FORMAT CHANGE is an option always open to the fan publisher, and for some is part of the attractions inherent to the hobby. While I'm the sort of person who likes a great deal of variety in my life, I've not been known for experimentalism in my fanzines. Perhaps that serves as a balancing, conservative trait in an otherwise predominantly liberal nature; I dunno. I only know that I prefer to establish a pattern, both in the layout and manner of producing fanzines, and stick pretty close to it from that point on. It seems to make the repetitive portions of the act of publishing easier to take, more comfortable because they assume a semi-reflexive aspect. It's difficult enough for me to find ideas worth writing about. I see no point in compounding the problems entailed in meeting deadlines-real or self-imposed-by mucking about with something that I can do almost automatically.

This, of course, doesn't mean that I don't notice layouts that others incorporate in their publications, or sometimes wonder if, perhaps, one concept would fit better in my overall "style" than another. It simply means that I am loathe to expend the energy required to revise established procedures, especially when the ones in use serve me well. I may be in a rut, but it's one I'm cozy in, so why move?

Standard practice has been to skim the completed mailing once it's been collated and stapled, set it aside for a month or so, and then-roughly two weeks before the dead-line-roll some stencils in the typer and Go To It. To be sure, this method has done its work. I've hit every mailing, and have commented on every previous one. But a primary portion of my apazine has been missing as a result. There's been insufficient time, using that lacksadeisical procedure, to include much (if any) personal natter. An apazine, in my eyes, is basically a personalzine. Communication flows from each member to each member, in a complicated interweaving of individually and group directed commentary. The Mailing Comments that I do satisfy the individually directed part of that concept, but I've been neglecting the portion aimed at the group as a whole. While not Evial in my estimation, this is certainly not a Ghood Thing. I'd like to remedy that, and the only way I can see how is by changing format.

Several faneds employ a format rather akin to that of a diary; typing out a master or stencil as time permits and the mood strikes. Sometimes the material is dated, or some arcane coding is used which identifies when the typing was done, and this practice can be used, later, to set the scribings into chronological order, if they have not already been set that way. The method enables one to include a wide variety of material—mailing comments, articles, personal observations, whatever—which is a definite plus in my view. The more I considered it, the more attractive that format became. Only my reluctance to alter ingrained habits prevented me from using it.

Procrastination is a fault in my character that generally causes me little difficulty. Being an essentially lazy person, I can usually take care of any task quickly and efficiently enough to finish it well within required time limitations, and I see no need to start anything much before the requirement exists. Too often, of course, complications occur which interfere in the smooth performance of a task, or even prevent it from being done at all. Last week, after looking at the calendar and noting that Midwestcon was coming up soo, I thought I'd sit myself down and work on the much-delayed issue of Resolution. There certainly was material enough. I'd ordered paper for it some months earlier. More than enough ink lay on the shelf of the mimeo stand. I'd even half-heartedly begun work on editting the lettercol, so part of that job was already accomplished. Just a few days earlier, Bill Bowers had asked me if I needed to order supplies from Quill, as he was sending in one and combining orders could often save on shipping expenses. I eyed my stock and told him to go ahead; my supplies were sufficient.

Then I began to cut stencils. Barely four pages into one section of the zine, I ran out of the El Cheapo green, plastic-topped stencils, and went into the fan den to get a box of the newer yellow filmless stencils. Coops! The three boxes I thought I had

turned out to be one box and two empties. Twenty-four stencils weren't enough to do the zine I had in mind, and there was no way I could obtain extras in time to produce an issue in time for Midwestcon. Procrastination (not to mention sloppy inventory practices) had done me in again. *Sigh*

Now there has to be a definite mood present—a mindset, if you will—in order for me to work on a fanzine. I was all fired up to "pub my ish", and I hadn't the wherewith—al to do it. All I could do was fill out an order form for more stencils (and ink, as long as I was bringing in more supplies), and wait. This did nothing to relieve the itch to publish which had finally developed to the Take Action point.

So why not, I reasoned, use this motivation to start working on my apazine? I'd been idly musing about trying out the Do-A-Stencil-Every-Now-And-Then method; what better time to do so? You're reading the results of my decision. I'm curious as to how it will turn out....

One of the style changes I intend to incorporate is to scatter mailing comments through the pages, doing them as I feel like it. This could pose problems to those who look for comments addressed to them. I've found the practice some use--capitalizing the names of apa-members--to be effective, and think I'll give it a try. In order to distinguish natter from commentary, I'll continue to use different typefaces for each. Like this...

LON ATKINS -- FAN ORDINAIRE #22 -- I see you were guilty of my sin--procrastination-this issue. Tsk. Of course you have far more excuse than I for delaying the start of an issue, but since when does good excuses prevent an OE from chastising an errant member? Shape up, Atkins. Start next fo the day after you receive this mailing. Do as I say, not as I do... ## There's no way to make comment on individual's reactions to the news of Ed Cagle's death, so I won't make the attempt. Consider that portion of this issue acknowledged, please? ## This morning's ENQUIRER ran a story of a local man's brush with disaster on USAir--the airline DAVEL uses to visit his family in upstate New York. Unlike your humorous incident, this man's was harrowing. The landing gear on the DC 6 he was on refused to open fully during an attempted landing at National Airport in Washington, D.C., and the plane had to make an emergency touchdown at Dulles Airport, where an extra runway could be covered with foam in anticipation of any fires from a crack-up. Fortunately no fires erupted, and all the passengers landed safely, but I can imagine the strain on everyone's nerves during those tense moments (and I bet DAVEL can imagine them with far more clarity than I, since he's experienced similar misadventures on small, puddlejumper air lines). The poor guy from Cinti (that's the abbreviation used locally) reached his hotel later that afternoon, and then had his elevator jam between floors. Once it began to function again and took him back to the main floor, he left the hotel, got into a cab, and rode around for several hours, trying to stop the shakes. That's a common enough reaction, I suppose. A near-miss practically takes your life and you handle it cooly. Then you get into your car to go home, and when it won't start up, your hands start to quiver like mad. Sort of like a double-take, in a way. ## One closing line: I do surely admire the way you string together them there words, sir.

Well, that didn't go badly. And with but ten lines left to the end of the page, I'll call it quits for this day. Unless, of course, I change my mind later on... One thing I notice already is that the two typefaces I'm using haven't all that much difference between them to make the change really stand out. Guess it's a good thing I set off the comment section. It'd be hard to spot otherwise. *Sigh*

Daughter Sandra just returned home from another day of job-searching. She's caught in that old dilemma; no experience at office work, and few jobs available that will take a person without experience. Today's paper ran an ad for "Trainee Teller", which required one year's previous experience as a teller. What's left to train a person for after a year? Procedures unique to that particular bank is all I can think of....

