

This is **FR599**, the First Fantasy Rotator for the 47th Cycle of THE CULT.

<u>Member</u>	<u>Next Pub</u>	<u>598</u>	<u>599</u>	<u>Membership Roster</u>
01	03/25/91	p/c	PUB	Dick Lynch, P.O. Box 1270, Germantown, MD 20875
02	07/16/90	p/c	p/c	Cathy FitzSimmons, 1213 W. Lafayette, Ottawa, IL 61350 (NEXT PUB)
03	08/06/90	yes	NO!	Michael Sherck, 53361 Hickory Road, South Bend, IN 46637
04	08/27/90	NO!	NO!	Gregg Trend, 16594 Edinborough, Detroit, MI 48219
05	09/17/90	yes	NO!	John P. Conlon, 52 Columbia, Newark, OH 43055
06	10/08/90	NO!	f/r	Richard Jervis, P.O. Box 743, Notre Dame, IN 46556
07	10/29/90	yes	p/c	AW/KG, c/o Weinstein, 859 N. Mountain #18-G, Upland, CA 91786
08	11/19/90	NO!	yes	Howard DeVore, 4705 Weddell St., Dearborn Hts., MI 48125
09	12/10/90	NO!	yes	Dal Coger, 1433 West Crestwood Drive, Memphis, TN 38119
10	12/31/90	NO!	yes	Richard Court, 415 South Dixie Drive, Vandalia, OH 45377
11	01/21/91	f/r	NO!	Joyce Scrivner, P.O. Box 7620, Minneapolis, MN 55407
12	02/11/91	yes	NO!	Don Fitch, 3908 Frijo, Covina, CA 91722
13	03/04/91	PUB	yes	George H. Scithers, P.O. Box 8243, Philadelphia, PA 19101-8243

Active Waitlist

01	yes	NO!	David Tausch, P.O. Box 2848, Murfreesboro, TN 37133
02	NO!	yes	Frank Denton, 14654 8th Avenue SW, Seattle, WA 98166
03	NO!	NO!	Dawn Roth-Henry, 1020 Courtney #A, Dayton, OH 45431
04	NO!	yes	Robin Beal, 2205 Frisch Road, Madison, WI 53711
05	yes	NO!	Salomon/Moonface, 25 W. Flagler Street #750, Miami, FL 33130

Inactive Waitlist

01	-	yes	Dick Smith, 17 Kerry Lane, Wheeling, IL 60090
02	-	yes	Marie/Kirby Bartlett-Sloan, 1031 S. Lyman, Oak Park, IL 60304

Speculation

Roger Sims, 34 Creekwood Square, Cincinnati, OH 45246

Next Publisher: kT FitzSimmons, who has announced LatePub.

Limbo: Trend and Roth-Henry.

Must Write: Sherck, Conlon, AW-KG, Scrivner, Fitch, Tausch, and Salomon/-Moonface. Trend and Roth-Henry also fit this description, but Limbo takes precedence. FitzSimmons would be here too, but she's NextPub.

New OA: The votes are in, with everybody voting except Coger and Fitch. **Cathy FitzSimmons**, as expected, was the winner and is the new OA; she received 7 votes, vs. one each for the Gang of Four: Lynch, Jervis, Coger, and Scithers.

It's nice to have an IWL again, though neither of the two new recruits is new blood. Dick Smith was a member when I first joined, way back in the early 400's, while Marie (and Kirby, who was often mentioned) has only been gone less than 10 FRs. Roger Sims is welcomed also, or rather, he will be once he has a letter published; he gave me a request to join at MidWestCon, but didn't have time to write a full letter. He'll get a copy of this FR, and I hope he'll contribute to the next.

The Soon-To-Be-XOA Writes:

Hello, all. Midwestcon was last weekend as I write this, but *alas* fewer Cult members than I expected were at the convention, so the seance didn't break any records in attendance. I have to wonder what happened to Sherck and Jervis, both of whom were planning to attend from what I've read here in the past month or two. No Court. No Trend. No Roth-Henry (and I note we STILL don't know where her tattoo is). No Smokey. Only four of us were there -- myself, Howard, Dal, and kT, but as you can see, we gained two IWLers, and maybe a third.

A few comments:

Don Fitch "Would the new cat be Show Quality with a slightly shorter tail?" Nope; the kink at the end of the tail is a congenital defect, which disqualifies the cat. Surgical alterations, including de-clawing, tail-bobbing, and even neutering also disqualify. But if she were Show Quality, the breeder would never have given her to us.

