

FR 572

The Old Oaken Windmill # 32, being the 13th FR of the 44th Cycle of the CULT

ACTIVE MEMBERS of the CULT

573 ## 571 572 nxtFR (all dates 1989, except Lynch's FR 573, which is 1988)

- PUB 01 no yes DEC26 Dick LYNCH POBox 1270 Germantown MD 20874 (NEXT PUB)(1988)
- 02 f/r f/r JAN16 Cathy FitzSIMMONS 1213 West Lafayette Ottawa IL 61350
- OUT 03 NO! NO! FEB06 Johnny LEE 3705 Cedar Hill Houston TX 77093
- Y 04 yes NO! FEB27 Gregg TREND 16594 Edinborough Detroit MI 48219
- Y 05 yes yes MAR20 John P CONLON 52 Columbia St Newark OH 43055
- Y 06 f/r yes APR10 Megret STULL, OA, 54349 O'Keefe Road Dowagiac MI 49047
- 07 NO! NO! MAY01 Awkg WEINSTEIN 859 North Mountain #18G Upland CA 91786
- 08 p/c yes MAY22 Howard DEVORE 4705 Weddell St Dearborn Heights MI 48125
- Y 09 yes yes JUN12 Dal COGER 1433 West Crestwood Dr Memphis TN 38119
- Y 10 yes NO! JUL03 Debra METCALF 15 Cardinal Court West Nyack NY 10994
- Y 11 no yes JUL24 Dian CRAYNE 1717 Sixth St Manhattan Beach CA 90266
- 12 FR NO! AUG14 Marie BARTLETT-SLOAN 834 W Lakeside Pl Chicago IL 60640
- 13 no FR SEP04 George SCITHERS PO Box 8243 Philadelphia PA 19101-8243

ASSOCIATE MEMBER of the CULT

- 01 NO! NO! Michael J WHITE PSC Box 3014 Misawa Air Base APO San Francisco CA 96519 LI

ACTIVE WAITING LIST of the CULT

- 01 no yes Michael SHERCK 17688 Auten Road Granger IN 46530
- Y 02 yes NO! Richard COURT 415 South Dixie Drive Vandalia OH 45377
- Y 03 yes NO! Joyce SCRIVNER PO Box 7620 Minneapolis MN 55407
- 04 f/r NO! Warren SALOMON CityNatBankBldg #750 25 West Flagler St Miami FL 33130
- 05 yes yes Alan LANKIN 4 East Mt Pleasant Av Philadelphia PA 19119

INACTIVE WAITING LIST of the CULT

- 01 no no Mike GLYER 5828 Woodman Av #2 Van Nuys CA 91401
- 02 yes no Richard Allen Jervis PO Box 743 Notre Dame IN 46556

HOT PROSPECTS for the CULT

- Y 3 Don Fitch 3908 Frijo Avenue Covina CA 91722
- Y 2 Milt Stevens 7234 Capps Avenue Reseda CA 91335

LEE, WEINSTEIN, and WHITE are in LIMBO!, and must either have f/rationalized on or before 1988 December 05, or get clemency from the OA, or be dropped in Lynch's FR. TREND, METCALF, BARTLETT-SLOAN, COURT, SCRIVNER, and SALOMON all Must Write (or f/rationalize) to Lynch's FR. Lynch announces possible Late-Pub; nevertheless letters must reach him by 1988 December 24. SCRIVNER received clemency from the OA

I assumed that anyone interested in being Official Arbiter of Our Little Group wouldn't have to be reminded to file with the 13th Member (viz, me) by my letter-deadline-date. I also assumed that someone would be interested in running for the office. Apparently I was wrong in one (or both) of those assumptions. Consequently, there is NO self-nominated candidate for the OAc; and so write-in votes (but only for Members) are permitted this time around. LYNCH is the Teller; a plurality will elect. STULL, as current OA, loses any tie involving her; she resolves any other tie. And she continues to serve as OA until LYNCH announces the results. (By tradition and various OAish Rulings, the Teller announces

who voted, and how many votes each candidate received; he does NOT announce who voted for whom.) Deadline for voting is LYNCH's letter-deadline-date unless the current OA should Rule otherwise. Anyone interested in being OA, please emit a f/rational to that effect At Once!