It is now the Tuesday of the week after MidWestCon, and I'm only beginning to feel somewhat "normal". You know you're advancing in age when it takes nearly a week to catch up on missed sleep after a weekend of Apparent convivial conversation with a multitude of friends and acquaintances. Who knows how much longer it'll be before the delicate chemical balance of my body is restored?

This year's MWC was different in many ways. Primary among them was the absence of the Grand Old Man of Cincinnati fandom, Lou Tabakow. He had been MidWestCon to so many fans for so many years that this year's edition rang a bit falsely for wont of his gravelly voice and unflappable disposition. Lou's death from ALS, also known as Lou Gerhig's Disease, was not unexpected, and considering the discomfort he was suffering, could be considered a blessing. However, the death of a long-time friend and fan is never looked forward to, and one couldn't help wishing that he'd have managed to live only a few more months in order for his many friends to have had the chance for their own farewells. It was too soon, too quick for any but a handful to be able to say whatever words they could. He was definitely missed.*

Having skipped last year's MWC, I found the break in a ten-year string handicapping in a certain sense. A sort of flow develops after long-time participation in that event where, despite the year-long lapse, people pick up conversations from one year to the next as if no time had passed at all. That's an exaggeration, obviously, but a strong sense of continuity is present, and missing a single year does make a difference, at least in my estimation. This year a new site was chosen, in Kentucky (although still within the Greater Cincinnati Metropolitan rea), only a few minutes from the airport; which must have been a boon indeed to those accustomed to spending \$13 and up for a ride into town each year. The Drawbridge Inn was an improvement over the Holidome of the previous three years, but had a few drawbacks in its layout. In fact, that was the point that garnered the most complaints: its layout. Rooms were scattered in an area I would judge to span a full twenty or so acres. Advertised as being two buildings, the motel actually was a huge complex with a separate outbuilding for those unable or unwilling to spend an extra \$8 or so to be closer to the action. Fans spent most of Friday and Saturday simply learning the floor plans and room numbering system in order to locate where everyone else was staying.

I never made it to the outlying building, so don't know what system was used there, but the main complex was set up in a series of Blocks, each with a different group of room numbers. Room 143, for instance, was a long corridor and a flight of stairs away from room 1018. Fans welcomed the absence of elevators, but griped about the strenuous hikes required to get from one room party to another. (The hotel wasn't very amiable in that regard either; several room parties were closed Saturday night—for "excessive noise"—and the usual plaintive cry for better room blocking was raised.)

On the plus side was the presence of two pools and even tennis courts for those more athletically inclined among the membership. The outdoor pool was the main center of activity over the weekend, with the indoor pool serving only occasionally as a stand-in. (One of the parties closed was being held in the indoor pool area—and it was a relatively quiet and sedate one from what I heard.) The spread-out nature of the complex, though, made it hard to find people when you wanted to, and often the pool area was overcrowded merely because it served as a central switching point, where friends could either be located in person, or their whereabouts ascertained. In a place that size, it was easy to understand how some people completely missed each other for the duration of the con—in some cases, naturally, that wasn't a detriment, but in others it was.

and their children -- who are scarcely children any more, Lynn Hickman, Roger and Pat Sims, Fred Prophet, Howard DeVore, Ed and JoAnn Wood, Phyllis and Alex Eisenstein, Midge Reitan (my All Night Fandom companion Sat/Sun night). the poker fans--Mike Glicksohn (to whom we gave an extra FLAP mlg., so he could receive his delayed egoboo in MCs), Elan Litt, Brian and Bruce Tucker (2nd generation strikes again!), Seth Breidbart, Roger Reynolds, Missy Pavlat (3rd generation!!!), Nancy Dibble, Marvin (now Chris) Barclay, Bill Cavin (who served well as con manager and is the new Dictator of the Cincy Fan Group), and others whose names were missed, Buck and Juanita Coulson, Roy and Dee-Dee Lavender, Ken Moore, Andy Porter (who convinced us to buy a sub to SF Chronicle *Sigh*), Jack Chalker (who related the torrid adventures of a Baltimore fan and her international travels and made it sound like the plot of a semi-gothic novel--totally unbelievable!), Toronto-fen Doris Bercarich, Mike Halper, Hanya and Tanya (whose names I never can recall correctly), Mike Wallis and Susan (next to Dave, the most frequently encountered name in fandom, it seems), and at least a dozen others whose names escape me at the moment. I shared meals with Tom and Michelynn Rose (expecting this December), on Friday; Andy and Jodie Saturday, and Bob Tucker, Nancy Tucker, Jon and Joni, and Bob Pavlat Sunday afternoon (though it was still morning to us). Party fandom, represented by Susan Robins, Madman Reilly, Joe Wesson, the Pavlats and Stopas, all the Tuckers, my daughter Sandy Franke, Midge, and the usual Others Whose Names Etc., kept things lively Saturday despite the hotel's best efforts, and all-in-all it was the usual ghood MWCon. Talk has been bandied about regarding a possible site-change for 1983 (next year is already booked at the Drawbridge Inn--these things have to be taken care of far in advance nowadays), with mention even being made about a possible return to the Quality Inn in Norwood (certainly my favorite spot, but it's also the one I'm most familiar with). If that happens, DaveL -- who commuted to the con for Saturday and was too pooped

to show up Friday or Sunday -- will almost certainly prefer to travel to and fro rather

than take a room. It's only 3 miles or so from this apartment, after all.

