





that I'd be unable to memorize it. "1934, 11, 14," I said to myself, "There's no connection between those numbers; I'll never remember them!" Having said/thought that, those numbers became permanently engraved on my cerebral cells. "Fairmount", for some goofy reason, never inhibited me at all. 2) Tina, instead of rooming with Sandy, ran off to Tennessee to marry her 31-yr-old, twice-divorced "boyfriend", proving correct Sandy's suspicions of Tina's stability. 3) Sandy acquired a new room-mate, by name of Greg (last name unknown; I'm only her mother, after all, and do not rate an introduction) (And I apologize for that attack of incipient Mommyism...), and is busy, as she puts it "Having fun playing Adult..." \*Sigh\* 4) Our fan-den is now neat, clean, E\*M\*P\*T\*Y and actually usable--in fact we've had a house guest since her departure, Kent Cartwright, who actually used the room as a Guest Room for three or four hours. 5) I now can glory in the situation where I withdraw \$100 in cash from the checking account and it stretches for two weeks instead of 5 days....

Believe me when I tell you that I'm glad (Glad! Do you hear? Glad, glad, glad!) to have a certain measure of Peace-n-Quiet descend upon this apartment. Sandy seems to have a magnetic attraction for Emotional Crises which aggravate her inherited tendencies toward being a motor-mouth. I'd swear that echoes were still reverberating from the walls for at least a week. DaveL and I find the silence delicious, and find ourselves occasionally looking up at each other with a silly grin after noticing that a whole hour may have passed without this lovely quiet being broken by the sound of a human voice (I except the cat from this statement; she's not very noisy anyway).

The only problem facing us now is how to live on the \$55 a week left over from DaveL's Unemployment Check after the bills are paid. This amount has to cover our groceries, cigarettes, booze, gas for the car, entertainment, and child-support payments. Needless to say, it cannot stretch that far, so in the interests of allowing the slight financial cushion built into our checking account to last as long as possible (six months, I figure it'll last) we have \*Gasp\* given up booze.

There. I said it. Now let me amend it into a closer approximation of reality. What we have done is cut our imbibing phenomenally. Neither DaveL nor I want or intend to become teetotalers; the very idea causes tremors in my hands, quivers in my knees, and queasy, sluggish, knotting sensations in the region of my liver. It makes DaveL rather ill, too. But what we can do is make the few pitiful remains of our liquor supply s-t-r-e-t-c-h as far as humanly possible, or at least until DaveL breaks and dashes off to the State Store to purchase the cheapest, vilest concoction that'll be on sale. (of course, I say in tone of Moral Superiority which any female worth her salt can assume upon the slightest provocation, I won't break. No, not me...)