DICK LYNCH wrote:

Dear George & Others,

I'd just sent off my letter for FR 572 when the letter f/r from Joyce Scrivner arrived downstairs. Too late to retrieve my letter for a postscript, but here's an addendum:

According to her letter xOA Scrivner (and perhaps others from what I've read) seems to think that the NOLAcon Fan Programming Track (which I was co-developer of) was responsible for reserving time for the annual Seance. Folks, it ain't so! Special events like the Seance, WOOF collation, First Fandom Meeting, etc. were earmarked for the Special Events Track, not the Fan Programming Track. Any correspondence sent to NOLAcon concerning events like that should have wound up in the hands of Fred Patten of LASFS, who was supposed to be handling that track; please direct your future inquiries at him (assuming that NOLAcon itself doesn't edify you). And I'm out of room again. . . .

Best to all - - - Dick

DICK LYNCH also wrote:

Dear George & Cult,

Well, it's been a long time since I last published a FR. Next one is finally mine, so I better take the opportunity now to announce:

L*A*T*E P*U*B

I hope it isn't necessary; but one never knows, especially if one is still residing in a hotel waiting for one's closing date to arrive. The computer is still packed away up in Frederick with the rest of our belongings, so I'll photocopy where possible. I see that I'm going to be teller for the OA election, so don't forget to send me your ballot (by the way, who's running this time, anyway?). [So far, no one. --- GHS]

Other old business: The above address (if George prints it with the letter)[No, but it's on the Roster, above. --- GHS] is in fact the mailing address the current OA referred to in her recent f/r; Dian unfortunately did not include it in my letter to her FR, but since we're still at the Imperial Inn, the mail isn't being disrupted. At least for a while; we've finally decided on a permanent place to stay, and I'm happy to tell you that my heart is beating again after a severe case of sticker shock.

Our old house in Tennessee was in a somewhat lower-middle-class neighborhood, and is going to sell at the end of November for slightly less than \$50,000. I've always maintained that living in Tennessee wasn't the greatest fate in the Universe, but it did seem to have one of the lowest costs-of-living in the country. Now here we are in the heart of Yuppie-dom -- suburban Washington DC, and you can't find even a shack for less than \$100,000. We decided on buying a townhouse just outside Gaithersburg, MD; the cost was over \$30,000. It's a nice one; three levels with a deck, fireplace, and lots of storage space. Even though we've never lived in a townhouse before, I think we'll be happy there. And it'll be easy to re-sell; if and when we decide to go somewhere else, we should be able to have sales contract on the place in less than a week.

Meanwhile, we've been pleased by the sights and sounds, and in general all the things to do in the Washington area. Getting into DC isn't a problem with the DC Metrorail system coming almost all the way

out to Germantown. [You should have heard the screaming and raving of the Highway Lobby back when they were all trying to prevent Metrorail from being built! --- GHS] We're working our way through the Smithsonian museums little by little; the American History Museum has a model home designed for the Southwest on display that wasn't much to look at from the outside but was a marvel of living space on the inside (it was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright). The Air and Space Museum has repairs going on to the concrete walkway outside the museum, which creates an enormous bottleneck to the crowds coming and going; last month there was a Robert Heinlein retrospective there that featured notables such as author Tom Clancy, but we weren't settled in enough here to attempt the trip in then. We also saw the AIDS Quilt when it was here; an impressive living, growing memorial.

Haven't been to any SF conventions since we've moved, but there was a weekend convention in this very hotel. The U.S. Orienteering Championships was [were?] held in the Great Falls area; many participants stayed here. Orienteering appears to be a blend of map and compass pathfinding, hiking, and road rally. You've got to make your way through several checkpoints to a finishing point in the shortest time; we found a map of their course, and it looked rugged -- you've got to love hiking in the wilderness to like this sport. [Just guessing, but didn't you find this crowd a lot healthier-looking, and with a lower proportion of un-kissed toads, than in fandom? --- GHS]

All for now --- Dick

GEORGE SCITHERS wrote:

It seems to me that the biggest reason the War on Drugs is going so badly is that this is the first war in our history that's being run by someone other than the President & Commander-in-Chief. Unfortunately Bush seems too dumb to realize this, and too blind-stupid-dumb to realize that putting his successor -- Quayle -- in the same job is a no-win deal: if Quayle succeeds, he makes Bush look like a loser; if he fails, he makes Bush's whole administration look like a loser.