MARTY HELGESEN -- I WAS A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR IN THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION -- I think

a few of us put off working on our FLAPzines after hearing of Ed's death, but as you said, it then was "time to get on with it." Succinctly put. ## Ghood Greif! Ronald Reagan -- a closet SF fan? The mind boggles... ## You know, I've heard of that picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe since I was a child, yet I'm unfamiliar with any particulars about it. Care to enlighten me? That, along with other unexplained "miracles" has a fascination for me that matches my curiousity about artifacts and relics from ancient civilizations. Unfortunately, this entails so many things, I seldom bother to do any serious researching, satisfying myself with eagerly reading any tidbit of information that crosses my path instead. *Sigh* ## Congrats on winning that contest. Can you suggest any such that I could enter in order to attend cons I must miss because of lack of airfare? Surely the one that allowed you to attend Minicon isn't the only one of its ilk... ## Loved the way you headed the Amanda Break this time around... ## RE yct Roy in re his ct Cagle: "...during World War II many towns were virtually destroyed by bombs and shells in driving the Nazis out..." is missing the point. When those against the Vietnam war bewailed the fact that villages were totally wiped off the face of the earth--supposedly in order to "save" them--the destruction was not merely to buildings, but to the surrounding vegetation (via Agent Orange). Also, some villages were evacuated and the citizens moved en masse to new sites--whether the people wished to go or not. Vietnam was different, Marty, both in concept and conduct. Even with the

example you gave--where Bengalis cheered Indian troops who had shelled their village into ruins during the Bangladesh revolution--isn't in the same category as the complete ruination of the ecology committed during the Vietnam conflict. We not only destroyed homes and businesses in that war, we made darn sure no one would live in or near those sites for decades to come. Has an army done that since Carthage was razed and the land sown with salt? It was as if we tried to make war on the earth itself. ## Thank you for including the definition of "twee" in your comments to Joseph. I may have gone to my grave without ever knowing... ## 'What about the average Bohemian?...!'ll have to Czech' was a neat pun indeed. ## On the other hand, Blue Petal's 'hindsight/deer' pun, though clever, wasn't as funny. ## Computers don't send things, Marty, people do. It's the kind of mentality that accepts sloppy programs and sloppy data entry work that is so annoying to us. Blaming the machine for the faults of those who control them is an easy slip to make (as easy as inserting plural pronouns to refer to singular nouns)... ## Sorry for missing the pun you put into that "lecture" about my poor grammar. Guess I was too busy reading to really "see". ## That milky-white lump near the yolk of an egg is where the chick would form if it (the egg) had been fertilized. It doesn't break up as easily as the rest of the white when whipped, and cooks more slowly than the rest of the egg when fried, so some people prefer to remove it before cooking. It seldom makes any real difference though, and I suspect that part of the reason behind the practice of removing the gook is simple aversion. Your mother seems to be doing it more out of habit than anything else, though. ## Instituting a voucher system for schooling would, I would assume, increase dramatically the number of "non-public" schools. We agree that current standards are not being met equally well by all the schools that exist now. Checking up on an increased number of them would bring about a bureaucratic nightmare, IMHO, which most likely would result in a situation where the standards might as well not be in effect anyway. The "minimum standards" you refer to for present-day non-public schools really aren't sufficient. For that matter, whatever the standards are that public schools supposedly adhere to aren't sufficient. ## I think that Arthur Hlavaty was commenting on the reference you made about Fairlie's book; not on the book itself. It seemed a legitimate comment to me. ## Re yet Hulan: you've hit upon a sore point. Unfortunately, there are people whose jobs depend on their ability to obfuscate the truth, and many people need to do so at least occasionally in daily life. It is somewhat similar to lying-there are times a white lie is more fitting than the bald truth, yet, basically, I disapprove of lying nontheless. In a position such as DavidH holds, where unpleasant data can be disguised in a flurry of wordage, it is helpful in an economic sense to be able to obfuscate well. Is it really honorable? Well, I'd guess not, but then so little of what happens in the commercial word truly is ...

Well, it's a bit more "later" than I'd intended. Today is July 31st, son Kurt's 19th birthday. He's in the midst of signing up for the air force, and in a minor state of panic that he won't be able to get in until sometime past today. His father had told him for years that as soon as he reached his 19th birthday, and had graduated from high school, it was Out. How literally Wally meant that, I have no idea, but Kurt certainly takes it seriously. I intend to phone tonight to check out the situation. Kurt was a nervous wreck when I talked to him this past Sunday.

Attended two (count 'em, folks, 2!) conventions since last I wrote--SpaceCon, in Wapakeneta, Ohio the 17-19th of July, and Rivercon, in Louisville, KY last weekend. Since this household also seems to be battling some kind of infectuous bug in the meanwhile (stuffed up head, ears, sore throat and mouth, aching neck and shoulder muscles), I'm not sure just how much of my currently lousy condition to blame on the carousing I've been doing, and how much to put on the whateveritis that's been driving DaveL and I, and to a lesser extent, Sandy, up the wall. Certainly hope that the rest of you are feeling a heck of a lot better than us. (DaveL's suspicions are resting on a reoccurrence of the mononucleosis he had a couple of years ago. Symptoms are quite similar,

only no fever. Since there's not much to be done if it is a flare-up of that disease, we haven't bothered going to a doctor yet. Though if it continues...)

ARTHUR HLAVATY -- I HAD A CLEVER TITLE BUT I FORGOT IT 9 -- I had no idea that the Libertarian concept included

any sort of "peace-keeping" force. Yours is the first mention of such a thing I've seen. I still don't see how a private security force would be any better than what we now have, since that simply means that anyone with money/power/persuasive talents would be a threat to my peace of mind. What makes you think that a private individual wouldn't attempt to control your sex life? ## Page 2 of my zine was upside-down in everyone's copy. I try very hard not to discriminate unjustly. ## The difficulty any group which follows a particular philosophy encounters when trying to disseminate that style of thought is the ignorance of its membership. I've yet to see a situation where each person who belongs to a religion, or political group, or any other sort of human social organization actually espouses the same ideals. In a way, I find that comforting, since it makes the 1984 nightmare a bit more difficult to conceive of as reality. Yet, it is also extremely frustrating since communication is hampered by lack of agreement on even the most basic of terms.

-- MILESTONE -- Nice mix of titles here. I haven't the foggiest idea of how many zines I've done...

DAVID HULAN -- IN THE SING-SONG SYCAMORE TREE-- *Gasp* A zine actually done for this apa!?! I'm touched most deeply, sir.

