

Kenning B

[illegible]

Of course, it would be even nicer to see some tangible results of his labors--like more money. Because he works on commission, and his share of the agency fee cannot be tallied to his account until the hiring companies actually pay up, it may be eight weeks before we see dime one. *Sigh* On paper, though, he's equalled his previous earnings on a monthly basis over the past quarter, with less than three months on the job. Such a good start was, to say the least, not expected, and we're quite pleased. The job market is really TERRIBLE out there, and the number of contacts DaveLo must make before he hits a firm that is actually considering a new hire--rather than a massive lay-off if not complete closure--is a growing huge number. Too bad the Powers in Washington don't keep contact with search-and-recruit firms to get a truer picture of how the economy is doing. Relying instead on data that may be months old by the time it filters upward to the desks of the Bureaucrats, their grasp of the situation is woefully inadequate. So it goes, as always, I guess.

Despite the lightness of my tone up there, the trip to upstate New York wasn't in the interests of enjoyment. On Sunday, February 7th, DaveLo spoke to his Mother, who was ill in the Hospital in Glens Falls, a bit over 50 miles from her home. She'd been suffering from cancer of the bowel since last February, and was declining rapidly. She asked that he come to see her, and the unspoken thought was "for the last time." Monday I posted the FLAP Mailing while Dave contacted his Mother's physician and arranged for some time off--in the meantime closing the deal on his full placement. I called Bowers to ask if he'd tend our kitty-cat while we were gone, and after packing what we thought would be a sufficient amount of clothing, we withdrew the last \$200 in our checking account and hit the road Tuesday, just past noon. (We would have left a bit earlier, but arriving at the Lake in the middle of the night would have meant more hassle for Phoebe and Brian. They had enough to deal with as it was.)

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the time of year and the Travelers' Advisories being broadcast hourly, weren't in all that bad of shape. Our worst problem was coping with periodical blindness from being caught by the wash of salt spray sent up against the windshield by passing trucks. We hadn't gotten two miles from home before realizing that NOW was the time to replace our beat-up wiper blades, and the new ones got quite a workout on the 850 mile journey. We did experience a near-accident, but only after completing the bulk of the trip.

As we neared the intersection of I-84 and I-87 (the New York Northway), truck traffic had thickened noticeably. Tiring of the slow-down, speed-up pattern trucks are forced into while navigating mountain roads, Dave attempted to pass one slow-moving chain of behemoths, only to have the car fishtail alarmingly. The road surface had changed to a sheet of glaze ice. A noticeable degree of tension filled the air as we returned to our place in line. A mile or so up the road the trucks began to cautiously pass an even slower-moving vehicle, a snow plow. Thinking that perhaps the snowplow was also scattering sand or salt behind itself, we decided to match its pace in the hopes of finding better purchase for our tires. Coming over the crest of a long hill, we saw two sights--our exit, about 500 yards down hill, and a massive crack-up in the median strip which involved a semi and at least two cars, one of which lay upside down in the snowdrifts. The snowplow began to slow down even more and then it began to skid. We gulped, and DaveLo edged over toward the parking lane, where a foot or so of snow and slush offered a better grip than the travelling lanes. The plow came to a halt, mid-way down hill, straddling the two driving lanes. State Troopers, waving flashlights to warn oncoming traffic stepped into the road, but one look at a semi, barrelling down that ice at 65-70 mph, told everyone that there was no way that truck was gonna stop. The troopers dived for safety, I shut my eyes and wished we were running on foot up the hill next to us as the semi whizzed by, clinging as far over as he could go to the outside edge of the left lane. A surprisingly muffled "CRUNCH" was heard as the blade of the snowplow was struck, flinging it and the plow rightward, into a slow, alarming spin. Stopped about twenty feet behind it, all we could do was watch helplessly. The plow stopped swinging and the troopers came round on the right side to wave DaveLo by on the parking strip. I don't think they were thinking coherently. It was obvious that, while there was sufficient room to pass the snowplow itself, there was only about three feet between the knocked-askew blade and the guard rail. Should the plow be struck again (it was still partially blocking the left lane) we'd be caught between it and the guard rail, which barred a thirty-foot or so drop. DaveLo shook his head at the troopers and looked back uphill. There was no sign of the reflecting glow of approaching headlights, so he took a deep breath and swung around the plow to the left, where we were wide-open to the chance of being hit by yet another speeding truck. Fortunately, though we could feel the rearend sway, the tires had a good enough grip on the ice to get us around, back to the parking strip, and on down the hill to our exit. I don't know how DaveLo's nerves reacted, but I simply shook like a leaf for the next thirty or forty miles from the adrenelin surge. That close I don't want to come for a goodly number of years. It was terrifying.

The balance of the drive was uneventful, welcomedly so. We reached the Lake about 9:15, and after the usual greetings and a couple of cups of coffee, we went to bed for a much-needed three-hour sleep. After waking up and eating lunch, the two of us, Phoebe and Brian set off for Glens Falls Hospital to see DaveLo's Mom.

