. They wanted to be "even", not beg, obviously. It was good for their self-esteem, and my sanctitude; mutually!

Right away we learned that the board had been stolen. Our milk-boy had been present and witnessed the grand presentation. His parents cared for the airfield and their cows grazed the airways right to the rear of our own narrow piece of land. The milk-boy stared at the board, ignored Alejo and told us, "That's from where we are. Turn it over and you'll see a mark on it. All our boards are marked."

We turned it over, and the mark was there. "Want it back?" we asked the milk-boy. But he had no wish to lug the board a mile home and made us a present of it, while poor Alejo slunked away.

One day we were leaning out of our front porch admiring the scenery. Our noisy sons had gone; our daughters were toddling around with their doll-daughters in the pleasant late-afternoon sun. Heaven and earth were at peace in the Island wilderness--we weren't worrying that at that instant the Soviets were manufacturing the Bomb; we only discussed the price of sugar. I bewailed the fact that we hadn't made jam when the plums were still available, before the bees and camoatis wasps drained their juices---in one short week!

"I bet," I said, "if we hadn't been so greedy over those plums when they were ripe, but had given Alejo some--since he couldn't reach the tree to steal from it easily--why we'd have enough to make all the jam we wanted. We had enough sugar, and to spare! As it is, we only cheated ourselves--or the bees did!"

"Could be," Vadim said, impressed. I get these hunches at times, they sometimes are uncomfortably true.

Just then Alejo arrived with his water tin, and glanced furtively at the two of us. "Why don't you offer him some of our apples?" suggested Vadim, referring to the one and only apple tree, too near our house for theft.

Eagerly, I leaped forward. "Want some apples, Alejo?"

He blushed and looked to heaven for help.

"Answer yes or no!" roared Vadim, in that voice that makes our own boys leap.

"No!" gasped Alejo, leaping, and began to run without even filling his tin.

"Ask your mother if she wants some!" I yelled after him as he vanished.

Sure enough, he was right back, having gotten up courage. And this time he had a huge burlap bag.

I picked apples for him, and hoped he'd say "Thank you", just to hear how it would sound. He didn't. I longed to scold him as I'd have scolded my own kids for such an omission, but lectures would have made the poor kid dart for cover. So I held my tongue.

Off he went with his apples. But immediately he reappeared, carrying a plateful of what appeared to be unappetizing potatoes, boiled in their skins.

"Mamma sends you some pears," said he.

"Oh, how nice. But weren't they for your own supper?"

"No, we've heaps and heaps. We're tired of them."

"Well, thanks, ever so." I emptied the pears into another dish and gave him back his plate.

Then we studied the shriveled, misshapen objects. It didn't seem right or decent just to throw them away, so we peeled the skin off one and took a bite. What do you know! Delicious! They were boiled without sugar and had a mealy taste, yet we enjoyed them. Seeing this, our girls rushed up and began to eat too, so we all stuffed. Well, actually, Vadim and I were ordered off by the girls, and they decided to stuff without our aid; they liked them that much!

"How clever Aleja is!" I cried. "This type of pear is inedible raw, but boiled it's lovely!" Only--where do you think she gets them?"

"Don't you remember that huge pear tree on the land of the folks next door; on her other side?"

"Oh!" I swallowed down my last morsel and could eat no more, even if the girls had let me. So we are now partners in crime, and the Guaranies no longer call us "Gringo millionaires"! See? "Do good and lend, hoping for nothing in return, and your rewards shall be g-r-e-a-t!"

In a late-arriving letter (in response to a late-arriving fanzine, undoubtedly), Dave Rowe asks that I mention the editorial address of BLUNT. R. Smith "Selene"; 131 Coxie Green Rd.; Brentwood, Essex CM14 5PT; Eng. (P.S. to Dave, our P.O. is so provincial that they phoned me to ask just what U.K. stood for on a letter I'd written to you!) Using 'England' is safer... He comments on con-size, and adds; "...the cons are now attracting a hell of a lot of neos who really aren't being catered for ("Listen, I've been here all day, and I've yet to hear anyone mention SF.") Beforehand, neos used to be taken under wing (with only 50 members that wasn't difficult), but now it's a case of survival of the fittest or the most masochistical." DAVE ROWE; 8 Park Drive; Wickford, Essex SS12 9DH; England. BLUNT (a good 'un) is available for 20p or the usual (they'd sooner the usual) Try it!



SLANTED VIEWPOINT

From time to time in fanzines, people discuss BNFs. Who are the BNFs, what makes a BNF, and why? It bugs me a little to think that people attain this status by dint of what they do, rather than by how they act. So let me tell you about some BNFs from my point of view. Rusty Hevelin is a BNF, not because he's been to more cons than the rest of us, but because he's always got time to talk and be friendly. Mike Glicksohn is a BNF, not because of NERG, or his Hugo, or even his dumb ole snake, but because he's a nice guy. Jackie Franke is a BNF because I like her and she likes me, not because of Dilemma or her art. Buck Coulson is a BNF because he's a loveable old bastard, not because he's been around forever. Bob Tucker is a BNF, not because of his smooth, fannish reputation, but because he's....well, because he's Tucker. And on and on. Those are the names you recognize. There are a lot of BNFs whose names you might not know. Mike Lalor in Cincinnati. Howard Waldrop in Texas. John Hollis in Nashville. Lisa Ivey in Pittsburgh. Dale Tarr in Cincy. (Dale's a special friend of my daughter, Missey.) I could name lots more, but you get the idea. There are a few BNFs, by the accepted definition, who are ... (I'm trying to think of a synonym for turd that's suitable for a family zine, and I can't. Sorry, Jackie.) By my standards, they aren't fit to breathe the smoke-filled air of a consuite. So. In my book a BNF is what kind of person one is, not what kinds of things one does. A lot of BNFs really are BNFs. And some aren't. And fandom is full of BNFs who aren't at all well-known. Think about that.