(And most certainly hope that you continue this abberation in activity.) ## Sounds like

you had what we have out here. Just when you think your throat is doing better, whappo it hits again. Nasty bug, whatever it is. ## Suzi gave ranges for some people's ages, which is why the "massaging" occured, but, yes. You guessed the ToC "secret" correctly. ## I've always sorta wondered why bookstores never used the same system that libraries do for sorting books. ## The only complaint I'd make about the Xerox you use at work is the fact that it doesn't print on both sides of the sheet. Otherwise, it's repro is of excellent quality. ## To the individual owner, the behavior of a male pet would dictate whether castration was advisable or not, but to the population at large, who has to cope with packs of stray dogs, cats, or whatever (rats? Naw, I doubt that), sterilization by whatever means is a desirable goal. It is a simpler, cheaper, and safer procedure to sterilize the male than the female. ## Does Marcia still have the curly "mop-top" hair style she switched to not too long before we left California (not a cause and effect, I hasten to add)? I half-jokingly suggested to Dave that he get a similar style, since many men have adopted it recently. It certainly would save a lot of time in the morning for him, and since his hair is already pretty curly under natural conditions, it would suit him appearance-wise as well (though he most assuredly disagrees with me on that). I wear my hair long for similar reasons; there's no work to taking care of it. With short hair I must shampoo daily for it to look decent. ## If the same reasoning was used in the rest of the United States as the hispanics use in California, then I would've been raised to speak Pottowattomi as well as English (or even, possibly, French, since Illinois was under France's control for quite some time). Once you begin to make special exceptions for one group, then all the others expect the same treatment. Every country should, logically, have one language, with any additional tongues being strictly optional. And, yes, I know there are many, many nations which don't do as I think they should. Doesn't change how I feel about it. ## "But I knew no harm of him, and much good;" was a touching line in your remarks about Ed. I like the sound and sense they make.

ERIC LINDSAY -- MISSED MAILINGS -- Regarding the Hugos as "Popular Awards" is the only way to look at them that makes sense. ## Like you, I find it hard to imagine people reacting negatively to Rusty Hevelin. He's almost as close to me as my own relatives; more of an Uncle figure, in fact, than my own uncles. Only my Dad supercedes him on that scale. ## The T-shirt the Haldeman's gave you sounds marvelous. Wish I could find one like it; might even actually wear it! ## "...while I

may object to evil, I'm rather fond of some sins." is a Quote for Our Times. I may adopt it as a personal credo... ## If you could ve found two semi-trailers, you could have had a computer (plus \$2)? I assume two facts from that information: 1) it was a very old, nay ancient computer. and 2) the rental rates on semi-trailers are steep in Australia (otherwise you would've taken it). Care to elaborate on that story? ## Do you mean to say that people who are 41 are wise, according to tradition, or that 41year-olds are wise in tradition? Since that happens to be my age, and neither case applies to me, I find myself somewhat baffled ... ## "Je n'est comprendez vous," is the best I could come up with after a 25 year lapse in my french education (and I'm well aware that it's wrong, I simply cannot recall the correct words and, being a firm believer in faking it wherever possible, made a stab at it). I only took the course for two years, but I could manage to impart the fact that I was able to speak it "un peu" for a couple of years. Now, alas, even that little bit has gone. ## ISAAC ASIMOV'S magazine ran a charming article by Barry Longyear and Jerry Pournelle which discussed the relative worth of various minicomputers in an extremely entertaining manner (well, Longyear's portion was funny at least), and the bottom line came down to Pournelle not recommending either the Trash 80's nor the Apple. I've lent that issue out to Steve Leigh, so can't reference it, but definitely suggest it to you even though I doubt if there's much in it that would be news to you. I think it was the August 3rd issue. ## Well, I'm interested in your computer experiences. There's no way DaveL and I could afford one now, but what with prices dropping and new uses being found for them, I won't write them out of our future. Any information at all would be helpful. ## I used to tend to agree with you that if women ruled, the world might be a more peaceful place, but having met more and more women in positions of authority in recent years, I have come to doubt that would be the case. If by some miracle women could have achieved power say twenty years ago, there might have been some hope, but all that I can see now leads me to suspect that my gender simply has learned to follow that path worn so well by the men--ruthlessness and aggression seem to be two traits virtually required for success in today's world. Ye ghods, Indiri Ghandi (did I spell that right? Don't think so. Gandhi? That looks better, but I still don't know if it's right) and Margaret Thatcher certainly are poor examples of "peaceful female rulers", at least in my book. ## "Bar" in the sense of "with the exception of" isn't used too widely nowadays ("It's the best, bar none," would be about the only example I can think of offhand), but at least I have a glimmer of an idea of what you meant by the term now. (Of course it would help if I could also recall the rest of the relevant passage, but I'm too lazy to look it up. Sorry.) ## ! can't help but wonder if Lon is as impressed by what you seemed to have learned about computers as I am... You may be speaking Greek, but it's the sort that I can occasionally grasp a glimmer of understanding from. Keep it up, unless too many other people complain.

It's getting more obvious all the time that this "system" isn't working out as neatly as I had hoped. Being under the weather hasn't helped, of course, so I'm not sure that I'll scrap the concept for next issue. Today I had high hopes of doing lots of stencils, since Sandy was away for the day and I'd have loads of time to myself. Well, over half the day has gone, and I've barely scratched the surface. *Sigh*

This past waekend was marked with a continuation of the sore-throat-sore-body-sore-head-and-mucous-membranes that we've been coping with so poorly for the past couple of weeks. I took Sandy to the Cincinnati Fantasy Group meeting, held at Mike and Carol Resnick's, on Saturday, but it wasn't until about two hours before we left that I finally made up my mind to go. Rather boring meeting with a poorer turnout than usual, but since the meeting place was changed without notice only a few days earlier, that's not too surprising. The "highlight" of the evening was a playing of a tape of the "roast" done at Rivercon, with Mike Resnick as the Roastee. Some good lines were in there, but I still was yawning after an hour of it. (Most appropos, IMHO, was "Mike doesn't care what you say about him, just as long as he's the topic of conversation.") Last night, Davel and I went out with Steve and Denise Leigh to a local restaurant (Davel calls it Italian; I think "Italianate" would be more accurate) and spent a few extremely comfortable and pleasant hours with them. Steve's working on a sequel to his first novel,

which is due out in September or October, but figured a break wouldn't hurt his stride any. It was a good evening, and I hope we can repeat it in the not-too-distant future.

Spent a couple of hours repairing our vinyl chairs from the worst of the kitten's depredations. The gunk that I'm using doesn't look very pretty, but it's a vast improvement over gaping holes with stuffing poking through. I fear the kitten's claws aren't long for this world (actually, the kitten's last joints on her paws, as I was told at SpaceCon by Leah Zeldes. I hadn't known the surgery involved amputation of anything but the claw and sheathes), and I should be on the phone, pricing a dual spay-and-declawing procedure at reasonably local veterinarians. (If I have to drive 25 miles to save \$25, I'll consider it a worthwhile trade.) Since I'm reluctant to have the job done, I've been procrastinating, but I know it'll have to be done. Scamp's simply too rough on the furniture and drapes. It's the claws or her.

