

For APA V#

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a hollow ache of guilt and shame. It stopped when we moved far away from where we'd been living, and I suppose that one could trace a large part of my predisposition to escapism from that. Not all—I'd been reading SF and fantasy for long before then—but it may have taken firmer root. The "Get Away From It All Syndrome" strikes again...

Not that I've always been satisfied with the way things were. However, most of my rebellion has manifested itself as a kind of passive resistance or, more accurately, a go-my-own-way-anyway variety.

It's has never had much of a Sense of Mission about it, either. It's just that I'll just go ahead, to what I'm going to do, and face the consequences later.

The consequences have varied over the years. They've ranged from dire to shrugs and shakes of the head and disappointment to, on some rare occasions, nods of approval. Those are the desired ones, of course, the results hoped for. But although I'm reasonably smart I don't always know better...

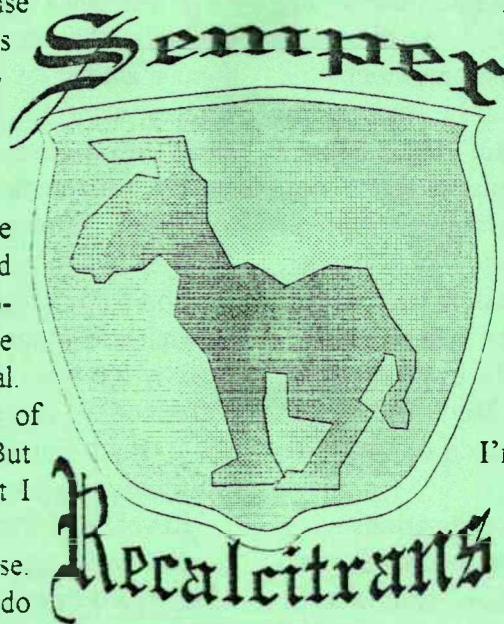
It's a bit mulish, I suppose. For a while I adopted the pseudo Latin motto (I made it up, and I don't know and never studied Latin, so I assume it's ersatz), "Semper Recalcitrans." Not only did it feel right at the time, but the mere adoption of this unsubstantiated slogan illustrates its point...

Astrologically, I gather, it's appropriate. It's been a while since I got into my astrological signs, but while my Sun sign is Gemini, meaning I'm of two minds about everything and can't settle on anything (*that* ought to get the other Geminis out there going!), one of my other influential signs—I don't

fire, the people are revolting!"
 "Yes, aren't they disgusting..."
 —Old Chestnuts Log

As rebellious as I was as a youngster, I don't think I'd've ever made it into the *Annals of Rebellion* or the *Revolutionaries' Who's Who*. I internalized most of my youthful frustrations, save for a period in my earliest teens when I slipped into a pattern of pilferage (to put it euphemistically). There's nothing I want to talk about there, save perhaps someday to a therapist, though there was an element of excitement about it, I haven't looked back on it since with much of anything but a kind of

remember if it was my rising sign or moon or what—was Taurus, which is about as close as you can get to the mule in astrological terms. (Attitudinally speaking, at any rate. Sexually, one might have to look elsewhere, but I am *not* discussing gender, here.)



The Gemini in me is a fairly surface thing. Talk to me for a while and you can probably convince me of almost anything. Politically I'm a marshmallow. [Yeah, we need to balance the budget. Sure welfare's a trap. But those people need help! So do I, for that matter! Damn right, taxes are too high! But it's *our* money, what am I going to get for it?] You betcha!

But I *know* I don't know what I'm talking about politically, so I won't proselytize for anything and I won't campaign for Whozits. (Great guy, Ambrose Whozits, but I'm not handing out his leaflets or buttons; I got better things to do with my time.) Unh, unh. You won't get me out there.

Astrology interests me. Politics doesn't. Never mind that astrology is hooey and we need socially responsible people to do what needs to be done.

You don't find astrology worthy of your attention because it's bogus and it doesn't reflect reality? I find in it a fascinating Rorschach test (I love that analogy—I wish I could remember where I first heard it), and in its own way it *is* a reflection of reality—not so much of what's out there (or in

here) but of how we perceive it.