Jodie Offutt
March, 1974

* A BUCK COULSON SPECIAL *

(aka con-report)

MINICON 8 kicked off the con-season with remarkable style. Though I didn't manage to get the final attendance figures, it was apparent that at least 350 fannish souls were roaming the hallways, party-suites and conference rooms of the Hotel Dyckman during the weekend of April 12-14. Chairpeople Don Blyly and Jim Young and the other committee members really outdid themselves in putting on an event-packed, smoothly functioning convention. Congratulations are definitely in order, and hereby tendered.

The Hotel Dyckman, a genteely aging structure in the heart of (Beautiful Downtown) Minneapolis seemed a decent choice as site. Perhaps the appointments lacked a certain fannish air, but its handiness to restaurants, bookstores, movie houses, et al helped balance any detriments. There were few hassles with the staff, and most fen seemed well satisfied.

When we (Martha Beck; Millie Woods, my mother; and myself) arrived at the hotel Friday evening near five o'clock, Bev Swanson told us that already registration had passed the 230 mark, and was rising steadily. By the time we unpacked, showered, and straightened up from the nine-hour drive, we managed to miss the opening ceremonies whereat all the Important Personages were introduced. The GoHs, Pro Kelly Freas and Fan Bob Tucker (seems to be a slight overlap there in both cases...) naturally were displayed as per tradition, as well as the other pros in attendance, Gordy Dickson, Lester del Ray and Judy Lynn, Ben Bova, Joe Haldeman and Cliff Simak along with a cast of several dozen BNFs. Missing this forshadowed the course of the con. If we hadn't been playing bridge in the conference hall, we would have missed all of the programming instead of merely most of it.

As it was, going to the con party suite and the various other room parties served as my personal programming, and I'd guess it's a pattern I'm likely to stick to if past experience is any indication. Seeing friends and meeting new acquaintances is my main reason for attending conventions, and Minicon offered more than enough opportunity in both areas. Old friends, such as the Eisensteins, the Stopas, the Aronsons, Bob Tucker, Rusty Hevelin, Jim Hansen, Leigh Couch, Larry Propp, the Lessingers, Don Blyly, Raillee Bothman, the Passovoys, Dave Nesius, and Genie Jaffe mingled with more recently met people as Joanne and little Larry Wood, Dick Tatge, Bev Swanson, Denny Lein, Gary Labowitz, Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, Chuck Holst, Ken Moore, Mike Glicksohn, and fellow Slanapans, Mike Wood and Blue Petal. Newly met at the con were Chris Sherman (new and about to be former editor of ANTITHESIS), Ken Keller (who did a great job at presenting KC's bid for the '76 Worldcon), Anthony Tollin (whose work I've admired in T-NEGATIVE), Frank Stodolka (who compared SX cameras with me), Ron Bounds (who performed ably as Discon representative), Joe Haldeman (who will be GoH at the proposed WindyconI) Caryl Bucklin (harrassed art-show cashier), Bob Schmelzer (a Minn-stfer I hadn't met before), and Jeff May (who passed out copies of his fanzine KOSMIC CITY KAPERS...and I'll LoC it real soon now...). Undoubtedly I've forgotten others, if so, excuse me. The con, like most, had so much going on and so many people scampering about that only a mind-linked clone could keep up with everything. As usual, there were far more Things To Do than time to do them in.

Saturday began for us just before noon, when we chatted with Don Blyly, Ken Keller and other drop-ins in our room before going out to scan con activities. We missed the Great Fannish Myths panel (drat it!) because I'd forgotten to pick up a program book when I dropped off a stack of Tucker Bags in the registration area. Someday I may learn, but somehow I doubt it... So I substituted

lunch at a splendiforous McDonalds with Rusty Hevelin and Jim Hansen. An honest-to-god Drunken Indian livened up the proceedings considerably, though embarrassingly (God willing), and the remaining panels were skipped too. I did catch about three-quarters of the art auction, and had the dubious pleasure of initiating Mike Glicksohn in one of the Rites of the Masculine Mystique (he bought me a drink at the bar under the watchful eyes of Tucker and Hevelin, who leaped into the air and cried "Rosebud!" at the top of their lungs at the Fateful Moment before ducking for cover. Had some remote connection with the Fan-hish Myths panel, I presume...) Odd to say, it was necessary to repeat several times during the con that the Boy Wonder and I, while disagreeing on major matters like the relative importance of reptiles and felines as house pets, are not and never have been feuding. After all, we US fen must be kind to our less-fortunate fellow-riders on this planet; even if they do expound asinine opinions

One of the main highlights of the con was the after dinner speechifying, so beloved of Truefen. Kelly Freas described his enterance into the field of SF illustration and his adventures with several editors; Bob Tucker, doing a take-off on Nixon's various apologias, proclaimed loudly that he was "not a crook!", doubling up the audience with laughter; Ben Bova handled his job wonderfully well, proving to be a threat to the lofty ranks of Pretention-Prickers. Ken Moore seemed rattled doing his bit for the Khubla Khan Clave and the Tucker Fund...but we love ya anyway, Ken; Jim Young did the usual announcements that conventions dictate; and then Bob Passovoy and Denny Lein ended the day's program with a round of auctioning.

Lynne Aronson, feeling that any excuse is a good one, held a birthday party for her husband, Mark, that evening, and along with several other parties going on (the KC Wine Party, groups on the 6th, 7th, and 8th floors), I found Minicon to pretty well hold the record for the most open-door parties per person in conventiondom.