DAVE LOCKE -- WHATHELL NO. 2 -- You make some good points on video democracy. I think that, practically speaking, instant opinion polls rather than instant votes, could be a possibility. For one thing, the politicians themselves would have to, in effect, vote themselves out of office in order for instant voting to become a reality, and I don't find that a very likely event. Of course, come the Revolution...is always a possibility, too, but again, I don't find it a likely one. The QUBE system, now being set up in Cincinnati and to which we may hook up in some far distant date, could be switched to an opinion polling system without much hassle, and could be the wave of the future, and all that jazz. Like you, though, I wonder who will control the system? Who will pose the questions, write them, and how will we be able to recognize the biases (for biases always exist in questions)? Who will use the information gained, and how? Since ! doubt that "video democracy" is waiting just around the corner, but some place way up ahead instead, I'll watch for developments with interest, but without alarm. For the present, at least. ## My (hazy) definition of ethics runs along the lines of " the difference between proper and improper, correct or incorrect, in a social setting, as opposed to principles of Right and Wrong." I have no idea if that makes any sense to anyone but me, but I know what I mean by it, and I consider myself ethical by that standard. I prefer to steer clear of these philosophical discussions, once they get beyond a certain depth, for fear that I'll get all tangled up in words and lose track of what I feel. You know; ! worry that if I had a dick, I'd be stepping all over it. ## Laughed out loud at your comments to Suzi about her misapprehension of your proper age, but have absolutely no comment save that I liked it. *Sigh* ## I'm not surprised that people aren't "thrilled" to go outside in the rain. I'm surprised that people will scrap long-held plans and practically cower in a corner just because it's drizzling when they're supposed to go somewhere. The brief exposure we, for instance, would have to the elements in dashing out of the apartment to the car, and from the car to wherever it was we'd be going, seems too little hassle to even consider. No, I wouldn't want to go on a picnic in the rain (unless a dry, large, attractive shelter were available), but I wouldn't cancel a movie date, or a shopping trip because of a few raindrops. I've known people who have done that. What grade of sugar are they made of, was my usual reaction. ## *Sigh* So there is an alleged difference between pronouncing Mary, merry, and marry. So we were wrong. So what? (I still have yet to hear a difference in the speech of people around me...) ## Where I was raised, "hind-part-before" and "ass-end-to" weren't heard, but "ass-overteakettle" was. Does this mean we cannot communicate? Or that we merely have to continually define our terms...? ## Your suggestions to Lon were hilarious enough to make me break my vow to never again mention anything about comments concerning Hearts. See what you make me do? Have you no mercy? ## By quoting that "Left, left, left a wife and seventeen children in starving condition with nothing but gingerbread left, left..." you placed my brain on endless-loop-mode for nearly an hour. Ta, dear. I appreciated that. (At least it was a slight improvement over what had been going through my mind before encountering that line. My thanks aren't entirely facetious...) (Just close.) (And don't you just hate this method of filling up the last few lines left on the stencil ?)

After an unsuccessful attempt at taking a nap, I decided to try for one more stencil today. Besides feeling illish, DaveL and I suffered an abbreviated sleep. A few minutes before six this ayem--not five hours after laying our wee heads on the pillows-the phone rang and I stumbled bleary-eyed into the kitchen to answer it, heart apounding (everyone knows no ghood news comes from calls at unghodly hours). Turned out to be the alarm company which services Davel's company. The operator had heard voices over the microphone system, phoned the police, and they had reported nothing. Davel, as bleary-eyed as I, then phoned work to see whathell was going on. Turned out that several men had come in early--5:30--to the machine shop. A window, broken the night before by vandals, offered a view into the darkened plant, and it was their voices the operator heard, trying to see if anyone water as state as they and had shown up early. Imagine their surprise when five Cincinnati squad cars roll up, discharging cops with drawn gurs (after all, Standex has been robbed repeatedly this year--Cincy's Finest were prime for trouble). I had made several snarling threats to various portions of whoeveritwas's anatomy, but after hearing what happened, I figure they were scared enough. That'll teach 'em to follow the WASP work ethic too closely ...

PAULINE PALMER -- MOCK FENNEL SOUP #6 -- Some touching and excellently put words here.

I am glad to hear that you have kind thoughts about the apa, and hope that despite Ed's absence, you'll continue to participate.

MICHAEL SHOEMAKER -- THE SHADOW-LINE #10 -- I have no idea if fandom can survive the "virtual elimination" (at least for zines

running under four ounces) of third-class mail. Fans are creative and adoptable; I can but hope they'll muddle through somehow. DaveL and I are seriously considering obtaining a Bulk Mailing Permit; it would mean increasing our mailing lists (mine a bit, Dave's drastically) but we would \$ave plenty -- \$21.00 for 200 copies vs. \$87.50 for 125 in my case alone. The permit costs \$40 a year, plus another one-time \$40 charge for a mailing imprint (which, if we buy pre-cancelled stamps from the P.O. instead. can be saved), and two mailings would recover all that and then some. Of course, it costs for paper and ink for those extra copies, too, but certainly not \$60 worth. I'd guess that Bulk Mailing will become more and more prevalant as time goes by. ## How lucky you were that your mother had all those old maps of the area you wanted to hike. Don't you wish luck would always smile so warmly? ## I wish I had more comments on your wordage about the Park and the traces you found of earlier settlers, but the main thing that comes to mind is how awesome the feats of the pioneers must seem to you now. Imagine them hacking a trail through virgin territory, hauling all their worldly possessions in carts or wagons. If it was so rough on you fellows, how much worse it had to have been for them (and with injuns to fret about on top of everything else)! On long drives through hilly country, I'll try to envision settlers moving through, and find it difficult. To do so from afoot must have fantastically greater impact. ## What is a "perwinkle cemetary"? ## Graves facing east is common in Ohio, too. The paper recently carried a story where a widow had her husband's remains exhumed because the wrong gravesite had been opened. She would've had to be buried to his left, and the custom was for wives to be on their husband's right. Now the old fellow faces west, but, as she put it, "He always liked the sunset better than the dawn, anyway". Also of note in the article was the fact that in that cemetary, the gravemarkers were Foot rather than Headstomes...## You certainly have seen some exceedingly obscure films! Do you belong to some sort of film club to catch al! of these? ##

