



Issue #2, for FLAP mailing #14 dated February 1982 and also shipped off to a few other friends and acquaintii (probably at the same time as I mail off copies of the last issue...). This is being done first draft, which means that the stencil sees these words before I do, and right at the moment it's being worked on at Romaine Drive, but come the 23rd of January this address will no longer be operable (as they say in higher circles). So, this comes to you from Dave Locke, 2109 Harrison Avenue #9, Cincinnati, Ohio 45214. The logo and mimeography are courtesy of Jackie Causgrove who, together with myself, will share this new apartment at the sufferance of our cat, Scamp, who at the moment is maintaining a low-profile after having just been spayed, declawed, and given rabies and distemper shots. Poor thing. However, any more wordage and this colophon will be over the legal limit. See you on the other side of the border.

Ah, welcome, Amigo. You have fled across the border. You ask do I know Poncho Villa. Why, just the other day he and I we had lunch together.

Well, let's see, what's new? Snow. We have snow here. We woke up this morning and it was on the ground and in the air. Looked worse than it was because the wind was blowing it in all directions. White, powdery stuff. Fun to look at. We opened the curtains so we could do that from time-to-time. Later I had to go out in it, which changed my whole outlook on the subject.

We are moving, as those who survived the colophon are aware. The new apartment is on the other side of town in a community called Westwood. Westwood does not have a good reputation, as reputations go, despite the fact that it has some quite nice areas and so far as we can tell we'll be in one of them. The fact that fans such as Bill Bowers reside in Westwood does not, so far as I know, have any bearing on the subject of the community's reputation, as it's doubtful that many mundanes have viewed the interior of his apartment.

At the moment I'm working as an "Account Executive" for Management Recruiters, and recently effected a change in assignment so that I'm now covering openings in my own field (plus a couple of others). At the very least I've now placed myself in the best possible position to find work in my specialty. At the very best, I'll

make a living in this new field (I'm getting so I kind of like it) (in comparison to what I used to do...). I suppose I could be sitting at home waiting for the unemployment to run out, or pumping gas for the same minimum wage I'm earning now (they say it takes a while before you start making placements and earning commissions), but on the balance I think this is a better idea.

Life is just a tire swing.

Isn't it?

I will refrain from discussing at length the nature of my new job, thereby setting a good example. I've always wanted to be a good example. This is my chance.

Although we're quite pleased, and very lucky, concerning the new apartment, it does not have a second bedroom. One guest can be "put up" on the couch. One of these days we'll get a couch that converts to a bed, or vice-versa, but in the meantime our hospitality is necessarily limited by the equipment. However, that's about the worst of it. It's a nice apartment. We suspect we may keep it even when funds become more abundant.

I have a note here which says "never call a witch a stragger," but memory dims and I no longer have any useful idea of any purpose for such a piece of information. Under the circumstances it might be best to move right along to the mailing comments. Well, why not. And who is first? Why, it's

ROY TACKETT

Hi there, HORT. How ya doin'? No shit. Sorry I asked.

Well, let's see. I'm English, Irish, Scotch, Dutch, and, maybe, Abanakee. I feel no stirrings of affinity during a discussion of ~~ethnic~~ blood lines. The world is filled with brothers and sisters. Come to think of it, though, I never much cared for relatives.

Were the Sixties really a waste? I wonder about that. Weren't they useful as a bad example?

If the economy collapses again, like in the 30s, it might be interesting times, indeed. Just as interesting as the 30s.

I read more and more which indicates that the viewpoint on science is beginning to swing around to where I've been for twenty years. There hasn't been enough intelligent separation of fact and theory. Look at "the Scientific Method." The scientific method, as I view it, is to take a few facts and then extrapolate until crows turn white. When a new fact comes along, do it all over again. Laymen and scientists seem to get confused between what is fact and what is supposition. Add a little bit of politicking and you wind up with sciences, such as astronomy and archeology, which have too many skeletons in their closets.

There are a few fanzines I'm interested in seeing, and to get them I'll write LoCs, trade, write articles, subscribe -- whatever is the easiest way of getting them. I probably miss out on some good ones by not shooting for more trades, but I'm not worried about it. Having something to trade is no longer a big reason for doing a general circulation fanzine. I agree with your viewpoint.

No, not what hell. What the hell. Wha' th' 'ell. Whathell. Whathell. An old fannish word, spelled like the way the phrase is pronounced.

I suspect we're both right about Stephen King, based on the ones we've read. I strongly suspect you would enjoy DEAD ZONE and FIRESTARTER based on what you don't like about the others. I will freely grant that I frequently wished King would take all this interesting writing and fine characterization and use it to tell some other story. With the two I just named, though, my 'willing suspension of disbelief' didn't require kick-starting. Get one at the library or borrow it or pick it up sometime in a used book store. If it doesn't work for you then you won't resent me for your having paid cover price...

"The things I get irritated at, as the years roll along, involve the wearing out of the body." It seems to be a common problem. During idle moments, usually while half in the bag, I contemplate on finding a method of dealing with irritability -- that kind or any other kind. I dislike feeling irritated, especially as some things become harder to do, and I wouldn't mind taking a mental shot of B-12 to get over it more quickly. A common problem, and most just ride it out. I'm dumb enough to waste time thinking about a way to get off the horse.

I think the reason "Americans are much too conservative to try anything really different" is that they don't want to get set off on the trail toward becoming one of those countries that seem to be trying something really different every other year or so. The trouble with such people is that if they do find themselves in a dying system, the bulk of them will ride it all the way down.