During the evening I watched in utter amazement as a concept, begun initially as a take-off on another's grandois plans, metamorphized from a "Hoo-Ha" idea to "Well, if we did it, we could do such-and-such" to "Which weekend should we pick?". Chicago fandom, in a burst of party spirits, decided to put on a regional convention; possibly as a prelude to a Worldcon bid for '79. Mark and Lynne Aronson (5803 Ridge Ave; Chgo, IL 60660) are the chaircouple, and, as mentioned before, Haldeman accepted the Pro GoH spot. The eternal boy fan, Bob Tucker will be M.C., schedule permitting, and hopefully, Lou Tabakow will also accept as Fan GoH. Date hasn't been set for certain, but it's tentatively slated for October 25-27. Far enough away to get the word out soon enough, yet still within the year. After hearing disdainful rejections of any Worldcon thoughts by Chifen for ages, watching this brushfire sweep through that all-too-jaded group seems nothing short of miraculous. Apparently they're quite serious; they've even picked a name, Windycon I, to avoid confusion with Chicons. It boggles the mind...

Various other happenings, the trek to the Chinese Restaurant on Friday evening, the wine-buying expedition with Keller and May Saturday afternoon, the heart-warming response of fen to the Tucker Fund (Ken Moores delivery of the Nashville club's donation, the "slave" auction, the "nightie" auction, the proceeds of a Tucker Box set up Saturday evening that all added up to more than \$34, the bids on auction material and well-wishes of many), the notorious Streaker of the eighth floor, the Belly Dancing demonstration on the 7th, the newly-weds, Larry Nichols and Jean Berman who put in a brief appearance, the bridge games thanks to some patient experts, the conversations, the downright Fun things that add up to make a con memorable made it a fantastic weekend. How are you people going to beat your own record next year? Wow!!!

I wish to acknowledge the kindness of Eric Mayer in providing the following news item through the newly-established EMNS (Eric Mayer News Service) THANKS!

AMERICAN ECONOMY MENACED BY "FANDOM"

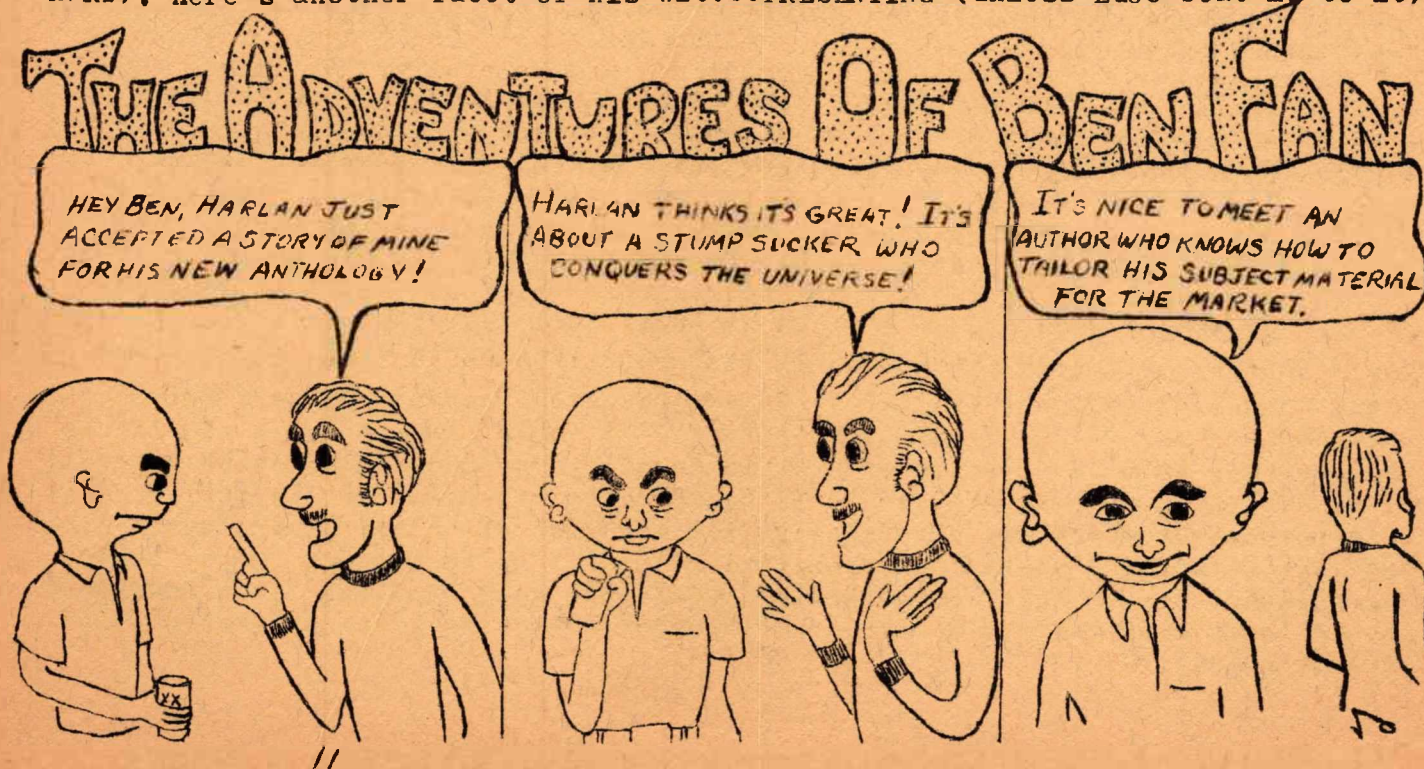
Washington DC.-EMNS-Addressing the annual American Businessmen's Banquet, Professor Fauvis Quigly, head of the President's Commission on Fandom, revealed the startling results of his secret study.