Richard Jervis "Lets see a xerox of the beastie." We don't have a photo of her that will copy very well. But imagine, if you will, a Lynx, complete with tufts on the ears and oversize paws, that's about 1/3 normal size but with a long, bushy tail and sweet temperament; that's what a Maine Coon Cat is like.

Let's see what **Dick Smith** has to say...

Dick & Cult --

The trouble with writing the first Cult letter is that there is so little to say. One can promise to publish when instant-pub falls (quite shortly, given the extremely weak state of the roster), but other than that there is really little to say. In this case, as Exult, I suppose I should pray for the speedy departure of Number Six, that is, whomever is holding that formerly exalted position... But not yet... Wait a bit, and then drop out.

But that's silly, as is, after all, most of the Cultic Ritual. And one, that is, I, can't write a useful, meaningful letter, until I can read for a while and figure out what is going on. And who is suing sho.

To move on to some reality...

I'm going to blame my not writing this letter for 7 weeks on you, Dick, since it was you and Nicki who suggested going off touring during Corflu. Not that it was bad... I enjoyed the subway loop around East-side Manhattan, but I was exhausted after the con, and I think that tourism was part of it. When Leah and I got back from New York, I was feeling so lousy that I spent the next two days home sick, and then had to catch up from that.

{{ I came down sick after Corflu, too, but whatever it was (sore throat & chest cold), it stayed with

me for about two weeks. I was going to just tough it out, but right about then Jim Henson died of a bacterial infection; I visited the doctor twice before I was free of that particular Plague. }}

And work is heck, too, but I won't go into that.

Part of this complaining about no time comes from two fannish projects which are in progress at the Smith's.

The first of these is preparation for the Worldcon in The Hague. I don't expect the con itself to be difficult -- the problem is trying to figure out just what to see and where to see it in the two weeks that Leah and I have allocated for tourism after the con. We'll spend some time with Dutch friends post-con, but the problem vexing us is the decision on what else to do. Neither Leah nor I want to do the "if it's Thursday this must be Oberamergan"tour that some of our friends are planning, so we're trying to figure out distances in the Benelux and pick between the various tourist traps offered in a pile of literature we've gathered from the government travel agents. Sometime in July we'll get all this down on paper so we'll have plans which we can change once we get there.

{{ Well, we're planning to spend three days in Amsterdam before the convention, then visit Czechoslovakia afterwards. We still have about two days unprogrammed, so maybe we'll go to Brussels on the way back to the Amsterdam airport. }}

The other project is preparation for Ditto 3, the fanzine con {{ the other one }} which we're going to have in Chicago's suburbs in October. I think we've heard enough strange ideas... and the task ahead is now to winnow them. I've signed the hotel agreements a while back, and I only worry a little about having enough people to make the room block we need. The con, by the way, is October 5-7, and the Cult will receive flyers from me shortly.

On to business. I promise to publish as required. I will not sue anyone unless they deserve it. I won't even threaten death against the current #6. Maybe there is another number?

Is there a copy of the current Cultstitution which may be spared? {{ Check with George. }} I'd like to catch up on 7 years of amendments.

Best, or worst,
/s/ Dick Smith

This seems to be a good spot to stop and collate the letters that have arrived. I note that a letter from **Trend** arrived today, but it was dated two days after my PubDate, and I'm no longer OA. So I'll pass it on to kT.

Meanwhile, nothing much else going on. I'm glad I don't live in Phoenix.

Best to all...

Wick

Owlswick Press

Box 8243

Philadelphia

PA 19101



1990 June 11

To: the CULT via Dick LYNCH

Herewith, a letter and clipping from Robin Beal that has apparently been following FReds for a while without catching up with their pubdates.

I shipped off a copy of the CULTstitution to Robin, as requested and all. More are available on request.

DeVore's troubles remind me that I went through a heart catherization last summer . . . the biggest problem is that one has to lie pretty still for 10-12 hours after the procedure in order to let the incision -- into an artery -- heal so that you won't leak blood all over the place. In my case, it was to find if there was heart damage that caused my spell of atrial fibrillation last summer. Apparently it wasn't the cause . . . the doctor at Deborah Heart & Lung Center -- where the procedure was done -- said that a substantial percentage of such (atrial firbillation) are idiopathic, which is Latin for "the doctor can't find out why."

Another rainy weekend. That makes about 16 in a row.