Apparently Sunday had been her last good day. Phoebe had talked to her on the phone Monday morning, but by the time she went to the hospital to visit later in the day, Viola had slipped into a semi-coma. Tuesday had brought no change. While we were there, the staff delayed her morphine injections in an attempt to help arouse her, and it worked to some extent. She woke up enough to mumble a few words, though most of what she said was simply unintelligible, and she'd squeeze Dave's hand in response to questions. She wasn't in pain, but she couldn't really communicate. At least, we knew that she was aware that her son had gotten there. The next day it was impossible to arouse her at all, and that night she peacefully slipped into death. The year-long battle was over, leaving a mere forty-pound husk to mark the war. We only wish it could have been ended sooner, with less suffering. No one deserves a death like that.

Most of Friday was spent making Funeral arrangements, buying appropriate clothes, calling relatives and friends, and doing all the necessary chores required of the family at the time of death. All of us were numb, and actions were done automatically. It was probably better that there were things to be done, everyone seemed apt to slip into a state of mental shut-down, just sitting sipping coffee or cola while spinning wheels when trying to contemplate the changes a death in the family brings about.

We had found a copy of Viola's will while going through her personal effects, and I think the fact that Phoebe was being left in charge of Locke Harbor, as trustee for Brian, was just too much for her to absorb. The enormity of the job before her was something she had been aware of--since July she and Brian have lived at the Lake, helping Viola with the summer business and learning some of the ropes--but facing the actual reality was overwhelming her. We helped as much as we could while we were there, and we do intend to effect what aid and advice we can until she gets a better grip on the situation, but I fear she has some rough months looming ahead.

In any case, DaveLo had the chance to have a couple of long talks with Brian, and we made a brief visit with his H.S. English teacher, Jane Carrol, and her husband Doc. They had experienced a house fire only a few weeks previously, and were residing in a local motel while arrangements were being made to sell what remained of the house and relocate to Maryland, near the Chesapeake Bay. It was a pleasant cognac-n-cheese evening, and I appreciated the opportunity to meet the woman Dave has spoken about with such glowing terms. She was as nice and as warm as he had led me to expect; a remarkable person to find in such an out-of-the-way location.

Monday morning we were back on the road, taking a different, more northerly route home. (It turned out to save us nearly 150 miles and 5 1/2 hours--neither one of us can figure out how we managed to overlook it before setting out for the trip up. It certainly didn't appear that much better on the map...) The first hundred miles were considerably slowed down by road conditions in the mountains, and the last 200 were spent trying to peer through pea-soup fog, but nothing untoward happened, and we reached home just before two in the morning, on Tuesday.

We'd expected to be greeted by utter disdain by our cat Scamp, but instead were fawned over in a most unfeline fashion. She missed us, and it took three days before she had her fill of petting and patting and reverted to a more-normal Take-it-or-leave-it attitude--much to our relief, as she's shedding like mad.

Guess that brings you all pretty much up to date, so I may as well segue to MLC COMMENTS
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O-O -- This looks right spiffy, with the new border decorations. Let's hope we can continue to ~~Kidnap~~ borrow Bowers' Symbol Element at Deadline time, (I knew we invited him in for a reason...)

STEPHEN LEIGH -- A HOPELESS SEMANTIC -- A neat title and darn good start in the apa. Welcome aboard, and all that. I certainly hope your tenure here outlasts that in your previous apa. Maybe our more relaxed air will help.

Societal inertia is assuredly a problem, but I disagree that "our racial/social attitudes" are the same as in the 20's, as Tackett seemed to be saying. I've seen a great deal of improvement in the Man-in-the-Street's consideration of blacks, for instance, than what existed when I was growing up. Even my Mother, who is quite prejudiced, has mellowed more than just a bit. I think there will always be Haters among us\*\*Blacks, Catholics, Jews, Women, anyone who is Different being the target for their frustrations. But such hate is not welcomed or tolerated as openly as it once was. In the racial area, however much the low-class, welfare accepting black is looked down on, the realization that all blacks are not shiftless, stupid and creatures of animal instinct has finally sunk in. I've heard the word "n-----" used more by blacks themselves than I have by whites. Now, if only we can work on the economic imbalance...



Now, now. Don't chide Joni for using apa-shorthand. Since I'm the one who cuts her stencils, I'm glad I don't have to type out "regarding your comment to---" each time (thyme?) she changes topics. Yes, I do see your point about "stumbling" over such abbreviations, but -- really-- you will become accustomed to them, and they do save an awful lot of monotonous repetition, not to mention precious space.

Since most of the business-type letters I write may (should? Could?) be seen by more than one person, I often use "Dear People" when typing the salutation. "Dear CG&E Person" is another sort of opener that conveys my intentions. Sure, neither one is what I'd call "right", but they both feel all right and do manage to both greet and be non-sexist.