According to Quigly, Fandom represents "a grave and growing threat to the economic well-being of this country." In ways both direct and indirect, Fandom siphons millions of dollars a year from the American economy. The Professor cited the theft of paper, ink, and mimee stencils. Each year the stamps stolen by fans would, if laid end to end, stretch 57½ times from St. Louis to Leon, Kansas. The energy consumed in surreptitious and unauthorized use of school and company-owned duplicating machines could light the Western White House for 4 days!

Quigly, referring to Fandom as "the opiate of the minority" shocked his predominantly executive audience with the information that many fanzines are given away free.

"A trend, which if applied to other fields, would lead inevitably to the collapse of free enterprise government and the end of the American way of life as we know and cherish it." Quigly pointed out further that these anti-American values are being inculcated into the impressionable young, a fact that should be "of grave concern to right thinking citizens." He added that because of the non-productive nature of fan activity all time and money expended in such activity is largely lost to the economy. In conclusion, the Professor read a statement from the President, urging Congress to enact laws to "curb the spread of this pulp plague," and to stamp out the crime wave engendered by Fandom. The Professor denied that such laws would in any way endanger "properly employed" freedom of speech. He also denied that the Fandom Menace was a ploy invented by the White House to divert attention from Watergate and the Energy Crisis.

DAVE LOCKE is known for his humorous writings (Particularly in his own zine, AWRY). Here's another facet of his wit...PRESENTING (unless EdCo beat me to it)



LETTERGO!

GEORGE FERGUS
3341 W. Cullom Ave.
Chicago, IL 60618

Presumably, now that Ed Cagle is relieved of the burden of publishing DILEMMA, he will get back to his own fanzine.

I am not about to go and tell my local librarian to buy Joe Hensley's book. I have not been on speaking terms with my librarian for some years, ever since the Cleveland Public Library threw away a leather bound set of the Lensman series donated by a local fan. From my limited experience (Cleveland and Chicago), big-city libraries don't seem to have any better a selection of SF or mysteries than small town libraries.

My favorite place for meeting people at Worldcons is between floors. I'm always getting impatient waiting for the elevator, and end up running up and down the stairs. Altho I don't meet many people, I find that it is considerably easier to exchange a few words with someone when you bump into him in an otherwise deserted stairwell than it is when you come upon a bunch of strangers in an elevator. One is willing to stop and say hi, if only for the opportunity to catch one's breath. I've never met a person on the stairs I didn't like. A disadvantage is that they don't always get you where you want to go. On coming down a particular set of stairs from my room at Tricon, I belatedly discovered that they had no exit onto the convention floor. Nor, I soon found as I continued downward, onto the mezzanine or any of the half-dozen other floors that convention hotels stick between the main floor and the first floor. As I doggedly forged ~~ahead~~ downward, the kicker made itself known: the stairs below me were unlighted! I could have gone back up to the first floor and found another way to rejoin my fellow fans, but I just had to find out where those stairs ended up. So I groped my way down in increasingly less penetrable darkness, pursuing science-fictional thoughts about what lurks in the stygian bowels of a great metropolitan hotel. Unfortunately, when I finally came to the bottom and tugged open the immense steel door, I found myself out in the street in front of the hotel in broad daylight. But for that I might have a good story to tell...

-/As it was, your yarn reads like one of those "stories written as they happen, not as writers do them" that crop up occasionally in fanzines.//I got trapped in the stairwell at the Champaign Hilton and had to go clear down to the ground floor to get out. all the doors would let you into the "core", but not out again! Eerie feeling, tripping down a dimly lit well, trying all the doors as you pass, hoping madly that the Next One will open and free you.// . Perhaps I should have kept Ed as Publisher. Now that he's rid of that onerous chore, he's quit pubbing altogether! Fie! /-

GENE WOLFE
Box 69
Barrington, IL 60010

You talk like you're having repro problems, but mine was almost perfect. I would like to see a clarification of what is meant by "commercialism" with respect to cons. If huckstering books and art is the target,

I think the shooters are off-target. I'm not much of an art buyer, but I like to look at it; and one of the principal reasons I go to cons is to buy books; particularly books that are otherwise obtainable only by mail. At a huckster table I can pick them up and read a few pages before deciding whether or not I want to buy.

I like Harlan, but fardom will never unearth another one. There's really never another anybody.

Party etiquette has always bothered me--mostly I suspect because I have no instinctive grace about these things. At what point is it okay to take off one's shoes? Should they ever be taken off if there are potato chips on the rug? When someone (who shall remain nameless) sits on a cleverly cantilevered night table and breaks it off the wall, which is the correct course? Promise secrecy while smirking and reaching for the house phone? Or--as I actually did during the case in point--tell everyone who didn't see the accident what happened and make them promise to keep the whole thing hushed up for at least four hours?

-/You wear shoes to a party? How unfaanish...//Never swear fans to secrecy; it'll spread around faster that way. Four hours sounds about right; it's average length for fannish attention spans...// That was one of the things that bothered me about the panel; while many gripes were aired about "commercialism", no one bothered to really define it...//My hassles came with cutting the stencils; the mimeoing itself, while tedious, went well enough. /-

ERIC MAYER
RD 1
Falls, PA 18615

I note there are five animals on the cover this time. We also have animal here--7 cats and an indeterminate, but probably large, number of mice. It seems odd that mice and cats can co-exist, but such is the case.

The mice live in the walls and only come out during the wee hours of the morning when the cats are asleep. This morning I woke up to find that the mice had gnawed through a teabag I had left sitting in a saucer on my desk. Do mice eat tea?

