

I don't think Joseph insinuated that Vinge was a whore and Frenkel her pimp in his musings about THE SNOW QUEEN and their relationship, although he certainly came close. I gathered that he resented what he interpreted as "favoritism" being given to an author because of a *coff* friendship. Of course, if drawn down to it's most basic level, that complaint could be stated as harshly as you put it, but I don't think Joe meant it quite that way. (Since he's not here to clarify his point, I suppose it can never be resolved anyway.)

I agree about your assessment of NAPALM IN THE MORNING. It is depressing and despairing, and I felt a bit down after reading it. As there is a surfeit of such material in the daily papers, I see little reason to look for more in my recreational reading. Joseph's built his reputation on his vitriolic writing, but he may find that his "public" simply isn't in the mood for that type of material. I know I'm not.

Until Sandy was called in for work this week, she'd only had one two-day assignment from her temp agency. Apparently Cincinnati is no better a market for temporaries than is Phoenix. I had plenty of work in Chicago and L.A., and wonder why there should be such a wide discrepancy in work load between cities. Is it a matter of poor promotion on the part of the agencies, or just local customs?

Wish I could come up with a recipe to match that animal's name you came up with (you are kidding, aren't you?), but for something called a Florida Flying Vampire Toad, only the talents of a Dean Grennell find a drink recipe to do it justice.

You forgot the final instruction in that recipe for Pepper Jelly. "Cool, cover, and store and a cool, dark, dry place" sounds fine, but then it should read "then forget location."

My objections to using the word "waste" when speaking about the death of someone, is the implication that there was nothing of value in the years that person was alive. Susan Wood was 32 years old, and she accomplished a lot in that time, despite some severe problems which had to be taken into account. I don't consider her life a "waste", though her death was regretful. (I also know that you didn't mean to demean her when you said "waste"; it's a common phrase, but one I don't think people pay heed to when using.) About the only way I could consider a person's death as a waste would be if a sacrifice were being made for someone else, and that sacrifice was in vain, or done without need. (Many of the deaths in Viet Nam, for instance, were total "wastes".)

Bruce, you can't reverse an execution. While you may prefer Death to Dishonor, the people who have been put to death for crimes they didn't commit weren't given the option.

Nowadays, simply breathing entails risk, so I see no quarrel with your statement that all physical activities are inherently risky. There is a difference in degree, though, which makes some sports or recreations more dangerous than I would find of comfort. While I hew to the philosophy that birth is but the start of a terminal disease, I see no need to hasten the terminus in the pursuit of pleasure. I also don't deny anyone else the right to see it differently, I just coggle at their choice of lifestyle.

I hadn't considered the idea of Maliciousness being tied into fuggheadedness, but I can see your point. I don't agree, fugghead being a mild rejoinder in my insult vocabulary, but I can understand your reasoning.

A recent story in F&SF ("Mythago Wood", by Robert Holdstock in the Sept. 81 issue), also mentioned a bear-like figure that figures into British mythology as either a totem or semi-godlike figure. Some writers apparently like to delve really deep into a country's background in order to find the nuggets of a story.

Since we haven't made up our minds for certain whether to attend Chicon IV or not, I can't say "sold" to Hilde's quasi-bid, but her name'll be first on the list should the membership be up for grabs. We haven't discussed all the possibilities except on the most superficial level yet, but I'll keep you posted when we do.

spelling bees we had in sixth and seventh grades. (Apparently the nuns didn't think much of bees as a learning technique.) I thought they were fun, but then I usually did well at them; some of the other kids in class thought they were a waste of time. There was little feeling of competition between the catholic school kids and the public school kids in my neighborhood; mostly because we parochial kids were at least a full grade ahead of the others. Every so often, when one bunch or the other had a school holiday and the other didn't, we'd go to each other's school as visitors, so I had a pretty good idea of where they were in comparison. All our lessons and texts were, at the very least, a year ahead of the P.S. students, except in science. The first year the State of Illinois required science to be taught in order to accredit a school, you would have thought that all the sisters were munching on lemons during class. They didn't like it one bit (mostly, I suppose, because they knew so little about the subject). My "science" course consisted of one semester of one-half hour of teaching three times a week--we usually simply read from the text book and did the little "suggested" items at the end of each chapter. When I got to high school, I was fascinated by my science courses...

In reading over the previous stencil, I see ~~1/11/11~~ ~~1/11/11~~ there was some awkward wording. When I used the term "snap" courses and then mentioned Pass-Fail as being okay for Art classes, I did not mean to imply that I think Art was a snap course, only that, since it is such a relative type of study, Pass-Fail is as fair a grading system as any.

Here's one person you know who isn't a Python freak. While I'd see a skit every so often that made me laugh, most of their stuff just seemed silly to me, and I dislike "silly" humor (unless it's all my own idea, of course...)

DAVID HULAN -- THE HIGH AESTHETIC LINE -- Our health problems seem to have lapsed into the "chronic" stage as well. Please let us know the moment you start feeling better, so I can expect to do the same in a couple of weeks (if I understand the timing correctly, we are about two weeks behind you two).

DaveL and I took BrianL and BrianF (my son) to Solvang once. Nice little place, if you like ^{window} shopping. I don't particularly care for that form of entertainment, though everyone else seemed to. I wouldn't mind going back again, in mid-week during the off season, and with a couple hundred bucks or so in my purse for impulse buying. The drive up there from L.A. is worth being mildly bored for a couple of hours, though.

I see nothing "antisocial" about not calling friends when you're passing through their area on a trip. Unless you intend to stop and visit--which should be set up in advance anyway--I see no point in merely phoning to say "Hi, we're driving past your town." Maybe I'm antisocial if that's considered a tell-tale sign, but I don't think so.

Your symptoms are very close to the ones we have; perhaps we contracted The Bug from handling the material you sent in for FLAP. ~~Perhaps we'll see.~~

DaveL and I don't divide our money or grant allowances. Of course, now I don't contribute anything to the exchequer, but we didn't handle it that way when I was. Don't know if I'd find it comfortable to try to divide costs on a proportionate basis so strictly (as splitting the price of a turntable on a 80/20% basis), but it seems to work for the two of you just fine. But then, most things seem to work for the two of you just fine.

My only experience with a bow and arrow was during my senior year of H.S., during gym class. Enjoyed the sport, and certainly wouldn't have minded doing more shooting on my own. I like rifle and pistol shooting too, but not so much the kind where you simply fire away at a target--plinking is more my style.

Re your review of THE SCARLET LETTERS: I find it odd that you'd rate a book with three asterisks, read it twice, and yet call it not "very good". That doesn't quite jibe with the way I understand your system for awarding stars.