Entertainment and entertainment news shows like *Entertainment Tonight* interest me. "Reality" shows like *Cops* and *America's Most Wanted* or *Inside Edition* don't. Regular news varies so much that I often enjoy one and then stay for the following day's which puts me off so that I don't tune in for another day or two.

Entertainment is by its nature a mixed bag. I used to watch MTV (and later VH1) a lot; they being the only sources of musical entertainment short of staying up for a few glimpses on SNL and other late night shows. I miss the classic variety shows terribly. The other evening, when Nickelodeon was "previewing" the new TV Land channel, I was delighted to catch the (sadly truncated) rerun of a *Sonny and Cher Show*. (A couple of years ago the Smothers Brothers were hosting reruns of their old show, on A&E I think, and this was a superior treat.)

Once in a while at some Social or other gathering a discussion of favorite movies or television fare will get under way, and I have trouble relating to it because there seems to be some kind of underlying sense that certain shows, performers, films, directors, etc., are In and others are Out—some nonpareil, some beyond the pale. My eclectic tastes rarely fit in the apparent mold (Mold? I ain't likin' that lichen) or pattern they're constructing—consciously or not. And that's regardless of whether I agree with their assessment of any one particular show or whatever, though often as not I haven't seen it so have no real basis for relevance. (Or whatever I have seen or heard has been other discussion of it or promotional information about it; not the item itself. And I don't consider this trustworthy information on which to base an opinion.)

I've seriously plonked such conversations when my opinion was requested. Favorite movie of all time? Probably *An American In Paris*—followed by *A Star is Born* (the Judy Garland version) and possibly *Picnic*. Favorite all time TV shows? Few that get reruns have stood up to the test of time for me—I'd be in seventh heaven if only the classic variety shows going back to the 60s, including the *Kraft Summer Theater* series, the Fred Astaire specials (ooh, that Barrie Chase!), the *Dinah Shore Show* (oom—wah!), and some whose titles I can't even think of right now, were available. How about the *Dean Martin Show*?

Hey, I could even do with some of the last gasp

variety shows like *Evening at the Palace* (?), the *Tom Jones Show*, *Live From Monte Carlo* (skewered at least once by Benny Hill) and *gasp* *Solid Gold* Original series with pre-psychic phenomenon Dinone Warwick and later with ex-5th Dimensional—uh, oh, gee, I've forgotten her name. Bother. Marian—something, I think.

Comedies, sitcoms? Nah... Even classics like *Dobie Gillis* don't really hold up, and I imagine *Love that Bob* and *My Living Doll* (also starring Bob Cummings, with Julie Newmar in the title role) would fare no better (though I wish the Sci-Fi Channel could get ahold of episodes of the latter—I wonder if they even exist). Nick at Night has later favorites and amazingly enough, I find I have lots of trouble even staying with *Bewitched*!

Drama series? While they date, too, I was a fan of the *NBC Mysteries* series like *McCloud* and *MacMillan and Wife*, and there were others (within that series and out). I'd have to check out Arnie and Joyce's collection of TV trivia books just to remind me of the titles.

I lost track of the point in there somewhere, which is that despite what may be "politically" popular among my friends and acquaintances I watch what I want to watch on TV (well, somewhat modified on occasion by Joy-Lynd's preferences), and the last cinema excursions I've made have been to Disney movies (pre-*Pocahontas*) and SF SFX flix. (HBO don't count.)

So I'll talk about those and probably other topics in what are probably politically incorrect terms—And by the way, does what is and isn't PC evolve with people's reactions to it? I've kinda lost track about that. For example, what is the status of Affirmative Action right now...?

Revolution. Evolution. Devolution. (Hey, a '50s activist could make something out of *that* set of initials!) *Plus la change, plus la même chose, eh?*

I seem to have left myself little room for additional material again in this. I apologize to all of you who were seeking some modicum of comment from—"snif" (pardon me)—from me, and... Hm?

Oh, all right then, go on to the next fanzine. See if I care. Did you know the original Christopher Robin just died? See what you'd have missed? How's that for a rebellious attitude?

Awright, who just said that's just "bilious"?

—Ross