I like that line about telling a salesman that your first name is "Mister". If the situation occurs, I'm gonna use it...

Using "goes" for "said," as in verbal storytelling ("He goes, 'How are you?' and she goes, 'Can't we just be friends?')), was common in New York state, as was "went" for "said" which Jackie says can be found in the Chicago area. Our recollections both go back to when we were kids. Maybe you've been around Speer too much and have been paying attention to real English...

God, I hate alarms. We should rise in the morning based on when we wake up by natural means, like when the cat walks on my chest.

Okay, I'll second Atkins for future OE. We need somebody with a little muscle in the LArea to make sure he sees the reason why he should be OE of FLAP. Perhaps Marcia Hulan could rejoin the group.

Uh, Roy, I see the need for a telephone in a motel room. Kind of helps when you're traveling on business. You can use it to get a wake-up call, to call home, and to set up appointments. If suddenly all the telephones disappeared from hotel and motel rooms, I'd start carrying a travel-alarm clock and getting change for a bit of work at the phone booth, neither of which would be a big deal, but I sure would miss kicking my shoes off, getting propped up on the bed with a drink, and making a relaxed call home...

I think you're correct about fiction being mostly entertainment. Some fiction delivers a little more, but there's a difference in approach in whether you run across it or whether you seek it out. I run across it as a byproduct of reading for enjoyment. I'd rather do that than get frustrated or peevish at having to sort through the entertainment to get to the ones that deliver a little more than just that. You don't have to encounter too much by a reviewer before you can spot their direction in this regard.

Which Vonnegut have you read?

Correspondence is a mixed bag, but can be one of the more interesting areas of fanaticism. Twenty years ago my favorite correspondent was David Hulan, but that got set aside when we wound up living on the same street. Jackie Causgrove was another favorite correspondent, but for obvious reasons we cut back on writing to each other. Ed Cagle was my all-time favorite correspondent, and he died with an uncompleted letter to me still in his typewriter. There are presently no fevered correspondences like any of these three, with letters zipping back and forth at a frenetic pace, but I do have several correspondences which vary from occasional to frequent. Buck Coulson, Lea Reed, Lloyd Biggle, David Hulan, my son, my ex-wife, my high-school English teacher, Terry Ridgeway, Denny Lien & Joyce Scrivener (I have an absolute mental block on how to spell your last name, Joyce. That's the worst kind of mental block, I guess), and others too 'occasional' to really classify as correspondents. One correspondence I particularly enjoyed was the Wide Open Three Way with you and Ed Cagle, and I wouldn't mind getting involved in another one or two or three of them.

"Would Kentucky permit a bottomless place?" Cincinnati, which is a rather conservative city, gets away with being conservative because all the "sin" a person could conceivably want can be found just across the Ohio River in Kentucky. If that disappeared, Cincinnati might have to create a district which catered to it.

"I am not with you in regards to tennis player McEnroe. The story, as I hear it, is that McEnroe has no use for the general "aristocracy" that surrounds tennis and lets them know about it. Good on him, say I." As tennis is one of my two real sports interests, let me try to be expansive without boring you overly on the subject of Mr. McEnroe.

As I peg him, based on more observation than I care to think about, he's simply a poor sport and approaches hard-times, and losing, much in the way that you expect a 12-year-old to. While such "aristocracy" as Wimbledon, and umpires who get carried away by their own sense of authority, can well use a trenchant blast or two aimed at their self-importance, McEnroe lacks the maturity to be effective at it. He whines, he has temper tantrums, he pouts, puerile words tumble from his mouth, he breaks equipment and sometimes physically hurts people as a consequence of stupid actions (and, of course, is genuinely sorry afterwards, but learns little from it). He will grow up in time, much as Connors is doing, and in ten years might be an interesting person to know. Right now he's an arrested adolescent of the worst kind -- the kind that gets peevish when the slightest little thing doesn't go his way. *Enfant gaté*. *Enfant terrible*. His parents could have been fans...

If you can always say "I've been there," then a better theme-song would be Hank Snow's "I've Been Everywhere." One of the country classics, and a favorite of mine.

"I'm glad FLAP is invitational otherwise I would end up wondering which people on the waitlist were CIA agents. (You're paranoid, Tackett.) (No, I've been down this road before.)" Sounds interesting. Tell me about it. In the meantime, stop reading ILLUMINATUS...

I hate repeating myself, too. Hate it, hate it.

I'm with you all the way on kids and schools. "We send them through the mills and they learn nothing." Jesus Fucking Christ, how many kids spend 12 to 13 years in school without learning squat about: 1. endorsing checks and maintaining a check register, 2. creating and maintaining a household budget, 3. handling minor home and auto repairs, 4. some basic instruction in preparing food, and 5. ten million other things. And of all the damn things a federal government could do for the people, in the face of a mobile society, they abdicate having the schools maintain reasonable pace with each other. Anyone who has moved from one school to another,

or whose child has done so, knows the problem. The kid sits there bored because he's too far ahead of the kids in the new school, or he has an immense mountain to climb to catch up. That's stupid. It's a prime area where responsibility should not be totally decentralized. Another is highway laws. Again, with a mobile society it's ridiculous not to have uniform highway laws. These are two of my pet peeves, obviously.

I too believe that an organization exists only to serve its members. I could argue against that on occasion, because I do also believe that sometimes that has to be turned around for the short run in order to maintain that objective over the long haul, but the exceptions are strictly situational. I'm not sure I know whathell I just said.

When did you become a fan, Roy? Were you at Denvention I forty years ago?

Well, goodbye, Roy. I'm leaving you now for Joni.