This is the third or fourth good review

of Foreman's DRAGON'S EGG that I've noticed. If this goes on...I may even read it.

I'm assuming that BUNNICULA is aimed for the children's market, the synopsis you gave certainly seemed childish enough (although, considering some films I've seen lately, perhaps it wasn't all that unreasonable. There's a sort of schtick going around here that uses the submarine that carries Indiana Jones so miraculously in RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK as a catch-all excuse for any discrepancy in a movie. I.E.--the orangutan in TARZAN got to Africa from Indonesia via Jones's sub).

I appreciated the goof-up you made in running off your zine (apparently picking up an "odd" stencil when you wanted an "even" one, and therefore being forced to leave a blank space in preference to having your pages out of order). It made all my previous boo-boos a bit less terrible to contemplate. I accept conscience salving any way I can get it...

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It's been nearly a month since I last worked on this zine. Brian's visit came out well, and we wore ourselves and our bank balance out doing all sorts of things. Went to Kings Island, to the ATP Championship playoffs, to a scenic park about an hour and a half from here, to a museum, and to perhaps half a dozen movies. Next visit, we expect to tone down the gallivanting about and do more "at home" stuff, but this visit was the first since Easter (which was the first in almost a year), and seemed to warrant a little extra celebration.

Sandy's still with us, but has landed a long-term temp job that seems likely to last about as long as she can stand working at it. (Oops, I mentioned the job earlier... well, she's still hanging in there, despite the horrendous commute.) She's planning on moving out the 1st of October...or so...since she'll have a bit over five hundred dollars in the bank by then and should be able to get an apartment closer to downtown which would reduce her commuting time to a more bearable amount. I don't think I'm putting any of us down by saying that the three of us can hardly wait...

I took a few days off from "family" duties for a visit "Back Home" over last weekend. Left Friday afternoon and drove to Martha Beck's home in Indiana, about six miles or so from where I used to live in Beecher, Illinois. Spent the night (and learned a fiendishly addictive dice game called "Pig") and then Martha, her hubby Hank, and I drove up to Wilmet for a semi-rump-con-cum-"party" at Joni's. Got to know a couple of the newer Chicago fen a bit better, met another couple I'd never seen before, made a few dollars playing penny-ante poker (and enriched the Poker Troll by an unghodly amount), recieved a guided tour through the Stopa's photo album that covered their trip through the Pacific Northwest by Jon, smoked a little, drank a little, stayed up to all hours (felt great!), ate myself silly at the banquet-quality dinners, and, in general, had fun. Got to see Jon than Stefl (along with his mother and sister, of course), who is growing at an awesome rate. He should be about the right size to play football in another year or two. Saturday night we stayed up til five ayem, and then drove back to Hank and Martha's to get some shut-eye. I phoned the boys in Beecher before leaving, and they wanted to come over for a short visit, so I delayed my departure an hour for an all-too-short chat with Kurt and Brian (who are entirely too mature for their mother's ego--surely they've only been diaper-free for a few years!). Got home about ten on Monday night (Labor Day), and spent a couple of hours trading "What We Did On Our Weekend Vacation" stories with DaveL and Sandy. The drive was exhausting (I'd tried, and failed, to find someone from the Cincy area to help share the chore) and I've been sleeping about ten hours each night I've been back, but I really enjoyed myself and only wish I could do it more often \*Sigh\* Sometimes three hundred miles can seem as hindering as two thousand...

Heard quite a tale of woe from son Kurt. He's been planning on joining the Air Force for quite some time, and was finally turned down for medical reasons a couple weeks ago. Now he's in the midst of a campaign, coordinated through his Congressman's office, to prove to the A.F. that his heart is as good as anyone's, despite the open-heart surgery he had as a child. He spent three days last week taking tests at the hospital, and is supposed to get word on the results this week, so he can send them in to the "caseworker" to be forwarded to the Surgeon General's office. Then, if they



decide there are no grounds for washing him out (the Surgeon General's office can say you're unfit for duty, but not okay you for enlistment; that is up to the local board), he then will be required to report to a hospital in Chicago, where the same set of tests that he just completed will be repeated by Air Force-Approved M.D.'s. The kids from his graduating class simply marvel at the idea that someone would pay \$140 from their own pockets for what they see as the dubious privilege of joining the service. Kurt, who sees the A.F. as a means to afford a college education which he otherwise could not manage, thinks differently.

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LON ATKINS -- FAN ORDINAIRE #23 -- Yes, indeed, it is inviting madness to offer too many apologies in an apa. Once the habit is begun, you could find yourself wasting fully a third of each contribution saying "I'm sorry..." Now that could help boost a person's page count total, if they were concerned about such things, but what good is an excellent Box Score record when you're wrapped up in a canvas shirt? In any case, I see no need to apologize for preferring another apa to this one (Ghod that was hard to say *choke*), even if it doesn't excuse the lack of forethought you exhibit by not beginning your apaac earlier in the cycle. That's OK, Lon, your rushed, sketchy Flapzines--meager though they be--still offer some of the meatiest and most concise writing in the group. I'm content with half-a-loaf, despite my occasional grumbles about wanting a fuller one.

I'm also an admirer of Gene Wolfe's "way with words". I'd known Gene socially before I read any of his work, and believe that the short-story version of FIFTH HEAD OF CERBERUS was my initial contact with his writing. At first it strikes one as strange to the nth degree; it's so different from the usual action-packed pacing of the average short story. Wolfe's pacing isn't slow, it's off-beat; he seems to enjoy keeping the reader off stride, and watching the twistings and turning his words and nuances assume forms the bulk of cadence-shifts which mark a work as his own. I haven't picked up copies of his new series, but they are books definitely included on my "must read" list.

I chuckled at the section where you "came to question Harlan's judgement"--rather disappointing to have a reviewer, whose tastes you think you have pegged, suddenly show a different form of discernment, isn't it?

Also enjoyed the way you slipped in a tricky change of pace in your overview of Wolfe's book by describing the meal you ate that night. Sneaky.

You're final assessment of the novel fairly oozes sincerity; you apparently were struggling hard to be as fair and impersonal a judge as you could, and still maintain the high standards of criticism as the level of writing demanded. It appears that the ending of the book disappointed you--possibly to a degree that would have destroyed your appreciation of a lesser work, but I'm only guessing--yet you recommend the work for its craftsmanship in wordsmithing. Now. When are you gonna read the second volume?

SUZI STEFL -- JUXTAPROSE JOURNAL #10 -- Finally read SNOW QUEEN last month, and really enjoyed it. Alien society stories appeal to me when they're well written, and Vinge's novel definitely qualifies in that category. I can't burble about it as much as some have, but I think it's certainly the equal to Le Guin's LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS (another novel I enjoyed, but didn't think deserving of the "instant-classic" status some reviewers awarded it).