With that note of grim determination in mind, let me pick up FLAP 12 and turn to the first checkmark/'X'/scribbled margin note....and change typing elements while I'm at it.

~~~~~

C-C -- Gee, I finally have something to say about FLAP's Official Organ! I'm in a state of shock...

Regarding the Co-OE's statement that "Jackie doesn't like keeping the records," I feel an explanation/correction is in order. That statement is not entirely true. I have nothing in particular to dislike about keeping records. I do maintain the household accounts, after all (and keep your snide comments to yourself, Locke!), and I've always had this fascination for filling in empty forms like tax returns and census reports. What I don't like is having two people "in charge"; account-keeping should be one person's responsibility, and one person alone. DaveL set up the system; DaveL maintains it. My likes or dislikes are moot on that point.

I also would like to welcome Bill Bowers, as well as, belatedly, Mike Horvat (He-who-would-have-been-welcomed-last-Mailing-had-the-P.O.-cooperated). Dave Langford's no-show puzzles me still--he seemed so keen on the idea. Maybe we shouldn't have sent him a copy of the mailing? Something seems to have caused second thoughts on his part, and that's the only explanation I can figure out. \*Sigh\* Now it's all up to Eric to maintain an air of Internationalism in this apa. Good luck, Eric.



ERIC LINDSAY -- MISSED MAILINGS FOR FLAP 12 -- How coincidental that yours should be the first zine in the mailing.

Why, you'd almost suspect that I'd planned it that way...

"Is [Invegl] a word?" you ask. Of course it is, Eric. All you have to do is assign a meaning to it... In the event you do not feel up to the task, I'd suggest substituting "Invegl" in its place, but since this is a Free Apa, such action is entirely up to you.

Further on you use "ergonomics", which is new to me. Don't believe it's cropped up in my reading before this time. I'm assuming it has something to do with the measurement (or something) of force ("erg"), rather than "and so forth" ("ergo"), since you use it regard to designing a perfect keyboard for your homemade computer system, but my mind is open to other definitions of its meaning.

You weren't the only FLAPpan to assume I felt that "material aimed at everyone" is a "need" in apazines. That's not quite what I meant. It's hard to think of any one sort of writing that is "needed" in an apa; for each indispensable kind you can think of, there's sure to be an exception--someone's zine who does not have that requirement and yet is enjoyable to read and is utterly suitable as an apazine. I merely expressed my discomfort at not including such generally-directed material in my own zines, along with my hopes for improving my past record on that score. The onerous, if it be called that, is on myself alone; I lay no guilt trips on anyone else in that regard.

If you do set up "traps" as a defense against burglary, I hope that Australia's laws treat you more kindly than ours do in the U.S. for people who have gone that route. I still can recall the shock I felt when a man (in Iowa, I think, though it's been so long since I read about it, that the state the events occurred in has been forgotten) was sued in court, and lost, for injuring a man who was caught by a shotgun-trap while ransacking the man's vacant house. I mean the fellow supposedly was forced into bankruptcy in order to meet the fines levied on him for wounding a person who was hurt because he had tripped a wire which set off a shotgun blast while he was "Innocently" robbing the place!!! The burglar received a prison sentence for his misdeed, of course, but he has a hefty bank balance to look forward to upon his discharge from jail that supposedly will soothe the pain and embarrassment he felt at being so grievously mistreated. (Okay, I'll admit that burglary is not a capital offense, and that the shotgun trap could've killed someone, but the guy was hurt while COMMITTING A CRIME, for pete's sake, not merely passing by the place. To financially ruin the farmer because he (A) did not post warning signs, and (B) left a potentially lethal device unattended, seems--to put it mildly--a gross miscarriage of justice. I'm including (creative hyphenization strikes again) this information as a Friendly Warning...

While I can sort of see what you mean by saying that "When I die, all society dies with me," it is a statement which seems to conflict somewhat with your desire to have some sort of "meaning" to your life. To further elaborate on that muddled thought, let me say that the quoted statement is apt for someone with a solipsistic viewpoint, but such a viewpoint provides its own "meaning" to life and that doesn't jibe with your previous complaints about being "forced" to provide your own definitions/goals for life. As for myself, I don't agree that society goes when I do; barring total destruction of the world in an atomic holocaust or other unimaginable catastrophe, I fully expect that my friends, family, and the rest of the universe will continue to muddle on through, somehow, without benefit of my presence. True, my personal involvement with said society will be ended (in some ways, a not undesirable thought), and I most certainly share your discontent at the notion that society could demand that I sacrifice myself for it, however, that does not negate the possibility that I could well find myself in a position where such a sacrifice would seem completely appropriate to me. Heck, at least I'd then be dying feeling proud of myself, even if it were due to self-illusion...

Why do we need a standard written language, you ask of Becky. Because it facilitates communications between persons who live in one era and those in the future--as well as their contemporaries. Of course, if you don't feel there is a future that extends past your







It's obvious the wordiness attack is still in full swing, so I'll switch to Mailing Comments before too many more lines of stencil have gone by...

LON ATKINS -- FAN ORDINAIRE #24 -- The typeface on that "ancient Olympia" you used to type this issue's masters looked familiar. My old typer was an Olympia, too--new in 1953, when I received it as an eighth-grade graduation gift. Was yours one of those metal-hulled machines, too?

Despite my announced disdain for Hearts-talk, I did enjoy your commentary on DSC--amusing, wryly challenging, well done. A bravura performance of braggadocio.

By your queries to DavidH, you put FLAP in the dangerous position of serving as a rumor pipeline between your respective companies. Is this wise?

Are you sure you gave yourself enough time for all the votes on your Box Scores to be cast? Seems that I read several favorable comments about them. But they are your schtik, and do with them as you will...

Did I read correctly in your comments to Suzi? "Xeroxxes"?!!  
How about "Xeroxen", or even "Xeroxii"? How many axxes have you owned?

your congratulatory words to DaveL seem now. \*Sigh\*

5.



Good wordage to Marty re: good and evil. Essentially I'm on your side: good/evil are contrasting positions which describe possible action to a set situation; it is a descriptive phrase applied in a relativistic manner and does not exist as an entity unto itself. A man's culture decides what is Good or Bad, just as it sets standards for all the other Great Intangibles--Truth, Beauty, etc.

I share your irritation at "organized religion" and its claims to speak for God. Like you, I see these various spokespeople as being merely human, heir to human frailties (and, besides, they all have different "messages", promoting the aims of their respective churches) and no more "in tune" with the Great Unknowable than anyone else. I deny any power over my belief to them, grant them all equal disregard.

Your comments to Eric held slight tinges of being stated in a foreign tongue. Though I managed to work my way through all those esoteric terms, I couldn't help but wonder how myself of, say, ten years ago would have reacted at seeing those words. It'd be all Greek to me then...rather than mere occupational jargon.

I hope you do advise Becky on W/P equipment clearly enough that we all can share in this data exchange. The day of the in-home computer has dawned, now we could use a bit more light on the subject. As someone who knows computers as well as the sort of requirements a fan would have for W/P machines, you seem ideally suited to me our Official Guru on the topic. Please say you'll accept the assignment!

MICHAEL SHOEMAKER -- MUGGINS' MUGGLES AND MUBBLEFUBBLES #9 -- While I certainly hope our shake-down has been completed and that the roster has stabilized, I should mention that 21 members is the total that DaveL and I were desirous of all along. We simply hadn't expected the response our initial invitation would elicit. With our numbers in the proper range, it should be of great help in keeping the mailings to manageable proportions. I see no need to intimidate the membership into responding/participating by sheer size alone. Mailings should be approachable be even the less daring among us.

I'll miss Joe Nicholas, too. But I'm also not sorry that he left. Though his writings did "liven things up", the reduction in the amount of rancor seems a more-than-even trade.

So you think DaveL and I do a "fine job", do you? I'm certain there are others who wouldn't be quite so complimentary, but "Thanks" just the same, even if you offer no hope of being saved some day...

Yeah, I was curious about why Bruce Arthurs had scribbled "The Joseph Nicholas Story" on the reverse of those postcards that were on the cover of his last zine. I found myself smiling when I read it, though later I couldn't see what was so humorous about it--there must have been a joke there, but where?

The data you give on the elderly runners impressed the bejeezuz outta me. Had no idea those old codgers could still/so well. It's my <sup>80</sup>ageist upbringing, I presume, but it's hard to picture people in such advanced years performing so marvelously on track and field. Makes one reassess old notions of feeble oldsters, doesn't it? Right about the time FLAP was collated, I read an equally interesting squib about a 70-yr-old who lifted over 400 lbs. to set a record in his class which jarred me similarly.

I agree that having the people of today becoming the teachers of generations yet to come presages an upcoming resurgence in record-setting. It's in the same vein as <sup>what</sup> expressed during a discussion with DaveL; women's tennis should really be in stride by the time the players trained by today's top players reach their peaks. Better sportsplayers results usually in even better sportsplayers.

After reading about the production of morphine-like substances in the brains of long-distance runners, perhaps the "high" that so many of the faddists of today are seeking in jogging is less metaphysical than I've been led to believe. Have you experienced anything that would reflect on that? ~~What's the deal with it? It's not what it is!~~







threatened with extinction. Both books were good reading--fast-paced adventure (well, medium-paced adventure in DAWN's case), well-plotted, with decently-depicted characters, and I assume most SF readers would enjoy them mightily. I found myself of two minds about them while reading them, though, and still have mild afterthoughts that are of a negative nature. It's not a situation I find particularly comfortable, but I'm unsure of how to treat them. \*Sigh\*

With Gil Gaier's various examples of how not to spell correctly in my zine collection, I tend to nod my head when you mention the reading levels of public school teachers...

Though I agree with your comments about the Moral Majority, and other right-wing fundamentalists of that ilk, you seem to be using "fascist" as simply another "name" to call someone, rather than a word which describes a certain political philosophy.

Good, snappy closing comment (about taste in art).

-- ANOTHER REMARKABLE FANZINE 2 -- So W.O.O.F still limps along, eh?

After all the trouble in finding an O.E. at Denvention, do you think there will be another edition of the apa in '82? I won't lose any sleep over the matter, but I kinda wonder.

G.R.R. Martin, as you no doubt know by now, responded quite adequately to Disch's "charges" in F&SF. I imagine it was difficult for George to write that response over such a light-weight accusation, but I do agree that it was appropriate that it was done. I mean, for other reasons than it gave fresh caption ideas for T-shirts...

While there have been Horrible Examples of "pandering to the mob", in literature as well as other fields, I don't agree that to faunch for a prize or award necessarily is Evil. It can also inspire one to do the best work that can be done as well as making it popularly acceptable. I mean to say that, though there have been some duds on the various award-winning book lists, there have also been some exceedingly fine works which have won prizes. Pleasing the public does not mean that you must produce crap, even though crap is sometimes popular.

DAVE LOCKE -- WHATHELL #4 -- Is this really the fourth time you've used this title?

Gee, it doesn't feel like it's been going on that long. Has it caused you any strain to stick to one name for such a lengthy period?

Good colophon, as usual. I recall reading a discussion of the differences between "colophon" and "masthead", as used in the newspaper field, but I don't recall now which term is applicable to those things that fan editors put in their zines which give details like editor's name, address, availability, etc. I also don't particularly care which is correct, since most fmz fans know what is meant by "colophon", but it does give an excuse for using up a few lines in an apazine...

Has the notion occurred to you, as it has to me, that perhaps you were subconsciously (or even consciously) hoping to be discharged from a job which had little appeal to you when you turned down the promotion to a position which you yourself defined? I know when you came home and told me about the offer and your turning it down, my stomach lurched. The lay-off didn't come as much of a surprise after that.

Maybe the reason that your get-the-other-guy-to-change-the-stencil-at-one-shot-sessions technique wasn't as successful with Lon or David is because they were "trained" by the same person as you were--EdCo.

Yeah, that tennis match was fun, wasn't it? Hope we can do it again sometime.

Good assessment of TIME BANDITS. I think it's a film which David and Marcia Hulan, in particular, would enjoy, and I certainly recommend it. Since it returned as a regularly-run feature film, rather than a "sneak preview", most of the CFG folk have seen it and they all apparently liked it, too. (Of course, that means it might be "popular" and therefore suspect in terms of quality...)



After you described your interview with that head-hunter outfit, I was very relieved that you turned down their gracious offer. The manager sounded like a nerd of the first water...

Your pun on Official Organ would seem better directed in Suzi's direction than in Joni's. Of course, if you were merely being esoteric, it's excusable.

We must "pick an arbitrary ratio" for male/female FLAP membership? Well, if you insist, I would choose 50/50. In reality, though, whatever works out is fine with me. I don't look at gender as being a consideration in setting up an apa, even though I will admit to noticing when the roster is slewed drastically in any certain direction and then having this urge to come up with names to balance it off. If I can't think of enough names that would accomplish said balancing, I'm not upset about it. It is merely something of which I'm aware, rather than a matter I can get angry about as an example of flagrant sexism.

The weekly tennis game you have with Steve Leigh has had a beneficial effect. At least you appear a tad slimmer in the middle to me. Definitely, you have firmed up since the game has been regularly appearing on your schedule. With Old Man Winter peering around the corner ahead, though, it doesn't seem likely your one exercise activity will continue for much longer, alas. Too bad indoor tennis is priced so high around here. A person needs to be more than moderately well-off to afford the rates you were quoted when inquiring around about the possibility of playing through the season at an indoor court. Seems unfair somehow...

I can't believe you said that a mixture of Vernor's and sloe gin doesn't sound bad, either. (Mainly because you typed it rather than speaking it?)

Your vomit story was humorous, though gross...

The only way I'd live in a remote area like Yellowstone is if I had unlimited access to a private plane and an airstrip...

I've heard that anecdote about the Russian co-worker and the bottle of grape juice, which he thought was wine, that was opened only on "ceremonial" occasions. It makes me wonder if grape juice, when kept in a once-opened container, can ferment after so many years and develop an alcohol content? Can anyone enlighten me? Could that juice develop a potency after such a long time, or would it be likelier for it to turn vinegary or otherwise go bad?