"I'm too egocentric to be selfless." Well, if you don't mind me saying so, I would have the tendency to suspect anyone who claims to be operating out of truly unselfish motivation. Even if a person gets no more out of doing a Good Deed than a sense of "Gosh, I'm a Nice Person", I think everyone who does anything for another without expectation of being paid back has something in mind as a reward. For me, it's semi-superstition: I feel if I do favors for other people, people are more apt to do favors for me when I need them. I recall someone saying that they could never pay me back for some help I'd given. My response was that of course they couldn't-- nor should they--pay me back. The idea is to pass along the "good will" and help out someone else along the line, whenever and however you can. Scratch-my-back-and-I'll-scratch-yours may superficially sound extremely selfish, but as long as it's an open-ended loop -- no beginning, no end -- it's pretty hard to determine just which person is being selfish, isn't it? Like yourself, most of the time a simple "Thanks" is all the acknowledgement I need (often even a nod and a smile suffices), and in fact I find it awkward when anything more is offered. The Thanks is enough.

If you look at the history of mankind in its search for God, then I'd have to say that the progression seems to heading for athelism. We started off thinking there were many gods, then the number kept getting reduced until a sizeable segment believe in only one. Isn't the next step an awareness that there are none? Is Man so terrified of being Alone, or is it merely that there's a desire to put the blame on Someone else for our failings? It does seem tempting to be able to shrug and say "It's God's Will" when something isn't going right...

I wasn't sure how you'd react to having your book called "Medium-paced adventure". It seems to me that current publishing trends favor fast-paced story-writing, and I didn't find SLOW FALL TO DAWN to fall into that category at all. (It's also perhaps the main reason I read it through, once I realized it concerned assassins, which clash with my idealistic views.) But the career of your protagonist really had little to do with the plot -- Gyll could've been heading a guild of Garbage-Recyclers for all it mattered. You got across the main point, which was the machinations necessary to fit a New Concept into an established society, and the various means by which a leader-of-men maintains thrust and control of such a new endeavor. I liked what you wrote well enough to look forward to the next novel...

Hearty agreement about your comments of looking askanse at comments from people you know concerning your work. It's not that friends/enemies can't be trusted--they just ~~can't be trusted, are suspect~~, can't be taken at face value in most instances. Even in the case of "nasty comments" (which I also tend to believe in more than I do complimentary ones), you have to consider where they're coming from. I have more faith in an off-hand remark made by a stranger than I do in praise from friends or put-downs by those who've expressed dislike for me. Sometimes an off-hand comment can outweigh a large number of comments from people you know--and sometimes that's unfair.

Lovely section of commentary to Bowers! I chuckled my way all the way through all those ellipses...

Good first issue, good wordage. Glad to have you in the apa.

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Those ~~clever~~, ~~shatpteyed~~ among you who noticed that *sigh* once again I haven't kept to my intention of making this zine like a diary, should also know that This Time I actually have an excuse! Mike Resnick brought over his manuscript for typing, and since there's no room for two typing desks in this apartment, this Selectric was put aside to make room for Resnick's IBM Executive until I'd finished the first half of the job. (Just got a phone call from Mike: he's bringing part of the second half later this afternoon, so I'd better cut stencils while the time's ripe...)

You may also have noticed that this element is not the same one I typed general matter with on preceding pages. I've developed a liking for this Remington #580 typeface, and since it's a serif style, as is the Courier 12, I thought I'd make the switch.

Nothing much has happened since my last "entry". I suppose I could talk about the End-of-the-World dinner we had here with Steve-n-Denise on the 10th, but, after all, nothing happened (or at least the world seemed to still be here the next day). We also didn't get to see the sneak preview of CONAN THE BARBARIAN -- mostly because we did trust Frank Johnson's bull-shitting abilities, but did not expect him to do the unselfish thing and cadge extra free passes when he made his pitch to the manager of the Showcase Cinema. Not to be too esoteric, I should mention that so many people came for the preview that most could not get in. Frank, who is a dj for a local rock FM station, knows the manager at another Showcase Cinema complex on the other side of town, and when he found he was too late to buy tickets, decided to try for freebies. He really and truly didn't say anything about getting tickets for DaveLo and myself, so we wished him luck, and went home. Needless to say, I felt extremely foolish when Frank called later that evening to tell us that he had obtained three ducats to the show, only we weren't around to take advantage of them. *Sigh* But again, nothing happened there, either, so why am I even typing this?

Oh, we did get a chance to visit with one of my Favorite People, Michael Harper (I'm even making the Supreme Effort of referring to him as "Michael" rather than my usual "Mike" which annoys him, to my amusement), and his lady-friend Tanya Whose-Last-Name-I-Can't-Spell-Ner-Pronounce, who were down for a visit with the Leighs. Well, we talked, and I guess that's about all I have to report about that. I guess things are just calm around here lately. I'm not complaining about the peace, mind you, but it doesn't help fill stencils when nothing much is going on. Maybe what I need is a good war, or flood, or tornado to strike. Naw, I'm not really serious. Or am I?

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BILL BOWERS -- MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIPS -- I wondered when you did your introduction to your "speech" at Confusion, just what

it was that you would have preferred to talk about, and I'm in accord with you that what you had to say in this zine would have made a better speech. Not only because Leah is so elemental to the success of those conventions, but because its tone--that of getting psychic/spiritual help from fans and fandom -- seemed more fitting to the spirit of Ann Arbor fandom than the one you did give. I have no actual comments to make to what you've written here. I don't think you really expect any. I would like to say that I wish more items like this--telling about what's good in fandom rather than the nit-picky griping one reads all too often--were being done. No, I'm not yearning for a hearty dose of saccharin, merely an acknowledgement that fandom's not all that bad of a place to be. You made that point, quite loud and clear, in this.