JONI STOPA

No, I hadn't heard that Minerva Springs had been blocked up by garbage. I could have gone a long time without hearing that. Such news items tend to give me an adrenaline surge. Having more or less grown up in the tourist trade, you'd think that tourist atrocities would be old hat to me by now. It is true that the average person loses about a hundred IQ points as soon as they leave home on vacation, but it still pisses me off that so many people will foul the common nest. Blocking Minerva Springs with garbage, carving up trees with jackknives, peeling the bark off of trees just for the hell of it, spray-painting names and cursewords on boulders, blah, blah, blah. I blame it on the urban mentality. You don't often see country kids or adults acting with that kind of animalism. If I lived in the city, I'd probably want to deface my surroundings, too...

I was only in Yellowstone the once, right at the crossover of Autumn into Winter back in 1973.

THE WORKS is your favorite fanzine? Gee...

So send me a letter of comment...

Hotel cats that can be rented for the night. Not a bad idea. The cats might object, though. Cats are known to object about things. I would hate to be in the hotel business and have to pimp for a gang of cats that wouldn't come across to be petted or sleep with hotel customers.

Wilnot has about 500 people? About 2½ times the size of Indian Lake, NYok, where I lived for many years. Of course, the population jumped up by a few thousand during tourist seasons.

At Injun Lake the deer, in the off-season (not hunting season) used to come around and lick the tops of the empty soda bottles. So we took to setting out pans of soda, which really brought them around. They'd take food out of your hand, too. We finally gave that up when the tourists came back disguised as sportsmen, and used a hunting technique where one would hold the apple while another put an arrow or bullet into the deer. We decided that we weren't doing the animals any favor by leading them to believe that people could be friendly.

Bye, Joni. I'm leaving you for Judy.

JUDY STEVENS

Looking beneath the repro on that cover page, that's a good logo.

Not a bad quote by J.D. MacDonald about friendship. I don't agree with the imagery in "with acquaintances, you are forever aware of their slightly unreal image of you, and you edit yourself to fit," though I'm sure it's valid for him. People will edit themselves for presentation to an acquaintance, but that's because people have things they're not interested in getting into with an acquaintance, or with one acquaintance as opposed to another. I can imagine instances where you might do this editing to fit someone else's "slightly unreal image of you," but I don't see it as a standard operating procedure unless you're deliberately projecting a "slightly unreal image" to begin with. Isn't/more a case of expanding your points of contact with another person based on time, inclination, and happenstance, than it is a case of pandering to an image that's false to begin with?

Non-repro blue will or will not show up on photocopies based on whether the photocopier has a white or blue or green light. I forget which does what.

"Dean warned me a while back that when one makes a living out of something that formerly was done strictly for fun, the enjoyment leaveth." That's very frequently true, but by no means a rule. More frequently, though, what results is that some of the shine is removed from the enjoyment, on the balance. I say on the balance in the sense that there are often times when the enjoyment is not present but you have to carry through anyway because it is what you do to earn your living. There's no reason to be overly bothered by the fact that what you enjoy doing now happens to be a means of support, unless it's a case that after a while you get tired of doing it. That can happen, too. But lots of people enjoy what they do and would do it even if they didn't need the money, though not all of them would do it quite so much.

Yeah, I like WHATHELL as a title, too. In fact, I like most of my titles... Still got a crapload to work through. DRY RUN, DEMENTED CHAMELEON, WORDWHIPPING, TORQUE, FANDOM ON THE HALF-SHELL, and OLD SCRATCH, but I keep adding and subtracting titles on the list. I know I can't sue if someone reading this lifts a title from me, but I can commission a neofan to jump up and bite them on the ass. (There's a story there, actually. I threatened Larry Propp with this fate/action if he didn't tell all of his Chicon IV departments to stop writing me one at a time to: 1. chastise me for noticing they had an old address, 2. accuse me of not being a paid-up member, 3. etc. Obviously the departments are decentralized to the extent they don't operate off a common data base. I got tired of straightening out repetitive problems department by department, despite a great patience with such things (anyone who expects fans to handle such business and organizational matters better than the Outside World has a "slightly unreal image" of fans...). Anyway, writing to one of the two co-chairmen seemed to work. I got a letter from someone saying everybody was in like a porch climber on the current status of my convention membership and my home address.)

More popcorn dialog? Okay, just for you.

"Zoroaster, don't go in there! It's the lair of the Medusa! She will lure you to looking in her eyes, and then her gaze will turn your body into stone. You'll never have a chance to use your sword!"

"But, Arcumbus, I am a blind man!"

"Then what the hell good are you going to do with that sword?"

-- from MEDUSA MADNESS, 20th Century Fox, 1956

"I only knew that it was hard to remember the actual type of tree: I was far more concerned with its realness to merely slot it/identify it and move on." What a nice way of saying you appreciate trees even if you can't address them by name. Me, too. I appreciate 'em, but I don't know 'em.

MIKE SHOEMAKER

Do you mean Monty Python's "The Ultimate Joke" skit? The one about the joke which could make people laugh themselves to death? Where the military got hold of it and translated it into German for use in World War II? Never heard of it. No, that's one of my favorites, too.

Southern Hearts rules are the best way to play the game that I've run across, under a situation where there are a fair number of variations and some of them do great damage to the game (eg. having to drop the Queen of Spades at the first opportunity, or having to open the lead with the two of Clubs). I'll let Lon answer your question. He wrote the book on that subject. Really, I even have a copy of it...