I echo your plaudits to Jon for the quality of his book "reviews". They stand up well on their own right. Much better than most I've read...

That "three miles or so" comment was meant to be read straight. I meant that it was only a short drive to the Quality Inn from here, which made it even likelier that you would want to commute, and nothing more, humorous or otherwise. You've made it clear before why you prefer to commute to a local convention, and the time spent on the trip back and forth would seem to have a bearing on the chances of you attending any particular con. They're good reasons, and I don't think I've questioned them. They just don't affect the preference I have for staying at the con site whenever it is possible to do so, but that doesn't mean that I feel you are somehow in error because our views aren't identical. Everyone's entitled to their own opinion. I don't like breaking up the "flow" of a con with a commute, and commuting between my home and a con is a worst-case example of staying at a place away from the con site. The experience we had in travelling to and from a con last year at Windycon was enough to convince me that I'll never commute to another con. It's equally true that your reaction to the experience was different, and that you prefer to commute when it's possible to do so. Be my guest, ~~Edgar~~ (sorry 'bout that)...

I think it would take more than 120 repetitions of an action I really enjoyed to make me bored with it, especially when it was only done once a month. But people have different "burn-out" points for different things. How often can you view M.A.S.H.--to use a current example--before burn-out occurs? How about your feelings regarding tuna salad being served frequently? Orange pop as a favored drink? It might be interesting to compare various activities and their continued appeal with that of poker. It also might not...



Today is the day after Turkey Day. (We'll ignore the point that this admission continues to hammer home the fact that I'm still not able to adhere to my announced diary-type format by doing a stencil frequently, though everyone must surely admit that I do seem able to stick to an "every so often" schedule.) There's half a cup of cold coffee at my right, about a quarter of a tuna salad sandwich sitting on a saucer to my left. The sun is shining through hazy clouds, and now that the leaves have dropped from the trees on the hillsides around Cincy, I can see the homes, which overlook the main road past this complex, quite clearly. A week ago those same hills were sprinkled with patches of snow, the temperature could climb no higher than 40°, and it seemed that Winter had set in for good. Twenty degrees and more warmer, this Friday appears to be like a resumption of Autumn and gives one hope that feeling chilled to the bone won't be a daily occurrence, as was feared mere days ago.

I should warn you all that I'm in a weird mood. This is Chambanacon weekend, and the idea that I'm here, typing stencils, rather than in Illinois ~~stinking and carousing~~ as I'd planned all year long, galls me. Trying to balance the resulting "Life's so damn unfair" feelings, are the still-fresh recollections of being with friends who mean a lot to me. Last weekend we drove down to Eastern Kentucky to visit with Andy and Jodie Offutt; the day before yesterday we drove up to Mike and Carol Resnick's to see Hank and Martha Beck, who are staying with them until tomorrow. Now, as a rule, enjoying the company of some of my favorite people acts as such a spirit lifter than I'm bouyed up for days afterwards. While there's been a definite lessening of the depression that's hung on since I realized my plans to attend Chambanacon were doomed, I'm still somewhat in a blue funk. AGJ and H&M are the frosting on the month of November, but where the hell is the cake? Gathering at the Champaign-Ramada Inn, \*sob\*

[illegible]

10.



job of whatever it is that I'm doing. If something must be done NOW, despite my inclinations of the moment, I resent it. This of course means that there's an awful lot of things in this world which I resent...

I like parties too. But the parties I like the best will entail the presence of certain people I enjoy being with. Those people could be referred to as being the "hard core" of my circle of friends, or the "hard core" of party fandom, or in many other different ways. I don't view FLAP as a type of Open House event, where people come and go and I can merely sit back and sip my drink with a silly grin on my face. FLAP is more like a party where folks have been asked to come over and stay as long as they like, but the invites have been directed at them in particular, not for the world at large. Both sorts of parties can be fun, but I especially like the more-or-less "intimate" functions, where one can join the "hard core" of hangers-on around the dining room table in the wee hours of the morning and simply talk to one's heart's content. If there's anything even vaguely obscene about that, well, I guess you'll just have to reconcile yourself to the fact that you are living with a Dirty Old Lady...

Viewing various groups by their extreme positions is of value in assessing your reactions to them, but it's not a practice I could heartily endorse. Being basically a middle-of-the-roader, I tend to look at the more-or-less centerist position of groups (such as the Dems and the G.O.P.) before judging them. I find, in the case of those two political parties, so little difference that coin flipping seems just as attractive an option as studying their so-called stances on public issues.

It was pleasant reading some nice words about OUTLAND. So much of what I've read recently about that film has been written with the attitude that, since the plot is similar to that of HIGH NOON, the movie was rotten and utterly dismissable. Well, as has been pointed out by others far more astute than I, there really aren't that many plots around, in or out of SF. Using a premise from another field is no mortal sin in my eyes, the main point being whether the item in question achieved its aim. OUTLANDS was interesting and enjoyable. I ask no more of a film (though I certainly don't complain when given more) than I don't feel that I've wasted my time or money by watching it.

Re yct Jutz about hekto printing: where does color Xeroxing fit into the picture? (Or, for that matter, does it at all?) I've not seen much work done via that medium, but what I've seen impressed me. Hekto is similar to oil painting, in the sense that color is the most striking feature, but it is also like painting with an extremely limited palette. Work that results with that limitation can be pleasing and effective, but generally it turns out to be too much like a technical exercise which lacks spirit and pizzazz. Color Xerox, too, has its limitations (the colors aren't completely true to the original, and a certain garishness is noticable), but the range is much fuller than what's available in hekto. If the price were lower, and my colorist skills better honed, I'd try to use the newer medium for a fanzine, but with hekto seemingly as "perfected" as it can be, I have little urge to bother with it. The best I could do with it would be to use it as a relief from the possibly monotonous look of a page done in one color, or, possibly, as a means to differentiate sections of solid text (as in doing letters of comment in one color and editorial response in another). I certainly would have severe problems in doing an "artful" cover, for instance, in hekto. Eric Mayer and Mae Strelkov come to mind immediately as masters of color hekto work, but their way is not mine.

Good,  
concise commentary on Helgesen's query about child molestation laws versus regulation of people's sex lives.

Gee, I remember Mike Glicksohn's new address--even if I didn't write it down. 137 High Park Ave. What I wasn't sure of, was whether the change affected his Postal Code (apparently it doesn't) since I'd heard that the Canadian system could differentiate between actual buildings in a particular zone. Guess I'd heard wrong...

Considering the medieval setting for DRAGONSLAYER, I didn't find the age of the apprentice any handicap to the movie. People were apprenticed out at tender



ages, and the boy seemed the "right" age to me for the level of training he'd shown. The casting seemed just fine to me, and my only quibble was the woodenness of the dragon while in flight. I thought a much better job could've been done there. On the ground--and especially while crawling through the caverns--it seemed as real as could be. In the air, a sense of artificiality predominated. At least we both agree that it is a movie well worth seeing, even if not completely in accord about details.

Your "case" against Texas and its radar traps may have been a bit exaggerated for effect, but is otherwise all too sadly true. I don't think I'll ever be able to drive that state's highways without cringing behind the wheel, and I shall do my utmost to avoid having to suffer that discomfort by shunning that state as I would a loathesome disease.

I didn't, and still do not, particularly like Barry Goldwater, but I do applaud his stance against the Moral Majority. The Do-As-We-Say-Or-Else groups, whether they be on the Left or the Right, repel me.

I assume, from your ct Tackett about Reagan & Co. that you espy a certain cyclicalness to our society. While there does seem to be a tendency for swings from liberality to conservativeness and then back again to occur fairly frequently throughout our country's history, I somewhat balk at your use of the phrase "hard-ass Republican." Conservatives come in many colors, and they're not all lumped under the heading of "republican", no more than all liberals are Democrats. I doubt that Roosevelt could be considered a Republican, but he also wasn't exactly candy-assed, either. Johnson can be considered as a conservative working in a basically liberal party, but he wasn't candy-assed by any stretch of the imagination. In fact, I've seen you act "hard-assed" at times, and I don't see you fitting into either party.

Mary Martin was a young woman when she first did PETER PAN, but there is a reason why females are usually chosen to play that role, particularly on stage. It has to do with he (darn! My first dropped "T"! ) the fact that a teenaged boy cannot be depended on having a stage voice at any one time. Hormones and voice changes and all that. The practice of using young women for such roles avoids having to change the lead actor in a long-running stage presentation. Beats the heck out of relying on Casterati for the part...

I both like and heartily agree with you comments to Shoemaker about why people can behave civilly without believing in a god. Well put, sir!

"I want milk shakes, not soft, whipped ice cream in a cup." Hmmm. But the only things which are different from that description and what is a milk shake are flavoring syrup and milk, which make it merely flavored, whipped ice cream and milk in a cup. I find most "shakes" sold today to be far too thick. "Ice cream shakes" rather than "milk shakes" would be a better label.

Interesting reaction to Hlavaty's musings about women's views about homosexual men as friendship material. I've never considered any homosexual I've known as being "one of the girls", but rather as "just people"--a bit more sexless or neuter in gender. In the constant state of tension which many people exhibit in the presence of a stranger, all sorts of barriers to communication must be breached before friendship, or even simply acceptance, can be achieved. Removing the possibility of sexual relations being a main motivator in the behavior of a person you're first encountering can mean a lot. I would assume that hetro males would feel somewhat wary when meeting overt homosexuals, whereas when dealing with hetro males that wariness would be gone. That doesn't imply total relaxation of one's "guard" when approaching a strange hetro, only that one aspect of possible threat to one's equanimity does not exist. As long as rape exists in this world, I suspect females will be leery of strange men. Homosexual rape would seem to act as a deterrent to some males, too, in a similar fashion. I wonder how men and women differ in their reaction to lesbians? I admit to a certain "yanciness" when in the company of a homosexual woman. A possibility of various courses of action is present in such situation which simply does not exist otherwise. The options are so wide open that hesitancy results, at least until more is revealed about the stranger that one can relate with (or not, as the case may be).



I didn't appreciate your use of the phrase "a number of broken and maimed inanimate objects" being around here as a result of my anger. Of course, "one" is a number, and would fit under a strict interpretation of those words, but it implies that we live in a state of devastation; our belongings destroyed or damaged and lying about in shards because of my frequent, uncontrollable rits of fage. Hmph. I am far more likely to slam doors or smack a tabletop with my fist than I am to smash something in anger. In fact, the only things I've ever broken in anger have been so treated since I've been with you. ~~Does that mean you bring out the best in me?~~ It's correct that "a few" items have been broken as a result of your clumsiness, inattention, or whatever, but it isn't really clear that the "number" you refer to in my case is even fewer than in yours. Shall we check the inventory lists, clipboards at twenty paces?

-- 11/17/81--1635 --

[illegible]

It's occurred to me that I haven't passed on the latest bit of news that affects our household. Since DaveL has done his FLAPzine for this mailing and seldom includes personal notes in the O-O, I suppose it isn't too far out of line for me to mention that he is no longer numbered among the unemployed.

As of last Wednesday, DaveL is a ~~JACKAL~~ an Account Executive for Management Recruiters International. It's a totally new direction for him, and we're both enjoying his learning experiences. MRI is several cuts above another "headhunter" outfit that had interviewed him a month or so ago. That outfit came across as being made up of little more than upwardly-mobile former Encyclopedia salesmen who had taken training from the same group of Hell's Angels who acted as security at the infamous Rolling Stones concert in California some years back. MRI, by contrast, seems a more business-like place. Admittedly, their business has more relation to a sales job than to employment counseling, but at least they stress things like ethical practices, rejection of clients who desire to discriminate in placements, and use of a logical, straightforward system, not strong-arm tactics or a hard-sell approach (insistent, perhaps, but not threatening).

MRI offers a training program which is quite broad in its appeal to various sorts of personality types; aggressive or withdrawn, they present "selling" methods which are applicable to anyone. Whoever developed the manuals and workbooks knew what he/she was about. Not only does it make sense from a logical viewpoint, it also has built-in factors which help boost confidence, channel goals into more achievement-directed paths, as well as instilling a sense of pride and professionalism. A lot of psychology went into its production, and from a superficial viewpoint, I'd have to say it would take either a laggard or a liar to fail in this line of business by employing their methods.

Naturally, there are negative points to this job. It only pays minimum wage during training (which is deductible from whatever commissions are earned during the period), so the State of Ohio will still continue to subsidize our home by making up the difference between DaveL's new earnings and his former unemployment check's total. Since they match the difference plus 20%, we should end up with the same actual income as we have "enjoyed" these past two months, despite whatever is deducted for withholding.

Another negative point is the "uniform" DaveL now has to wear. Suits, ties, long-sleeved shirts, all those things that seem aimed at making human beings as uncomfortable as possible. I suppose he'll even have to start getting his hair cut more frequently (although, thank goodness, he won't have to sacrifice his beard, as the other outfit insisted). I must say that while DaveL looks good in a suit, he certainly does not seem like himself. I mourn the Good Old Days...

Another News Item is that my son Kurt has been turned down by the Air Force, and the place where he had been working is not only not hiring, but beginning to lay off workers, so the job his ex-boss was holding for him is no longer available. He's now applying at various places in hopes of getting at least a Christmas-season job...

Daughter Sandy and friend Greg came by on Thanksgiving, prior to driving up to Cleveland to spend the weekend with relatives of Greg's. She no longer works at P&G, but is on track for getting work (and keypunch training) with the IRS. Enough news, no room.