-- MUGGINS' MUGGLES AND MUBBLEFUBBLES #7 -- I note that you and I hit similar themes in our

mailing comments to Joseph. Do you suppose he'll get the message if it's repeated from zine to zine? ## Thanks for including the background info on Harry Warner, Jr. You are indeed fortunate to have had so much personal contact with him. All I recall from the brief meeting I had with him at DisCon II was that he was so extremely shy and reserved. He seemed quite flustered that other people were seeking him out. ## Isn't it great to be in fandom, with such a wide range of knowledge at our beck and call? Don't you sleep

easier at night, knowing so much more about the history of South Africa than you had? ## Some of those amendments to the Constitution that you dismiss so lightly affected our system of government to a great degree. Poll taxes were eliminated, an entire race was released from slavery, women were given the vote, property-owning requirements were dropped; these changes in the electorate affected the system itself. The government of the United States in its infancy was basically one of businessmen and wealthy landowners. While we still have a heavy representation of these groups, others are now also represented. This affects the philosophy and thrust of government (or do you seriously believe that not including half the population in the voting rolls had no affect on what laws were made and/or enforced?). ## Hey! I just got over that Kuttner bit of doggerel after reading it in DaveL's zine. Now here you go, reminding me of it all over again...##

SUZI STEFL -- JUXTRAPOSE JOURNAL #9 -- You changed Jonathan's behind? Why? I thought it was kinda cute as it was... ## I used to bake bread (and cakes, and pies, and all the other sugary, luscious desserts) but finally quit about seven or eight years ago. Just took too much time that I'd rather spend on other projects. While I definitely prefer homemade bread, as long as I can afford the 'bakery-type' products at the store, I'll accept the loss in quality (however, Wonder Bread and its ilk are a no-no still). ## Apologies for the screw-up in pagination. We still can't figure out how it happened, as the stencil headers appeared to be in the correct order when I checked back in the discard pile after discovering the goof. I'm always more upset when I mess up on someone else's zine than when I make similar mistakes on my own. *Sigh* ## Whoa, Suzi! Take a firm hold of yourself. Don't let Lon entice you into becoming an aggressive Box-Score Fanatic. It's quality, not quantity that counts! (See what you started, Lon? Sweet Suzi is lusting after first place now, and it's all your fault...) ## Suzi, I wouldn't dream of hitting you. You're bigger than I am, and judging from the way you flip Jonathan around, you've got a right arm that a baseball pitcher would envy. ## DaveL Mates Aetests loathes pinochle with about the same intensity as I do the type of Hearts that he plays. The only card games we play in common are Uno, Crazy Eights, Pounce, and Gin Rummy. Not much of a choice there (he used to play poker, but said he doesn't like the game, only played in CA because it was a way to keep in touch with former co-workers at Bushnell). ## I have no taste at all when it comes to wines, ask the Hulans or Atkins. Champagne is right there at the bottom of my preference list, with goopy things like cream sherry, asti spumonti (sp?), \$ ## You know someone who tunneled under their house? That's something I've always had a secret yen to do. When we moved out to Beecher, I casually surveyed the territory, looking for a likely spot to put a "secret entrence" for an underground hide-out. Think it's a carryover from my childhood, when various movie heroes used tunnels and caves as headquarters and I adopted the concept in my playtime. The Black Whip, Zorro, and some comicbook character--Green Arrow? Something Arrow, anyway--were the prime culprits. ## Bye now and love back atcha.

JUDY STEVENS -- THE FRONTIER ALIEN -- Sounds like you've been busy lately (which is like telling Prince Charles that his name appeared in the newspaper recently). Are you the type of person who performs better under stress than with a relatively hassle-free schedule? I hate pressure, but I actually do better work when feeling pushed. ## Dengue fever is only "annoying"? Isn't that the disease with the nickname of "break-bone fever"? I thought it far more serious than you imply. ## Wish there were some way to comment intelligently on the interlinos you use. I read 'em, and chuckle, but what's then left to say about them? ## Whenver I've watched someone who I could term a "concentrated devotee" of a hobby, they are frowning in concentration, not smirking. Later on, when they can discuss their avocation, smiles appear, but when they're actually doing whatever it is that turns them on so, they look quite grim. ## Oops. I forgot about your request to scan a copy of FLAP #1. After a quick break to check, I find we have no leftovers of that mailing, but I can lend you mine. I'll take another break here to write myself a note to remind myself to do so....## We visited some friends of ours (the Coulsons) who have several pieces of my work on their walls, and lexperienced that sense of familiarity yet strangeness when viewing old work

again. It's odd how you can look at piece done ages ago and feel reactions strikingly different from the original ones (or, sometimes, exactly the same). I know I looked hard at a couple of paintings I'd done--"That's my stuff? Bighod, it is!" ## You asked for comments about current trends in SF involving concepts of science and people. One difference I've noted is a gradual acceptance of "science" (actually, technology) as only a part of existence. It seems to me that earlier writers tended to treat science as a corporeal entity, a god-like being which could save or condemn us. Nowdays, I see science being treated as no more than an expression of human existance, with the same capacity to aid or destroy as any other tool of man. I think it's a far more rational outlook than the other, although it certainly means a reduction in the "gimmick" story, for which I have an unqualified fondness. ## Gee, I must be awfully strange. I sorta enjoy being in the hospital, as long as the stay isn't too lengthy. Reminds me of a first-class vacation--no cooking, no cleaning, read whatever/whenever I want, a chance to just lay back and relax without any guilt feelings creeping in because you're loafing. Of course, I've never been seriously ill when hospitalized (appendicitis was the most drastic thing I've had), and ten days was my longest stay (two or three being the norm). ## I'm not sure, but it seems to me that the norm for females is 5'4" or so. It might be 5'6", which makes me as average as I can be, although I've lost two inches in height because of my spinal curvature. I tend to think a person as being "certifiably short" at 5'1" and under...but I'll bend my rules for Special Cases. ## Ah, yes. Early TV memories. A whole mob of us neighborhood kids used to descend upon the O'Brien household each evening, to watch the only set in the subdivision. Gave a rather theater feel to viewing the book tube, which was heightened by keeping the lights off and passing lots of buttered popcorn around. ##

Time for a short break. Tuna salad is on the menu tonight, and I have to whip up a batch of mayonnaise now so the seasonings will have a chance to hang around together and get acquainted before the dish is served.

