



Issue #1, Appearance #8, for FLAP mailing #13 dated December 1981 and also shipped off to a few other friends and acquaintances. Composed as I go along, this first-draft and sublime wordwhipping is brought to you by Dave Locke, 4215 Romaine Drive #22, Cincinnati, Ohio 45209. Blower number 513/272-3259 (when calling, ask for the one with the beard). Logo and mimeography provided by Jackie Causgrove (take a bow) in 1972 and 1981 respectively. Preprinted logo duplicated by some cheap quick-print outfit back in 1972, and recently rediscovered by an archaeological expedition. This issue is dedicated to the memory of Denny Lien, who is alive and well and drinking beer in Minneapolis probably right at this very moment, and who knows next to nothing of my incredibly convoluted and insidious campaign to get him into FLAP. Neither do I, but I'll think of something. This is Second Coming Pub #89. Really.

Phew. Freed from the colophon at last. It gets confining between those borders.

So, welcome to my twiltone universe. According to my environment report it is a sunny and clear 11:00 a.m. in CinCity this 20th of October. There is no background music, not even from the apartment down the hall. The beverage of choice and availability is Kroger's Automatic Drip coffee laced with a shot of 151 proof Paramount rum. The typer is Jackie's IBM Selectric Model 71. My shorts are size 36.

I should mention that this is the very same rum, from the very same bottle, that did in both Kent Cartwright and Dave Locke on the night of October 13th while Kent and Jackie and I innocently discussed the state of the universe. It happened right here in this apartment. It is our understanding that Becky Cartwright, in her next FLAP-zine, will write a treatise entitled Why I Can't Send My Husband Anywhere. This will be followed by a short apologia from Kent Cartwright titled Cincinnati Is Dangerous. This will be followed by a short dog, followed by an intermission, followed by hair of the dog.

Kent came back the very next night for more, and also for less. The folks in Garland, Texas -- or at least the ones where he works -- sent him to Cincinnati Milacron for a one-week course in robotics ("I don't know why. If I were in charge, I wouldn't have sent me"), during which time he programmed a robot to move his comb

TWO

from point A to point B and then watched in amazement as the robot broke his comb in two. Kent brought the smaller piece to present as evidence.

Something should be said about Kent's wristwatch. Everyone has seen the Casio and Texas Instruments' calculator wristwatches. Right? You know what they look like? Okay, well, Kent didn't have one of these. His was three times as big, and looked like a backpack. Obviously an early model produced before miniaturization. We theorized that it used vacuum tubes.

SILLINESS ALERT SILLINESS ALERT SILLINESS ALERT We also theorized that it ran on two D-cells and contained a secret compartment stuffed with useful selections culled from Crimestopper's Notebook, plus an extra black sock. END SILLINESS ALERT END SILLINESS ALERT END SILLINESS ALERT

Terry Ridgeway, ace Hearts player, bon vivant, SoCal Man About Town, and alternate lifestyle enthusiast, telephoned a couple of weeks ago to disclose a change of address and telephone number and the fact that he is now living with three women in a rented house in Woodland Hills. He did not ask for assistance. Terry said that he is doing well but has not played nor won money at Hearts since I left town. I did not hang up on him. We were disconnected.

Enough folderol. More folderol later. It is time (12:45 p.m.) to hitch up my gitalong and begin mailing comments on the 12th mailing of FLAP, which was dated October 1981 (and for good reason). Flipping past the cover page I note that the first FLAPzine is done by that Aussiefan who is shorter than I am (and for good reason).

ERIC LINDSAY

I have six checkmarks in the margins of a two-page fanzine. Well, let's see what we can do with that.