~~~~~

JUDY STEVENS -- THE FRONTIER ALIEN (minac edition #2) -- Accept my condolences on the death of your mother, please, and my appreciation of the calm, yet touching manner in which you wrote about it. You display a common-sense attitude of acceptance which goes a long way toward showing the sort of person your mother must have been; after all, she raised you...

I've considered going that pre-planned Final Disposition route, but haven't done anything concrete to bring it about. Guess it's because I really don't care what's done with my remains once I've died. My preferred method of disposal would be to be wrapped in a sheet and set into a three or four-foot-deep hole, somewhere near a tree, or at least in some uncultivated area where my body can decompose and provide some benefit for some living things. (Of course, the traditional funeral "benefits living things", but as far as I'm concerned, funeral directors, embalmers, and cemetery workers would all be better off in another line of work anyway. Basing one's living on the deaths of other people seems a ghoulish way of doing things.) Alas, in the Land of the Free, recycling isn't extended to the human corpus--barring use of body parts suitable for transplantation. My kin may as well let me lie in Potters Field, since those wishes can't be followed. I'm definitely not concerned with leaving any monuments, nor do I care to have people "visit" my gravesite--they should have much better things to do with their spare time.

Gee, wish I'd known about your requirements for ceramic-shop equipment. Two months ago, or so, a shop closed up in Cincy and put all their equipment up for sale. Of course the shipping charges might have been astronomical, but the prices might have offset them. Good luck in your venture; you certainly sound like you're having fun...

What !!! No Intila ???

JONI STOPA -- MORE THYME IN COZUMEL -- Sorry I missed your GoH speech at Conclave (in fact, I'm sorry to have missed the con. Particularly in view of the fact that I didn't get to attend Chambanacón). Heard about it, though. In fact, I heard it--on UNCLE ALBERT'S ELECTRIC TALKING FANZINE, which must have set some sort of record for getting a GoH speech into circulation. The topic you chose--how to make enemies in fandom--was a juicy one, and you treated it with a nice, humorous touch. Good job.

In CA I noticed that many Air Conditioners are really "coolers", in that the <sup>was the</sup> circulated air is not dehumidified as is necessary in the Midwest. Wonder if that sort of unit used in that clammy room you and Jon shared in Cozumel? It doesn't quite make sense that an A/C would cool but not dehumidify a room. I thought the two functions were inseparable, assuming the unit operated at all.

As you know, I adore huaraches, and wear them as close to year-round as I can. However, I draw the line at wearing huaraches with tire-tread soles. There are some things which manage to offend my dull sense of aesthetics, and that's one of 'em. I'm sure they feel fine, and are as utilitarian as all get-out, but trudging along with parts of an old Firestone on my feet just ain't my cuppa, even if they did only cost \$6.

I'm shocked at the number of typos that I allowed to slip in while transcribing your zine to stencil. Apology on top of apology. That was a crummy job of typing...

Why cope with the sorts of fruit & veggies offered in supermarkets in the winter? With your love of gardening, a small greenhouse could well provide all you need during those dreary months (assisted by judicious placement of Gro-Lux bulbs...). What do you mean, you have too much to do in the winter? Don't you know that if you want anything done, you should always lay it on a busy person? Joni? Put down that snowball, I was only joshing...

Did you know there's also a Holiday Inn in Ohio which also does not belong to the International chain that has the same name? In fact, since it began business before The H.I., the chain has to pay the place in Ohio royalties each time they open a new facility. Ah, the American Way of Life. Ain't it wonderful?



Tabasco is pronounced Villiermosa? Gee, how weird those foreign places can be!! (HHOK)  
Considering the fact that there are few Mexican dishes I can eat--or care to--I think I'd find that hotel's menu (featuring hamburgers, steaks, etc.) just fine! While I don't feel there's an "American" language (glad Joe Nicholas didn't read that list of languages the guide in Palenque spoke), I do feel there is an American cuisine, and what's wrong with visiting ethnic places in a foreign land? One can go too far in immersing oneself in a culture, after all...

How come you didn't mention that you and Jon had to get home via Mexico City because the Yucatan Peninsula was being approached by a hurricane? Gee, you keep leaving the best parts unsaid!

The idea of forcing fried okra down Nicholas's throat, as suggested by B.D. Arthurs, appeals to you? I'd not realized what a vicious person you were. Apa comments can be so revealing!

The nuns who taught at my grade school (Dominicans from Adrian, Michigan) didn't seem to think all that highly of Guadalupe. Now, the miracles at Lourdes and Fatima were another matter entirely. It's only been in recent years that I've finally managed to forget all the details about those two events/places. I don't think it had anything to do with stringency of training, but with a bias toward European events and against those concerning more "primitive" peoples, like Mexican Indians...