The book Anita is just about to go to press; a collection of stories about the young witch, Anita, by Keith Roberts, a sometimes-touchy British author of great talent. Illustrations are by Stephen Fabian -- a color cover and a half-dozen interior drawings. I did the typesetting on my laser printer, using Ventura to drive it (Ventura is the only way I've found to go from Bitstream type fonts to a Xerox 4045 printer), doing the pages oversize at 150% of final, so that the graininess of the printer is reduced to almost-invisibility. Three more books coming up: The [complete] Adventures of Dr. Eszterhazy and Who Made the Mermaids and Other Adventures in UnHistory, both by Avram Davidson; and Three Axle Streetcars: from Boston to Basel, which is about those weird contraptions -- an uneasy compromise between the cheapness of the two-axle streetcar and the carrying capacity of the four-axle. The three-axle car was invented in teh United States, achieved some success in Boston, Reading, & Harirsburg, but were all gone in the 1920s. They were re-invented in Europe, where Swiss engineers finally made the thing workable. Augsburg and Munich still have sizeable fleets, but they are being replaced by long articulated streetcars on conventional trucks. The three-axle car is basically a two-axle car with a small set of wheels on a middle axle that steers the end axles through curves.

Hoping you are the same . . .

G the Scithers

April 18, 1990

Robin Beal
2205 Frisch Rd.
Madison, WI 53711

Joyce Scrivner
P.O. Box 7620
Minneapolis, MN 55407

Dear Joyce and Other Bastards Nasty and Nice:

David and I just returned from a very relaxing weekend at Minicon. We arrived at the Sofitel late Thursday night. Our room came complete with a bidet and *glass* glasses in the bathroom. We found the Sofitel a much mellower place than the Raddison and we were treated much better by the hotel staff. This Minicon was my 11th and I took a new approach to convention going ... I relaxed! Quite often I feel very *rushed* at conventions. Rush to get to the hotel. Rush to pick up my badge. Rush to see the art show. Rush to snarf some food stuff. Rush to get to the con suite. Rush. Rush. Rush. Selfish Mellowness was my goal and I did a great job attaining it. I ate leisurely meals. I worked out in the Sofitel health club and soaked in the empty (!) whirlpool. I TOOK TIME TO READ! I resisted all timetables and schedules with the exception of dinner reservations at the fancy restaurant in the hotel (yum). We eventually wandered away from the convention Sunday afternoon and drove home to the dog.

Richard: I went to K_Paul's when in New Orleans last. I love spicy (read *hot*) food. I started with a Cajun Martini (jalapino peppers soaked in gin) and my mouth didn't stop burning for the entire meal. I had spicy hot stuffed soft shelled crawfish for an appetizer that was the *best* crawdaddy I ever had.

Dick: I'm pleased to see that you were willing to take on an older animal with your new cat. So many older animals are destroyed because people want the young cute kittens/puppies. Our dog breeder takes back any dog that doesn't work out for the owner and places the dog with someone else. A bitch that I fell in love with last summer was recently returned because she wasn't affectionate enough for her owner. This was especially frustrating because Akitas are not know for being love-me-pet-me-love-me dogs. The dog deserves better. We would take her, but the thing Akitas are known for is agression towards other Akitas of the same sex.

George: Please send me a Cultstitution. I've lost mine years ago.

Richard: We started leaving the dog out of her crate during the day yesterday. I came home the day before and was greeted at the door by kisses and tail wags when she was supposed to be locked up. Since she didn't destroy anything too important we decided to allow her run of the house. In her first four hours of freedom (I came home for lunch) she greeted me at the door with kisses, tail wags and a scratched up nose. I *do* hope she will learn to leave the nasty cats alone.

Frank: I don't keep up with the fans in Madison (*GASP*), so I don't even

know who Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell. Sorry. I think it comes from moving to Madison to attend the University and *knew* I wouldn't (shouldn't) have time for fannish activities. That's about the time I dropped out of the Cult as well as off the face of the earth.

Howard: Re Your upcoming stress test: It could be worse! Read the the article from today's Wisconsin State Journal.

That's all for today!

WEDNESDAY BRIEFING

'Nicotine fit' brings trouble

State Journal staff

A 57-year-old Madison man who called for an ambulance Monday night in a ploy to get cigarettes delivered to his house has been charged with the misdemeanor crime of making a false alarm.

Milton Trautman, 353 W. Main St., made his initial appearance in Dane

County Circuit Court Tuesday and was ordered as a condition of his signature bond never to contact the 911 center unless he has an emergency.