"If you won 'every damn time,' you must have been phenomenally lucky (in addition to being skillful)." Let me qualify that statement of mine. I won money every damn time. I didn't always come in the biggest winner. But you're right, in both cases. There's no sense in my being modest about it...

In numerical ratings on books, there must be a consistent scale over the long haul. If you average out a long enough string of ratings, the average rating should be mid-point on the scale. If it isn't, then either the scale should be changed or there should be some note of explanation (like not bothering to review most of the crap).

ERIC LINDSAY

I think you've got a good suggestion on the school systems stretching their budget dollars by buying several Sinclair minicomputers, instead of fewer of the more expensive models. Give the kids more of a chance for some hands-on activity. As you appear to be getting into promoting the idea, don't forget newspaper letter-columns.

Yeah, right, if I could do my correspondence while jogging then I might be more inclined. As it stands, jogging just makes my beer foam up.

I would definitely agree that a hostile reaction wouldn't go far toward giving Joe Nicholas the help that he needs. Ignoring what he says, and the way he says it, won't go all that far, either. A bit of "what's on your mind, son" can't hurt, though...

DAVE LANGFORD

"...if you could think of yourselves as foreigners for just one moment—" But, I am one. I've moved from the northwoods of upstate New York to an Eastern city to Califurnace to the Midwest. And when I returned to the northwoods on a visit I felt like a foreigner there, too. Actually I don't feel at home unless I'm in a bar...

No, no, your invitation wasn't the kiss of fate to Joe's membership. We didn't send out a hit squad. What happened was that we told Joe you were coming in and it scared him off. He couldn't feel secure representing the opinions of everyone in UK fandom if you were in here...

"...now a slowly subsiding freelance wr*t*r--" Yes, yes, I've heard that this is so. Each of the people who bore this news (and congratulations, or condolences, whichever works best for you) were unable to provide me with illumination on just what it was that you were writing. From some of what you've written, I gather it's science fiction, but the picture didn't come clear to me (I always seem to be drinking when I read your fanzines). I want you to know that I do not wish this information for morbid purposes. Well, at least not totally. I thought that maybe if I knew, I might get interested in checking it out. Perhaps you're writing obituaries for the pet cemetery newsletter. Then again, you might be writing science fiction or something else I wouldn't be interested in. And if I read it carefully, surely I might spot it if you've tuckerised Don West in there somewhere, which you probably did if you were writing animal obituaries. I have no idea what I'm saying in this paragraph. Wait a minute, it comes back to me. I had wondered what it was that you were writing freelance. Dave, what the hell are you writing over there?

"Mailing comments, er, well..." From these four words I will generate a mailing comment the length of which will defy the bounds of all propriety. This will not be your fault. Various accumulated barrels of reaction to the subject of mailing comments have fermented within my frontal lobes for some time now. The subject receives an interesting span of reaction. Your four words, though without premeditation on your part, have triggered a few thoughts on the subject, so I might as well dump them out here as anywhere. Stand back a little. Some of them might bounce.

I can understand why mailing comments in general get bad press. That's not too difficult to figure out, and the reasons are not only obvious but also unnecessary to the subject I want to get into here. The subject is the avoidance of mailing comments, or more specifically of writing them.

I think there are writing opportunities that can be exercised by doing mailing comments, but I don't think someone would agree with me on that unless they also agreed to the same feeling about correspondence.

There are values in correspondence which aren't so available elsewhere, which is why I have enjoyed correspondence as much as I've enjoyed any type of writing that I've done. It's a different level of communication. So is the mailing comment, which bears a closer resemblance to correspondence than it does to, say, an article or an editorial. But there are different ways to approach mailing comments, and therein may lie the problem of recognizing or not recognizing whether there is any benefit to be gained by writing them.

Some fans may compare the mailing comment to the way they would handle editorial response in the lettercolumn of their fanzine. Others may view it as multiple correspondence with a twist: you're seeing the other correspondence and are free to kibitz. This requires the view that a mailing comment from one person to another is a two-way communication with an audience that can participate. Another way of approaching the mailing comment is to view each magazine as an entity to be letterhacked, which is pretty self-explanatory and is a method that can work well, especially for the person who enjoys letterhacking genzines and perzines. Yet another perspective is of mailing comments adding up to a rather freeform group discussion, in which it is people who are being addressed as opposed to magazines which are being responded to. All of these perspectives, and probably a dozen others, are reflective of approach. The true nature of the mailing comment, regardless of approach, is that it is a medium for expression in a closed-group communication. Much like a party. Less like writing an article. More a target audience than a general audience. More an opportunity to be oneself in a freeform manner than within the construct of what is considered to be an article or an editorial. Not necessarily as open an opportunity as the two-person correspondence, but more participatory than the letter of comment.

I think there is often a tendency to view mailing comments based on a very broad aggregate; in other words a low overall quality makes too great an impact, and that effects a person's tendency to engage in the writing of mailing comments. Much the same can be said about fanzine reviews and convention reports -- a lot of bad writing will be found there. Turning that around, it's no reason to avoid participating in those areas. Fans write good or bad in any form, which is irrelevant to the question of whether you, too, want to be a spaceship commander when you grow up. There's a lot of uninspiring correspondence in the world, too, which says nothing about whether I can benefit by engaging in correspondence. The same applies to mailing comments. I enjoy doing them, they don't automatically become less readable simply because they're mailing comments, and whether or not they're interesting is determined by whether or not I can be interesting -- which when you think about it applies to any form of writing. I control that factor -- it doesn't control me or predispose the reaction that I will receive. At least, not within the bounds of fanwriting.