"I just don't demand much from fiction, and am unwilling to work hard at reading." All that I require from fiction is that it be interesting. To me. Intellectually, stylistically, humorously, suspensefully, or whateverly -- on at least one level it must be interesting. Hopefully on more than one level. If it is not interesting to me on any level then I toss it over my right shoulder and remain phlegmatic in the presence of people who found it interesting. I am willing to "work hard" at reading only if a book is interesting; easy reading or hard reading, I don't care, just so it's interesting reading. It is the reader who determines whether or not a work of fiction is interesting, as I firmly believe that OPINION ALERT OPINION ALERT OPINION ALERT there are no absolute standards for judging literature END OPINION ALERT END OPINION ALERT END OPINION ALERT, and if anyone disagrees with that I will commission David Hulan to argue the case on my behalf. Boy, will they be sorry.

"It is so hard for young people to get jobs." It's not easy for the older ones, either. We get typecast by our employment history, and when openings get tight in our own field no one takes us seriously when we look for work elsewhere. The young shits have no employment history, and the old farts are stuck with theirs. I wrote my congressman but he said life is tough that way and quit bellyaching about it (besides, he got turned down for that job as a wine taster, too).

Environment Report; It is now later than it used to be, and my ass is tiring.

Footnote #1: "We:" Me and the tennis ball in my pocket.

If you set traps, as you say you might be tempted to do, the burgler might not be the only one who gets surprised. Over in this neck of the woods we have some rather strange court decisions involving such things. One rather typically bizarre example took place after a warehouse owner began leaving two dogs in the building when it was closed for the night. Two burglars, loaded down with tools, broke in through the roof and wound up getting chewed on a little. The judge awarded damages to the burglars, claiming there was no proof they were burglars. When it was pointed out that there was about 10 pounds of burglary tools found on each of them, the judge explained that just because a man has a dick doesn't mean he's a rapist.

End putridity alert.

It's true enough that it's more common to be disgruntled about going out than it is to be disappointed at having gone. Also, a stitch in time saves nine. Or does it?

I guess that most societies get perturbed if people aren't willing to sacrifice themselves when called upon to do so. Global politics, however, often astound the common person. He likes to feel secure in believing that what he's really gambling his life for is the preservation of his community. His society. His way of life, troublesome as it is, instead of meekly accepting something worse. Community versus skin. If you can show him the cause is just, or successfully market that notion, then the facts or the facade or the public pressure will carry the men off to war. Or off to jail if they don't want to go. Countries other than yours or mine are often not as casual in handling the matter. They're better at brainwashing the people into accepting orders, and those who don't accept them get shot. But, as you say, no one asks you to be content about a society demanding that you sacrifice yourself. Of course, accepting things as they are, I guess there'd be no purpose in discontent, either. Hate and discontent. Motherhood, apple pie, and war. War and Peace. Cheech and Chong.

"One day someone will find a way to not only detect police radar, but also blast back enough of a response to burn it out, I hope." Well, I visited an outfit in California which was making a unit that would send false readouts to police radar. You could breeze by at 80 and the radar would read 2 or 5 or whatever you wanted. They were hoping to flood the market before it became illegal to manufacture it. Since then I've heard that it has come out. Then, too, some communities are not accepting radar readouts as court evidence. They became a little dubious about the accuracy of such electronic equipment when independent tests of selected units resulted in trees being clocked at up to 20 miles per hour (or 32.18 kilometers, for you metric fans).

Environment Report: It is now 10:15 in the evening and I am drinking diet orange soda. The background music is provided courtesy of the hum in this electric typewriter. I shall go put something on the stereo. Hoyt Axton's MY GRIFFIN IS GONE.

How appropriate. Here's the man who introduced me to that album.

LON ATKINS

I read in ATARANTES about your third Hearts tourney win. Congratulations again. I'm sorry I wasn't there to give you a run for your money (by the way, are there any stakes involved, or just the title?), but then again I haven't played Hearts since the last time I played with you (remember, you published a four-page fanzine all about it to ~~XXX/XX/XX~~ commemorate the occasion). I'm likely rusty. I live in mortal fear that someone in Cincinnati will hear of my condition and take unfair advantage

FOUR

by publicly challenging me to a game, knowing it's been so long since I've played that I can't even remember whether it's the queen of clubs or spades that I should try to avoid. No doubt this game would be something outrageous like a nickle a point, to not only strip me of my honor but my wallet as well. The agony of anticipating such a terrible and unfair thing happening makes me toss and turn in my sleep, and stockpile nickles just so I won't be flatfooted if such an event does come about. So far I've saved up six nickles; do you think that will be enough?