Your comment about most literary criticism being rationalized and dressed-up opinion is quite astute. Last year, being an English Major, I was dragged kicking and screaming into a course on Literary Analysis and Critical Writing. Practically the first thing the instructor told us was to never, NEVER use the word "I". Instead we were to use "one". This is what is called adopting the "authoritative tone". The instructor pointed out that though all our criticism would be indeed nothing more than personal opinion, it was essential that we hide this fact and attempt to gain the reader's respect by pretending we were stating facts rather than opinions. That doesn't make sense to me, but seems to be an accepted axiom of the literary critical establishment.

-/Our cat population is now, temporarily I hope, up to 7. Gamin had four kittens Feb 1st. Cute little dickenses, but non-Siamese, alas...//Perhaps mice don't like tea, but whatever it is that lives in your walls does...

JODIE OFFUTT
Funny Farm
Haldeman, KY 40329

Your drawings are getting better. The one on the the front page is marvelous and I recognized Leigh before I saw her name. I know what she's talking about too. I've felt embarrassed at being in Toronto

or Philadelphia and seeing nothing more than the insides of liquor stores. Trying to explain fanzines is an even weirder experience.

I can't imagine fandom without cons OR fanzines. This semester I've decided to stay out of school and do more sf reading than I've done in a long time. I will become the perfect, well-rounded, ultimate fan, with a finger in all facets of the phenomenon. Watch out Buck, because I'll be nice too!

Right now there are six zines on my desk, all of which I want to write to, most of which I've barely read as yet. I'm more moved to read (and loc) the better written ones first (also the ones I know to be on a pretty regular/often schedule). At the same time I remember your words of advice about encouraging

new people, so I feel guilty about putting one off. Ah! The conflict. On the one hand I'd like to skip getting the mail for a couple of days; on the other I'm anxious to see what tomorrow will bring.

Perseverance!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

-/I don't want to imply that each and every zine has to be locced the day it's received...only that special consideration should be given to first-time efforts. Why not try the postcard gamit during those rushed times? If a zine warrants a longer loc, you can do it at your leisure; if it doesn't, well, you've been polite at least. (Now if only I could learn to take my own advice... at last count I had 39 fmz sitting around here...)//I get the uncomfortable feeling when a neighbor or relative asks, in all innocence, how we enjoyed visiting such-and-such a city. How on Earth do I know what it's like? Who sees cities at cons?? /-

DAVID N. HALL
202 Taylor Ave.
Crystal City, MO 63019

I guess the thing that surprises me the most is to hear that Ben Solon is still around. He was a neo when I was a neo the first time around, and that was back when my poor father had to do all the driving

to take us half way across country so we could stand around and watch people we didn't know getting drunk.

Indeed it is curious that many people seem to know nothing at all about fandom except for the conventions. I've discovered several St. Louis fans who don't read s.f. and never have; in fact have never read any fanzines, in fact never read anything at all (One did read "Creem", through which I discovered Greg Shaw, an old co-editor of mine, doing a rock-and-roll column). It's an odd commentary that these people have nothing better to do than drive a couple hundred miles for a party, and a mediocre party that they are making that way at that.

-/Yes, mainly because everyone else soon discovers that those non-readers have nothing to say, and leave them to keep themselves company while they have the real party elsewhere... /-

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

I'm toying with the idea of giving T up--going to very small circulation-first-class-mail perszine and devoting more time to contribs to others and the NFFF Ms Bureau. If this happens it'll be after the 24th issue which I've already started on, though I may do a couple of issues small size and gradually shift to the perszine, thus using up some covers already offset with the word TITLE on them. But who knows how I'll feel next week?

Keep up the format for SLANTED VIEWPOINT. I wish I'd though of it.

Some of that wandering into a room, getting a drink and standing awhile, then leaving might be due to shyness rather than the opposite. A fan has come to expect room visits as part of the con, but when he wanders in he may not know anyone, and no one greets him or makes him feel at home--so he wanders out again.

NOW did I get on the WAHF list?

-/Nope; sorry.//I'm quite relieved to have learned in a more recent letter that, since the Museum is keeping the mimeo--fast talking you must have done there--TITLE will be kept alive. For awhile I feared Ed had contaminated you with his gafiation bug.//I know what you mean about coming into a group of strangers. It's the main reason I prefer to have company to rove around with at cons. That way at least there's someone to talk with until you see whether you can join in; or until whoever is host is able to more-or-less welcome you. (Sometimes they're wrapped in conversation themselves...) /-

BRUCE D. ARTHURS
57th Trans. Co.
Fort Lee, VA 23801

You talk about 3rd Class mail and other horrors (like my typos) a bit. Got a witty anecdote for that one, or a Great Postal Horror Story. One of the men stationed at Fort Lee is being transferred overseas next

Sunday, and wants to take his family with him, so he sent back home (Washington State) for his family's passports. These are sent to him by registered and certified mail. The postman delivering this envelope knows that he has to get a signature for it. At the mailbox he sees no one about. So does he knock on the door and see if someone's inside? Nope. He marks the envelope "Return to Sender" and mails it back! The man had to make a long-distance call to Washington to find out what happened and have it remailed. Maybe it'll arrive in time for his family to accompany him...

Not all comicfens are bad of course...after all I used to be in comics fandom. Then I saw an ad for SF REVIEW in the DALLASCON BULLETIN and the rest is history. (Obscure history to be sure, but...) My eldest brother is still a comics fan. ~~He's also a fan of the SF scene.~~

One of the things about the Nixon reign is that 50 or 100 years from now, someone's going to be doing a study on "Anti-Administration Humor In The Nixon Years" and he's going to be faced with the task of going through absolute mountains of material. One of my favorites is a recent NATIONAL LAMPOON photo of Nixon with a balloon over his head saying "When the going gets tough, I go bananas" and a balloon from the audience saying "Bite my mike, you Cocksacker!"