The H.S. I went to required different things depending on which course of study you opted for: General (for the dummies, basically), Business (a notch above General), Academic (for the \*ahem\* college-bound student), and Vocational (for those who seemed slated to serve as factory fodder). In the academic course, you took English, Social Studies, Phys.Ed., and one-semester Art Appreciation and Music Appreciation courses (as did all other students) plus two years math, two years science, two years foreign language, and whatever else you could fit into your schedule. I took four years of art studies (general drawing, ceramics, advanced art--after a year of Basic Art which could be taken in place of the really hideous Art Appreciation course) as my major elective, with minors (2 yrs) in math and science (all that was required, but not one semester more). As a token of practicality, I also took typing--which as my stencilling of your zine shows, did me little good (I still can't touch-type). Anyway, depending on your course, and on your energy/ambition, you could get by with as few as four classes, or as many as eight, per day. I stuck with seven, for most years, mostly because I detested Study Halls.

To follow the convoluted plotline in ILLUMINATUS requires an ability and liking for meshing far-flung threads of storyline into a coherent whole. I'd say that took a certain degree of intelligence. Just because your taste differs from some other people is no reason to question their intellect when discussing books with DaveL. I could make snide comments about the mentality of those who didn't enjoy the book, and I'd be just guilty of using as invalid comparisons as you were in this instance. IQ tests at twenty paces? Assuming I survive my duel with DaveL, that is...

Well, we do agree about EVEN COWGIRLS SING THE BLUES. I read it at Martha's (oops, Beck that is, for the rest of the roster) behest and thought it awful. Humor of the absurd has little appeal for me, I fear...at least most of the time.

Do you realize that I've been to your house and still haven't seen Apricat? I feel slighted...

But...but...but the "new Mass" didn't come about until I was well past my teens. I thought you and I were closer in age than that. When I quit the church for good--several years after my marriage--the New Liturgy still wasn't nationwide, although some parishes were experimenting with it.

What is OXFAM AMERICA? Never heard of it before. Generally I refuse to donate to religious organizations--even those which do good works as the Salvation Army does. I recently heard of another group new to me; the Sunshine Fund. They specialize in granting the wishes of children who are terminally ill. Nice thought, but....







ready for the outdoors dissuades me from taking regular walks. During weather warm enough to go outside without extra covering, for instance, I don't hesitate to stroll over to the convenience store to pick up a gallon of milk or to the mailbox to mail a letter; it's only when additional hassle is involved that I balk at the effort. While DaveL feels better doing the dishes soon after a meal is over, I prefer to let them sit until I can do a day's worth at once. Since I'm able to tolerate back strain early in the day, before my muscles tire from combatting gravity for 10 or 12 hours, I do the dishes in the pre-noon hours, letting supper utensils sit overnight. (It's a fairly certain giveaway that DaveL is working when the kitchen counter is piled with dishes in the evening--otherwise, he'd do them before we retired for the night.) When money becomes tight (as it has been for the past 19 months, some periods tighter financially than others), I tend to withdraw and restrict my activities to those which can be done at home and without the expenditure of precious cash. That doesn't leave room for much besides reading, watching TV, playing card games, or tending to the unavoidable household chores.

Being somewhat a creature of habit (as are we all, to at least some degree or the other) it's difficult to get back into the groove, as it were, when circumstances improve and previously denied activities are possible. During times that finances permit the resumption of curtailed hobbies which had been let go because of lack of cash to pursue them (why work on a fanzine if you can't mail it out, as an example), I often find that interest has declined, or the necessary change in habits to be too intimidating, or the required continuity no longer exists which would overcome my innate tendency to procrastinate, and the hobby or activity is dropped. When that happens, I become even more withdrawn and unreactive to what's going on around me, which fuels yet another reduction in activity--and could result in an accelerating downward spiral. That scares me somewhat. I haven't drawn anything since doing some illos for David Hulan's zine and Denise Leigh's zine--in fact, I think I could count the pictures (of any dimension) I've drawn during the entire year on my fingers. I've done no carving, and no painting. I did begin the next issue of my fanzine Resolution, but have been stalled at 26 stencils since June. DaveL has created several pages of scenarios for a \*gasp\* comic strip, and all I've done to further the venture along is a couple of sketches (unsatisfactory) and a lot of idle musing.

Part--a lot, really--of the problem I have in getting off my duff and DOING something (anything), is this damn depression that seemingly refuses to lift for more than a few hours, at best. The more time I have on my hands--and my physical problems have given me more spare time than I need--the more I think; the more I think, the more I ponder my various problems; the more I view my problems, the more insurmountable they appear; the more seemingly overwhelming my problems, the more depressed I get; the deeper my depression, the less I interact. It's a vicious, vicious cycle and one far easier to recognize than correct.