I'd appreciate seeing a short story you've written. Maybe that's why I'm a cat-person; I'm curious too.

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While I agree that the minority situation creates some hassles for deserving whites, I think you're ignoring the fact that until the affirmative action steps were instituted, it was virtually impossible for a minority person to attend any good school, regardless of how hard they worked or how smart they were. The inequities that are being committed now should be rectified, no question about it, but do you believe that the present injustices come anywhere close to matching the situation, say, thirty years ago?







9/16/81--1400



Wish I could go along with your comment to Roytak, that if an "outsider" criticized Joe Nicholas we'd all leap to his defense. Most of the criticism that I've seen directed to Joe has been fully warranted. Of course, I'm saying "criticism", not "attack", which are two different words. However, in Joe's case, since he persists in confusing the two himself, I'd be unlikely to defend him even in case of outright attack. That seems to be what he most desires in way of response... Why should I put up any barriers to his satisfaction in fanatic?

Yes, indeed. It's when you're at, or close to, the bottom that the importance of friends becomes the most obvious. It isn't so much what they can do for you, as what they do to you--let you know you're not alone, that others are in there pitching too, and that you're still valuable as a friend despite severe problems. The friends I've made in fandom have been far more dear and true to me than any I've established in Mundania. As in any human relationship, there have been those which simply haven't worked out well, but I've never hit on any which fell apart because of deceit or actual ill-will--merely different outlooks which were openly expressed. I hope that your friends continue to provide you with the support and understanding which we all need in good times or bad.

I thought Glicksohn had given the definition of Floccin-whatever, in one of his early issues. Seems to me that he found it in O.E.D. too.

Well, another week-and-a-half, another stencil...or something like that. The deadline is looming closer on the calendar, DaveL is getting yancy about my lack of progress on this zine ("Are you sure you don't want to use the typer?" "Gee, only a week til the deadline..." "Any time you feel like cutting stencils, just say the word and I'll move away from the typer."), and I guess it's catching, to a certain extent at least. But it wasn't until he actually disinterred the old manual typer from its resting place in the Fan-Den-cum-Sandy's-room closet that I braced myself to face another typing session. I mean, if he's willing to go through that much extra effort in order to write, then there must be something worth worrying about, right? Since Sandy's out apartment-hunting (something she's been planning on doing for the past few weekends, but hasn't managed to get to until now--four days before she'd said she'd be leaving), and DaveL is busy ~~ATTACKING~~ criticizing Mike Glicksohn's resurrection issue of ENERGUMEN, and I've already played three games of Spider (a version of double-deck solitaire which is horribly addictive), I suppose there's nothing left to do to but capitulate to Forces Which Are Stronger than myself. \*Sigh\* But be forewarned--my heart isn't really into what I'm typing...

DAVE LOCKE -- WHATELL #3 -- And speaking of the devil...how dare you go lay down and take a nap just when I got through saying you were busy ~~ATTACKING~~ criticizing ENERGUMEN 16? How do you expect me to maintain the feeling of immediacy which I'm attempting by using this format if you give lie to my statements before the stencil has barely cooled? \*Sigh\* Sometimes life just ain't fair...

My, how things have changed since you wrote this issue. Your justification for being "pissy" in this issue no longer exists--guess you'll have to be bright and cheerful from now on, eh? I must admit that I didn't find you overtly out of sorts in your comments (save one, but in that case you'd be apt to sound the same no matter what your mood at the time of stenciling), but that's pretty much to be expected--Lon did the same thing in his last issue; claimed to be on the prod and yet write even-tempered comments to all appearances. It must be a trait good fanwriters are required to exhibit; the ability to keep their emotions in check while writing.

While I agree in principle with the advice you give to Marty about using the services of a travel agent in planning trips, I'm a bit leery about the reasoning--that since the airlines pay the agent, the services are free to you, the consumer. It seems to me that all agents are paid a percentage of ticket price as their fee--the fact that the fee is paid by the airline rather than the customer seems irrelevant to me. Wouldn't it make more sense for an agent to book you on a more expensive flight than a cheapie?



I'm not saying that an agency which did that very often would be apt to receive much repeat business, but it still seems a *caveat* that a wise consumer should keep in mind. I try to watch the newspapers for ads and articles which mention reduced-fare flights which airlines offer on a fairly regular basis--just in case the need to book a trip somewhere should arise. It never hurts to keep tabs on that sort of info; sort of a safety check on the info travel agents pass on. I know on at least one flight that we booked for one of my kids who was to visit us while we lived in California that habit paid off--I mentioned an advertised low air fare which the agent had apparently overlooked when giving a quotation over the phone. It made a difference of about sixty bucks, which if I hadn't been alert we would have spent over and above what we did pay. That incident made me far more apt to simply call the airlines which served the route I wished to book rather than go through an agent. Of course, one has to know which airlines go where before one can inquire, but that isn't difficult to ascertain.

I have difficulty in following the example you gave to Marty in re ERA. To me, the kid who pushes someone else over someone else who is kneeling behind them can hardly be considered as a "good guy". A sneaky action like that is hard to call "fair", and I was raised with the attitude that two wrongs don't make a right. While I fully agree that some of the stuff that ERA supporters have done (the Illinois woman who promised a "campaign contribution" to one of the State Representatives is a prime example of wrongs committed in a "right" cause) are underhanded to various degrees, I can't give any sort of approval to those actions. This probably shows just why it is that I so often end up on the "losing" side. I want to play the game by ethical rules, not just by "whatever works".

I do agree with your final assessment of ERA: that it certainly has holes in it, but that it does seem to be better than what's available. Like the issue of slavery, I see ERA as being treated as basically a States Rights issue by many people, but I feel that the importance of equality before the law being made a reality to override considerations of State Supremacy. If I live in the USA, dammit, I expect to be treated equally in whatever portion of that country in which I reside. To allow each state to define just which "rights" I'm entitled to is ridiculous!

Stephen King is one writer we both agree on. While I don't fully endorse your list of recommended books (the first half of THE STAND was great, the remainder bogged down in religious mysticism and literal *Deus Ex Machina*, CARRIE was flawed by King's misapprehensions about pubescent girls), I certainly second FIRESTARTER and DEAD ZONE as being damn good books. 'SALE'S LOT and THE SHINING (both in their novel versions, not the abortion-of-a-made-for-TV the former was made into, nor the flawed version that appeared on film of the latter) are both right up there, too. May King write on for a good, long while!

I really enjoyed reading this issue, and wish the number of comments I had had any relationship to my degree of interest. Since no one else has seen fit to mention it, I'd also like to commend you for actually sticking to a title for the past several issues. I far prefer a "set" name for a zine, even if it's slated to appear in a lowly apa, rather than a string of unconnected titles...