-/That "Cocksacker" joke has to be one of the most popular one-liners in recent memory...no less than four letters mentioned it, and I've heard it several times elsewhere. Unlike most anti-administration humor, the current brand seems to emanate from all quarters of the political spectrum...right, left, and middle-of-the-road. With so much negative feeling, I can't grok why he's still in office... /-

SHERYL BIRKHEAD
23529 Woodfield Rd.
Gaithersburg, MD 20760

Not being a party person I can't intelligently talk about Jodie's piece. I can speak from what I've heard, and from that, she's right down center field.

I see both sides though, having only closed parties (which seemed to be the case at some of the cons I've attended, but I can't say for sure) cuts out all the newcomers who don't know quite how to go about getting invited in the first place. Open parties--well they are going to get pretty daggoned expensive. I suppose it could always be BYOW (Bring-your-own-whateveritis) and rely on everyone doing just that.

I just got a note from a self-styled Neofan--basically wanting to know what the heck fandom was. My first response was----Whaaaa. Ah yes, where to begin and try to explain the difference between fannish and sercon and along the way glean some idea of the type of fanzine he'd be most interested in? The different worlds within fandom have to be experienced for full understanding of what "kind" of fan he is. I only hope I helped him out a little.

-/That's the crux of the matter; how does the newcomer find fans and how do fans find out if the newcomer is someone they'd like to know? If everyone concerned is into fanzines, it's simplified, but if they're not...? Well, most cons have some sort of hospitality suite, don't they? /-

BUCK COULSON
Route 3
Hartford City, IN 47348

We've decided the plumbing problems are caused by Juanita's bubble bath; every time she takes a bath, the plumbing stops up. She's promised not to bathe again till spring...

Nooo, I don't think I'll read the Finney book for the next YANDRO. Mainly because I have a stack of 26 paperbacks--including Time Enough for Love --

which were sent in for review, plus one hardcover. (For that matter the reviews for the next YANDRO are already written: I'm looking forward to the issue after next.) Not to mention that while in Milwaukee I -- naturally -- went to the bookstores. And...

We solve the problem of the fans who come to parties to cadge drinks by not having any drinks. Mostly we don't have parties, either, but we have had one or two quite successful ones, at Midwestcon. Quite possibly because the type of fan who comes to get free drinks doesn't attend them.

I dunno: all my mundane acquaintances know I go to conventions. Quite a few of them envy me -- mostly after I've shown a few masquerade photos. But then maybe Leigh's acquaintances aren't the right sex to appreciate the masquerade photos. "As if we were beer-can collectors!" But, as I seem to recall, at least some of us are beer-can collectors...

All those fans who worry about unearthing another Harlan have obviously never heard of a Cleveland fan of a few years back named Joe Fekete. He was Harlan without any vestige of talent, and if you think Harlan is abrasive, just try to imagine that personality with nothing back of it. Fekete eventually dropped out of fandom -- or hibernated in the N3F, possibly, after alienating most of the fans he was in contact with.

-/No, Fekete's name isn't familiar to me, but after reading umpty-umpty 50s and 60s fmz (looking for material for the Tucker reprint zine), I can see that the type has been with us for decades. Gene Wolfe's right in one regard, there is no another of anybody; but brother, are there a lot of cousins!//I finally read Time and Again, and most heartily recommend it. Though it's weak on Science (no explanation of how the time-traveling works) and doesn't really get involved with paradoxes, it's a damn well-written story... /-

MIKE GLICKSOHN
141 High Park Ave.
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Canada

Your discussion of all the fans you've seen recently made me realize how isolated I am out here in the frozen northern wastes. Part of this is also being without transportation, but the nearest largish collection of fans is still over 250 miles away. This is why I look forward to conventions so: it's the only chance I really get to meet the people in fandom I'm in fandom to meet. On the old question of regionals versus worldcons, I'm all in favour of the smaller cons. I think one worldcon a year is about all I could take. I enjoy all the advantages of a big con, but as you say, the hectic pacing really can wear you down. The best cons I can remember would include my two Midwestcons and the various Phlanges I've been at, and they're both quite small, relatively unstructured cons.

The spongers and moochers Jodie describes are one of the negative aspects of fandom. They've certainly discouraged me from ever giving open parties after the experiences we had with convention bidding parties. I don't much mind people not seeking out and thanking the host, because often it's impossible to find the host, or even find out who he or she is, and in a crowded room party I can understand people not being able to talk to everyone there, but the types who come in drunk, and only want more free booze, certainly don't add much to the convention.

And Leigh is also completely right as to the strange travel habits of fans. I've been to a great many American cities that I know practically nothing about except one big hotel and a few neighborhood restaurants. The last couple of years we've gone to the worldcon early and spent a few days exploring the city. Because once the con gets started (on Wednesday night, nowadays) I hate to leave the hotel, even to eat! (This worked particularly well this past year; I got to see quite a bit of Toronto...)

As I'm sure you realize, no simple classification scheme could encompass all fans, but even the four you suggest seem to leave out large groups. What about the people who spend all or most of their time with other fans but lack the put-down mentality of group four? I guess they'll fit your group three, now that I look at it again: maybe that's broad enough to encompass all the others too. Fanzine fans might be a separate group though...

I'd worry about the cliqueish aspects of trying to stay away from comicfen if I didn't agree with you whole-heartedly. In a large circulation genzine, a remark like that could get us both jumped on, but I doubt if it'll cause much excitement here...I hope...perhaps...

Most complaints in recent months about commercialism in fandom have been aimed at people putting on conventions for profit. I haven't seen anything against hucksters, because most hucksters, unlike their comics counterparts, are not obvious rip-off artists and provide a very valuable service... But the charges of commercialism have been rather specific where I've been reading them.