Well, yes, we do 'enjoy' the thunderstorms in CinCinCity more than what passes for thunderstorms in Suthrun Califunny. The ones in Lou-uh-vull were better, though, and could be counted upon to roll around once a week just like weekends. Usually on weekends, actually. The thunderstorms in Louisville were quite impressive as well as being overly frequent; in fact, they were about as impressive as I've seen. Occasionally we'd get an even bigger show in Indian Lake, New York. I can remember looking out the picture window and watching the lightning dance from post to post along the causeway which spanned the width of Lake Abanakee. I also remember living in a trailer while my father and grandfather built our house, and the day that lightning hit the trailer, shot out of an electrical outlet, and burned a hole in the carpet after leaping a good four feet. We leaped, too.

Hmm. I used to make pencil marks to show the bottom margin, and then erase it after the page was typed. And for material that was to be photocopied I'd use a non-repro blue and then just forget about erasing it. Now I just use the page-end indicator on this typewriter. I could have used the page-end indicator on most any typer I've had, but for some reason I at one time had a mental block against using such a thing.

Westlake novels are most frequently encountered in hardcover. As a consequence, I read zillions of them for free by checking them out of the Louisville neighborhood branch library, and then another zillion from the main library. I have rarely seen a Westlake paperback, though several do exist:

Good versus Evil. Helping versus hurting. Constructive action versus destructive action. Analysis of intent.

You got caught in a speedtrap which served Texas justice? Wasn't on route 40 near Shamrock, was it? If it was it would be an interesting coincidence. If not, tell me so Jackie and I can bear two Texas locales on our shit list.

"Today's sf rarely has the scope of imagination of bygone days. What I wonder is this: Where did those soaring imaginations vanish to?" I dunno. Let's check it out. Name some of the authors and the works which displayed this scope of imagination, and then let's make a comparison with what they're writing these days. Try to avoid Heinlein as one of your examples, as he's too obvious. Imho, his last readable novel was THE DOOR INTO SUMMER. Disclaimer: change "readable" to "good."

Environment Report: It's noon, Wednesday the 21st of October. The beverage of the moment is coffee. We are trying to get the cat used to a training harness, and it is intimidating her. She crawls on her belly throughout the apartment, despite the leash being coiled up and clipped to the top of the harness. We may have to do this more often, as frequently as she gets a Frenetic Attack and begins running around in a berserk frenzy, in fact.

A number of people (lazy wordage indicating I didn't count) mention their thoughts on the subject of friendship and sex. You're one, Lon. I was led to believe that it wasn't nice to screw your friends. What? Oh, I see. My misunderstanding.

MIKE SHOEMAKER

I think I could handle a monthly apa, but that's only because I wouldn't have to contend with lag-times in mail delivery. With that having to be taken into consideration, I agree with you that bimonthly is just right. I also have to agree with you in suspecting that no one else wants the job of being OE. I'm not sure how much of a "burden" it is, though. There are advantages to trade off, and with only 21 people it isn't that big a deal. With 30 people, it was a bigger deal. We were a bit surprised, and possibly dismayed, that our initial solicitation of interest drew in that many people. We're both happier now.

Holy shit, Jasper! A 104 year old man ran 7 miles in 46 minutes? My 37 year old body is bogged at this piece of information.

My long-ago experience with pinochle involved partnership play with a card pass for the side that won the bid. An awful lot of people like pinochle, but I found it boring. I find any card game where there is a "meld" to be boring, though that may just be coincidence. My favorite card games, if you're interested (or even if you're not, I guess) are: 1. Hearts, 2. Partnership Pitch, 3. Spider, and 4. Booray. My third favorite card game is the only one I've played in well over a year and a half, and that's only because it's a game of solitaire.