DAVE WIXON -- THE BIG BRONZE FAKE #9 -- Mighod, DaveW! I had no idea you were so far behind in making your mailing comments!! How about compressing some of that wordage, huh? Or at least dropping comments being made to people who aren't with us any longer...

That quibble out of the way, let me say that I enjoyed your winterish memory-flogging. Speaking of seeing snowdrifts as a child made me recall the times my brother and I and the rest of the neighborhood crew would build snowforts and snowtunnels, and lay down on pristine drifts to make snow angels. I can't estimate how many snowpeople I've made, or how much fun I had doing them. Thanks for the reminder...



I thought it rather sneaky of you to uplift our spirits with all those happy childhood memories and then dash them with your tale of woe concerning this winter season. As Cincinnati has had the ghastly amount of 22.2 inches of white stuff fall down upon it so far this season, I can't swap snowbound yarns with you. Sheesh! Could I wring any sympathy out of your heart by relating the experience Davelo and I had when going four blocks downtown while the windchill factor made it a frigid 20°-below? Really, Davelo, we suffered! It's all relative, you know...

Remodelling can be fun/interesting/adventuresome. As you indicate here, it also can be expensive. Honestly, when I finished reading this segment, I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. I hope that, by now, all the mess is behind you. The bills, of course, will remain...

If I hadn't seen a snapshot taken of a bikini'd Joni Stopa (then Cornell?) splashing about in Buckingham Fountain during Chicon III, I wouldn't have been able to envision her as a blonde, either. She was, though, and a beautiful one to boot!

You mc on the O-O confuses me. "Sports illo"? "Don Carter"? What's going on here?

I wouldn't go as far as you did and say teenagers don't rebel--some do, some don't. But I do agree that rock, as a genre, doesn't seem to express many rebellious concepts. Of course, in today's everything-goes society, there isn't all that much to rebel against. It would seem that individual family situations would incline a teen to feel upset enough to rebel, not so much the Society--that sort of battle seems more apt to be fought later on in life, like the early twenties--college age or a bit further on. Rock encompasses ~~many~~ *many* ~~sins~~ too much to fit into simple categorizations (Music to Rebel by?), but in the main I think it encourages teens to "fit in" with whatever's the Current Thing.

In any case, the entire topic was brought up by Joseph Nicholas, and since he's not here to berate us for our views, I suppose there's not much sense in carrying on with the discussion, is there? (Besides, discussions about music in general, and rock in particular, tend to bore me outta my chair...zzzz)

PAULINE PALMER --THE LOWER CASE -- Another good selection of messed-up headlines/captions. Especially happy to see the Truth come out about that shifty-eyed character in his red-n-white suit. Santa always did seem to be a dirty old man to me...

Hope the news about Jack's health continues to be good. Our thoughts are with you.

MARTY HELGESEN -- CHALAZA (14FZ) -- Cute title. ~~What's it from?~~ It seems (are you ready?) eggsactly right.

Well, at least I did read all that wordage you ran about the Trinity, even if I wasn't convinced by any of it. Though longish, it managed to hold my interest enough to carry on with it.

Has out-right war broken out between you and Suzi? The puns were so thick in your comments to her that I quail at the thought of what her response will be like. This is not to imply that I'm not enjoying reading them; only indicating that I really have to stretch out to find any comments to make about them.

Neat excerpt from Amanda's writing, as usual. I must admit, though, that I wouldn't object to a respite from her. The mind wearies of continually being boggied. (By the way, have you any idea how one goes about "solving facts"? Did Amanda discover something new?)

That was a nice idea for the Boskone hotel to warn their guests about possible party-noise and to offer to move them, but I was at a Minicon where the hotel management tried a similar tactic and no one took them up on it. It didn't stop someone from calling the cops in at some outrageous hour of the ayem, though. Once the manager explained to the police that such an offer (to move the people to a different area) had been made, the cops



took the position that it was the complaining guests' own fault that they had been disturbed by the all-night partying, but there was a great deal of excitement and tension going on for awhile. (Dave Wixon should remember this incident with far more clarity than I--he was the one who was explaining to me what all the fuss was about at the time.)