In the "perfect repro field", I recognized the name Glicksohn, but who are Bushyager and Bowers???

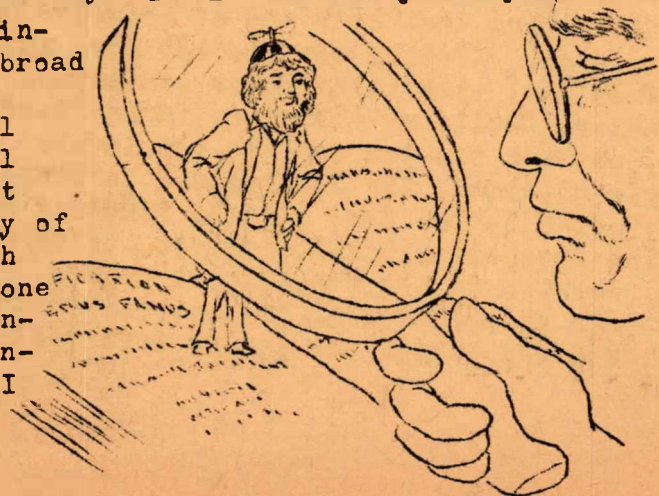
-/Just a couple of foreigners you've probably never heard of...//
That third grouping was made so (deliberately) vague, it could take in the entirety of fandom if pressed. The only way a perfect classification system could be devised is to have several thousand categories. Almost every fan is unique-unto-himslef.//
We midwesterners tend to think even smaller than you; to me the Midwestcon is a fairly "large" con. Of course with attendance growing so rapidly, even a first-time convention can draw nearly 200 people, the days of getting together with a group of 75-100 fellow-fen at a small motel are coming to an end... /-

DAVE LOCKE
915 Mt. Olive Rd. #9
Duarte, CA 91010

Your cover illo came into view immediately after removing your Woody Allen-sized staple, and the illo made me do a double take. It's an extremely well-executed drawing, yes, but it was the quality of the stencilling job that carried the real impact. This has to be one of the best pieces of hand-stencilling I've seen in 13 years of fanning (13 years! My ghod, I'm getting old...) It might even be almost as good, in its own way, as the ATom cover I hand-stencilled for PELF #7...and to think that just a year ago I was giving you advice on how to stencil illustrations.

This is easilly your best issue of DILEMMA. I see you're soliciting contributions now. Just one small step for DILEMMA but one giant leap towards a 50-page genzine with 300 circulation...You're on your way. Yes, you are. Next will come the crossroad where you must either cut the heart out of your fanzine or buy a mimeo that will give you an output greater than one hand-fed sheet at a time. Yes, you're on your way. God.I feel sorry for you...

Your four oategories of fan was interesting. As you note, these are broad categories though they contain some males too. Obviously you and I fall more into category #3, only you fall into it more than I do. I don't get that many perszines, don't like many of the ones I do get, and don't publish one myself. At the moment, I have one active and two semi-active correspondents. And I don't "slough off" non-fan friends and acquaintances, and I



read a lot of SF. Let's create a 5th category just for me...

I both agree and disagree with Jodie about con-parties. Open door parties are what she's talking about, and most of her points are well made. But she overlooks a few things. Like, for instance, knowing who the host is at an open-door party is almost as easy as knowing who your neighbor is in New York City. I've never yet found one where a person will walk up to you and say "Hi there. I'm your host". In the absence of that it is up to you to get in there and mix. At such parties, mixing before getting a drink, or not partaking of drinks or food before trying to dig out the host just isn't done.

Everything else she says is fine. People do indeed walk in and get a drink and then leave. They also partake of refreshments and hang around without mixing. They also come in and talk only to the people they came in with (I've done that myself, but only after an extended search showed me there wasn't anyone else there I wanted to talk with...)

I've been to open-door parties, I've co-hosted open-door parties, and likewise with closed-door parties. I much prefer the closed door parties from the standpoint of getting a good mixable group together, keeping the attendance to manageable proportions and keeping the riff-raff out. I much prefer the open door parties for making more contacts, feeling free to leave at any point, and finding the serendipity in a totally unmanageable free-for-all.

I will return a brief note to Chris Sherman. Yes, fans do have something wrong with them. They've 'joined' something called fandom, instead of following a more normal pursuit such as joining some kind of animal club (Elks, Lions, etc.) and doing more constructive things. I was invited to one of those animal club meetings once. I sat at a dinner table, looking questionably at a piece of swiss steak and a handful of Veg-All, waiting until everyone was served. When that happened I damn near fell off my seat when everyone around me began pounding the table with their fists. After they finished banging the table, they sang some wonderful song about how great their club was. Then everyone ate, and when they were done it was time for the Chairman to levy fines. "Joe, you were five minutes late. Throw \$25 into the kitty. Frank, you dropped your fork. You owe \$50." Truly exciting.

Fans don't do serious, constructive things like that. So fans must have something wrong with them. Don't argue with me, Chris.

-/Not if he values his neck, he won't!//I normally don't print such glowing egoboo, preferring to merely mat and frame such letters, but I couldn't resist it this time. It was such a change from last issue's LoC. But it won't work; you'll still have to wait for those sketches... /-

LARRY PROPP
3127 N. Sheridan Rd.
Peoria IL 61604

Enjoyed Leigh's piece on schitzophrenia, but I've never really had the problem. Mainly because I've never really tried to explain it all to the mundane world in general nor to many in it. My solution is, whenever I'm getting at all into anyone else, is to mention it in passing and just tell them that it's one of my weird perversions that they'll just have to put up with. If they express any more interest, then I take them to a con and let them deal with it on their own terms.