What we really need in general elections is a "no award" choice on the ballot: if "no award" wins, then all the candidates for that office are disqualified, and the primary process starts all over again.

It isn't all that helpful to have the CULTic Seance listed in the program or otherwise announced, because all kinds of strange people show up, expecting a real seance, and . . .

Grumpily, . . . Geo Scithers

ALAN LANKIN wrote:

Dear George and CULT,

DIAN (FR570) -- Now all you need is a desktop scanner so you can publish letters without having to retype them. (Or an unlimited supply of money.) I'm still pricing IBM AT-clones.

MEG -- I wonder if the Magnetic Resonance Imaging machine could have piped-in music. Maybe the radiation from the speakers would interfere with the machine, but it would be nice if you could bring a cassette to play while you're stuck in the thing. I sure wouldn't want to be strapped down inside a machine for an hour without any distraction.

MARIE (FR571) -- Sounds like I picked a good convention to miss.

All best,
Alankin

DIAN CRAYNE wrote:

Dear George and Cult,

Life meanders along as usual; Chuck and XCS have about come to the parting of their ways and he's been interviewing hither (Torrance), thither (Irwindale), and yon (Denver). Meanwhile I'm chugging along in

the Xerox Business Products and Systems Group, documenting some of the most user-hostile software I've ever seen. Frankly, if it were shareware I wouldn't give twenty bucks for it.

I've been working on a novel (an alternate-universe fantasy) and reading a lot. In fact, I have now become one of the few people outside of English Lit who have actually read Ulysses. (Not only have I read Ulysses, I'm half-way through Finnegan's Wake.) Reading can sometimes be a lot like re-covering a chair: you know, the chair makes the curtains look so bad that you have to get new ones, and the new curtains make the rug look so bad, etc. . . . I was working my way through the Joseph Campbell mythology books and discovered he was drawing a lot of parallels to Joyce, whom I'd never read. Next I suppose I'll have to read Thomas Mann.

I also read a biography of Truman Capote and his Answered Prayers. I can understand why no one sued, but I'm sort of surprised someone didn't pay Guido and Luigi for a little personal attention. [???

I'm also reading Anne Rice's new vampire novel, Queen of the Damned, which is almost more a collection of short stories than a novel. Very good reading, however. Rice writes wonderful love affairs between her vampires.

MARIE BARTLETT-SLOAN -- Sorry to hear about the operation. I hope the in vitro fertilization turns out well.

JOYCE SCRIVNER -- It seems to me you asked a while back about the phrase "I've known him on and off." I meant to say I used to know Mike Glycer reasonably well some fifteen years ago, then I didn't see him for a few years when I lived out of town, and since then I've seen him occasionally at parties. On and off -- okay?

ALAN LANKIN -- Thus far the majority opinion on The Last Temptation of Christ seems to be that it's not really blasphemous or obscene, just not a very good movie. I'm still looking forward to seeing it. I like the book a great deal. Garden plots, hmmm? Did you grow anything?

GEORGE SCITHERS -- Hank Stine told us last week that he's taken over the operational management of the Ackerman Agency. Chuck and I told him that's a boon to suffering humanity. [I certainly hope so, but since Hank was somehow involved in the disappearance of the only copy of John Myers Myers' last novel, . . . --- GHS]

Best and all, Dian

MEGRET STULL wrote:

Dear George and Assorted Others,

Petulance warnings are back in effect. My thyroid level now tests normal; my back and gut don't seem to appreciate the increase in metabolism. About six weeks ago I was told to "stay in bed as much as possible." Three weeks ago that changed to "bed rest, hot packs, and physical therapy." My physical therapist has a strong tendency to shake his head and mutter under his breath about people who expect miracles. It's all rather depressing. No one should have inflammatory bowel disease and a bad back in the same body! What the hell, I need to lose some weight again. . . .