One of the biggest problems in trying to discuss religion on a literate/intelligent level is that the practitioners of a Faith don't all necessarily "believe" what the Faith's official dogma preaches. A case in point is the issue you mention where polytheism and the veneration of saints are linked to some people's view. Now you can state, with all sorts of Official Catholic Writings to back you up, that venerating the saints, or offering special accord to the Virgin is not the same thing as worshipping a panoply of different gods. However, when you talk to the less-educated Catholics, the way they think of and treat whatever particular saint is "featured" in their culture (and you know that varies from background to background) is extremely close to "worship" rather than "veneration". This is what the people who argue against Catholicism are pointing to, because it is so evident in such a large number of practicing Catholics. St. Anthony was/is, to all intents and purposes, the God of Lost Objects. The way people worded their own pleas to him, they were not treating him as a middle-man between them and their god, he was being directly appealed to, as one would address a god. Okay, the Church doesn't condone that attitude, the priests do not preach it from their pulpits, but it doesn't affect the way the poor man-in-the-street parishioner's beliefs. And for a large number of Catholics, there is no difference between a saint and a lesser god in their minds and their hearts. This is one reason I see little point in discussing the fine points of theology in an apa. We are looking at the subject from a rational, thinking-person's viewpoint, and the great mass of believers are looking at it from a gut-level, emotional viewpoint which hasn't all that much connection with the Official Dogma. No more than the average person's grasp of various scientific principles are all that close to accepted theories; there exists a yawning chasm between thoughtful (or thought-out) positions and what Joe Doakes actually believes and practices. In a sense, we're discussing and comparing apples and oranges. And I see no point to it. Mention concepts like The Church Militant or The Church Triumphant to the babushka'd ladies down at Saint Whatisname's parish and you'll receive blank stares. What they believe and what you believe just aren't the same thing.

It's sorta/kinda similar in the points you raise about the differences between "legal logic" and "Common sense": once someone studies the reasoning behind certain laws, they make sense, but the average person, in trying to apply that law, thinks their stupid. I would assume that no matter what area of concern is being codified--faith or conduct or a law of Nature--someone who is doing the intellectualizing, the codifying, is in a position to spot the particulars while people who actually follow (and usually blindly) the Code are looking at it generally, and their is oftentimes conflict between the two.

In yct Arthur, you raise the issue of sex-education courses which "ignore the relevant moral values." Would you mind telling me how moral values can be raised in the area of sex without involving religious beliefs? At least in regards to the "moral values" that the objectors to sex education want raised--which generally fall somewhere along the lines of "Don't Do It because it's Sinful". It's simply another conflict between Theory and Reality--in theory this nation acknowledges no religion as being Supreme: in reality Christianity is Supreme and the Moral Majority and their kin simply want the Law, the Theory to acknowledge that Reality. Those of us who prefer the Theory's view are rooting for the Law to be upheld as written. (I think we'll probably lose on that point, but what the heck, it's worth a shot.)

Cheering on Judy Stevens' efforts at mastering Ditto by saying "That's the spirit!" is certainly appropriate, and the pun was appreciated. \*Ouch\*

Since I don't find any of the aspects of the ERA you bring up as being "undesireable", I think we've reached an impasse on this topic as well. \*Sigh\*



"[Worship] means recognizing that we were created by God and are held in existence at every moment by God. Seeing the implications of this situation and expressing the thoughts and sentiments which are appropriate to creatures addressing their Creator is worship." I like that. Nice wording. Now if only all of these "creatures" could only manage to agree on the fine details of the aforesaid appropriate thoughts and sentiments, this world might be a much nicer place for everyone.

May I second your request to Mike Horvat for more info on the NAPA Library? I'd never heard of it before. I do agree, with you, that Hitler's genocide was Wrong, but I do think it was the way we were raised to consider such things that caused us to come to that conclusion. If, for instance, Hitler had come out on top after WWII, we could well have an entirely different view on the subject because our minds would have molded into channels that would find that "solution" acceptable. We weren't, and we don't. I am basically a pacifist, yet -- like Thomas Aquinas -- I feel that there is such a thing as a Just war, and I'm perfectly willing to accept the notion that I believe that way because I was taught that way, not that the concept itself is inherently Correct. If I had been raised in a culture where human life was considered cheaply or lightly (I'm tempted to say "As in India", but I'm not sure that such a viewpoint is actually held there or that it is something that propaganda generated) I might not feel quite as outraged by the millions of people who died in Hitler's concentration camps. Something, somewhere down the line, has to form basic opinions such as those in a person. Concepts of Right and Wrong do not spring full-blown from the air.

I looked up MASTHEAD in two of our dictionaries, and I don't think what fan editors put at the head of their zines quite qualifies. Info on the "name (of zine/periodical, I assume), editors, staff members, and owners" is not what is generally included; instead such handy items as frequency of publication, number/date of issue, price and other data on availability are included and matter concerning "staff members" is reserved for the table of contents. I see that "COLOPHON" doesn't fit either, in that, in modern usage, it indicates a printers mark at the end of a book or a publisher's mark at the beginning. So now, I guess, my question should be: just what in the heck is that thing which most faneds call a colophon?

If you were not trying to imply that Secular Humanists hold the same views by printing the definition that you did, then what were you trying to say?

Well, I'm not positive that all FLAPans will get Midwestcon fliers, but I did address 14 envelopes that went out the ones Bill Bowers and I guessed were not on the con's regular mailing list. As the fliers were given to me in sealed envelopes, I couldn't include a note or other personal comment, but since the club included the stamps as well as the envelopes, I couldn't see my way clear to quarrel with it.

Do you feel that the incident at Guadalupe had any effect on Quetzalcoatl? I had thought the worship of that particular god had died out long before.