Ah, but King's fine characterization is seldom found elsewhere in the horror field. Characterization has been one of the big weak points of the genre. Excellent word-smithing has been another. King delivers both, which immediately places him high in a field which contains very little excellent writing or characterization. It's there, but in a volume which places horror somewhere between nurse novels and westerns.

ARTHUR HLAVATY

"I wouldn't deign to piss on him if he were on fire and I'd been drinking beer."
Stop pussyfooting around, Arthur, did you like Joe Nicholas or not?

I dunno about you, but besides the fact that Joe was a vituperative pain in the ass I had the feeling that he needed a lot of help. That might be wrong, but it was what I read into his material. It seems unlikely that, had he stayed in a while longer, we would have been able to provide any of the help that he needed. Then again, maybe we did get through to him on occasion, and maybe that was the reason he dropped out. We have a letter from Joe which says, in part: *"I've been dithering for some time now as to whether or not to renew my membership in FLAP...and have regretfully decided that the decision has to be "no". Not, I hasten to add, because I don't enjoy it any more, or have been in some way wounded by all the verbal shit flung at me (God alone knows that I wouldn't have survived in fandom for this long if I hadn't been able to take some of what I handed out; and I've had worse than I'm currently getting anyway), but because of the sheer lack of time."* Whatever his reason for leaving, I'm just as happy that he's gone. And when I found out he was leaving, I was also happy to realize that there was no other member I could feel that way about.

The vote is in. Consensus has it that the Moral Majority are a bunch of fascists. We should now elect a representative to deliver this consensus of opinion to them. And swear to it on a stack of bibles.

The Quality Paperback Book Club is offering, among other things, a book entitled "The Heresy of Self-Love, A Study of Subversive Individualism."

SIX

"Gee, I guess I don't have anything nasty to say to you, either." Hey? Wot you mean, mon? You no be nazty, mon, or I ron over you with my peecup. Wump, wump.

"The one thing that makes me consider getting contact lenses is the desire to see what's going on at an orgy." That could be a problem, yes. I know, because Terry Ridgeway, who has experience in such things, once explained it to me. An orgy is where "you see something you like and you stick your dick in it," is the way he phrased it to me. I don't know how he explained an orgy to females, but then maybe they didn't ask. Come to think of it, I didn't, either.

JUDY STEVENS

That brother of yours, Kent Cartwright, he's a wild one. We had him out here two evenings in a row last week. Well, he was only wild the first night. The second night he was still hung over and subdued. I could tell because I was feeling the same way.

Congrats and good luck with your Green Tree Studio ceramics shop. Also with your new spirit duplicator, something which I unfortunately have past experience with. A ditto is perfect for short-run stuff like FLAP, but corrections to the master are a mild pain. Free tip, no charge: insert the master upside-down in the typewriter to give you easier access when making corrections. When making corrections you'll need an exacto knife with a small blade, and a strip taken from the margin of a used master (the waxed portion) cut in roughly the shape of a sheet of typewriter correction film. Or use the David Hulan method and just x-out your typos...

JONI STOPA

"Crystal clear is crytal slear!" It is?

"The tour was done in four languages; Spanish, American, Italian, and German." Well, I dunno, it sure looks like a boyd to me.

Enjoyed your Travelling Jiant report about the adventures in Cozumel. I'd never even heard of Cozumel until you went there. I may never hear of it again, either, but if historical precedent has any bearing here I will likely encounter the name on a weekly basis in a variety of places from here on out.

I read your advice on masquerades in the Chicon 4 progress report which arrovelled the other day. Doing your bit to help upgrade the quality of convention masquerades, aren't you. A rhetorical question. Of course you are. Fed up, aren't you. Another rhetorical question. Think you'll do any good?