To sum up, mailing comments are what you make of them. They're just another kind of writing, but without a specific form except that which might be self-imposed. I don't much care for the label "mailing comments," but it's not restrictive of form and not particularly objectionable to me. I can wander, talk to people, talk to subjects, talk to issues, talk to myself, tell stories, or do whatever I damn please. I find that appealing.

This has been a mailing comment. Sort of.

I enjoyed ANSIBLE. That was a good trip report by Joe. Mellow. Maybe he got laid or something when he went to Australia. Or maybe not. Did he have all his teeth when he got back from the trip?

At any rate, by reading ANSIBLE I get to know something about the scene over there. After a while. And after a fashion...

Yes, indeed, Frank Robinson's THE POWER is indeed an underrated novel. It's one of my top ten science fiction novels. Maybe one of the top five, if I stopped and thought about it. I don't have time for that. My drink might get warm.

TAFF. I wish it weren't connected with the Worldcon, because I don't know as Worldcons are particularly worth going to anymore. Obviously thousands and thousands of people think it is worth going to, but that's one of the prime reasons why I don't think it is. Still, we do have paid-up memberships. We may go. We may not. My general lack of interest toward heavy involvement in convention attending (once in a while is fun, but otherwise it's just not my bag) naturally carries forward to a general lack of interest in TAFF. I'll leave the interest to those who know the participants more and who are also more involved in convention attending; specifically Worldcon convention attending.

Welcome again. Enjoyed your contributions. I'm going to run along now. Later.

DAVID HULAN

Good issue of LQW, old shoe.

"I hope Midwestern fans are as glad he's there as we are sorry he left SoCal." I suspect that to many Midwestern fans I might not actually be here unless I'm hitting the convention circuit. Which I'm not, as where I live has no bearing on that. However, your comment doesn't fit. You should be saying the reverse. I mean, your liquor bill must have shrunk a great deal since I came out here...

Well, having written you a letter of comment on this of LOKI, I'll skip along to the other zines that you put through (well, somebody has to now that Gaier isn't with us anymore).

You have a healthy attitude. "After a couple of shots I quit reading his stuff." Another good decision made while drinking.

I define 'mainstream' as non-genre, too. When I stop to think of it, though, popularity has a finger in how books are segregated in the bookstores. For example, science fiction is usually found on the science fiction shelves, but if a science fiction book makes a big hit, like for example recent Heinlein and Herbert novels, you'll also find it on the shelves reserved for the mainstream books.

"I expect that the tendency to address (on letters) persons of unknown sex as "Mr." is a holdover from the days when --" Yeah, right. I don't use honorifics when addressing letters. The endearing salutation to a person of unknown sex is another matter, though. I use "Dear Sir," or "Gentlemen." I am in the market for a good epicene letter salutation. You got one? Anybody? "Dear Anybody." "Dear Whoever." "Dear Whatsyourface."

I think you are very likely correct concerning the writers of the Gospels. Considering the number of different stories you can get from eyewitness accounts, Gospels which weren't written down for the better part of half a century are subject to even more skepticism. And it was pushing 200 years before Luke's was written.

On not showing anger, or showing it but rarely, I think that kind of control is good. I have absolutely nothing against riding along with any emotion, so long as I can exercise control before it gets out of hand (ie: as it would be defined by me in retrospect). Emotions are natural, useful, and some provide a high that you can't get elsewhere, but I think relatively few people have a good balance between emotion and intellect. I doubt such a balance would come naturally to anyone, wouldn't you? It would be acquired, slowly, and with conscious effort. With intellectualization, actually. Obviously not with emoting, which by itself can run berserk, as for example with anger. If it feels good to vent your anger, even when you get in all kinds of trouble as a consequence, then your emotions are going to tell you to get angry and your intellect is going to tell you to find some other way to handle the matter. With this view it would seem that the intellect has to be boss. Of course, this is only the way to look at it if you isolate the notion of 'feelings' as a discrete field of behavior quite divorced from the intellect. The writings of a fellow called R.D. Rosen convinced me that feelings have meanings because they are conceptualized, because they're digested through one's system of seeing the world, because, also, feelings are often assigned meaning and value by specific cultural conditions. From this view, the approach to emotional control is still the same; it looks different only because it bears a different label.

"Marcia and I head for the bar because it's one place we can be reasonably sure of finding several of our friends, and especially at a big convention we're unlikely to anywhere else." You can also be reasonably sure of finding a chair, a table to lean on, a drink of your choice, and a ceiling as to the size of the gathering and the crowding. Bar cons just have a lot going for them... But they take a lot of financing, which is one reason I have less interest in conventions now than I used to have. I used to have money for such things. Others can get along peachily without the bar-con. I have had to get along without it, and I always found the enjoyment factor to plummet.

No, no one wants to tell Dave Wixon about Stobcler. You tell him. I'll be listening...

"In my line of work, nobody is likely to care whether I might have once killed someone." For a hitman's...

Yes, you do have a "practically infinite capacity" for putting off housework, don't you. I remember that when we were both living in Duarte back in the late sixties and early seventies it was pretty easy to spot when you were doing housework. A congo line of neighborhood kids with cartons and cartons of empty bottles would march down the street to the supermarket to cash them in as their payment for being part of the bulldozer crew to help clean out your apartment. It was always a dead giveaway. That, plus my invitation to the party you would be throwing on the next night.

My own style with housework is to fight disorder without undue concern about dirt. A place for everything, and everything in it's place when you're not using it. This isn't too hard to do when you're not especially bothered by dust, as you can always tell where the item came from...