But I can turn the monitor and play on the computer while I'm in bed, so life isn't all bad. (I can't, however, really work on the computer right now; I'm pretty doped up. Trying to read is a disaster for the same reason.) Fortunately I've found a computer game that's mindless and absolutely eats time: Moraff's Revenge. It's crippled shareware, \$10 for the necessary code book, and well worth the money if one is stuck in bed (or otherwise has endless amounts of time to fill). It's a graphic D&D game, very much like all the other computer D&D games, with a few interesting twists. The dungeon is much better than average. The maze is truly designed in three dimensions, and it uses

every trick I have ever seen as well as a few I've never seen before. (Using the chutes in a specific pattern, for example, opens or closes other chutes deeper in the dungeon.) The characters have slightly different attributes than the average D&D. It's quite possible to have a character with all kinds of spell points (which should make him a potent magician) yet who is utterly incapable of using magic effectively since he doesn't have enough "wisdom." And there are some other twists and turns that are slightly better than average. If you see it on a BBS, pick it up.

OAic BUSINESS: Scrivner asked for and receives clemency.

Go gently, and go with God
Megret.

DAL COGER wrote:

Dear George et al.,

Since Marie's FR has not arrived I can not comment on others' writings so will discuss the books I have read or seen of late.

A Brentano's catalogue lists The Home Platen, a book of photographs and from the illustration oversized (no author shown) [Yawah, perhaps? --- GHS] but with a foreword by Jacques Cousteau at \$39.95. What a great title, a title that suggests man in interplanetary civilization looking backwards, or spacefarers nostalgic for old Terra.

When, at the paper, I got a book by Nadine Grodmimer to review, I also picked up Tad Williams's The Dragonbone Chair, \$19.95. It is Book One of MEMORY, SORROW, AND THORN; and Williams is listed as the author of Tailchaser's Song. I never heard of him or Tailchaser, nor is it likely that I will read this anytime soon. [I'm afraid this reflects on you rather than Williams: Tailchaser is very well-spoken-of in the field lately and sold over 100,000 copies in hardcovers. ---GHS] The paper didn't want a review of it, the editor saying "take it if you want it." At 654 pages this promises to be another one of the wearisome fantasies that bore my sox off. What is interesting is that the publisher as shown on the title page is DAW Books with on the reverse a small note that DAW is distributed by NAL. This must represent quite a gamble. [ah -- where have you been hiding the past few years, anyway??? DAW Books has always been distributed by NAL, and considering how well Tailchaser sold, it's hardly a gamble. --- GHS]

Just as I realize that most grand opera and ballet are no doubt of some artistic significance, and that my finding them boring is an indication that I am basically an artistic clod, I am sure that Tolkein's epic of the Rings must be great. I waded through the Hobbit and never have had an inclination to go on. [I never read The Hobbit, but I managed to get through the RING -- once. I have trouble identifying with characters just three feet tall. --- GHS] Interestingly, my mundane friends in academe who never read SF, but are enthusiastic about Tolkein, do not impress me as having much imagination anyway. And at MidWesCon 1976 at KC, I discovered in a conversation with Jim Gunn that he had never "got around" to reading Tolkein either.

Picked up at a book sale held by our Friends of the Library, Funeral Games by Mary Renault, 1st American Edition. This had appeared several years ago and completes the section of her work on Alexander (the earlier books were Fire from Heaven and The Persian Boy. [There is also a non-fiction work, with lots of illos, by Renault: The Nature of Alexander. I have it and the two earlier works, but missed Funeral Games. --- GHS] It is also her last book; she died about the time it appeared. Renault wrote a total of eight historical novels about ancient Greece, and with one exception the seven I have read have been excellent. A nurse in Britain in World War II, she moved to Cape Town after her writing successes. She had so immersed herself in Greece and

Greek culture that when she touches on homosexuality, as she occasionally does, it seems very natural. I am saving this book for the Xmas holidays.

Also given to me by the book review editor -- "it is out of date, don't bother to review it" -- Greg Bear's Eternity. Listed as the sequel to Eon, of which I happened to have a book-club edition. I dug out the first book and read it over a period of a week in the late evenings. Eon starts great and by the mid-point deteriorates to poor. I was comparing it with Clarke's Rendezvous with Rama initially, but now shall not waste time on the sequel. What went wrong? I am not sure, but the last portion of the novel seems to be only fantasy. As I age, is my ability to suspend disbelief atrophying?