According to the criminal complaint, Trautman called the 911 center and asked for an ambulance about 9 p.m. When fire department paramedics arrived, he told firefighter Pamela Schmidt he needed the department to bring him cigarettes because he was having a "nicotine fit," the complaint said.

"I just want what I have coming to me," he is accused of saying. "Everyone else uses the emergency medical service, why shouldn't I?"

If convicted as charged, Trautman faces a maximum sentence of nine months in jail and a \$10,000 fine.

Dear Dick et CULT,
Last week I got my keyboard hooked up to the
computer with a MIDI connection. It proved
successful and I was able to do a lot of
interesting musical experiments. But it looks like
in order to do more sophisticated work I would
have to get better software. And that is ~~it~~. Oh, well
Abskminously,
AW-KG

18 Jun 90

Dear Dick and Cult,

I can't say that I've got much to say this time, so it will be mostly mailing comments, I guess. Nothing spectacular is happening in my life at the moment. A couple of weekends ago the volksmarch club to which Anna Jo and I belong sponsored the first of two walks we organize each year. 600 people showed up to take advantage of a very sunny day (I got a sunburned neck) and a taste of small town America in the guise of Monroe, Washington. Loads of gorgeous rhododendrons in bloom in town, a nice stretch along the Skykomish River, a tour through two city parks, not a bad 10K at all. The place where we stopped to eat had half sandwiches so thick you couldn't get your jaws open that wide, and ice cream and yogurt cones that were three scoops high for the price of what you'd pay for one in the big city. There are some things to be said for small towns.

Teaching of my two night classes is finished until the fall. There are some pretty good budding writers in the advanced group, and I keep urging them to submit their stories, but they keep holding off. I've given them my standard lecture three times about you can't sell a story that's residing in a desk drawer, but they're not paying attention. Except for one young lady who will sell one of these days, I know she will.

With summer coming up, I'm getting anxious to have a taste of elderhosteling. Having turned 60, I'm eligible. Anna Jo and I will be traveling to Havre, Montana at the end of July to spend a week at Northern Montana College learning more about the old west. We got a packet of information from the college yesterday and I'm really looking forward to the experience. Be assured that you'll hear more after that week.

Don: Thanks for the rundown on the Ghost Dance. I recently read a wonderful novel by Milton Lott entitled Dance Back the Buffalo, which has as background the Lakota and the Ghost Dance. // Tony Hillerman is supposed to have a new novel out in June, but I recently heard that it might be postponed until August. Coyote Waits is the title, I think.

Smokey: You had to mention my least favorite book read in the last several years. Two years ago I was one of five judges for Best Paperback Original for the Edgar Awards given by the Mystery Writers of America. There were a lot of pretty good books, but the committee saw fit to give the Edgar to Sharon McCrumb's Bimbos of the Death Sun, as you say set at a science fiction convention. Stereotypical characters and not even a good mystery. Boy, was I fed up with that selection.

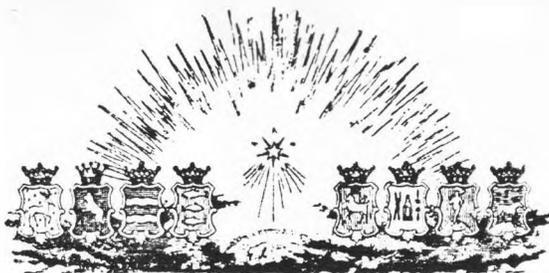
Michael: The new/old house sounds splendid and I hope the mortgage closes without a hitch and that you and the brood all enjoy the place. Probably a good place to raise the kids. Animals and telescopes. You could do worse, although it does sound as if there will be a lot of remodeling (wiring, plumbing, heating, etc.) to be done. Good luck with it.

I'm going to quit here, and try to do better nextish. Cheers.

Frank Denton

4705 Weddel st
Dearborn, MI 48125

June 15th '90



Dear Dick,

At this moment it seems likely I'll see you in a week but that won't do much for my requirements. George's FR is around here somewhere but I can't find it at the moment.

Here ? Not much. I shudda called the pump man somesix weeks ago and let him run the hose up my artierises but didn't get to it. I've been pretty short winded and a little constriction across the chest but mostly I got tired of being nagged about it, so I decided to go ahead and get it done. Not just yet you understand, cause he mighta wanta do it when I'd pãanned on going to the Midwestcon - and I really don't think its anything to worry about right now.