JUDY STEVENS -- THE FRONTIER ALIEN -- I'm a bit hazy on the purpose of the seminars you've been taking lately. Since they only run a few days each, I have problems in seeing them as "learning opportunities", so I view them more as "proficiency demonstrations". Am I correct in this assumption, or is there something there I'm missing?

It doesn't really matter who or what circumstances impelled you to become a fan, you are one regardless. I see latecomers--those who get involved in their more mature years--as having been latent fans all along. You were only lacking the impetus to join, or the opportunity, before you actually did. The necessary traits already had been established. Most likely, they existed in utero...

I recall reading about the Clivus Multrum in MOTHER EARTH NEWS years ago, and being a bit intrigued about them. Since I don't fully trust the claims about the system being "odor free", preferring to see one in active use before I'd accept that, I didn't go any further with my initial interest. Have you seen any in actual operation?



The situation you described in your comments to Eric--where your friend was scrubbed from being a pilot because of a visual handicap--seems unfair. The driver of an automobile is permitted to take vision tests with glasses, why isn't a pilot? I could understand the rule if it applied equally to pilots who were already licensed, but since it doesn't, the rule seems unreasonable to me.

Who was it who said that "childhood is wasted on the young"? I don't recall, but your comment to DaveL made me think of it and its appropriateness. You say you didn't appreciate the lack of aches and pains, which also reminded me of one of those sayings everyone hears: you can't miss what you've never had. Youngsters simply cannot appreciate that being older involves a certain amount of daily pain, and that the degree of that pain depends, to a considerable extent, on the actions taken as a youth. This situation causes a great deal of the miscommunication which occurs between parent and child, or between people of differing generations. It is the rare child who has any sort of accurate assessment of what they will be like in middle- or old-age... I know I had no idea!

Well, while I sorta/kinda see what you mean about "serious artists" considering cartoons as an "art form", still and all, the serious artists that I know of still consider cartoons as certainly being an "inferior" artform. When you pour slip into yet another Madonna mold, you are participating in an art form, yet surely you don't consider it as equal to the work you do in free form, do you? There are differences in degree in art, as in everything else, which non-participants are more inclined to view as differences in kind. Roy, who doesn't lay any claim to being an "artist" (though he is one by way of his writing, whether he agrees or not), views cartoons as inferior to what he thinks of as "Art" while you view cartooning as merely being a different sort of expression of "Art". I see cartooning as being, on the highest level, a merging of the arts of writing and graphic depiction, rather than an art of and by itself. That's not the way everyone views the genre, but that's beside the point. For a cartoon to be good, in my view, it has to display one of three characteristics: good visuals, good writing, or (ideally) a combination of the two. A strip can be good despite a lack of drawing talent (probably the criteria Roy is alluding to) if the writing can overcome the handicap of poor graphics. A strip can also be good if it's drawn well despite weak scripting (though it won't succeed in case of really bad writing). The best cartoons rely on good drawing accompanied by good writing/ideas. And the best examples of cartooning are certainly worthy of anyone's approval; unfortunately, I see very few examples of cartooning which fall into the "best" category. In the case of your work with INTILA, it is obvious that you are improving, that you are developing the character and situations and writing, that you are participating in an "art form" by your lights. Don't let people who don't share your appreciation of the genre, like Roy, get you down. ~~They don't know what they're talking about anyway...~~

As a P.S., I should add that I liked this installment of INTILA, it was so-o-o reminiscent of similar situations in which I was involved. Keep up the good work.

MARTY HELGESEN -- UNBUTTERED JELLO -- While I appreciate learning that HHOK was an invention/coinage by Denny Lien, I steadfastly maintain that there's not one iota of difference between Ha Ha and Ho Ho (except, perhaps, to someone playing Santa Claus). Nit acknowledged, pick away.

So what are the "several possible explanations" that you suppose Heinlein meant in that passage of CITIZEN OF THE GALAXY? Discussing suppositions can be enlightening, after all...

I can't agree that the groups such as the Moral Majority want to reduce the role that the federal government plays in our daily lives. They merely want to switch emphasis from commercial ventures to personal ones.

Re yct me about my ct Suzi: hope your credulity won't break under the strain, but that was an honest typo, and I didn't notice it until I'd spaced down to the next line.

Of course "no zine has an infinite number of pages." Can you think of a single example which would negate that? (heh-heh)



My, but Amanda's character, Irene Iddesleigh, has a tendency to over-react a bit. If it wouldn't be too much trouble, and it wouldn't take too many pages to do so, would you mind informing us about the "untruth" she was in such agony over revealing? Did she forget to add lemon juice to the water in the fingerbowls at her last dinner?

You pose an interesting question to Arthur Hlavaty ("do you support laws against child molestation, or do you think they are an unjustified attempt to regulate people's sex lives?"), and one that I would assume could cause quite a turmoil in the mind of someone who espouses both freedom of action and the dissemination of various civil rights to children. Since I don't particularly feel that children are capable of handling themselves adequately without adult guidance and/or control, I do feel that child molestation laws are necessary. Of course, my main argument in favor of such laws--that children can be swayed unduly by a manipulative adult--loses some of its strength when opposed by the fact that some adults are as easily manipulated as any child, but I loftily ignore that point. Protection from contamination by people of ill-will is a worthy goal for society to aspire for its offspring; the difficulty is in deciding what is or is not "contaminating", and whether ill-will is actually held by the people who perform particular actions. Is hugging or stroking a child an act of "molestation"? Or must the actions involve genitalia? What about the child's conduct, was it voluntary? Tentative? Reluctant? It is a case of taking the easy way out by forbidding all even-barely-sexual contact between adults and children rather than hashing out a detailed, complex ruling which could be subverted by a crafty lawyer, but I think it's probably the best road to travel.

I really do object to your classification of atheism as a religion in yct Eric. While there are some atheists who do pursue their beliefs as though they were followers of some prescribed canon, there is no general credo to which all atheists (or even a majority) must subscribe, nor any structure which provides leadership. I do agree with the point you were making in this comment--that terrible things were done by people of all philosophical viewpoints and that those actions were in spite of, not because of, said viewpoint.

Re yct DaveL: when I try to sound out "mah-ree" as a pronunciation of "marry", I hear something close to a New England (or Bostonian) accent. Do you have an accent of some sort?

While visiting the Stopa manse over the Labor Day weekend for a Rumpcon, Jon Stopa brought out several albums of snapshots taken during his and Joni's trip to the Pacific Northwest. As with your "panoramic" photographs, they had several multi-print continuous views which added a great deal to my enjoyment of the scenery. Made the feeling of spaciousness more apparent, that's for sure!