If God is as he is sometimes depicted to be, "I might acknowledge him" but "I wouldn't worship him." Good point. For example, I can't see doing any worshipping if there exists a God who believes in visiting the sins of the fathers upon the sons, or an angry and vengeful God, or a God who believes His mysterious ways beyond our capacity or requirement for understanding. I don't know as I even care for any of it too much as storytelling.

In the books you read you go for character and dialog and relationships. However, in your one to five rating system you didn't define what "2" means to you. Not that I can't guess, but your definition will be specific. I like the definitions applied to the scale. 1) barely readable, 3) a very readable book that you don't think would disappoint anyone interested in that general class, but probably isn't worth making a special search for, 4) an excellent book that you'd recommend to anyone who likes the particular class of book, and 5) a Classic. And you're usually not going to finish a "1", and there aren't that many you think deserve a "5." That's a solid basis for a numbered rating system. Just give me your words for defining a "2."

"Recommended if you're interested in that sort of thing." Useful comments like this could be coded...

"As usual, there's the obligatory scene where his protagonist is beaten to a pulp, but I'm getting familiar enough with Francis by now that I can usually cope with that sort of thing fairly well. I'd just as soon he left it out, but apparently he at least thinks that's what the public likes, and for all I know he's right." That's good reviewing. You're saying Francis isn't making this act integral to the story. It's tipped in.

Let me see if I understand the thrust of this one book you review, by Eleanor Cameron. The idea was to clear a man who had been accused of murder and executed by Napoleon, and at the end the fellow is indeed cleared "too late to do him any good, but helpful to his reputation." His reputation, David? And you say this is all brought up by the ghost of the man's daughter. I see. Have you read anything more like THE PRINCESS BRIDE lately? No? That's too bad...

I am going to leave you now. You put through a lotta good shit, Loquacio.

MIKE HORVAT

Hi, there. Welcome again. Sorry we weren't able to get you in when Ed Cagle first suggested it, and sorry the Post Office decided to shove a Volkswagen up your spine the first time you had the opportunity to be in. But now here you are. In stereo, yet.

So you're now a private businessman in publishing. And also a Detective Collector, sniffing out leads to more books and fanzines.

I'm not a collector of anything, much, and I've always assumed that if I went into business for myself it would be something along the line of running a bar (I did a fair amount of bartending in the long ago, at least to the extent that I learned it was much safer there than on the other side of the bar). Of course, also in the long ago I tried collecting girls. Had an almost complete set. Now I don't like girls any longer. I like women. And sitting on the other side of the bar. What any of this has to do with publishing and collecting I haven't the faintest idea. Let's move along to some other subject. No, this way.

Fans with a decade under their shorts. We've got quite a spread here when it comes to tenure in fandom. From a couple of years or so to multiple decades. I've got twenty years, David Hulan as much, Joni a bit more. Dean and Roy somewhere around thirty or more, and Lon past fifteen I believe. Whoops, Bill Bowers is a twenty year fan. All of this tenure might be useful if we had a union.

"It is absolutely astounding how many people, from high school students to grandmothers, think that Literature is somehow separ from "Real" reading!" Another way to phrase that would be to say that tastes in reading matter are a personal thing, and what the schools perpetuate as "classics" is resultantly not to everyone's liking, nor could it be. The definition of "literature" is: "1. the production of written works having excellence of form or expression and dealing with ideas of permanent or universal interest, 2. writings in prose or verse." The second definition is objective, the first is subjective. We can both agree that something is an example of prose, and in that sense it is literature. We both might not be able to use the same example to illustrate literature by the first definition. And it wouldn't matter who agreed with you or who agreed with me. Literature by the first definition appeals to different things in people, and any attempt to be objective in measuring inherent quality can be nothing more than an attempt. Some are better than others, but they're all attempts.

Lloyd Biggle might know Billy Petit's address. I've made a note to ask him the next time I write. He had mentioned encountering him while on a speaking engagement. Or was that Billy Joe Plott (billyjoepлотоfofelikaalabama)? Memory dims...

"Plans are afoot to publish a 300 page softbound introduction to amateur journalism." What does it cover? Who wrote it?

You're after a volunteer to write an article about fandom's apas for the official organ of NAPA? I'd write it if I weren't too lazy to research, and if I didn't already have too many projects and other things to do (and at my speed, having anything to do can be a problem). But this information is not too useful to you. If it were my project to locate such an article I'd probably make a hit list of: Ray Nelson, Ted White, Bruce Pelz, Brian Earl Brown (but you'd need a coauthor), and if none of those leads panned out I'd start asking around about what decent writers come close to having enough varied experience to do the job. One look at all the apas listed in SOUTH OF THE MOON will boggle your mind. I don't think anyone could close to having experience with more than a fraction of them all. And I will not give you the name of Harry Andrushak as someone to ask. He might accept, and then there'd be a problem.

MARTY HELGESEN

Boy, I sure wouldn't want to have a name like "Latrina." Nor would I want to encounter such a name while placing an order at Burger King.

Appreciated the information on the Library of Alexandria. Interesting material.