Just why I'm writing about this now is a puzzle to me. Guess I'm at some point or another in my "cycle" which could either indicate an upswing or an even deeper plunge. In any case, I felt a need to express something (what?), and there it is. Now let's get back to something sensible, like mailing comments....

~~~~~

MARTY HELGESEN -- FOR EVER, OR AT LEAST FOR A CONSIDERABLE NUMBER OF YEARS -- \*Phew\* I thought

I couldn't get that all on one line. Perhaps it would've worked out better if I hadn't been able to...

I found the quotation from Rev. Mascall to be interesting, but bearing a huge stumbling block in my estimation. That block lies in his assumption that what is intellectually satisfying, enriching, fulfilling, etc. to himself is the same to everyone else (as indicated by his use of "our" as a universally applicable plural). While it is a common human practice to presume one's own reactions to be the standard--I'm guilty of that assumption at times myself--that doesn't make it true, and I would expect less solipsistic reasoning from someone attempting to influence other's thinking.



There are flaws that I find in your discussion of Secular Humanism that challenge my sense of logic. You say, "there is a body of ideas generally referred to as Secular Humanism, and that some people use that term to refer to themselves." Those are facts which I cannot dispute, but you also seem to imply--or at least I infer--that everyone who claims to be a Humanist adheres to each and every aspect of that "general body of ideas" and that all that is required to refute humanistic assertions is to attack that body of ideas, or even one portion of them. That would be similar to me saying that because I don't believe in God, as defined in Catholic theology, there are no good points to the entire concept of Christianity. I don't feel that way, nor could I defend such a position. The problem seems to lie in definitions, as well as assumptions. Since there is a definition of Secular Humanism that you acknowledge as correct, you then go on to assume that everyone who uses that term means the same thing as your definition. This, in turn, is too similar to that form of logic (Aristotelian?) that says: all horses are animals, all horses have four legs, therefore, all animals have four legs. That way of reasoning is commonly followed (we use it frequently in our daily affairs, as when thinking: that store sold me a TV, that TV is defective, therefore all that store's merchandise is shoddy), and for many situations, it does no harm when it is employed. But it is inferior logic all the same because it can lead to invalid conclusions. (That store may sell nothing but shoddy merchandise, but buying a defective TV does not prove that.)

I believe I've stated it before, but repetition won't hurt: it takes more evidence of participation in "fannish" activities than an admission of reading SF/Fantasy to certify a person as qualified for First Fandom. If I recall at a more auspicious time, I'll ask Lynn Hickman, or Rusty Hevelin, or Dale Tarr, or Bob Tucker (or--hey! Dean Grennell?), who are more acquainted with the requirements.

How about discussing plans for as many FLAPans as possible to attend the 1982 Midwest-Con. There would seem to be enough time to do so, and it's hard to think of another convention which would be more convenient for the ~~OE~~ membership, or more centrally located. What say? Give the notion a whirl, huh?

Thanks for relating the story behind the Virgin of Guadalupe. The only part I recall hearing is the roses which appeared in the lad's "tilma" (I heard it referred to as a "cloak").

Uh. "When an artist wants to paint on canvas or another fabric, the fabric must be sized," is not necessarily correct. If the artist doesn't wish the paint to "bleed" into the fabric, then some method of sealing the fibers must be used, but it need not be "sizing", and--for certain effects, it may not be necessary at all. It would be more correct to say "If an artist does not want his colors to bleed into the fabric, the fabric must be sealed."

The "coincidence" you speak of, when referring to the Aztec name of the boy involved in the Guadalupe events, simply does not jell in my mind. You seem to be saying that the eagle appears in Mexican and Aztec culture, and since Juan's name translates as "he who speaks like an eagle", this should signify something. To me it signifies that the eagle is a common symbol in the two cultures, and what else is new?

"Public revelation/ended with the death of St. John the Apostle." By that, do you mean that "Public revelation accepted as genuine by the Catholic Church's hierarchy..." or something else? There are Christian groups which claim the public revelations have not ceased, but are continuously occurring.

I like your defense of the voucher system for schooling. It does make sense, but I still have some doubts about the various benefits that would result if the system were adopted. I don't see them as being quite as cut and dried as you state here.

I have heard, and presumed correct, that English had to be known before a person could be naturalized as a citizen, but there seem to be a sizeable number of U.S. citizens who are not particularly fluent in English. One way that I can see that coming about is when a Resident Alien, say from Mexico (or China, or Japan, or...), has children who are born in this country--and therefore are automatically citizens--but does not teach them English, nor use that language in the home. Also, I do know that



exceptions  
/can be made to that rule by Congressional action (as is the case with most governmental regulation).

All I said is that I look at tornados and burglars in the same light, not that it is a valid analogy when taken point to point. We have three locks on our door. If I were living by myself, I wouldn't use any of them, except when I was not home or didn't want to be disturbed. DaveL feels more secure when the door is locked, however even he does not use all three locks. Instead, he uses the "latch lock" regularly, and the deadbolt lock only when he doesn't think anyone will be coming in or out for the rest of the night. I think the night chain has been hooked up a couple of times, but just why it was and why it isn't usually, I couldn't say. If I had to defend my reluctance to use locks, I suppose I'd say that, since the sort of robber who would go around trying doors to see if they're unlocked or not (the "opportunistic burglar" as opposed to the sort who scout out a likely site) is also apt to be interested in stealing items which can be readily disposed of for cash, and that we have few items which fall into the easily fenced or hocked category, we'd suffer little damage if our apartment was robbed. If we had Renter's Insurance, I'd feel even less concern, although I'd still want the doors locked while we were away for any length of time. Security is a state of mind, and, being a somewhat trusting soul, I feel secure when it comes to being worried about being robbed. The odds are definitely in my favor. The majority (I think) of people have never been robbed. I have been burgled twice, and therefore feel it even more unlikely that I will be burgled again, particularly in this neighborhood. In other circumstances, I could become quite paranoid, I assume.

Nice to see

that my spelling error (capitol instead of capital) allowed you to slip in that Abscam/fair sheikh pun. Go ahead, pick them nits!

Who published Amanda's work? I have difficulty in imagining a professional seeing anything worthwhile in her work; did she do it privately, or use a Vanity Press?

Perhaps it's because "guy" is a slang word that allows feminists to employ it as a general term for people. At least, that's my excuse. Didn't I read in someone's Minniapa zine that the fellow who drew the opening cartoons for MONTY PYTHON'S FLYING CIRCUS was from Minneapolis? Was that person Gilliam?

Here we

go again: "We are social animals who naturally associate with other people." Yep, I'll go along with that, even though it doesn't explain reclusive behavior as displayed by hermits. But I don't fully accept the next line; "A religion which provided only for private prayer but not for people gathering together to worship as part of a community of believers would leave a whole side of our nature cut off from God," does not necessarily follow. Most people do not defecate or urinate in a crowd, yet those actions are part of our "natures". Socially accepted (or required) actions are defined by the society in which one lives, not by some Universally applicable Law.

BILL BOWERS -- XENOLITH 18 -- Not much to say about a "Fanzine of Lists", I'm afraid.

However, I should admit to a choking, gagging sensation when I read that bit about your "occasionally creative" numbering systems for your zines. \*gasp\* \*wheeze\* It's all right, I feel much better now...

-- MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIPS -- Your comparison of FLAP (and other apas) to a party naturally appealed to me--it's an analogy I use myself, after all. But the hesitancy you ascribe to your approach in dealing with parties makes me somewhat hesitant and dubious about considering your tenure in this group as being likely to be of much length. You may wish to reassure me on this point, or you may not; I just thought I'd point out that it exists...

There seems to be a similarity between the way you feel about parties, in general, and what Denny Lien has described as his feelings in his various apazines. Being a rather "unsociable" person myself, I can empathize with much of what you say. (I do hope that you realize that "holding court" is/has been the province of Martha Beck. Did you get her permission to usurp the term?)

Apprehension can heighten one's appreciation/enjoyment.



As long as your nervousness doesn't escalate into fear or outright panic, the heightening of senses that anticipation causes can enable you to more fully appreciate whatever is going on. Admittedly, it's not a pleasant sensation of and by itself (and how wasteful it seems when the party--or con, for that matter--turns out to be boring and dull), but considered as a symptom similar to the mild discomfort one feels just prior to sitting down to a fabulous banquet when one is truly hungry, the aftereffects can make it all worthwhile. So, go ahead, sit by the door--if it makes you feel better--there's no pressure on anyone at a party...

BRUCE ARTHURS -- LAST STAGE FOR SILVERWORLD NUMBER EIGHT -- Gee, B.D., I'd managed to put recollections of Iggy completely out of my mind, until you reminded me. Guess it's just a fact of life that must be coped with: no matter how hard you try to forget, there's always some nerd around who'll refresh those blessedly fading memories. Oh, I don't get upset at the thought of the Phoenix Convention Center itself--it's the scorching walk that had to be endured in order to get to it that I think of with such lack of fondness. I pity you for actually having to reside there, day in and day out. Tsk.

So you and Hilde send in those multitude of sweepstakes offers, too, eh? I'm fairly religious at doing that--figure the rate of return is certainly hard to beat; anywhere from \$5,000 to half a million bucks for the trifling investment of a first-class stamp. Someone's going to win, and it most assuredly won't be anyone who didn't return one of those stubs...

Playboy Press must really be banking on SF/Fantasy in a big way. Andy Offutt's got a multi-book contract with them, and mention has been made of the possibility of the deal expanding into a book-per-month run of a year at least. "John Cleve" will be the credited author, so a few can be farmed out to other writers, though Offutt maintains full control over the series. I must admit to a more-than-slight curiosity about the books: Andy seemed really enthusiastic about it. (I gather Proctor is working on one of the series at the present time--he may wind up making a darn tidy living working in partnership with various other authors.)

Martha Beck's gotten her hair back into a "mop-top" style again. It doesn't look quite the same as it did the last time she had it done that way, but I still don't like it. But she likes it, and I suppose that's the main consideration. Some men look weirder than any woman wearing that style. But I sorta blinked when you said your co-workers thought one fellow looked like a fag when he switched to it. How do they regard men who's hair grows like that naturally? If all it takes is extremely curly hair to be thought of as gay, there's an awful lot of men I know in trouble...