I digress for a moment: You'll recall I had an appointment with DR Gallagher and it was cancelled because he was in the hospital and the appointment was switched to Dr Lee- who discovered I'd had a heart attack & wants to do the heart catherization. My guess was correct, Dr Gallegher had a heart attackanda bypass and is doing nicely now .. and I'm not so sure I wanta go to a doctor that can't see his own heart attack.

So, I don't pãan ahead very much but like to know what to expect so I'd pãanned on calling Dr Lee, getting a rough estiamate of the billa and telling him to line it up in July. Sybil calld the office, seems that since I'd waited 2 months he wanted to reevaluate me but wouldn't be in the office for another week. She mentioned my mild problems and they wanted me to see my regular doctor.

I got an appointment, the office was crowdod this afternoon so I told the nurse I felt fine and since they were overworked I could cancel it and see him later. She insisted I see him.

The blood pressure is quite high, he discontinued one medicine and started me on a new one tonight. Now, I have faith in doctors, I do as they tell me within reason ("No, thank you. I'll keep the cigarettes"). Sybil dug out her 'Pill Book' and damn

Seems the new medicine has widely varying effect and if I note any of the following symptoms I should do to the hosp memergence room immediately.

Then it lists 20/30 side effects. irregular heart beat, sweating, fainting, diarehhea, hallucinations, fainting spells, heart failure, heart stoppage, and some minor things.

It strikes me that it would be hard NOT to show some sign of one or more of these things- or think you do. I will take the Doc samples over the weekend, have the pressure checked Tuesday, speak to the doctor Tues night and he'll decide whether I shouldhave the prescription filled .

Doc McDonald says I should enjoy the convention and that he'll try to get me through it. I suggested that as long as it happens on the way home its O, with me.

Ok, let's get off the depression crap. If It doesn't work I'll head for hell with a smile on my face and prepared to argue.

George's bookstore: The usual theft problems, someone has placed a ~~book~~ box of comics in the back room (\$180 worth). These were ~~plans~~ pulled out of stock and put there until they could find a way to sneak them out. We both suspect George's former black employee and his white buddy.

Now, George let them form this Dungeon's & dragon's club and play in the store twice a a week. As the leaders they have a following and if George bars them he feels he'll lose some comic buyers- and he needs every nickel he can get!

Lastweek when Ishowed up Whitey was waiting for me, promptly picked out 5 expensive comics to thumb and read and settled himself. After an hour I asked him if he was going to buy anything. He said he might and I told him to do so or put them back on the racks. Fifteen minutes later I told him to buy something or get his ass outside. He bought an \$8 book and as I told George -- "So, you give 20% discount. I don't give that SOB any discount he pays retail". We had some minor discussions.

This weekthey were both there, had some more minor problems like him taking candy and not paying, and walking behind the counter etc. They're not very happy with me. The white kid carries a 5 foot staff but I don't think he's gonna do anything with it.

Several weeks ago George went to a comic con on Sunday and I worked the store. While I priced books they went behind the counter to make a phone call (prohibited) and the black one pointed under the counter for the white one.

In my usual gentle manner I told them not to touch a thing back there & to get back out in front where they belong. I rather thought one of them would tell George that I'm keeping a gun under the counter, obviously they haven't- or George don't know what to say about it.

Now, if there's a problem They'll be faced with a fat old man who had just fired a shot into the ceiling. Do you suppose anyone is going to ask themselves, "Is that real gun or is he holding a starter pistol that went bang" ?

Incidentally we're leaving the (to be) stolen comics in the back room and watching the curtain closely. My thought, run a string under the box and hang 3 burned out light bulbs on it. When the box is moved the bulbs will fall and explode or unscrew the only light bulb in the back room and put a rat trap in the top of the box, (Your fingers bones are broken, Gee that's too bad")

George prefers to just watch and its his store, but then when I'm in charge it's MY store. I invite you to read Dean McLaughlin's Fury from Earth. Big Hearted Howard say's " I don't have no Booss- I'm Boss".

Today's Detroit News. The Pistons won champion ship and there are seven dead in ,etroit. Natives areburning the plantatuons again.

Howard

1031 S. Lyman
Oak Park, IL 60304
June 20, 1990

Dear Cultoids,

If I have to get back in the bucket to get the 600th FR, well, I guess I can stand it. But this time things will be different. Taking a page from Salomon/Moonface, I will now introduce you to my husband, Kirby Bartlett-Sloan. (Take a bow, honey.)

[Yes, dear.]