Bought at the Roundtable Book Store -- "support your local independent book store" -- Rice's The Queen of the Damned, the third volume of the Vampire Chronicles. I had reviewed both Interview with the Vampire and The Vampire Lestat and enjoyed them. Haven't had time to review more than a few pages of this. [Note Dian Crayne's comments on this one, above. --- GHS]

Strange that I enjoy Rice's books about vampires and do not generally enjoy some other fantasies. Same reason that I only enjoy half a dozen operas and not others. In the latter case, it is the operas with great melodic arias, La Boheme, several of Mozart's, including The Magic Flute, and one or two of Verdi's.

[I know what you mean -- I like Carmen, The Barber of Seville, Der Rosenkavalier, Wagner's Ring, and all of J Strauss, Offenbach, and Sullivan. --- GHS]

Item of medical news on the tube: A doctor in New York who has about a hundred AIDS patients he is treating has a hypothesis that the problem is only partially HIV; the big villain (he thinks) is an evolved form of syphilis which is masked by the test for AIDS. He is treating his patients with massive doses of penicillin and penicillin-derived antibiotics. They interviewed a doctor from the Atlanta center [Center for Disease Control?] who said, in effect, that the New York doctor was full of it. He couldn't understand how anybody could believe such twaddle. [Well, if the conventional medical treatment has a 100% record of never curing the disease, it makes a great deal of sense, for both patients and physician, to try something else. I am reminded of the central Pennsylvania physician who tried treating some of the original Legionnaires who came down with what appeared to be viral pneumonia with a strong antibiotic. He cured most of his patients -- having hit upon an antibiotic that was later found to be the best way to treat Legionnaires' Disease. If it had been viral pneumonia, the antibiotic would have done no good -- but then, it wouldn't have done any harm, either. Or --

JEWISH GRANDMOTHER: I have here some chicken soup.

DOCTOR: But he's already dead.

J.G.: So it wouldn't hurt to try.

--- GHS]

Thanksgiving we celebrated with a number of other members of my Unitarian fellowship at a church basement potluck. About twenty of us there. Those without family nearby. Over coffee and pumpkin pie a recently widowed biochemist, an old friend, and I were discussing science; and I asked if he was familiar with the work of Jay Gould, a Harvard biologist and stout advocate of evolution. I have subscribed for years to Natural History magazine, and Gould has a regular column therein, which he collects occasionally into books. My friend knew his work and told me Gould made his reputation in snails and went on to point out that he is a good example of the fallacy of condemning

specialization. The specialist, he said, has to realize the complexity of the layers of information he has to penetrate before he arrives at the frontier where he can make an original contribution to knowledge. For that very reason he is better able to synthesize in other spheres of knowledge and avoid simplistic insights into complex problems.

Interesting contrast between Gould, whose style in science I would call pedantic, and the New York doctor with the AIDS, patients whose style is clearly empirical and in the tradition of those earlier physicians who regarded theory with suspicion. [And well they should: for nearly a thousand years, Galen's utter twaddle was the leading theory of medicine. --- GHS]

Happy holidays to all
Dal Coger

HOWARD DEVORE wrote:

Dear George,

I thought I'd sent Marie a letter; turns out it was a postcard, so here we go again.

MEG, you think you had trouble with a CULTic meeting place? I'm trying to get a \$200 refund outa New Orleans. I finally wrote to Guidry at his home and perhaps that will do it. I really don't want to hunt him down at MidWesCon and whup his ass. In my old age I've grown kind a gentle unless it involves money.

RICHARD COURT, you're not the only one putting on weight. I've been feeling poorly for months and spend my time napping, but consoled myself that I wasn't gaining weight at least; checked in August and I hadn't changed since retirement. For years I'd been weighing on the mail scale at the post office and we didn't have a bathroom scale -- so last week I stopped at the post office and discovered I've added another ten pounds. I bought a scale the following day and tell myself that I'm cutting down on various foods now.

The Toxic Avenger sounds like a typical Detroit scene. Candice has had more problems. When she bought the house six years ago it was somewhat run down and the city had temporarily suspended house inspections. [. . .] I've replaced a broken toilet, some woodwork, and think I can take care of a minor basement leak; but in my present condition I just can't do much. The house needs a lot of cleaning, etc., painting, etc., and I just don't see how she can manage it in the spare time she has.