Sure, Tolstoy could've written WAR AND PEACE on one of those toy typewriters. He could've nicked open a vein and scribbled it out with his own blood, for that matter...but I bet he didn't.

I thought that the various arrow gimmicks used by Green Arrow and his cohort were kinda neat, myself. Of course, I was 8 or 9 years old at the time. It seemed funny to me, like watching a magician and wondering what on earth was going to come out of that hat this time.

Whenever I see or hear friends arguing or feuding, the wisest course has always been to shut up and keep a low profile. There have been times when I didn't follow that path, but it's always been to my regret. I like Suzi. I like Leah. Nuff said.

During the weehours of a BYOBcon, in the con-suite, Midge Reitan and I aided a poor fan who's trousers had split, embarrassing him half to death since he didn't have another pair with him to change into. We did the charitable thing, fixed the ripped seam. For that kindness, he was most grateful. I was henceforth called "Mom". I also recieved phone calls from him, asking unexpected things; like--he was in a bus station some twenty miles from my house: would I drive over and pick him up so he could visit his "Mom"? When I'd moved in with Davel in California, and he also moved out there, phone calls came more frequently. I never acceded to his requests that he "drop over" again, and his apparent notion that one act of helpfulness gave him a claim of <sup>some</sup> sort over me was discouraged. If he'd tried to use



my telephone for long-distance calls--without at least offering to pay in advance--I think I would've tossed him out on his ear. I'm not surprised he ran up a monster phone bill during his stay with you, but I am surprised you'd allow him near enough to you to accept those 5-10-20 buck "paybacks". Swapping David Klaus stories reminds me of some of the more hideous examples of old-time travelling fans that Tucker would tell about. Guess that kind is what the term "fughead" was invented to describe.

Actually, I've had good luck when it comes to house guests. Excepting Klaus, there's only one I wouldn't allow back in the door, and virtually all the rest gave me far more pleasant company than my meager hospitality would warrant.

Time to repeat my proposal: I hope this gives you enough warning to consider attending Midwestcon in 82. (Wilcon surely wouldn't be a bad second choice, for that matter...) Look deeply into this paper... your eyes are getting heavy...this urge to book a flight to Cincinnati is becoming overwhelming...get busy: you have over six months to save up for it...(\*ouch\* I just noted that you need seven or eight months advance notice. Darn it!)

Your 500 mile limit for driving to a con is about in line with mine. That's 10-12 hours on the road, which is more than sufficient to numb my butt and my brain cells. Davel apparently hasn't got our endurance, though. I'd guess his "ideal" limit would be in the under-100 mile range. We don't drive to very many cons, as a result, or at least not together.

Juggling cubes of institutional jello shouldn't pose any hassles to the Karamazov Brothers: all they'll do is shove the stuff into something else--like a chicken. Right, Marty?

I read SHIBUMI and was quite unimpressed. The only saving note I found were the scenes when the hero (?) and his Basque friend were caving. The ending I disliked: suicide is one thing, but a murder/suicide quite another. (But then the main character was an arrogant sumovabitch, anyway.)

Know what you mean about not being able to recognize classical music by title alone. One of those numerous things Davel and I have on our RSN list is grabbing a batch of classical recordings from the library and listening to them, so we can note down the ones we like. So far my tastes seem to be as abysmal in music as they are with wines. Things like THE PINES OF ROME sound peachy keen to my ears.

Considering what I know of the agonizing Bill Bowers has gone through at various times, you two should have fun describing the "head trips" you mention. Maybe you guys could try to see which could be more esoteric than the other...

I, too, have kicked around the idea of going to college for art training, but the more I consider it, the less likely I feel that I'd get the sort of training I want. I can still recall one of the assignments given out during the time I attended commercial art school: do three pictures--each with a common "theme"--based on the primary colors in a pastel form. The pictures were to have a minimum of four main objects, in a sort of collage effect. I suppose we "learned" something from that, but I'll be darned if I can figure out what (even though I got an 'A' for my work). What I want is demonstrations of technique and tools. The method there seemed to be more like someone pointing to a tree and telling a kid to "turn it into firewood", rather than showing him how an axe and saw are used and then pointing him to the tree...

Glad that things worked out so you can get that computer. You are aware of the pitfalls now open to you, I hope. Computers can lead one into a fandom of their own. Be on guard!

DAVE WIXON -- THE BIG BRONZE FAKE #8 -- Those "Pushing the Deadline Blues" you sing have a terribly familiar melody. Too familiar by far. Are you paying anyone copyright royalties when you perform them?

Just re-read TOM SAWYER and HUCKLEBERRY FINN again a few weeks ago, and I'd be hard pressed to say which I liked better. They're both good, though H.F. is definitely "grittier" and less a "Boy's Adventure Story".



You live in a hotbed of fannish activity like Minneapolis and seriously think that news of a marriage of two fans is "hardly material for the grapevine"? Oh, but that is Major Stuff for the network; you should hear some of the trivial bits!

Hope that Roytac remembers to remind someone in Albuquerque to add your name to Bubonicon's mailing list--and Becky Cartwright's too. That area's more within her reach than yours...

Is St. Bloys the one being honored when the Catholic churches have their "Blessing of Throats"? That always seemed to be one of the weirder ceremonies to me; standing in line, after school, awaiting one's turn to have the priest touch your neck with two long beeswax candles made me wonder just which century we were living in.

While I don't put Wells on my Top Ten List, the two books of his that I've read weren't bad. Thought they read more "modernly" than I'd expected. His style seemed more precise than I'm used to, but hardly unsatisfactory.

It's a wonderful feeling, isn't it, when inflation affects house payments to the point that they become virtually painless. During the 9½ years I lived in Beecher, the payments on the house went from \$178 to \$212 (that was for a new, raised ranch/mid-level--terms vary in different parts of the country--with four bedrooms, ~~444/444~~ garage, family room, as well as living and dining rooms and ample kitchen, but excluded the land, which had been purchased earlier). I'd hate to contemplate how much rental rates rose during that period. Nowadays it's almost impossible to get a fixed-rate mortgage for under 18%, of course, and the situation is not as rosey for a first-time home owner. That doesn't stop me from wishing I still owned one, however.

How about using RARE,BNC,DI! (Read And Really Enjoyed, But No Comments, Darn It!) I can appreciate why Marty wanted to beef up the RAE, BNC line--I've felt that way often, myself.

Reading yct Cagle made me shiver. Wish he'd been able to read them...

Lessee, of your list of favorite sf writers, I'd exclude Simak (OK, but not a favorite), Russell, Laumer, Cherryh (mostly because I haven't read anything by her, though I intend to RSN), and Zelazny (only liked one of the four or so books by him that I've read). Heinlein, Niven, Pohl, and possibly Varley (have to read more than the two I have to be sure) would probably appear at the lower end of my list at times--depending on my mood at the moment of writing it--and Kornbluth, Kuttner, Sheckley, and Brown would be right up there every time. Not too radical a discrepancy, is there? I'd add Sturgeon and Silverberg, maybe Wyndham, Blish, and Tenn as well.

I don't know how Marcia Hulan's sun allergy works, but mine makes me break out in weeping hives. I still carry scars from some bad ones (attacks, I mean) I had in the mid-sixties. Anti-histamines are of definite help in controlling the itching, for me, at least. I also saw confirmed in the newspaper something I'd suspected for years--some people are allergic to water. I know I've always itched after a bath, and itch and sneeze as well after a shower. Again, anti-histamines relieve the condition. I carry a bottle of them with me wherever I go...

So the Bozo Bus has died? It looks like my earlier mistaken impressions have been advanced into a new status--that of excellent predictions. Any more poor guesses I can make for you?

Wonder if Denny Lien will see his wish realized for someone to write a definitive history of the Bozo Bus Building. That would make some rather interesting reading, I assume.

Minnstf isn't so different from any other large, concentrated group of fan. The fan groups in most cities aren't particularly interested in other areas or types of fanac. The few exceptions to that general rule are what keep the grapevine functioning to the extent that it does.

We've been watching I, CLAUDIUS lately, and yes; I'd imagine that Laughton would've been excellent in the title role. I'll watch for that PBS program about the unfinished film. Sounds like it would be good viewing, indeed.



After a sip of Champlain, I'd have to rate it as no longer a great lake, merely adequate.

Sorry, DaveW. I'm not about to scour the past migs. just to find out why I made that comment about your zine a year ago. You'll have to muddle through all by yourself, like the rest of us. If it's of any help, this issue, too, was quite interesting for me to read. The why and how of it is up to you to determine. I'm not mean, but I can be firm when it comes to resisting pleas from people who should be able to things by themselves. It comes from being a mommie for so many years...

Oh, heavens. Let's not get into that "Midwest" thing again!

In what category was the sharper-pointed of the two Hugos awarded? Perhaps there's some Deeply Significant Factor involved of which we're not aware.

Anytime balloting is employed in order to give an award, political considerations are a factor in that voting. Since fandom hasn't any easily identifiable National Parties, as does government, it does become difficult to ascertain why a certain result emerged, rather than a different one. The attempts to analyze such things can occupy many a person's thoughts and time, but I doubt if they (the attempts) are of any real value, mostly because the "electorate" (i.e. fandom) is so darned unpredictable. However, the forms of fanac are countless, and who am I to tell any fan what to do in his/her spare time? I think Gordy's correct in looking at his two Hugos as "strokes of lightning"; ghod knows, it would be a shame if he developed a hankering for the things. He might be accused of \*gasp\* pandering to the public, or other nefarious deeds, by artistic-minded critics. (I'm thinking of Disch's charges against Railroad Martin and his so-called "Labor Day Group", in this instance.)

To be sure, the playing of professional sports is part of the Entertainment Industry, and participants have to come from somewhere. I feel they should be developed out of the Private Sector, not the public. Would you suggest that colleges and universities subsidize rock bands, circus acts, or strip-tease dancers? Those occupations are also in the Entertainment Industry, and seem to function quite well without funding from our taxes.

Regarding your point about Olympic competitors, are you implying that all Olympians hail from collegiate backgrounds? I wasn't aware that that was the case.

I'm well aware that the world does not operate under my idealistic principles. I thought we were discussing "shoulds", not "actualities" or "have-tos".