"I'm somewhat more appalled at the dumbness of not using seat belts despite the repeated demonstrations of their effectiveness in preventing death and serious injury." Not so dumb. I wish I had all the source materials here to make reference to, but I don't, so I'll merely synthesize what currently remains in my memory holding tanks. Seat belts are excellent for turning/^{what would be} serious injuries into minor injuries, and in many instances can save your life by substituting a serious injury in exchange for death. In the big collisions, and wherever fire is concerned, seat belts will ensure that you die. Your only shot in a head-on is to be thrown clear, and getting thrown clear is not the long shot one might presume. It happens to many people, it's all that saves them, and those who wear seat belts don't have any shot at all. With burning automobiles, there is a great deal of concern on the part of safety researchers over the evidence that people wearing seat belts have a tendency to go up with the car while people who don't wear seat belts manage to scramble out to safety. One theory is that panic makes a person lose sight of the fact that seat belts have to be removed to exit the vehicle, but lumps of charcoal do not respond well to questions on the subject.

As for your comments on how dumb it is to smoke, go stand in the corner, Marty. I could go on for ten stencils about the snow job we've all been getting on the hazards of smoking, but the upshot of it all would be this statement: obviously smoking can't do anyone any good, and likely it is harmful, but there's no proof and there is a lot of supposition that has been rendered invalid. The original Surgeon General's Report was ambushed by more experts than you can shake a stick at, the old Reader's Digest scare pictures of before-and-after lung sections has been shown to be a deliberate hoax, and there is no truly serious linkage of smoking to any ailment of the heart, lung, or left forefinger. A lot of people have been snowed by the anti-smoking propaganda, even more than by the anti-marijuana propaganda. Don't feel bad about being one. You're in with a lot of good company.

Okay, good. You don't know if you could explain why you accept the existence of God, except to say that God gave you the gift of faith. How do you look upon the agnostic type who didn't similarly receive it?

"Obviously, the majority is not always right, but it seems presumptuous to say, 'I am right and the overwhelming majority of the human race is wrong,' unless one has good reasons which support one's position." I'm not saying that. I'm saying that in the absence of faith, there is no cause to believe. As for the majority, their only common belief is in the existence of a God. Their belief in His characteristics and methodology varies all over the place, with few points in common.

DEAN GRENELL

Little known favorite books. A good subject. As you know, I couldn't get into the Augustus Mandrell trilogy. While I didn't like the personality of the lead character, I found it to be actually off-putting.

Here are a few of my little known favorites.

THE ATLANTIC ABOMINATION, by John Brunner, a send-up on grade-B monster movies but Brunner's tongue is just ever so faintly stuck in his cheek. COSMIC CHECKMATE, by Charles DeVet and Katherine MacLean, a short novel based on the better-known novelet SECOND GALE, where the story line is okay hackwork but the interaction over an alien chess-like game is immense fun. NIGHT OF LIGHT, by Phil Farmer, which is the best blend of fantasy and science fiction I've run across; the pivotal interface is religion. FIRST ON MAPS, by Rex Gordon, a rivoting novel virtually without dialog by an

author whose writing quality decreased by half with each succeeding novel. SHADOWS IN THE SUN, by Chad Oliver, a novel which made me better appreciate the things which can be appreciated in this world, and my choice for his 2nd best novel (WINDS OF TIME being the obvious choice for best). LIVING WAY OUT, by Wyman Guin, FIRST PERSON PECULIAR, by Tom Sherred, and THE THIRD LEVEL, by Jack Finney, my three favorite short story collections by my choices for the three best short-story writers in science fiction (though some are novelets...). And DR. FUTURITY, my favorite of the Phil Dick novels.

The LEGA wasn't up to par, but that's sort of like saying that screwing while standing up isn't as good as most other ways.

JACKIE CAUSGROVE

I remember you. You're the one I just fixed a cup of coffee for, and you're sitting behind me right now while drinking it. Good morning. Awake yet?

I see that two mailings back there was a statement in the OO that you disagree with. I thought this was why we both reviewed it before going to press... As opposed to reading it and noting points of disagreement to be mentioned later on.

You're curious about why Bruce Arthurs scribbled "The Joseph Nicholas Story" on the reverse of those Heavy Metal postcards? "Greetings from... a universe of mystery ... a universe of magic ... a universe of sexual fantasies ... a universe of decay and destruction ... a universe of awesome good ... a universe of terrifying evil ... a step beyond science fiction." I dunno, adding: "The Joseph Nicholas Story" after those words seemed somehow appropriate...

"Has it caused you any strain to stick to one" fanzine title "for such a lengthy period?" No, as a matter of fact the strain occurs when I change titles. Or shortly afterwards.

"Your pun on Official Organ would seem better directed in Suzi's direction than in Joni's." In an earlier mailing I'd gotten off on a shtick concerning variations of meaning on the term 'Official Organ,' and this occurred in a mailing comment to Joni. Later on I made the pun (was it a pun?), and that's why it got directed where it did. I suspect that no one except myself remembered the earlier piece of wordwhipping.

Yes, people have different burn-out points on various things. I don't usually incur burnout because I have a tendency to avoid overindulging, but it does happen. I got burned out on M*A*S*H because I fell into the habit of watching it and out of pure laziness did not kick the habit until I burned out. I can burn-out on conventions because such a point can be reached right in the middle of one, whether I've attended any others that year or not. Last year I burned out on parties after attending three of the five Cincy New Year's extravaganzas, three right's running. My tendency, though, is to shy away when I sense the burn-out point approaching, instead of going through burn-out and then abstaining.

"I don't view FLAP as a type of Open House event, where people come and go and I can merely sit back and sip my drink with a silly grin on my face." As it happens, that doesn't sum up my viewpoint, either, but we could make quite an exercise out of listing the ways in which we do not view FLAP. For example, I do not view FLAP as being: 1. a pack of dogs working to tree a raccoon, 2. a Tupperware party, 3. a group of skydivers being blown over Lake Erie, or 4. a gondola that has been set aflame. I suspect that everyone can feel free to choose their own metaphor, if it suits them to do so.