Considering the answer you gave (George Washinton Carver) to your hypothetical question, shouldn't the query have been more properly presented as "What do peanuts and the sculptor of Mount Rushmore have in common?" I really doubt that mountains do much carving at all... (See? I can pick nuts too!)

I don't see good as an entity, a thing which is capable of independent existence, but rather as an intangible which is the opposite of another intangible, evil. An action can be termed "good" because there is another course of action which could have been taken which would be termed "evil". A person can be termed "good" because they display certain desirable traits which have "evil" counterparts. I just don't see either having any sort of meaning without the other. They each exist in contrast to the other.

MEADE FRIERSON III -- HULLO, FLAP -- Hey, Meade, would you mind sliding the original over a bit when making Xerox copies for the apa so that the margin that is widest is left on the side of the paper which is stapled? You crowded the first page something feirce this issue, while the second page was just right.

What? Kubla Khan was less of a drunken bash this year? Gee, thanks. Now I don't feel quite as badly about missing it...



Your penchant for the visual media (verbal excesses aside) is excusable, considering the volume of written material you've digested in your frontal lobes (and/or elsewhere, for all I know about cerebral functions), and I only intended my mild jibe in jest. But I assume you knew/suspected that, didn't you?

Agree about the storyline of OUTLAND being a mite on the weak side, however I found the grim (or should that be grimy?) air of reality which imbued the film to be a definite plus factor. It seemed like, if a mining colony/space station existed, it would like the one depicted in the film. I also liked RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK a heck of a lot, but missed the possibilities for 3-D until you pointed them out. Lack of a cosmic mind, I guess.

Recently DaveL and I were invited to join local fan Joel Zakem for a "sneak preview" (announced quite blatantly in the newspapers) of TIME BANDITS -- put out by a bunch of Monty Python folk. Overall the movie was a success, but I'll be interested in how they present it in its advertising when it's really released; it certainly seemed aimed for a children's audience, rather than adults, although it's certainly entertaining to adults, too. Joel saw it as a "Little Nemo"-type of story, an assessment I agree with.

Perhaps you can field some information for me to another fan: we were telling Rick Bergman--yet another local fan and devotee of ROCKY HORROR--about Steve Francis's montage of film clips to accompany the opening song of that movie (similar, I hear, to one which you did), and Rick was very interested in seeing either version. Does Steve have a Beta tape system of the other kind? I had no idea, but I suspect that you would.

PAULINE PALMER -- MOCK FENNEL SOUP #7 -- Chuckled all the way through your opening paragraph describing a typical(?) Washington State summer. Especially liked the comments about your tomato and zucchini plants. A lovely light touch with the humor...more!

Thanks to Jon and Joni Stopa's snapshots, I know a bit of how the area you were describing in your vacation report looked like. There's some spectacular scenery up thataway...

A sense of deja vu floated about while I read your wistful commentary about locating places so safe for important items that even you can't find them later on. \*Sigh\* Oh, yes, I definitely know what you mean!

My grandmother used to tell me not to eat raw dough because it would "make your insides stick together." That didn't make any more sense than the "might give you worms" theory. Grownups certainly were silly Back Then, weren't they? (Quite unlike the Enlightened Sort we have around like we and thee, \*coff\*, nowadays.)

I compose my "lost" fanwriting gems while falling asleep. Many a sparkling Resolution editorial has been concocted that way, absolutely none of which can be recalled upon awakening the next morn. \*Sigh\*

Apparently Joni didn't think about using any of the sample of ash which you included with your zine as gifts for others. They paid cash money to bring home little plastic bags of the stuff for various friends as souvenirs. (I didn't get one, as I assume she figured I already had one, but I did see the one she gave Martha Beck. At the price paid for that sample, the one you enclosed was worth roughly four bucks!)

Our ankle-biting cat/kitten doesn't intend her nips as love-bites, but as play-bites. The problem-causing part of it is that she especially likes to do it out of ambush, laying in wait behind a wall as you're coming out of the bath or bedroom, then wrapping her front paws around your legs and nipping the ankles. She's gonna wind up with a broken back from some person falling down on top of her, if she keeps it up. I've had a couple of bruises from losing my balance after an attack, and hitting the table or corner of a wall. It's a dangerous habit, and I wish I knew how to break her of it. She may mean no harm by her actions, but a lot of damage could result, not the least of it to her...

What is your other major apa that has such slender mailings (smaller in size than FLAP, despite having had 22 mailings)? Slanapa. perhaps?



The warnings my mother gave me about "ruining my eyes" by reading while my head was covered by a blanket had nothing to do with flashlights (I'm not positive--since so much of my childhood has been quite firmly repressed by my memory--but I don't think I ever employed a flashlight to read by, except at night in a tent), but instead referred to my habit of taking my table-radio into bed and reading by the light cast by its illuminated dial. A nice, warm yellow glow was emitted by that old Montgomery Ward radio (what was the brand they used--Airliner?), and it gave out a bit of heat as well, very comforting on wintery nights. I'd lie on my stomach, head propping up the blankets into a teepee shape, the radio to one side, and a paperback book snuggled into the pillow in front of me. The light was bright enough to gleam through the sheet, blanket, and bedspread, yet my mother was positive in her conviction that it wasn't bright enough to read by. \*Sigh\* I still prefer subdued lighting to read by; if nothing else, glare on a page gives me a headache...

CLASH OF THE ~~TURKEYS~~ TITANS (along with JANE OF THE APES), at a local drive-in when Davel's son came out to visit. To say it was bad doesn't do the film justice. For the big-name cast it flaunted, the film was perhaps the worst I've seen in some 20 years--barring some I'd-never-pay-cash,but-since-it's-free-on-TV movies I've yawned through. This is taking into account the fact that I normally enjoy movies based on mythology/religion/ancient history. There were some decent touches in the film--the shots of Pegasus on the ground weren't bad (I know there were one or two others, but I've forgotten them, which only goes to show how memorable they were I suppose...)--but the constant use of repeated shots (Poseidon staring in awe--at least his jaw was agape so that was the emotion he was attempting to portray I assume--as the last Titan was being released from his underwater cage got to be funny after the third viewing, the others were merely grating reminder of how cheap the producers were.) and the jerkiness of some of the FX shots gave it an overall chintzy feeling. Mixing up various Greek and Roman myths didn't help matters at all. Definitely, DRAGON-SLAYER was the better film. RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK is one I'd like to see again, but not too soon after the first viewing, maybe sometime next year.

[illegible]

Four days til deadline, and only 26 pages of apa left to go. \*Sheesh\* I'd expected to be further along at this point than that! But then, I'd also expected to be done stencilling the next issue of Resolution two months ago, too. Procrastination is, if not my greatest fault, at least right up there in the running. So what have we been doing since my last natter interruption? Not all that much.