I dropped out because of an overdose of stress. Now, if my circuits overload, Kirby can help, and at least take dictation from his poor, overworked wife.

[Yes, dear.]

For those of you who don't know me, I've been in the Cult in some capacity or another since around 1982. I've been an sf fan since 1978, and am currently on the Windycon committee and the Chicon board. I got my degree in microbiology after working my way through college for 16 years, then switched to computer programming when I couldn't find a job that paid enough to support myself in diseaseland. Now I am a pc puncher for the Midwest Division customer service department of MCI Telecommunications. We bought our very first house last summer [just passed the anniversary of placing the bid!] so you will hear lots about our vegetable garden.

Kirby and I met in college in a science fiction club. NISFA it was called (Northern Illinois Science Fiction Association), and we resurrect its fond memory from time to time at parties. Kirby was in computer programming at the time, and had fully intended to continue his studies in that field when he moved to Kentucky in 1980. But he got shanghaied from school by a job in computer programming and has never gone back. He moved to Chicago in 1985 on the same weekend that I did, and in a matter of time, two old buddies had become the famous "Mush Alert" couple of Chicago fandom. We've been married for three years now. [Gosh!]

Speaking of which, we are starting to get strawberries. We put in 100 day neutral plants this spring. Truth to tell, I wasn't that excited about them until I tried the first one. It wasn't completely ripe ... sour, in fact ... but suddenly, I began to look around the yard for another likely spot for the auxiliary bed. [Don't you dare touch the croquet lawn!]

We're harvesting lettuce and slugs by the basketful. The lettuce we eat. The slugs get to drink beer and drown.

We have proto-tomatos coming along fast on 38 plants of 7 different varieties. (I shudder in horror/anticipation at the avalanche of love-apples we'll be getting soon.) I'm very curious to see how the currant tomatos turn out. They are supposed to be the size of currants. I peeked at the spent blossoms yesterday and found they had set the tiniest, cutest little proto-tomatoes you've ever seen ... smaller than a glass pinhead. Why the hell we planted 38 tomatos is simple ... almost all the seeds we started in March survived, and I couldn't bear to throw those perfectly good plants away. I'll feel different by the end of August, but for now, the anticipation is all. I haven't gardened in 5 years, and Kirby has never gardened, so it's all a great adventure.

Only one hill of zucchini, tho. I'm not that crazy.

Kirby wants to help with the canning and freezing. We processed and froze 20 pounds of asparagus in 40 minutes earlier this spring, and he liked doing it. I have a wonderful husband!

[Yes, dear.]

Cat news: We lost our only male cat to cancer of the spleen in April, so now we are down to 6. Rose, who at 16 is our oldest cat, came down with what we thought were seizures earlier in the spring. Our vet detected some heart irregularities so we took her to a cardiac specialist. He determined that the nerve impulse from the atria was not making it to the ventricles, so the top and bottom halves of her heart were pumping along, each at their own pace. She wasn't having seizures ... she was fainting. The only treatment for her problem is a pacemaker. We decided to pass on that. At her age, I don't think she would survive the surgery. In any event, she must have found the size of the bill to be quite a tonic, because now she is running up and down the stairs and tearing around the bedroom like a mad kitty. Not every day, mind you, but often enough for the equivalent of a 90 year old woman. I think we'll have her for a while yet.

So, is this enough for a re-up?

Marci & Kirby Bartlett Sloan

Coger
1433 W. Crestwood Drive
Memphis, TN 38119

Saturday 9 June 90

Dear Dick et al;

And so we start the 47th cycle of the Cult. Whee!

I hope De Vore has no more trouble with his heart than I did. It will be five years this October since I had my by-pass and last January I put in a full 10 minutes on the treadmill with no sign of difficulty. I did give up smoking, limited my consumption of red meat and eggs, and reduced my consumption of booze. Of late I have been having some twinges in the chest but think they are probably from the trauma the muscles there suffered when they were severed. Inevitably they were weakened when they made a 16 inch incision and spread the ribs open so they could hook up the heart machine. They fill the heart, which has stopped, with a saline slush solution.

Recent exercise has pushed me to the limit. (I have been doing a lot of work outside, including digging, carrying, painting, etc.) I regularly carry a 40 lb drum of chlorine in each hand across the yard to the swimming pool. Another project had involved rebuilding the horse-shoe court, which means digging in 6 foot planks on all four sides of each stake. Those I put in 15 or 20 years ago have long since fallen prey to termites.