MARTY HELGESEN

"I took that AMERICAN LIBRARIES editorial at face value, not the way you did." But, I took it at face value, too. Maybe we saw a different face. Let's see now, I said it was a put-down that was snobbish, snide, and uncalled-for. "...turned up one doozie of a letter written by Reagan..." "...remember that the Anarchist Cookbook and Revolution for the Hell of It weren't around when Ronnie was a kid, and if they had been, the average library would have kept them in a concrete bunker six towns away..." "...it may not tickle all of us to think that libraries helped make Ronald Reagan what he is today..." Etcetera, etcetera, and so on. Their mistake was in then going ahead to print Reagan's letter, so you could see what they were referring to, and also see that they were stepping on their dick. Now tell me what face you saw.

"Firefighting" isn't just a term used by the fire department. It also means repetitious problem-solving. I tell you, Burt, all I do all day is run around putting out fires. Trouble-shooting on a frequent basis, in other words. Firefighting. In the context of equal rights it appears to me that without ERA it would be just a lot of firefighting to run around trying to overturn bad legislation and promote enforcement of existing but unenforced legislation. Certainly we haven't done too well at it so far. What could be done to goose things a little? And why would ratifying ERA be like burning down the barn to get rid of the rats? What do you see as the bad consequences of ratifying ERA?

Good letter to the VILLAGE VOICE. Let's see now, some people talk off the top of their head, others speak from the gut, and some pull their dialogue out of their ass. Gotcha, Red Ryder.

The Baskin Robbins Suppressed Flavor List was just fine, but it omitted my favorite: Asparagus Ripple. I remember the night David Hulan and I got blitzed and came up with some really atrocious (that's the worst kind of atrocious) ideas for ice cream flavors. That was one of them.

JACKIE CAUSGROVE

"...made a few dollars playing penny-ante poker (and enriched the Poker Troll by an unghodly amount)..." Poker Troll? Doesn't that require some manner of explanation? What are a Poker Troll? Glancing over the roster I suspect there may be as many as three people who might know what that is. I'm not one of them. You told me once, but I forgot...

"It must be a trait good famwriters are required to exhibit; the ability to keep their emotions in check while writing." The idea isn't to keep them in check. The idea is to use your emotions instead of letting your emotions use you. Easier said than done, obviously.

"Since no one else has seen fit to mention it, I'd also like to commend you for actually sticking to a title for the past several issues. I far prefer a "set" name for a zine, even if it's slated to appear in a lowly apa, rather than a string of unconnected titles..." I guess my question is: why? Does it make a difference? Do you presume it indicates something? Do you see some manner of condescension in not using the same title all along? Is there an issue here somewhere? What you mean, Charlie?

I joined a UFO club about the same time I got into fandom... They sent out forms to their members asking them to record all aerial sightings regardless of nature, and my parents suggested they might have some ulterior motive in wanting to track jet and airplane movement, so I dropped out. I was 16 at the time. Just think: today I might be a big name in the UFO movement...

Actually I believe the UFO nuts give the subject a bad name. It is an interesting phenomenon, and as such is bound to attract flakes. Being in sf fandom, I sure wouldn't hold that against them. So far as I know they don't hold conventions where people wander around dressed up as radishes brandishing swords and toy ray guns, or dressed down in fur jock straps, g-strings and gossimer, body paint, and 96¢ per yard capes. However, their flakes probably do things equally as weird and juvenile.

"I don't particularly object to being termed a "nut", but I don't wish to be lumped in with those nuts!" I would find it erroneous, but not overly objectionable. They might be nuttier than we are on the average or on the exception, but I don't know that.

EIGHT

"DaveL, on the other hand, is plunging Full Speed Ahead into all sorts of activities." Ah yes, the joy of unemployment: time. Unemployment can't be all bad, you know. Actually, it's all quite good, and would be perfect if it paid well...