Saturday we attended the bi-weekly CFG meet, where nothing of any import was discussed in a not very interesting manner. Sandy, after a few miscues along the way, attended with a girlfriend who is also a temporary assigned to Procter & Gamble's Paper Goods Research center, where Sandy's been working for the past five weeks, and said girlfriend then spent the night at our place.

The two girls have an on-again/off-again roommate deal in the works. After the last "Gee, I don't think I can do it," from Tina, I advised Sandy to give up her notion of finding a two-bedroom mini-palace, and concentrate on one-bedroom affordable digs--even if they are but one step above a slum--in the not-unlikely event that Tina again opts out of the arrangements and Sandy perforce must pay the rent all by her lonesome. So she's found a place--five minutes from a bus stop, even closer to a grocery store and the bank she uses--that rents for \$145 a month, with three rooms, free heat and cooking gas, and a basement location. She's hoping to move this weekend. Let me amend that: she's hoping to move into the apartment this weekend, because, apartment or no, she is leaving by the first of Oct. To the YWCA, if nothing else avails itself. We'll all be breathing huge sighs of relief, so don't get upset at the winds that will be sweeping the countryside over the next few weeks...

With Sandy gone, hopefully the strain on our budget will be lightened enough to make it easier to cope with unemployment income. I figure she's been costing about \$125-\$150 each of the five months she's stayed here. That's



cash out of pocket, not "services rendered". Needless to say, the financial assistance we'd expected to give her in obtaining the apartment, has disappeared. In fact we haven't got the wherewithal to find a different place for ourselves next month. While I expect it to be easier during this period of unemployment than it was in Louisville, because Ohio's Unemployment Compensation will help out a lot, we also lack the hefty bank balance to start off that we had last year. Also, while we've chopped down the outstanding balance on the credit cards, we have assumed another payment, for the '78 Buick, which we didn't have to cope with in 1980. Altogether we're not in Horrible Shape, financially, but it sure ain't good, by any stretch of the imagination, and just thinking about the upcoming weeks puts me into a blue funk.

DaveL, on the other hand, is plunging Full Speed Ahead into all sorts of activities. He's finished stencilling (all except the cover, which has to be done on the electro-stencil cutter by Yours Truly, who, as aforementioned, this nasty habit of procrastinating until the Last Possible Moment) an issue of THE WORKS, is knee-deep in draft pages of an in-depth critique of Glicksohn/Woods recent issue of ENERGUMEN, and has played a few extra rounds of tennis with various people unoccupied during the day. I envy him his ability to function in spite of pressure which makes me sit and mumble to myself, or stare glassy-eyed at a deck of cards or the boob tube, but apparently that is all I am able to do, envy him, not emulate him. \*Sigh\*

ROY TACKETT -- DYNATRON NUMBER 75 -- Seventy five issues? That's not too many, Roy. Why do I get this feeling of weariness from it, then? Come on, boy! Three months on an issue ain't that bad--I've only been working on mine for the past year...

I do wish you'd put that Olde English typing element in a drawer and forget it. Barring that, at least use upper and lower case when using it. That typeface is so close to being illegible that deciphering it is painful. (I realize the investment you must've made in obtaining said element makes you naturally leery about "wasting" it, but must repayment be made in the form of diminished eyesight of your readers? Have mercy. Tackett!)



your intention to get to Point B from Point A as quickly as possible by automobile, the you can't beat the Interstates (assuming said points are far enough apart to make Interstate travel feasible). I love taking "surface" routes (a SoCal term used for any non-freeway highway) when the drive itself is part of my recreation plans. But when I expect to do something at the other end of the trip--visit friends, or attend a con, or tour a specific place--I want to be in as good a shape as I can, and reducing the time spent behind the wheel aids in that regard. Interstates permit a visit for six hours with friends who live 200 miles away--state routes would force at least an overnight stay, which too often would make the visit impossible. They both have their uses, and one benefit I've noticed is that, since the introduction of Interstate travel, the State Routes are much less crowded, thus safer and more picturesque to travel, than they were in my younger years.

I'm too familiar with radar speed traps. Mark down Shamrock, Texas, along with Amarillo, as a Place to Avoid at (nearly) all costs. Still makes me mad to think of that place...

Of course the weeds loved growing in your garden when you were gone and unable to provide the beneficial conditions the veggies needed--they're acclimated to the area, after all, and your veggies aren't.

Just because you mentioned it--or Danny MacCallum did--I'm including this snippet from the paper. Remember, YOU ASKED FOR IT: FOR SALE: LARGE, EMPTY LOT, HAS SOLAR HEAT (ON MERCURY) SAN FRANCISCO (AP)--The weather is lousy and the commute is murder, but the neighbors won't bug you and the price is right: a 56,000-acre homesite on the planet Mercury is selling for a mere \$50.

All this comes courtesy of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific.

The society is offering mock quitclaim deeds for property on Mercury, plus assorted Mercurial facts and a photograph taken by the Mariner 10 satellite, in exchange for donations.

"We give all the rights we have--which is none," said the society's executive officer, Andrew Fraknoi[?]. "We're not selling real land, it's just a humorous way to ask for donations."

The fund-raising idea, extended to the public this summer, has attracted 200 donors in the past three months, Fraknoi said. Since the society is non-profit, donations are tax-deductible, he said.

Along with the \$50 homesites on Mercury, the society is offering 14,000 recreational sites for \$25. And the deed to an estate of 126,000 acres goes for just \$75.

Doesn't that just make you want to run for your checkbook, Roy?

Roy?

Come back, Roy!

While I can see that SYSTEMIC SHOCK made quite an impression on you, I mostly yawned while reading your assessment. Somehow, I doubt that our reactions were in any way similar...

Why do people in fandom and other science fiction circles feel the need to use Asimov as a telling point in a discussion? David Palter's use of his name in "defense" of Fantasy reading surely won't convince a nuts-n-bolts, hard-SF fan that Fantasy is worthwhile, will it? As I did earlier, I've forgotten where I read a similar reference in recent months, but it was soon enough to my reading of this issue to have still recalled it when I made the checkmark. Memory only tells me now that it was concerning another matter of general SF-fannish disdain, where Asimov's name was invoked in the tone of "Well, if he does it, it must be okay!" That's a shtick admen use when hiring celebrities to endorse a product; I think it's worthless then, too.

Other than that quibble, I mostly agree with what he has to say about SF and Fantasy being closely allied (though I have this sneaky hunch that you don't see the matter in quite the same light as I do).