There, that didn't take long, did it? Onions and celery chopped, mayonnaise made and mixed in with the veggies, tuma, salt and lemon pepper, and now the whole mess—including the macaroni, of course—sits "marrying" in the fridge. Wish all suppers could be done as quickly. Son Kurt—who's still waiting to get into the Air Force—called to get some advice (note how I skipped the word "expert") on adding metallic highlights to a picture he's painting as a belated birthday present to Sandy. He's had his physical exam, but won't know the results until Saturday. Having been born with a ventricular septal defect (hole in the ventricular walls of the heart), which was repaired when he was 5 years old, caused him some worry, but the recruiter says that the paper—work sent in by the medicos makes it look like no problem at all. On the other hand, a broken wrist he had when he was 7 might prove to be a stumbling block. *Sigh* When I think of how hard some friends struggled to stay out of the service, and the trouble my kids have in getting (or staying, in Sandy's case) in, it seems the whole world has turned topsy-turvey. Enough. Back to Mailing Comments...

ROY TACKETT -- VOMBIS 4 -- Well, as you've no doubt noted by now, the "hard core" of
Flap still hasn't been fully revealed. I did enjoy the
respite from constantly changing, though, and hope that once the new additions come
in and begin to participate we can sit back and relax a little. ## The house in Beecher
was robbed twice (and people still insist it's safer in the country than in the city..)
and I didn't experience the sense of violation that many burglary victims report. I
was angry, but also relieved that nothing more personally valuable was taken, and that
we had adequate insurance. It did leave me with a slight residual effect, though. When

I first enter the door after having been gone awhile, I sweep the room with my eyes, checking to see if anything's been taken. I'm also quite lacksadaisical about locking up (something which DaveL mildly chides me about). Since locks didn't stop anyone on those two occasions -- whereas the house of my childhood was never locked and was also never robbed--I simply don't think about them. In the sort of paradoxial twist that makes life so interesting to observe, my grandmother became even more paranoid about burglars than she had been before our house was hit. Guess ! look on robbers the same way I look on tornados. If one hits, it's gonna hit, and there's nothing to be done about it. However, odds are that you won't ever encounter one, so why worry needlessly? ## Amen to your comments about a common language being needed in order to communicate. Without communication, no nation can exist, no sense of community can maintained. In a way, I kinda regret that Esperanto never caught on, because I think one of the requirements for/peaceful world is a common tongue. (I am relieved that ! don't nave to learn it, though. Languages don't come easy to me.) ## Even if Mike doesn't, I remember Tor-Con II, and even meeting you in the Neffer room that Martha Beck was busy hostessing. Bet I can even recall what you were wearing...## "I know you believe you understand what you think I said, but I'm not sure you realize that what you heard is not what I meant" is, indeed, a motto for our times. Should be engraved on a plaque (in fact, it is, and hangs above and slightly to the right of this typer...) ## Well, the closest ! can come to in defending my feeling that things in nature can be "art" as well as items created by man, is the notion I hold that art is a two-way street. It--the artwork-must be seen and appreciated as such by a person (which is why I feel free to snicker when referring to Andy Warhol's "art") in order to "be" art. By observing something, incorporating its essence into your own brain cells, appreciating it as a thing different and superior to other things of its kind, you can transform virtually anything into "art", even if it's only for yourself. My definition is extremely loose and sloppy, but since that matches my mind, I don't worry about it. ## Interesting excerpts from that geography textbook. It surprises me when some readers complain about the attitudes expressed by earlier generations, as if the awareness we moderns now have should be retroactively affecting everything written in preceding ages. How anyone who holds that viewpoint could enjoy some works of, say Burroughs, puzzles me. Perhaps they don't. Now I react negatively to racist and sexist works, yet I don't expect someone who wrote in the twenties, for instance, to fit my ideas of "proper" viewpoints. They didn't look at matters in the same light as I do, so I simply ignore the more glaring statements (though my largesse does have its limits. Some writers were virulently anti-female (or anti-black or other races) even for their day, and I find it too painful to read their works. The same can be said for some current writers, of course.) ##

VOMBIS NUMBER FIVE -- Or at least, I think that's what you're calling thish. The Old(e) English typeball isn't noted for its legibility, is it? ## One of the problems I have in trying to comment on your zine is that often a throw-away line will spark a thought, that is typed out, would run on for paragraphs, and then you'll have a paragraph where my only comment would be "well said," or something of that sort. *Sigh* Your zine comes the closest, to my mind, of capturing the feeling of fannish conversation, and I keep running smack up against the fact that it's not conversation, but writing, with a built in lengthy period of delayed feedback. You frustrate me, Tackett. Shame on you. ## What's slobbish about jeans and a T-shirt? I know that outfit can be sloppy, but clean jeans and a clean t-shirt never seemed "slobbish" to me. It isn't so much what you're wearing that counts, at least in casual situations, but in what sort of condition your clothing is in. I know I shudder when I see some people in jeans that are worn through in spots and patched and repatched in others. Since these items are usually worn by people who definitely can afford new attire, I can't imagine what they're trying to say by their choice of costume (in that case, it is a costume, not merely clothing). ## By stating that I am "Irish-American", I certainly don't intend to "balkanize" the USofA. I'm merely stating that, in this nation that is composed of so many ethnic backgrounds, my particular heritage is Irish. Even then it's not "pure" since other strains are in my background and bloodstream, but I still feel more I rish than, say Austrian or Czech. ##

NEWS BREAK NEWS BREAK BREAK NEWS

In a fortuitous example of coincidence in action, the Cincinnati Enquirer of August 5, 1981, printed a filler item which answers a burning question posed by Marty Helgesen. KNIGHT NEWS SERVICE--Egg yolks often have thick white "strings" clinging to them--have you ever wondered what they are? They're protien fibers, called chalaza, and they anchor the yolk to the egg white.

Chalaza is a natural component of the egg--the same material as the egg white, only more concentrated--and need not be removed before cooking. In fact, the very presence of chalaza is a good test for freshness -- fresh, high-quality eggs have prominent chalaza. As eggs lose their freshness, the chalaza tends to disappear.

It is to be hoped that this authoritive explanation of what constitutes that "small. milky-white lump" will be of help to Marty, although it admittedly does little to explain just why his mother goes through the bother of removing it before cooking eggs.