Some of my best friends are "Dirty Old Ladies"...

I saw a demonstration of a color Xerox machine many years ago. I don't remember what it cost then, but I do remember it was e*x*p*e*n*s*i*v*e. I have no idea whether or not it still is. One thing I found interesting about the machine was that it could mix colors to give you results totally different than that of the original, if it interested you to play around with color-mixing.

I didn't have any quibble with the age of the sorcerer's apprentice in DRAGONSLAYER, but I didn't feel the fellow in the role represented the best casting. Not bad, but they could have made a much better movie with someone else.

"I would assume that hetro males would feel somewhat wary when meeting overt homosexuals, whereas when dealing with hetro males that wariness would be gone." That would appear to usually be the case, but my own reaction is that I am amused when in the presence of a homosexual male. I don't treat them poorly, or go into a shtick, but I usually find the encounter interesting enough to be amusing. The same applies to encounters with homosexual females, military personnel, great numbers of science fiction fans encountered at conventions, people who can't say hello to someone without laying hands on them, "authority" types, and a great variety of others. I think the key here is that I do find such encounters interesting. I am "wary" at other types of encounters, as for example when I find myself in a group of people who bear a different mindset. I very seldom feel ill at ease in any one-on-one, but one-on-many can be discomfoting if I am the "one." The reverse of that is interesting, too. If I'm one of the "many," I tend to be on the "side" of the "one" if that person displays discomfort at the encounter.

"...as far as I'm concerned, funeral directors, embalmers, and cemetary workers would all be better off in another line of work anyway. Basing one's living on the deaths of other people seems a ghoulish way of doing things." Shit, Jackie, you want them to lie where they drop...?

I agree. Visiting gravesites doesn't fit my view of things, either. Something that does is to break out old photographs and have a session of reminiscence concerning someone who is no longer alive. Sometimes I tie that in with a person's birthday, and sometimes it just occurs to me and I do it. I guess you could say it serves the same purpose as visiting a gravesite -- honoring a person's memory -- but it "works" for me and visiting a gravesite never did.

I liked Study Halls in school. Allowed me to get my homework and studying done during school hours, so I would rarely have to bring it home.

Locking a door does discourage the amateur burgler, who plays a numbers game and moves on to the easier pickings. Double-locking a door has the same effect on the professional burgler (one skilled at picking locks, at any rate). Locking doors in general does not discourage anyone who is committed, but is a good policy in view of the fact that the commitment on the part of the burgler is to search out the easy pickings.

Dean Grennell can tell some horror stories about travelling fans, too. I published one of them, in the long ago,

I suppose you could view me as "carrying a heavy load as it is" based on your tendency "to look at things negatively." I try to avoid looking at things either negatively or positively, but rather in terms of the way things are and the effect that I can have on them, and as a consequence don't share the view that I'm carrying a heavy load. Except around my waist...

Bye, now. I'm going to run off and see Becky.

BECKY CARTWRIGHT

Hi, Unicorn. How's the Drunk?

No, no, while Kent was inspecting the catbox during his visit we did inquire periodically as to his well-being. He would respond with a muffled but gritty-sounding "fine" each time. However, we didn't know that he was in the catbox. Afterwards the cat noticed but, being friendly, didn't especially seem to mind.

Enjoyed the pictures. Hadn't encountered Judy's countenance before. I have a thought here which I'll throw out to everyone: what do you think of the idea of everyone digging out a photo, on the smallish side, to send to me for doing a photo-page or three to be run behind the OO in some future mailing? If enough aren't interested enough to send a photo, I'll dump the thought.

BILL BOWERS

You're trying to determine an approach to mailing comments. Well, let's see. If you won't reread, won't comment as you read, won't make notes in the zine, and won't make checkmarks, how about keeping a notepad handy while you're reading? Just for tickler notations, or to refer you back to the comment hook.

I too have a tendency to reread my own writing. I think I'm searching for objectivity, or at least to get a distance away from my outlook at the time I created the material.

Mailing comments should be comprehensible, generally speaking, if you've read the material being commented on or not. Group spirit, however, can create ingroup references and running gags, but that's the problem of the person who wants to send his apazine to an outside mailing list.

"...the amount of extremely explicit, public, physical affection (and not all of it hetro) prevalent at certain midwestern conventions--" Not my bag. I do it on the occasion when I feel moved to do it, which I presume should be anyone's motivation. The Italians do it because it's part of their heritage. I feel that too many fans have taken it up because it feels ingroup to do so, and the view from here is that they have demeaned it to the level of the handshake. One of these days I'm going to be at a con and join in on the huggy-kissy session, giving everyone I know who is in the party a big ol' squeaky-fart hug, and then go hug two bystanders to temper the display.

Not all of my friends like each other, either, but I consider that natural and don't worry about it. I'm certain Rusty is a well-meaning fellow, possessed of numerous good qualities. The first time I met him was when he attended a party at my house, and I think we must have exchanged about six words all evening. The next time we met was at a Confusion, where he laid eyes on me and immediately began unloading a shitbox of advice on how I should act, not act, or otherwise conduct my affairs. I was incredulous. No doubt he's a fine fellow in many ways, but I don't want to have anything to do with him. I would have to take too much 'into account' to pursue a friendly relationship, and I can encounter millions of interesting people where that much effort wouldn't be required.

LON ATKINS

I had never considered writing as "a retreat of calm," but now that you mention it I realize that it often is that for me. It's also a place to collect my thoughts, but then I guess those two facets would go hand in hand.