I suspect that what I have is a lingering case of stomach flu, abdominal pains, etc., to the point where last night I called my mother to ask if she knew if I'd had my appendix out. If so it was done during a hernia operation 46 years ago, and frankly neither one of us has a memory quite that good.

[Howard, it sounds to me as if age is catching up with you -- as it does to all of us -- and as if you are suffering from what is an often fatal condition: retirement boredom. Please walk -- rapidly -- to a good physician, have him go over you very thoroughly, get him to tell you how to stay alive -- and then do it. What worked for you up to now isn't working for you now, nor should you be surprised that this is so. I speak from some experience . . . --- GHS]

Yours, Howard

MICHAEL SHERCK wrote:

Dear George and Other Exalted Members of the Glorious Cult;

I'm starting the fifth week on my new job this coming Monday; I can't say that it's been the most exciting part of my life up until now. During these past four weeks I've been in the South Bend office precisely three days: the rest of the time has been spent in a Ghuforsaken little burg called Stamford CT, on Long Island Sound just north

of New York. *sigh* LaGuardia airport stinks. Manhattan streets stink. Stamford stinks. The hotel has an almost perfect record so far -- I've been there four weeks and they've screwed up the bill three times! A hotdog and a Coke for lunch casts \$6.50. \$6.50 for Godssake -- how do people stand it out there? These people all have brain damage. . .

I got Asimov's Prelude to Foundation from the library yesterday. It's funny, but with other writers you can see how they have changed over the years. To my ear, Asimov hasn't changed a bit from the original FOUNDATION series, except that he's gotten a bit racier. Two characters actually kiss in this story -- wow! I wonder how far he'll go next time? [I understand that Asimov is deliberately copying his 1950s style when adding to that series -- but how different that is from his 1988, non-copied style, I do not know. --- GHS]

I've read a lot of books this past month (as you can imagine, having all that hotel time in Stamford). For the more physically-minded there were Superstrings: A Theory of Everything? and The Planetary System, a new textbook on planetary astronomy, along with the new update to the old (but still outstanding) Von Braun book History of Rockets and Space Travel. The new one has been completely updated and is an excellent overview. Superstrings is dull as only a physics book can be, while The Planetary System is loaded with facts and a generous helping of the "new scientific awareness of morality." Not to state that some of the facts are wrong; the planetary stuff is (so far as I can tell) correct; it's the effort to place all this into some fuzzy-headed social-awareness context that's screwed up. For instance, the book states that the Soviets never engaged in a race to the Moon, This is so patently absurd (having been previously disproven by a number of unrelated sources) that one wonders whose ass Morrison and Owen have their heads up this time? I suppose its laudable that the "pure science" types are at least trying to think of the social consequences of their work, but couldn't they at least proofread the crap? [Of course not; that would interfere with the Revealed Wisdom about Russia, or whatever. --- GHS]

More to the point, I read a new (at least, new to me) collection of Zelazny's stuff: The Last Defender of Camelot. The title story I've seen before (and it's still one of his best!)[Yeah, I know: I bought it when he first circulated it. --- GHS] and some of the other stuff was in collections I already have, but Zelazny has a remarkable ability to keep surprising me, and I read the book straight through.

George, when are you going to do a follow-on to the Tales from the Spaceport Bar collection that I enjoyed so much last year? Something along that sort of line would be great. Either that or sign Zelazny up for another anthology. [Funny you should mention that . . . Darrell Schweitzer and I just got the delivery & acceptance payment for Another Round from the Spaceport Bar about two periods ago. NAL is hastening it into production even as you read this. --- GHS]

MARIE: re FR 571: What happened to Gary Bateman, who had a letter printed in FR 570? Did he not drop a postcard to Meg or what? Also, I thought that Donald Lee was supposed to be stuck back at the bottom of the IWL? Also, I didn't do an f/r this period -- the last one I did was for 569. Your mail must be even slower than mine is! Nice FR, though. Thanks for not dropping out on me, despite all you were doing with NolaCon and WindyCon and suchlike. Your list of foul-ups at NolaCon reads almost like a schedule of things not to do for a successful con! Good luck on your surgery. I hope that it went successfully and not too painfully.