I think my observation that there are certain things that humans all do as a species and yet will not do, in some cultures, in a crowd is relevant to your comment that "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." What I meant is that there are many sides to human nature, and being a social animal is but one of them. I fail to see why a God would insist on that aspect being featured strongly in acknowledgement /worship, and yet ignore others. Personally, I see organized religions as being perpetrated by people interested in controlling other people.

I recoil from the idea of permanently marking up printed matter, as you and Bowers do, but I'm not adverse to temporarily doing so. I use a pencil and lightly make checkmarks and/or marginal notations to facilitate my making mailing comments, then I erase the marks when I turn the page. Balancing a pad of paper in my lap while I'm reading the Mlg. would be awkward for me. (I generally read the Mlg. while sitting with my knees propped up. Hard to reach the table in that position, and not enough room to hold a tablet and the Mlg.)







You pose an interesting question: "Imagine me in an apa with Bill Bowers. Or am I?" Considering Bill's seeming disdain for mailing comments (at least as evinced by his past two zines), maybe he's not actually "in" the apa, but just sorta traveling alongside the rest of us...

Enjoyed your comments about according respect automatically to a certain group, which sometimes means offering the reverse to an opposite group. Why is it such a common human failing that that situation should occur so often? I see similarities in the current goings-on in El Salvador--the Reds back one side, we hate the Reds, so *ipso facto* we support a right-wing, militaristic, totalitarian regime that surely far more deserves contempt than praise. It's senseless...but it happens.

I don't recall the Catholic Church saying that people with unabsolved Original Sin (i.e. the unbaptised) can enter Heaven. Methinks that's the reason the concept of Limbo (of which I hear little since leaving grammar school) came about. Supposedly it's a place where the Good-but-not-Saved can go -- neither Heaven nor Hell, not as nice as the former but nowhere near as bad as the latter. It sounded a bit, well, manufactured to me, and I never heard of any biblical justification for its existence.

"If you are a battered wife, hit back." doesn't sound like good advice to me--most men being the size they are and most women being the size ~~they~~ they are, to hit back is downright dangerous! Leaving the ~~battered~~ wife-beater (to one of the abused wife shelters that seem to be the rage nowadays, perhaps) would make more sense to me. If a guy thinks so little of you as to use you for a punching bag, why would hitting him back make him think more kindly of you? (This is all neglecting the various problems many battered wives seem to share that incline them to accept the beatings as somehow "proper" or "deserved", or at the very least "excusable".)

I'll look forward to your proposed article on Amateur Journalism, but, please, in the meantime continue with your initial goshwowboyohboy commentary!

G.M. Carr's correspondence is a "fantastic addition" to the APPA Library? I gather that (NOTE: I'm tired of correcting the stencil each time the T doesn't work, so you'll have to put up with strikeovers when the key refuses to engage properly, at least until I feel in a better mood) Carr was a notorious feud-monger in fandom; does her correspondence confirm that impression? Or is that reputation overblown?

I try not to think too much about the kind of world my kids will be living in (are in -- my oldest will be 21 this July) because I get depressed enough thinking of the sort of world I live in. Nasty, nasty place...

"Imagine the infant mortality" you say when mentioning how the Indian women gave birth on the hoof (so ~~do~~ speak). Well, what about the maternal mortality? Bet a goodly number of them bled to death. Stoic to the end, but still dead.

Congratulations on the addition to the family (Gee, that's two kids born while their parent belonged to FLAP. I hope that portends nothing at all of significance...), and congratulations also on a fine firstzine as a Full Participating Member. It was excellent reading!

LON ATKINS -- FAN ORDINAIRE #26 -- Is DRAGONTROVE akin to DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS? Steve is Dungeonmaster for one of those groups, and DaveLo informed me after his recent visit to the Leigh-Manse that he hears Mike Glicksohn has taken up the game, too. Are you another convert? (We suspect that D&D can be a Way of Life if one really gets into it, and are a bit leery about investigating the possibilities of the game as a result. Is that a valid reason to avoid it?) When are you going to give up this mad obsession with Power and Prestige as a means of making a living; lie back and play your way to fun and fortune, instead. (Or are you saying that you're doing that already? Oh.)

Yeah, Roy does sound a "bit cynical", and I pretty much agree with him much, if not most, of the time. While it certainly does not mean that a person who governs with his/her own welfare at heart is not capable of doing good for the general populace, the opposite also isn't necessarily true. Bad effects



on sectors of the populace which have no immediate impact on the sector to which the governing person belongs or is allied with are more likely to be ignored by someone who looks out for Numero Uno with excessive zeal. What's needed is someone who is capable of looking at the entire country as his/her turf, not merely a tiny portion of it, who watches the full spectrum of the economy, not only Big Business (or the welfare recipients, for that matter...). Howsomever, the cynic in me snickers: from what Nirvana do we find leaders like that? Not in anything resembling the Real World. (And of course, this discounts utterly the way our nation fits in with the rest of the planet's countries: that's an even nastier kettle of fish.)