I second your recommendation of Alexis Gilliland's book REVOLUTION FROM ROSINANTE. One aspect of the book which I haven't seen mentioned yet is the (what seems to me) accurate depiction of bureaucratic/managerial involvement, almost to point of paralysis, in any large-scale space-oriented project. It "felt right", if you know what I mean.

MICHAEL T. SHOEMAKER -- MUGGINS' MUGGLES AND MUBBLEFUBBLES #8 -- Re yct TOC: y'know, we haven't heard a single peep out of Fitch since he dropped (nor from Gaier, either, for that matter), and yet I thought he was doing so wonderfully with his nattering in FROM SUNDAY TO SATURDAY (or was that vice-versa? \*Oh well\*) I certainly wouldn't mind seeing him back in.

As for your suggestions about Brooks and Brazier, we'll certainly keep them in mind (note to myself: add their names to our non-existent WL), though I doubt that Donn has enough interest left in fannish matters to accept an invite.

Thanks for your applause at my "patience" in replying to Nicholas: I certainly didn't feel that way when I was writing it, though I did try hard to keep my irritation in check.

You are quite correct in your statement that distinctions between Right/Left, or Communism/Fascism are practically useless, and that it is between Totalitarianism and Freedom that our attentions should be directed. Now if someone could only manage to dream up a "Free" society in which I wouldn't feel apt to be steamrollered into submission, I'd probably be an immediate convert and be leaping to the barricades.

David Hulan's knack for solving puzzles is amazing, and even more so should he explain how he does his solving. It always seems so damn obvious when he describes his reasoning.

At our last CFG meeting, a local fan was explaining his lack of interest in another local fan's involvement with the Troubles in Northern Ireland, despite a hefty chunk of Irish ancestry in his background. "It's been 800 years, for Pete's sake," he sighed, "if I can't get enthused over the Indian land claims--which are only a hundred years old or so--why should I care about Ireland?" He echoed a lot of what I've been thinking, but that only added to the uneasiness I feel about holding such views. Just where do you draw the line? In many places, ten years seems to be it. If someone, for instance, uses a piece of your property for 10 years, whether you noticed it or not, an easement has been created, and the right to continued use of such land is in effect. Somehow, that doesn't seem quite fair. Yet, in all practicality, some sort of point has to be set, beyond which land claims and quibbles are simply moot. As in most such things, I'll continue to sigh a lot, feel a bit of guilt over not caring more, and go on with whatever I was doing before being interrupted by such thoughts...

I was following your presentation of your side of "the argument on morality" quite well, nodding my head in agreement with your every word, until I tripped over "instinct" in your comments about murderous rampages and one's natural avoidance of engaging in such activities. Instinctive reactions in human beings are rather limited in extent; from my reading I think they're restricted to a fear of falling and of the dark as far as motivational matters are concerned (the Moros of the Philippines were known to go on murderous rampages once in awhile; that's where we got the term "to run amuck" (or "amok") from). While I feel, quite deeply in my psyche, that going on a rampage would be WRONG, it is a reaction that has been instilled in me, not one I was born with and that all other human beings feel. The remainder of your discussion seems to go downhill from that point.

The fact that some groups used "ethics" in the inaccurate way (although that can be debated as well) that lawyers did, does not negate the value of the word. I think you were closer to the mark in your opening comments to DaveL: morality is absolute, ethics are relative. To say ethics are a form of "secular morality" is inaccurate; they are more a secular guideline, set and accepted by different people under different (and varying) circumstances. Methinks we're going to end up getting lost in differing semantics....



I don't find it particularly amazing that a Communist nation can be viewed as being Fascist: I've never understood how they ever got to be treated as being opposites in the first place. As you noted earlier on, the main point should be between Totalitarianism and Freedom, the other Either/Or differences are mostly minor.

"If so-called Christians kill non-Christians (or perhaps I should say murder, since that's the proper translation of the commandment in the Bible), then they are, by definition, not Christians." I disagree. Are you implying that Christians cannot Sin? That a person must be Perfect in obedience to God's Laws in order to be considered an adherent at all? If that is the case, there have been darn few Christians in this world, ever. It is not only "so-called Christians" who commit murder, lie, cheat, steal, etc., it is also sinful Christians, people who have done something they know darn well they shouldn't have done, by everything they've been taught and believe in. (They do it anyway, which is one reason I have such doubts about Christianity being True--if Christ's death and Resurrection indeed wiped out the stain of Original Sin, then why on Earth do people keep doing such terrible things to each other?)

ERIC LINDSAY -- MISSED MAILINGS FOR FLAP 11 -- If the bank where you work continues to treat you nicely (giving you time off for courses at college, and paying a stipend for books to boot), perhaps they have a devious purpose. Is your employers in need of more employees who are acquainted with computer technology? Could be they might elevate you to some position with status and more pay, in charge of a branch's EDP department, for instance. Don't knock it, in any case, ride it for as long as it lasts...

The semailed material for FLAP has not been seen yet. Are you sure the Post Awful used strong turtles? They do seem inclined to employ an inferior strain these days.

I gave up trying to convince Nicholas that he'd actually save money by mailing his stencils without backing sheets. As the case was in most discussions, he was going to do what he was going to do and that was all to be said about it. \*Sigh\*. He also included the carbons...mutter-mutter.... which being black on prone to smudge one's fingers, did not please me.

Damn. I keep neglecting to write you that letter I've been promising to do for the past several eons. To be on the safe side, I'll include the info you requested here. Electro-stencils run (since the recent increase) 42¢ each, in 100-stencil boxes. I normally charge \$1.00 for electro-stencilling, but as a \*coff\* Public Service to FLAPans, I'd settle for replacement cost of the stencil. Considering the cost for airmailing your stencils, that price seems competitive with the system you're using now, but that's a decision only you can make. To answer your question; yes, I'd be willing to run them off for you.

Responding to force with more force is only useful if you have force at your disposal. The weak, the ill, the ~~terrible~~ lesser endowed physically would have a poor time of it under Libertarianistic cultures, as far as I can see.

Some business-person in a recent newspaper column was quoted as saying that she preferred no title at all, rather than bother with the "Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Ms." quandry, and that's what I've felt since I was a kid. Titles, except in extremely limited circumstances, simply are not needed, and I don't understand some company's insistence on their continued use. Humph.

Finding a purpose in life does not necessarily mean you have to "make up" one for yourself. It means examining your situation and viewing where you think you're likely to go with the background you have, and then aiming for that goal. Why would a "made up" purpose, set by someone else who lived ages ago, mean any more to you? Regardless of how it came about, it is you who have to react to it.