BILL BOWERS

Well, well, Bill Bowers. You and I, we attended our first convention separately together. Chicon 3 (I'm not Roman, so I don't use their numerals), 1962. I know, because I've got access to a wide-angle photo of the banquet, and we're both in there. Dean is, too. Joni isn't. Were you there, Joni?

I remember I got laid, so it must have been a good convention.

115 publications, eh Bill? That's not too many. This is my #89, but I started counting in 1968 instead of in 1961 when I began publishing fanzines. There was no way to remember all the pre-'68 zines, and no file copies for reference (and if I had them now, I'd throw them out again...). And if you took our output and added it together, David Hulan would make us both look like pikers. Or at least laggards.

"...for the nounce..." For the what?

Do you have any eminent relationships, or just meaningful ones? Are you mindfucked, or merely engaged in cortical foreplay? Let us examine our critical concepts and interpersonal attractions, and seek a viable solution to the question. What question? Wasn't there a question? Perhaps not.

Oh hell, Bill, you don't need to "hang out close to the door for a while." Come on in and join the party. There's nobody over by the door to talk to. Not since Joe Nicholas left, anyway. Don't set that ashtray on the tank of napalm he left behind, though.

Welcome again.

BRUCE ARTHURS

Enjoyed your zine, Bruce, but there are no checkmarks in here. There is one note, however. It says: No checkmarks -- fake it. Ah, shit. I blew it. Now I won't be able to get away with faking it. God damn. What a horse's patoot.

Well, Bruce, I guess you're turning into a live wire now. Somewhere in here I read about you snogging on the bed with that woman. You used to be different, Bruce, but that was back in the days before you went to work for the post office. Now you're delivering mail, sending your nail clippings through apa mailings, and snogging. You're a changed person, Bruce. It's not too late for you, though. There might be a way. Take two Sturgeon novels and call me in the morning.

How am I doing? Oh. Well, I'll try harder.

"...that stupid head-trip of mine that if I find a woman interesting or attractive, I should inform her of this by making a pass at her..." What do you feel you should do if you find a man to be interesting? Really? Say, you have changed, Bruce.

And, to wrap up this fakery to you, I think you have some sort of record for Change In Circumstances. On page 2 you note how you couldn't afford a computer, and on page 5 you're buying one. Holy Zip, Batman. You sure have changed, Bruce.

Environment Report: Again morning coffee. It's 9:30 a.m., Thursday the 22nd of October. There are several hundred thousand stories in the naked city, and this is not one of them.

Bear with me. This is only my second cup of coffee.

Let us see who must bear with me first. Aha, it is:

DAVE WIXON

Hi, Archie. How you doing? No shit?

Sandra Miesel has an adult novel about otters being published by Ace next year? For gosh sakes. Why would Sandra ... well, never mind. I guess I'll have to get that one.

"Lonely in a crowd? Yes, I am sometimes. Also, I can be anything but alone, all by myself..." Being lonely isn't a feeling I encounter too often, except in terms of missing a specific person. I used to occasionally feel lonely, but that was before I gave up talking to other people. I gave it up when I realized that, sooner or later, I wound up talking to myself anyway. So now I just cut out the middleman, and start right off talking to myself. Makes me feel like I'm dealing with a better class of people. I know myself so well that, if I don't like a subject, I don't even bring it up.

I enjoyed JAWS, also. I liked the sequel better, though. More characterization and less gore. Scheider had some very good scenes in that one.

Yes, Marcia Hulan is allergic to sunlight, and lives in SoCal. Not in sunny SoCal, though. She lives in overcast Orange County.

I am quite fond of the writings of 7 out of the 13 favorite sf writers you list. Russell, Kornbluth, Niven, Kuttner, Pohl, Sheckley, and Fred Brown. I've enjoyed a lot of Heinlein (Puppet Masters, Magic Inc., Door Into Summer, and especially Glory Road), but have disliked a lot more than I've liked. Simak has written some very good novels, like City and Time And Again, and several good novels, and a lot of marginal items. Keith Laumer I consider mediocre. Readable but mediocre. Haven't read anything by Cherryh. Have only cared for My Name Is Legion by Zelazny, and have found nothing else worth finishing. Tried reading Wizard by Varley, but couldn't get interested (felt the writing was fine, but the pacing terrible). Seven out of thirteen is a good match.