~~~~~

We celebrated the finish of Thanksgiving last night, by having the first non-poultry supper since Turkey Day. The spaghetti was delicious, not so much for its taste (it wasn't the best sauce I've made) but for its change-of-pace aspects. On our tight budget, and at the attractive price of 59¢ a lb., buying a 20-lb. bird was too good a deal to pass up. Half of it has been consumed now; the other half will have to sit in our freezer until my taste buds recover from the overkill of the past week. DaveL and I are somewhat stubborn in our tastes--the thought of dishes like turkey hash or soup or stew makes us blanch, so we continued to eat our turkey as we did on T-Day itself; roasted (reheated) at the main meal, in sandwiches for lunch. We like it best that way, but can it ever get wearisome to face the same menu day in and day out! Lordie!

In a way--looked at in a certain light--pinching pennies can be fun. It's a challenge, a puzzle, and I've been a fan of puzzles since childhood. Here's your givens, there's your goal, now go to it. A lesser goal is to have some of those givens left over at the end of the time frame. Fun. As with gambling in a poker game, there are other factors at risk than merely personal satisfaction, a bit of spice to the game. So far it's not been necessary to get as parsimonious with the kitchen budget as I could--DaveL still gets his corn-oil soft margarine, I still get my butter, we both still sip our soft drinks. Having all but given up our liquor, there must be some small pleasures fit into the figures, to keep spirits higher, if nothing else. Still, times are grim, and the future looks even grimmer.







defenders of fundamental faiths--that I admire so. Marty calls no one names. He states his views, his reasoning behind them and his sources, without descending to ad hominem tactics. I find that extremely refreshing.

My mother would say to me whenever I screwed my face into a pout, "Better watch out or your face'll freeze like that." I remember staring at myself in the bathroom mirror and wondering if I could live with it if it really happened. Guess I thought not, since I only "pout"--full-scale--in jest nowadays. The list of excuses you gave for swimmers wasn't much different from those given by speed roller skaters back when I indulged in the sport, at least in principle (the details, of course, vary from activity to activity). The funniest sounding one was "my wheels went flat."

The little squibs that came as a result of Boredom at the Book Shop were neat. Hope you include more in future issues...

The listing of books you've read this year was--sorry--boring, but then I find most lists of little interest. The rating system you employed was of minimal use to other readers, but I assume that was not your intent. The only thing I noticed is that you never assessed any book at less than average; what would you give as an example of a lousy book?

PAULINE PALMER -- MOCK FENNEL SOUP #8 -- The Aussies invented pop top cans?!? I must have overlooked that in Eric's material. It's nice to know that folks Down Under do other things than herd sheep, shoot kangaroos, or pub their ish.

Most of us would <sup>find it</sup> a hassle in fitting in a couple tons of stuff, but y'see Eric has this half-empty house all to himself... Puts a different complexion on the problem.

A fervent "Amen" on your comments to DaveL re his ct Mike (\*phew\*). "the notion that religion is prerequisite to ethics is much the same as the notion that everything that's *legal* is *ethical*." You're correct in saying that it doesn't work that way, no matter how many insist that it does. People rationalize their behavior by whatever criteria seems right to them at the time; that doesn't make it so.

things (like watching Debbie Reynolds films) has a label. It's called masochism. Doing dumb

In California, particularly by the seashore, fighting kites are flown every day. I never got to see any of them in "battle", though. It might be an interesting sight.

Your "ideal" peanut butter would taste/feel "yucky" to me, but it sounds yummy if it were pecans or cashews you were using.

According to the clipping you ran, the Alfred E. Pack-  
er Cafeteria belonged to the Dept. of Agriculture, not the G.S.A. That bureau only  
requested that the plaque be removed (while exercising their function as general over-  
seer of governmental services, I assume). The lines of ownership/responsibility can be  
terribly vague when it comes to large, multi-building (and multi-funded) complexes.

Really enjoyed this issue's Goofy headlines. The one on the "fertility drug" was the funniest, I thought, with the one featuring the San Diego Chicken falling into the "you hadda be there" category. I do hope you continue running these. How often does that journal come out? Frequently enough to suit FLAP's schedule, I hope!

[illegible]

Darn it. I hate ending MCs on an odd-numbered page. Now I hafta figure out what to put on another stencil.\*\*Just took a break while I pondered the subject (bet you never even missed me, didja?) and filled my belly (with...what else?...a turkey sandwich. There's enough shreds of meat left <sup>for</sup> one other sandwich and then it all gone \*Sigh\*). I dislike blank sides of pages in my apazines--or any other sort--but really have no idea of what I could use to fill out the rest of this issue. Think I'll call it quits, re-read what's been done so far, and see if anything else develops as a result. If this doesn't continue on the other side of this page, you'll know I've failed in my quest; if there's more wordage, you'll know something occurred to me. Isn't this suspenseful?



Nov. 28, 1981



# Speaking of Language

*Bitte sweet*

By William E. Lasher

**T**he wonderful thing about dialects is that other people may have them, but we never do. Natives of Cincinnati have no trouble recognizing a New York dialect—or "accent," as many people call it—or a Southern dialect, but the idea that Cincinnati has a dialect of its own strikes many natives as strange indeed.

Presidents Kennedy and Carter both sounded strange to Midwesterners—even though they were from very different regions—partly because they both had "r-less" dialects: they would both say *car* the way we might say *car*. It's easy to recognize dialects that sound "foreign" to us, but a bit difficult to hear our own dialect.

The fact is that, even among natives, Cincinnati has more than one dialect. A woman wrote from Seattle a few years back to ask about the correct pronunciation of "Cincinnati." She was convinced the name ended in an "ee" sound as in "tee," but her husband insisted that it ended in an "uh" sound as in "huh." She mentioned something about her marriage being in danger of collapse over this point and left the decision to me. I told her both pronunciations were in use in the city, and the best I could do for her was to say that the majority of Cincinnati-ans use the "ee" pronunciation. At the time Sparky Anderson was a well-known Cincinnati-ian who used the "uh" pronunciation, and I pointed out that his version was common for most people from anywhere south of the

Ohio river. But both pronunciations exist side-by-side in some parts of the city, and to say that only one is correct would be misleading.

Most visitors find two aspects of the Cincinnati dialect quite distinctive. An outsider who hears "Please?" for the first time will almost certainly think the speaker is asking for something, when, in fact, Cincinnati-ans usually say "Please?" to mean "I didn't understand you." The most obvious explanation for this is that Cincinnati's "Please?" comes from German "Bitte," which is often used to mean "Excuse me" as well as in polite requests. There is a feeling here that "Please?" is exclusively a Cincinnati phenomenon, but it can also be found north of Dayton and south of Jasper, Ind., in areas settled by large concentrations of German immigrants.

The other commonly identified Cincinnati usage is "Pony Keg," meaning a place that sells, among other things, beer and wine. These places are called "Cntry-suis" in some areas, but here "Pony Keg" is standard usage. The origin of this term is only indirectly related to the German immigrants who settled here, because they established a fair number of breweries in the city. The term "pony keg" was adopted in many parts of the country to designate a small keg of beer, normally one-eighth of a standard keg. Here in Ohio, however, there is a state law that allows small retail stores to sell beer in sizes no larger than a pony keg, allowing the breweries to sell quarter-kegs, half-kegs, and whole kegs directly to the consumer. Since the small stores in Cincinnati once sold the popular

pony kegs in large volume, the name was attached to the store. Today's Pony Kegs no longer carry pony kegs, however, because the small, returnable keg has become extinct.

Hearing the unusual sounds in the Cincinnati dialect can be even more difficult than identifying the unusual words. Many Cincinnati-ans have one or two vowel sounds that differ from the mainstream of American English. One is the vowel sound in a word like *poke*; most Americans say something like *pohk* for that word and round their lips as they say the vowel. Many Cincinnati-ans, and some Englishmen, don't round their lips and thus pronounce a vowel that sounds very strange to visitors and outlanders. The same thing sometimes happens in a word like *hoot*; if you don't round your lips when you say that word, you are probably a native of Cincinnati. The most prominent example is in words with an *o* sound, however, as in *poke*, *coat*, *Pogue's*, and *hope*.

These places of Cincinnati's dialect are fairly widespread within the city and also rather unique to this area. But the city has been, and remains today, a melting pot. Cincinnati sits on the border of North and South—hence the two pronunciations of the city's name—and it is at the confluence of a whole range of dialects that have arrived here with its inhabitants.

Much of what we say is Midwestern: we go into a restaurant and order "pop" when we want a "soft drink," while people from New York order "soda" and those outside Boston ask for "tonic."

We are likely to pronounce "marry," "merry," and "Mary" in exactly the same way, even though speakers from other regions have two or even three distinct pronunciations.

But we have a characteristic of the eastern dialects as well, because we have no *h* sound in *which* or *whether*, so they sound the same as *witch* and *weather*. With all of this, I think a Henry Youngman might have some fun with our local dialect. He would undoubtedly laugh at our saying that we take a "fairy" across the river. He would wonder why we drink pop, but not mom. And he might even try out a new version of an old joke, one designated just for this area:

"Take my wife."

"Please?"

William E. Lasher is an associate professor of English at the University of Cincinnati.

I HAD CLIPPED  
THIS COLUMN TO  
SEND TO DAVID H;  
BUT IT SEEMED TO  
APPLY TO THE  
GENERAL DIS-  
CUSSION WE'VE  
BEEN HAVING ON  
REGIONAL PRO-  
NUNCIATIONS, SO  
I'M INCLUDING  
IN LIEU OF A  
BLANK PAGE.

THIS IS THE 3RD  
INSTALLMENT OF  
MR. LASHER'S COL-  
UMN. WOULD YOU  
WANT TO SEE  
MORE, DAVID H?