I think Davel is quite serious about wanting a microelite typer, and that he would like to know how much it would cost to ship one. I mean, he's looked for years, and hasn't found a suitable one yet, and here you boast of several. \$40 for 4 lbs sounds bad,



but the price per pound generally goes down as the weight goes up, so I doubt if a 40 lb. typer would cost \$500 to ship. (Just checked the U.S. rates to Australia, and find that a 50 lb. package would cost \$53.65 to ship by surface rates. Assuming that Aussie rates are anywhere in that league, it shouldn't be beyond the realm of reason to ship by sea. Oops. I just read the full chart, instead of the summary of fees, which I had been looking at. There is a 44 lb. limit on Parcel Post packages to Australia. Have no way of knowing if the same limitation applies from your direction. Seems the packaging would be a critical point, in that case... I'm also puzzled as to how you expect your disc drive to be sent: Air Mail Parcel Post should run about \$21.90, and even First Class Air (for which a 4 lb. package might qualify) wouldn't cost over \$35.00 US.) Anyhow, I think it would be worthwhile to check out the rates, and then maybe we could start haggling over prices...

DEAN GRENNELL -- HAZARDOUS HALLUCINATIONS -- You certainly have developed an unusual method for laying out mailing comments, and it's refreshing to read.

So you viewed your earlier attempts at commenting on the last mailing as being "overly snide"? Gee, sounds like they might've been interesting to read. I can't recall reading much of anything from you that could be so considered.

Am I to assume from the drawing guide you sent that people who rated as "heroic" could also be thought of as pinheads? That scale is one I have seen before, and there are still some places which teach it (generally for fashion illustration), but diddling around with the proportions of the human figure with the specific intent of awing the populace seems somehow dated to me.

DaveL and I also received WILD FENNEL in duplicate, and as with you, the first one had been sorely abused by the P.O. but the second arrived in relatively good shape. Don't recall which issue was addressed to whom, but the "good" one is sitting in my fmz collection, regardless of whose name is upon it (she had addressed separate copies to us).

ARTHUR D. HLAVATY -- METASEX MADNESS 13 -- It was interesting reading your thoughts on how you and your contemporaries viewed the offer of friendship without sex from a female in bygone years. Since that was an "offer" made several times by myself, and since I also noted that the males concerned seemed to get somewhat up-tight when I did so, the reasoning they probably used was useful in solving an old mystery, which doesn't have any relevance nowadays.

Ghod, we

were silly back in the 50's and 60's...

I know I never felt condescending when I made such a comment to a fellow; I thought that I was actually complimenting him. For one thing, such an offer implied a feeling of trust has developed in my regard for him as a person; I trusted that he would not attempt to initiate anything sexual "out of the blue", as it were. Most "girls" that I knew were always leery around the "boys" (I'm thinking of people between the ages of, say, 16 to 25) because so much of their day-to-day dealings were heavily layered with sexual innuendo, and a girl was really quite unsure of just what any given boy meant by virtually any statement or query. It was a time of Great Uncertainty, the period between the point when a girl first realized that, yes, guys would do and say almost anything in their range in order to obtain sexual favors., and the time when a girl felt competent enough to handle such over- and under-tones to basic conversation. It's a shitty situation where half the people feel that the other half of the population wishes to "use" them rather than simply interrelate with them by whatever means fit best. (Of course, back in those Bad Ole Days, it was assumed that sex wasn't particularly enjoyable for girls; should a girl indulge in sexual activities, it was in the sense of catering to the poor boy's baser urges--a favor in one sense, but one granted with a great deal of reluctance.) It wasn't until my late teens-early twenties that I became aware of homosexuality, so that certainly wasn't a factor in my offers of friendship to others. Don't know how the feeling evolved that girls figured guys were queer when such a statement was made.



I must say that nowadays I see little difference between friendships which involve sex and those which don't. Both can be fulfilling in their own fashion, and both depend entirely on the people involved as to their success or failure.

BECKY CARTWRIGHT -- TUIT #7 -- The reduced-Xerox format worked well for you, although I'd like to suggest, as I did to Meade, that a bit more attention be paid to the interior margins of each page. We almost lost some of your Golden Prose because of the misalignment of the original on the copier.

It's not all that uncommon to simply skip mailings which you haven't gotten around to commenting on for awhile. I've never done that, but I suspect that I would at least try to respond to comments directed at me, even if I couldn't comment on the mailing as a whole. However, I don't inflict my own standards on anyone else; apas are too individualistic a communication medium to do that...

Are dictionaries really 50 years behind the times? That doesn't seem quite right to me. Maybe I'd accept 20 years... Coin a word for people who can "think a great work of art but just cannot produce it"? How about "Visualizer", or "Conceptualizer"? Best I can think of in a pinch.

There is a venerable tradition in fandom to charge fees for one's fanzines. In fact, I believe most fanzines were published for a fee back in the Early Days. Except for outright personalzines, the bulk of zines available nowadays have prices posted for them, if you can't contribute or trade your own zine in exchange. I had a sub fee for RES for awhile, but it involved more hassle than I wanted to bother with (mostly in regard to sending copies to people I didn't particularly care to).

Missyllabification is a prime pet peeve of mine, too. DaveL included some dandles in his zine, but yesterday I came across "ho-me" in the paper--newspapers are the most culpable perpetrators of that sin nowadays.

I'd amend your "idle thought" to read "Parenthood is the punishment for daring to survive childhood."

To dwell on the loss of a friend does no good to anyone, and only compounds the hurt already felt. It's easier for me to avoid such gloomy thoughts in Ed's case, since I have such a vivid mental image of just how he'd react to any such behavior.

Ain't it refreshing to be able to read someone discuss religion from a believer's point of view (as Marty does), without feeling you're being preached at or looked down upon for holding different views?

Facial scars (I have several) are probably noticed more by oneself than by others. I never noticed yours...

Dean's wife, Jean, managed to infect us with a liking for GAMES MAGAZINE before we left SoCal. It is one magazine that I save, along with SCIENCE 80/81 and SCIENCE NEWS, which isn't SF. I dunno, most of the men I'm acquainted with don't throw things either. But I do note that, even when in the grip of sheer rage, the thought of not damaging "good" items raises to the fore. My favorite throwables are pillows...but I prefer to slam doors.

You and Joni can go somewhere else with your "traipsing around on high places" stories. Makes my knees quiver just thinking of being on a roof!

Was sorry to read of all the trouble you had with rainwater leaking through your unfinished roof. Ain't being a homeowner FUN, though?

Eating one day and fasting the next doesn't seem sensible to me, but if it works for Kent, who am I to argue? I just hope he's not doing any long-term damage that wouldn't be revealed until a decade or two has passed...

Almost outta room. Want to say how much I enjoyed the "form" Kent developed for work. He seems to hit most of the excuses I've ~~used~~ heard. No sweat about the Dead Cat Book; most of the cat-lovers I know have a copy and laugh at it as much as they do for GARFIELD books.