SUZI STEFL

Interesting that Bill Bridgett is in SAPS, and predictable that he is proceeding *"to attack nearly everyone."* Now everyone will likely jump his ass, which is also likely what he expects and wants. When he has milked everyone's angst, he'll leave. Bill is a hopeless case, and fandom is naive in suffering his presence in the apas. Even SFPA, which has a mechanism for tossing people out on their ear, didn't pull his plug. Too many fans don't like to do things like that. Prepare yourself to suffer his tenure in SAPS.

No, honey, Marty is one of the good guys. He isn't pushing catholicism or bulldozing competitive teachings. He's rational, ethical, polite, and pleasant, not to mention interesting. Please excuse yourself from the discussion/bullsession on the

TEN

topic of religion if it gives you too much of a surge in your adrenalin flow. Marty doesn't deserve the comment that his methods are shitty. Honest, as three people in here have said before me, Marty really is a nice guy (it's a curse, I know, but he'll just have to live with it...). Now give him a kiss and make up. No, no, chastely, chastely...

152 books is a "partial list" of what you've read from January through September? That's a bit more than half a book a day, rain or shine. I see what you mean about your 0-10 rating system being subjective based strictly on your enjoyment. Everything ranked from 5.2 to 9.3. 8 books received ratings of 5.whatever, 27 were rated 6-something, there were 51 books in the 7's, 61 in the 8's, and 5 in the 9's. The arithmetic average was 7.7. I wish the average of the books I read was 7.7.

You would probably be interested in Gil Gaier's sf ratings project, or at least in the method of assigning ratings. It's a fairly interesting attempt to be objective about the subjective.

Actually, if you used a 0-5 rating system, and subtracted 5.0 points from the rating you gave to each of those books, the average book would be rated 2.7, which is just about average or mid-way on a 0-5 scale. Perhaps Lon could computerize this and come up with further statistics for the next mailing.

Or perhaps not.

Now, listen, you cut that out! "I knew I couldn't be the only one to perceive him as 58...*heh*giggle*smirk*" I don't need 21 years added to my subjective age! By the time I'm 79 I'd be 100 (but could anyone tell the difference...?). And, Judy, you stop giving Suzi ammunition on this topic!

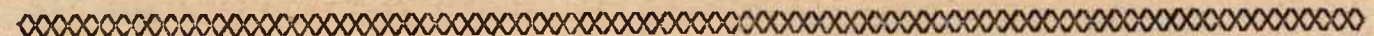
Of course Moby Dick isn't a social disease. It's a sign of disinterest. Isn't it?

Late Bulletin Late Bulletin Late Bulletin Both Mike Horvat and Dave Langford got messed up by the postal service. Dave mailed his zine on the 15th of September and it just arrived in today's mail, the 22nd of October. How do you like that for a case of green apples? Well, definitely better late than never, welcome to the both of you, and better luck with mailing things in the future! End Late Bulletin End Late Bulletin End Late Bulletin

PAULINE PALMER

I don't like Jif peanut butter nearly as well as most other brands. I generally buy the Skippy chunk-style. This is a very uninteresting mailing comment, isn't it?

So what is your source this time for all those pardon-your-slip-is-showing news headlines? I don't know where you get them all, but keep finding them. The only one I've ever found was in the first line of a story: "The first robin of Spring was spotted by Morton Smith sitting wet and bedraggled on a telephone wire."



Ah me, another day, another fanzine. Ten pages, that's not too many. Or is it? Well, let's not worry about it right now. Here it is half-past noon on the 22nd of October, and I'm all done with my FLAPzine. What do I do now? Well, I could take out the garbage or shine my shoes. I think I'll have a drink, instead. Will talk at you again in February.