DEBI: Frankly, the housing situation is pretty silly right now. Our

buyers didn't get approval for the loan, so the place is back on the market. Ever try selling a house between Thanksgiving and New Year? The realtor didn't even advertise it this time around and probably won't until after the holidays. We're selling the place because, frankly, it's too expensive. We can afford it but only at the price of giving up other things like vacations and braces for the kid's teeth and other mundane trivialities. I didn't care too much for Greg Bear's characters either; but as you pointed out, the action was fun! For my money, Gregory Benford is still the better writer in most respects but Bear deserves watching.

RICHARD COURT: You, sir, tell some of the most charming stories. Think of it as a great background for that detective novel you're going to write one of these days. . . . I got some more old books from my sister-in-law's mother-in-law last week. Hardcover this time, and not really "old" stuff, but welcome all the same. This lot is mostly early '70s stuff by Poul Anderson, David Gerrold, John Brunner, etc.

JOYCE: Do you have a computer bulletin board, or were you referring to the antiquated sort with tacks and yellowing announcements posted on a wall?

OMNES: Since I'll be in the Stamford-New York area for the next couple of months, where are the interesting SF bookstores? [the SF Shop, at 56 Eighth Avenue, NYC. --- GHS] Any other interesting fannish things out that-a-way?

Michael Sherk

JOHN CONLON wrote:

The Concluding George, 13th of the Cycle:

Marie did a good rundown of a messed-up con, which may have had its own redeeming features.

I went to ConText I, held where early MarCons were, and shot a lot of bull. Hal Clement, C.J. Cherryh, Lois Bujold, and many others of note were on hand. Good show. I bought an amateur pub from an AF-based fan group due to its having a short bit of poetry by the Die-Hard. Decent. All in all, not a waste of cash and time. Two poor souls in electric chairs of the wheeled kind, and several folk 2 axe-handles across "le cul." Always someone worse off than me. A T-shirt noted in Gothic caps: "MANURE OCCURETH."

Those who saw "In Line of Duty" the 27th are recommended to buy the Jan/Feb ish of American Handgunner for the coverage in detail of the Miami Massacre. This happened to decently trained and equipped lawmen who knew they were tailing urban wolves of the worst kind. They may have been going to read Miranda cards, but time did not allow, as the wolves came out firing to kill. For people under all sorts of restraints, the FBI did not do badly, but the Matix-Platt team were killers and the FBI were not, exactly. Matix may have had his wife and another lab tech killed at a Columbus hospital in 1985 for a big insurance payoff. For what good it did him.

Court's departed client may have thought those two guys were real FBI, and they do not fire first. He thought he was dealing with real law instead of a couple "enforcers." Famous last words. They'd have been nicer to kill Smith instead of mess him up.

All this should advise the Cult that our society has all sorts of odd things crawling in the woodwork. Teddy Bears, and Matixes. Gang warily, and recall if some of our big crooks felt they had a need for nukes, they'd find a way.

The media have been crowing about the NRA's loss in Maryland. [Conlon includes a photocopy of a hysterical article in Gun Week. As I see it, the NRA have been on good terms with policemen for many many years -- until a pack of raving maniacs took control of the NRA and

started pushing utterly insane policies such as opposing bans on cop-killer bullets and pistols that can be smuggled past airport detectors -- and then, to their immense surprise, they find that policemen no longer support the NRA. So nu? --- GHS]

Bujold and hubby read my one Korean chapter I brung. He being a vet of Korea, mid-'60s, felt it was decent but traveloguey. She couldn't get into the hero's head. I mailed it to Presidio Press. Asked for comment if they did not like it. Maybe young enough to start over. Maybe . . .

I voted for the "besser" of the lessers and hope he does not fall through the rim. His one year as CIA chief is quoted as if he were Alan Pinkerton, our first trained agent. Poorly. One would think he ran OSS also and flew from carriers as a cover. Idiots galore. Dukakis is back home trying to clean the dreck out of Boston Hahbuh.

Enough of this hand-operated guvna . . . Take care.

as usual
old manually inscribing Smokey

✓ Actually knocked off to see "Buster Keaton" on PBS and news at 1100. Arafat still ain't visited and maybe could see Sanctuary and get snuck in as a Meskin or Sandinista . . . Shame on us.

J P C