On June 2 I attended my 50th class reunion at North Adams, Michigan. There were 28 in our graduating class, and I was a newcomer, having attended the school only that year, so I wasn't particularly close to any of them. At 17 when I graduated, I was one of the youngest. (There had been no kindergarten when I started public school and although I wouldn't be six until the following May, I was allowed to start the first grade at five.) Of the 28, 9 had died and one had had a severe stroke while 3 others couldn't make it. Three of us had had doctorates, one an MD was among the deceased, another was a doctor of theology. We agreed to meet, the survivors, in June 2000 for a 60th reunion.

SCITHERS: In re. the NRA and their reputation. What are they doing except representing their members interests? Most of the liberal electronic media establishment are clearly anti-gun (of any sort). As one who has not as yet purchased a handgun -- I keep intending to but things like books, and most recently a second dehumidifier for a wing of the house to protect books get in the way -- I find the anti-gun lobby fanatical and incredibly ignorant. They talk of banning the sale of assault rifles, but how many millions of M-1s and Carbines are already out there? And they are all semi-automatic and easily converted to full automatic with a file or a kit. And for that matter, the most effective weapon for mass slaughter by some psycho -- which is usually the event that leads to shrill cries of "do something" to keep guns out of these peoples' hands -- is not a semi-automatic but a plain old pump shotgun.

The NRA may exaggerate, or maybe they only slant their stories, which is really what the anti-gun people do all the time. Granted that there are paranoid types who see disarming the population as the road to dictatorship. There are places in this country where if anyone attempted to confiscate weapons they would raise a real hornets nest, Arkansas, Missouri and Tennessee to name three states. Guns aren't half as dangerous to the Republic as lawyers!!! And you have to admit the gun lobby is right about one thing: if guns were illegal, criminals would have no difficulty securing them. The one exception might be the amateur crook but once he made contact with the pros he would be armed. And there are hundreds, at least, of people every year who use their personal weapon to kill criminals or secure them for the police.

fannishly

Dal Coger

June 18, 1990

Dick Lynch
P.O. Box 1270
Germantown, MD 20875

Dear Dick and Other Bastards Nasty and Nice:

I've tried to write this letter about five times. I get part way through it, but stop for some reason and end up missing the next Pub date. I'm writing this as fast as I can so I can send it today ... please forgive typos and misspellings ... (no, I don't have a spelling checker!)

My new news is that I hate my current job and I'm looking for a new one. The same old complaint ... management sucks and I don't get any respect. One example of what they've done to me in the past few months is when I worked Memorial Day weekend. We had a hard deadline of June 4th to complete our project and a co-worker and I were asked to cancel our plans and stay the weekend to work. We stayed "for the good of the company" and to show our dedication. Unbeknowset to us, the deadline had been moved back a week to June 11th. The President of the company knew the deadline had been moved, but he guilted us into staying the weekend anyway, neglecting to tell us about the change so we would work harder and longer. He also said that he would come in every day to check on our progress. He didn't stop even once. I guess he must have been having too good of a weekend.

That weekend was the last straw. I just kicked into job hunting overdrive last week and contacted my headhunter. I've sent out a few resumes, but no response yet. I'll keep you posted.

On to nicer things ... baseball. Ahhh. I'm a baseball FANatic. But, first and foremost, I'm a Cub Fan. This is my third year of weekend season tickets for the Chicago Cubs. I was able to attend the only game the Cubs won in the pennant series because of those tickets. Season ticket holders are eligible to purchase tickets to special games before they go on sale to the general public. I was able to purchase tickets to the first night game at Wrigley Field the first year of my season tickets (and sell them for \$450). The second year of my season tickets I was able to purchase pennant tickets and (*gasp*) World Series tickets. Can you imagine my thrill in holding a World Series ticket that says "Chicago Cubs -vs- American League Champion" ? I photocopied it and returned it for my refund. This year I have been given the opportunity to purchase tickets to the All-Star game at Wrigley on July 10th. I *jumped* at the chance.

Some of you who read the sports pages may notice that the Cubs are (as of today 12 1/2 games back) in last place. I think it's great. Why, you ask, I thought you were a Cub fan?! All the fair weather fans are leaving the Cubs in droves and flocking south to the second place White Sox. The Sox can have them. These are the people who have been ruining the good reputation of Cub Fans with their rude and drunken behavior. The only follow winners. Now that the Cubs are back to their old form of losing, only the *real* Cub fans are left.

Do they still play the Blues in Chicago,
When baseball season rolls around?
When the snow melts away, Do the Cubbies still play
In their ivy covered burial ground?