Returning to ROYTAC and VOMBIS FIVE -- If you read my personal definition of Ethics in my comments to DaveL, I gather you can see that we're in pretty close agreement. Ethics is necessary to civilization, in that it gives a sort of guide by which to predict the actions of others, assuming that they are ethical people. Ethics deal in a general way with behavior standards -- not in the same way that etiquette does (ethics does not concern itself with which fork you use on which course of a meal), but more in line with Honorable Conduct. In a way, I suppose I see Ethics as being our modern-day Code of Chivalry, the ideal pattern to which people should aspire (although, sadly, many don't). ## "Which, of course, once more proves that those who say violence never solves anything are wrong." How does the example you gave "prove" this, Roy? As far as I could tell, you simply threatened to do violent things to the school personnel. If you had, indeed, performed a violent act (say, punching out a teacher), I really doubt that Diana's problems would have been solved. In fact, they may have just begun. It's hard getting along with Daddy in jail. ## By any chance, were you indulging in a gallon or so of Rio Grande Rotten while cutting the stencil for P. 5? Just curious... ## "...having religion and superstition combine to elect an over-age movie actor" puzzles me--where does "superstition" come in (or are you lumping it in with "religion")? Even "religion" is in doubt, since Reagan certainly espouses no particular faith, beyond a lukewarmish Christianity. Yeah, I know what you're referring to, or at least I think I do, but methinks a generally more-conservative streak that's appeared in this country in recent years had far more to do with Ronnie's election than religion per se. That and the revulsion some voters seem to feel about Kennedy which prevented him from winning the nomination from our last Prez. Kennedy's liberalism most likely would've marked him for defeat against Reagan, too, but at least I think his presence on the ballot would've made it a far more interesting campaign. If we have to put up with that nonsense for month after month, I do wish it could at least be jazzed up a bit. ## Yes, you're weird. But that doesn't go far enough to explain just why you felt Kring's book warranted so much space in your zine. Come on, 'fess up; why'd jadooit? ## I wonder why Patten never tried to contact some of the more worthwhile LA-area fen--like Lon or David, or even DaveL while he was living there. What happened to Dick's cosmic mindedness? Or is he simply a loner by preference? ## I guess the main reason I'm against capitol punishment is that it affords such a grand opportunity for a totalitarian regime to take power. Simply accuse all enemies of "assault", have your cohorts testify so in court, and Presto! No one but meek and mild citizenry left to rule. ## Marsupial cat? Do you mean cat-like marsupial? Felines aren't marsupials and vice-versa, although they may, by filling similar ecological niches, resemble each other somewhat (as kangaroos do rabbits and rats in a way) in form and function. I know you know better than that, Roytac, but you give me so little opportunity to leap upon you with gleeful cries, that I have to act when you slip up. ## I, too, didn't realize those subscription outfits garnered the entire rate for new subscriptions. Jeez, they must make a mint-and-a-half! Heck of a lot more than Reader's Digest and its sweepstakes... ## Ah, but you didn't continue your search for the

meaning of "professional". AHD, pro-fes-sion; n. 1. An occupation or vocation requiring advanced study in a specialized field. 2. The body of qualified persons of one specific field. (the next two don't apply). I see nothing that smacks of class consciousness in that. Unless you assume that only the Upper Class has access to "advanced study".

DAVE WIXON -- THE BIG BRONZE FAKE #7 -- It was such a nice surprise to see you and Caryl at Rivercon. That was about the last con I'd expect fans from Mpls to attend. How did you view the con? And thanks for passing on that bit of egoboo--really made me feel good. ## Are you saying, then, that the English shilling is equivalent to our nickel, regarding its relation to the pound and the nickel's to our dollar (not their relative worths). Gee, I'd always thought a shilling to be a higher unit than that, but come to think of it, the pound's relative value isn't what it used to be, either. ## I'm curious. Is the person you referred to who "lived near enough to make life miserable(er) for us all" the same person who was so outraged to be termed a "fugghead" at last years Autoclave, and who also managed to make Joni Stopa's life miserabler for awhile a couple years back? (Isn't being cryptic fun?) ## Good comments about SF characterization. As someone else once pointed out, it would be impossible to truly write a story set hundreds of years in the future, or about an alien race--no one would be able to understand what was going on, and if the reader cannot grasp what a writer's trying to say, then there's no sense in publishing it. ## Thanks, but we have both Garfield books. As soon as they appeared at the bookstores, DaveL snapped them up (in fact, three sets of them; it's another thing he likes to pass along as gifts to various people). ## I also "tend to be against Republicans", and in these current days, I spend a lot of time muttering under my breath. Not having had the slightest impulse to go out and cast my vote for anyone last November, I feel that is about all I have any right to do about the situation. I do hasten to say that there are Republicans I approve of, some I've even voted for, but the basic philosophy of the part itself favors Big Business too much to make me comfortable in supporting them. ## Weird situation you describe in Minnesota re: alchohol abusers no longer being liable to arrest for public drunkeness. Has that position been taken to the higher courts? I find it almost unbelievable that a person could wander around in that condition and not be breaking the law. Isn't there such a thing as "public nuisance" or similar laws up there? ## The inventions you wish you could concoct all have a similar feel to them in my mind's eye--a drive for greater efficiency. You must be as basically a lazy person as I am, n'est pas? ## Re yct DaveL about being over-generous in mixing drinks--DaveL also was a bartender, back in upstate Nyawk, and he still has an over-generous urge when he's whipping up some drinks. Especially when he's had a few already. I could practically pass out after one sip from some of the things he comes up with! ## What image does the name 'Dave' evoke for me? Well, one of a largish, jovial person, mostly. That's because the only Daves I knew as a youngun were bartenders, tended to be on the portly side, and were very happy (albeit while usually smashed) whenever I saw them. As I grew older and met a few more Daves, I developed an alternate "type", being dark, slim and studiously inclined. Do either of those ease your mind in any way? ## Nice words on your reactions to news of Ed's death. I really doubt that the huckster you bought that book from was Ed; to my knowledge, he never attended a con, though he constantly kept threatening to saying he might. Who the "Cagle" was who's name was written in that book, I have no idea, but ghod knows the name of that writer would've appealed to his sense of humor, and perhaps, perhaps, it could have been him. I'm sorry our bank account didn't permit us to phone all of you individually; that was one instance when I really wish I was rolling in dough. And, please, don't be hesitant at writing Sue; she's a Neat Lady who would feel good knowing that others thought nice things about her man. We're still in contact with her, and finding out that she's got a not-undeft way with words herself. Though not a fan, she's fun to be around, and I wish some of my fannish friends could meet her. Maybe it'll happen, maybe not. But in any case, expressing one's sympathy can't damage your karma-only improve it.

Last stencil, and no room left except to say "G'bye!". Perhaps luck will be with me and I'll actually be able to work regularly on this zine and have a chance to see if this is a workable format for me or not. Ah well, next mailing will tell the tale...