I recall reading an article in one of the glossy magazines about Japan's Living Treasures, one of which was a sword maker who sadly had to perform his craft under trying modern-day conditions: he wasn't allowed to test the edges of his blades in the Age-Old Way -- by hacking a person in two with a single stroke. That example of sour humor aside, I must express my admiration for a culture which actively supports the handing over of its cultural heritage from one generation to another. The most important facet of that Living Treasure Program is, of course, that apprentices are being trained by these people in order that the craft will not die out. At the bottom line, that's the only way such things can be preserved.

As an aside, I note that our local newspaper has been carrying a goodly number of ads in the personals column that request plumbers, electricians, auto mechanics, and their ilk to take on people as apprentices. This seems a new phenomenon to me: don't recall ever seeing ads like that before... I even saw one from someone who asked for a potter to take him/her on as a trainee.

Good wordage to DaveLo on Joe Nicholas.

You put it so succinctly: "[he] wasn't disliked here but merely appreciated for unfortunate reasons."

There's one of the problems with internalizing anger that you touch upon in your comments to DavidH -- it's not a good situation when stored-up anger turns into bile. Our society stresses the importance of maintaining one's cool so much that many people -- men, mostly -- end up developing ulcers, heart problems, and other signs of psychic pain turned into physical manifestations. Anger cannot be denied, even if it is able to be controlled as far as displaying it to the person or situation which engenders it. How do you handle anger when it's not politic for you to display it?

When did DaveLo "downthumb" your Bow Scores? I recall him stating a lack of interest... which isn't the same thing at all. I'm not interested in discussions on Sports, but I'd never say someone else couldn't talk/write about whatever they wish. I'm reasonably sure DaveLo shares that outlook.

Your spoof on "Stamp Futures" had just enough logic to it that I bet it could be sold to some of the members of Congress who might resemble Judge Bulltweat too closely for their constituents good. Since I don't happen to have any of the 'A' stamps on hand (I've always requested stamps with the denomination printed on them since so much of our mail is aimed for overseas), or else I might join you in mounting a Crusade...

ROY TACKETT -- VOMBIS No. 8 -- Somehow I just knew that by mentioning my dislike for that blasted Olde English typeface that you'd be purely forced into using even more of it. This is occasionally known as the "I knew I couldn't win" attitude.

"I don't have any solution, but I certainly admire the problem" you say in discussing "What is evil". And I purely admire that line; it's so akin to the view I hold that in no time at all, I'll have myself convinced that it was I who said it and not thee.

I, too, applaud the Mexican people who take pride in their Indian heritage, but I deplore the attitude expressed as "downplaying their Spanish heritage". If both are a part of their background, then each should be granted equal accord. I take pride in being Irish, but I also acknowledge the other bloodlines in my background -- if only I could figure out what to call 'em. (My grandma



Nelson -- nee Repik -- was born in Pressburg, Austria, which is now called Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, and always referred to herself as "Austrian" (when she wasn't calling herself "German"), but by her patronomic, I'd guess she was either Czech or Slovak. Since she'd deny being either one, I'm somewhat at a loss in that area.) Of course it would be impossible to track down all the national roots that show up in most American backgrounds--few people claim Purity of bloodline--and there would be a point where some people would simply have to throw their hands up and call themselves plain old "American" because their backgrounds are too cluttered up to untangle. But in cases where it's reasonably definite that only one or two nationalities/cultures were involved, then I think it's neat that someone would acknowledge them, and adapt whatever aspects of the cultures they like the best into their own lifestyle. It tickled me when, during my high school years, one of the girls in a class ahead of me would proudly wear green to school on St. Patrick's Day. She was a light-skinned Black (or "colored girl" as we said back then) whose family had made peace with its roots--all of 'em.

Mention was made on one of the recent PBS programs about the importance of the sense of touch to archeologists in the field--the same example, of touching clay soil to judge whether it was compacted by "hand" or simply "time", that you gave to MikeS was used--and the man being interviewed bewailed the difficulty in passing on this "knack" to students. It's something that simply cannot be explained in a textbook, you have to be trained to it on a one-to-one, in-the-field basis.

I wonder how the stockholders of that company you mention to Eric -- which distributed its dividends in the form of gold or silver metal, which it mined -- feel today, now that the price of such metals has plummeted? (Of course, those who sold their "shares" immediately are no doubt chortling, but what about those who held theirs for a Rainy Day?)

It sounds like you enjoyed meeting the Swedes while in England. Did you note any basis for the seeming Bad Rep they picked up during the Worldcon in Brighton? From what I've read, a certain, shall we say--overzealousness?--in their behavior was the main complaint. I'm not sure if it was shown on a personal level, or merely in regard for their own worldcon bidding practices.

General articles or reviews are aimed at the apa as a whole, yes, but other things fall into that category too--virtually anything that isn't contained within mailing comments. The only reason I feel such material should be included is because there are some people who tend to skim everything except mc's addressed directly to themselves (a horrid practice, to be sure, but still and all, one that exists). I type mc's with the awareness that others could be reading them as well as the person they're aimed at, but it's done with the feeling that it's not quite the same as writing material directed to the membership at large. I really don't know how to explain it any clearer than that, but articles and reviews aren't my cup of tea (i.e. I read them, but I don't write them).