To the land of the free, home of the brave
And the doormat of the National League.

-- The Dying Cub Fans Last Request
-- Steve Goodman

This year I'm more interested in baseball than I've even been. I've joined a dreaded Rotisserie League. An RL is a fantasy baseball league where you can be the owner and manager of your own team of baseball players. My team, The Akita Inu, has never been lower than 4th in the standings (out of 11 teams). I'm the only woman in the league.

George: Thanks for the Constitution. It certainly doesn't look like the one I had 5+ years ago. I can read this one, for instance. *** I *love* the NRA commercial that says "You know the NRA supports your 9th amendment rights, but did you know ..". Hold on a minute! The only right the NRA supports for *me* is my right to be killed by some wacko with an assault rifle. Thanks a lot, boys.

Michael: Congratulations on the new house. It sounds like it's going to keep you busy for quite a long time. I love hardwood floors and original woodwork. I lived in an apartment in Chicago that would have been beautiful if the owners hadn't painted over the woodwork. Paint is cheaper than refinishing, you know. *Blech* *** Isn't Williams Bay, Wisconsin in Door County? If you stay away from the real touristy parts, Door County is really very charming. There is one touristy thing that's fun: The Door County Fish Boil. They throw a bunch of potatoes and onions in a big caldron and let 'em boil for about 45 minutes. They then put the fish in to cook and right before serving then throw some boy scout juice on the fire to make the water boil over. The theory is that all the fish oils that have risen to the surface go with the water. The fish wasn't fishy at all.

Howard: My current workplace allows smoking on the first floor, but not in the basement where the hide the engineers. It works okay until the receptionist starts smoking and the smoke comes down the stairs. *** I heard the the Chicago Metra commuter trains are not going to provide smoking cars on their trains anymore. I think this is a mistake. The smokers will smoke. The shittiness of human nature has been proven again and again. When they get the craving some smokers will light up anywhere they want. When smoking cars were around, you could tell an inconsiderate smoker to take his or her cigarette to the smoking car and puff on it there. The reason why Metra eliminated smoking cars? Cost. It cost significantly more to clean the rail cars after the smokers were through with it. The solution? Charge the smokers more for the convenience of sitting in the smoking car. That way the smokers make the choice of smoking or not.

Solomon/Moonface: Maybe Soloman didn't fill out the census because he wasn't sure how to include you (Moonface).

Don: It looks like I won't be able to make it to Midwestcon either. It's my favorite convention, but I havn't been there in years. It always comes at a really bad time of year. By the way, do you (or anyone else in the Cult) know of anyone who needs a membership to the NAFiC? David's brother is getting married Labor Day weekend and I bought a membership in New Orleans. I'm willing to sell it for what I bought it for -- I think it was \$40. I have no idea how much it is now, but \$40 is still a bargain.

a major relationship failure can be liberating. You no longer have to be the person your significant other expects you to be. You are able to learn who you are. But I'm a little worried by "I can't talk any longer. I am being watched." have you picked up some parania too?

Wow! I finished a letter! This really feels good. I'll try to finish another for Cathy's pub, but that's right after the All-Star game and my 11 day vacation. Bye All!

Robin



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Dear Dick and the rest of you tacky people,

I made it through one of the crucial weeks of the year. Fran's and my anniversary is June 8, and her birthday is June 11. If I remember, I'm cool for a year. If I ever forget, I'm in deep kim chee. Father's Day is in there somewhere, but I always forget that until people start calling me, etc.

News from the wildlife front. A pizza delivery boy in a suburb of Dallas was recently held up and relieved of his \$50 money pouch at, well, turtlepoint. As he was using a pay phone, two youths held what he described as "a big, mean looking, snapping turtle" to his face, and told him to cough up or they would shove it the rest of the way. I tend to believe this; if he was making up a story, wouldn't he make up a better one? I've already asked Smokey if he thinks we need a turtle registration law.

More of same. Tonights news showed a fawn, turned away by it's mother, which has been adopted and was being given suck by a mother pussycat which had just popped a litter. One wonders if the poor thing will grow up trying to chase mice and fight those elaborate turf wars pussycats fight.

Crash-- Can I calendar you guys for a visit next June? Dawn can pick up a wino or something and we'll get together dinner for 6.

David-- The watchers are agents of Salomon/Moonface. If you ask them nicely, they might end the surveillance.

Omnes-- Write, call, or visit.

*Peace,
Richard*