Savior, Devil, or whatever, fandom needs and will always be producing Harlans, on both the fan and the pro level. The instant polarizer of opinion; the demonic pitchman; the god bastard; a beautiful man one minute and a fiend the next, often to the same person; fandom's most elaborated fantasy. He is a walking inconsistant contradiction...the same as all of us are...only in his case, carried to the Nth, purest degree. Harlan's biggest contribution is that he's so perfect, so good at it, that he has ceased to be merely one of a type, and has become the entire archtype for the speci.3.

The best comment on the whole Watergate situation is a sign a friend of mine has, which goes: "Please don't tell my mother that I'm on the White House staff; she still thinks that I'm a projectionist in a X-rated movie house."

Incidentally, I'm (pleasantly) surprised at the repro you got out of Tucker's mimeo. Considering I was there when you got it and know its age and history, I mean. But I have to tell you that Tucker lied; Madison did not use it to help put out the Federalist Papers. That old it ain't.

-/It's shocking to think that Tucker would dare stretch the truth, if not actually prevaricate, but I suspect you're correct. I do have suspicions that this mimeo was used in preparation of material during the Andrew Johnson impeachment proceedings...//Thanks for the comments on Harlan...and true they are. It's been said before, and I agree: If fandom didn't have Harlan, they'd have to invent him. Yas... /-

HARRY WARNER JR.
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, MD 21740

You must forgive two things at the outset, both of which you're already aware of. I've been trying in recent weeks to clear the fanzine decks for a start on the book about fandom in the 50s. This has involved

mainly replying to a six-month accumulation of urgent letters that demanded immediate response and yours got mixed up with the fanzines that are going to gather a lot of dust until the first draft is finished and the locs resume flowing. Technically there still is a ribbon on this typewriter but it looks like there isn't because I don't want to put on a new one that will gum up the keys until I do the last thing before plunging into Seventh Fandom, Nolacon's Room 770 party, ghoodminton, and all the rest: stencil cutting for FAPA

I appreciate very much the issue of Dilemma. The title fits because I've been telling everyone that I would write no more LoCs until the first draft of that history book is finished three or four months from now. Maybe I can reason in W.S. Gilbert fashion, to the effect that there really is no dilemma for me, because no one can remember the last time one of my locs was anything but two pages in length, so if I write a few lines at the bottom of this page and then fill the other side with remarks about this issue, it can't possibly be a loc and therefore I haven't broken my promise to get to work on the fan history.

This Time and Again situation is uncanny. I don't remember anyone saying much about it in fanzines for several years after it was published. Then, almost simultaneously, another fan and I burst into print with semi-reviews and urgent recommendations to read it in two different fanzines, without knowledge of our mutual intentions. Meanwhile, just a month or so later, I gather someone in a previous issue of Dilemma also brought up the matter. The book isn't apt to get the kind of late recognition from fandom that the Tolkien novels enjoyed, but it is excellent. I know New York only as a visitor every three or four years and yet Finney made me as nostalgic for the New York City of a few generations back as if I'd grown up in that city. There's a final weak twist to the plot but I can't think of anything else to be dissatisfied with. And it really doesn't take as long to read as it looks, because the style holds the attention and makes the eyes move to find out what will happen next.

-/Agreed, though Finney's book is good, it simply doesn't have the mystique that LOTR generated. Still wish it had been noticed the year it was published though...//Gee, my 1st Harry Warner LoC...!!!/-

WAHF: Rosemary Wolfe, Chris Sherman, Joni Stopa (!), Loay Hall, David Singer, Sara Tompson, David Neisius, Rose Hogue, Frank Denton, Don Ayres, and in a manner of speaking, Ken Moore. Many thanks to each and every one of you!!!

4-20-74. The other pages have been mimeoed, only this closing page remains. #6 shouldn't be as big, nor have as many copies (around 100). Mimeoing help this issue; Wally one day, the children another (which is why I had less control over repro on each page, and don't know the exact number of copies), a mixed blessing. One of the 54 copies of last issue was my botched-up file copy, Wonder who got it? Anyway, next issue will be returned to a more comfortable 60-75 copies. (I hope...)

I'm glad that Wally's not the sort of husband who is inclined to induce guilt-feeling in a wife that deserts him and the children to take off for a convention over a weekend. The evening before I left for Minicon, while lying on the couch watching TV, he was bitten/stung/whatever by something that left a sizeable, but not alarming welt on his forearm. During Friday and Saturday, it swelled, turned bright red, and began radiating streaks toward his hand and elbow. It ached so much at work that he went to the plant's medical department. They sent him to the nearby hospital's Emergency Room; where with a touch of glee (proud, I assume, of being able to recognize it), the attending physician told him that he'd been bitten by a Brown Recluse Spider; a poisonous species that's been expanding its territory northward from southern Illinois, and still rare in this area. Wally took antibiotics at two-four-and-two hour intervals around the clock for four days (there's no specific for the the bite of that spider), and luckily all's under control; though we were told to expect a 3" X 2" patch of skin to slough off. The last bit of advice given by the MD is posing a problem though: we are to kill each and every spider in the house. How? Arachnids are among the most hardy of insect species (using the term loosely), and doing that certainly won't be easy...

ART CREDITS: Plato Jones, pp. 3, 20; Gene Comeau, p.7; Dave Locke, p.11.

OTHER CREDITS: Mae Strelkov, p.4; Jodie Offutt, p.8; Eric Mayer, p.11 Thanks!

DILEMMA 5
JACKIE FRANKE
BOX 51-A RR 2
BEECHER, IL 60401



PLATO
JONES
IS
BACK

TO:

... and will appear regularly in Dilemma