Am I sure that society/the world goes on after I die? Reasonably sure. I've seen a large number of people die and things continued to roll on afterward in a seemingly normal fashion. Since I have to trust my senses, which tell me this is true, then I have no choice but to assume that the same thing will happen when I die. Now I will admit that there always exists the question: can one trust one's own senses, but that query leads me too close to the edge of madness to consider to any depth. Shall we simply say that I operate on the assumption that Life Continues, with me or without me, because I haven't seen any reason to view myself as the exception to that rule? Or that there is any exception to that rule outside of total annihilation, say by nuclear war.

Speaking of Big Business branching out (as you were to Becky) did you catch the Oscar Awards this year? A couple of references were made to Gulf & Western being one the big winners...

Could you give a running report on your attempts to live within a retirement budget? I doubt if I'd remember to ask for an update ten months from now. Poor memory, y'see.



MICHAEL SHOEMAKER -- MUGGINS' MUGGLES AND MUBBLEFUBBLES #11 -- You say to Tackett: "I know almost nothing about the Spanish Civil War, so I <sup>won't</sup> comment..." Aw, Mike. You're no fun. Commenting on things one knows almost nothing about can be the quickest way to find out something. People just love to leap in with facts and figures to correct others' mistaken conclusions. I'm not saying that you should gad about making asinine statements, but a bit of cautious hypothesizing can gain you all sorts of new information by which you can learn about those things you know almost nothing about. Too often I've found that when I ask directly for info, like "Tell me about it," the response is that it's too complicated, or would take too long, or some other evasive reason to avoid explaining. When I've stepped right in and said, "Well, it seems to be that---", immediate feedback is given that helps me understand whatever it is that I want to know. Of course, one has to be willing to look like an idiot to other people on occasion. Since I know I'm not one, that doesn't bother me overly much--at least most of the time.

I'm afraid I don't understand what you were trying to get at by saying the preferred plan of the Pentagon leaders was never tried in Viet Nam. What bearing does that have on the situation today?

Another explanation of how "goes" came to mean "said" in some contexts could be tied in with repeating something that has been memorized--as in "Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg went..." and then quoting the text. The speaker is usually trying to indicate that he is quoting someone, and I would think then that by saying "Then that SOB goes..." (to use your example), what is meant is "Then that SOB's statement was..." I dunno; attempting to figure out how popular expressions have come into being can be a fascinating exercise, but I really doubt that very many concrete conclusions can be drawn. There are so many likely explanations that choosing among them can be just as accurately done by flipping a coin.

Your comments to DaveLo about Heinlein's short fiction made me nod my head in agreement. There aren't many of RAH's novels that I think of as "great", but his short stories are a different matter entirely. But then I'm more a fan of short fiction than I am of longer works overall. It must be due to a short attention span, or something...

Is "Potlatch" an Eskimo custom? I recall reading that it was a practice indulged in by Pacific Northwest Indians, and I've never heard it tied in with the Eskimo (although I do know they are a "sharing" society, in general).

I didn't "Pass rather quickly over the fact that burglary is not a capital offense", I injected it to show that I was aware that the fact existed, and was undoubtedly a consideration in the severity of the sentence. The point we were discussing was the inherent illogic in the idea that someone who is committing a crime can sue in court the person he/she was harming by criminal action. I wasn't discussing the entire episode in Great Detailed Depth because it was being used as an example, in the hopes that Eric would not follow the farmer's lead, of how rigging traps can backfire on the person who set the trap. (For one thing, since the burglar did sue the farmer, it's obvious that he wasn't killed by the shotgun trap, so the lethality of the trap lay in its potential, not actual effect.)

DAVE LANGFORD -- CLOUD CHAMBER ELEVEN -- Oh, joy! Another Drinking Fan among us. I had no idea you imbibed with such obvious delight. I more-or-less had the notion that British fen (okay, okay--you're Welsh...) merely grabbed anything alcoholic within reach, swilled it down until they a) passed out, or b) vomited, preferably into someone else's shoes and/or feet. Being in our current circumstances where we can't afford \*sob\* to drink, I felt quite envious of you and Hazel and the newlyweds...

I hope by now you've learned what a Stopa-manse "troll" is. That's one of the hazards of asking a question in an apā--either the reply is in the same mailing that the question is asking or it appeared in an even earlier one.



Your description of Jacks, a game played in British convention bars, has certain overtones reminiscent of four-way Russian Roulette, the only divergence being the person receiving the first jack in the deck, who doesn't have to worry about physical harm--the second one might get punched in the nose by the bartender, and both the third and fourth, of course, risk intestinal upset, at the very least. One thought makes cold sweat ooze out from my brow: what if Dean Grennell invariably 'won' the first jack every time he played? If the game were to catch hold here in the U.S., rationality would force an additional rule--under no circumstances could the game be played when Dean is present.

I had thought I'd been hit by every charity's solicitation drive, but somehow, not only have I never been dunned for contributions by Oxfam, I never have heard of it. Thanks for the info...

-- CLOUD CHAMBER TEN -- "...we're aiming at social classes C1 and C2..." you were told by the people who were assembling THE OMNI BOOK OF THE FUTURE. May I ask what on earth those terms signify? Do British publishers separate their readers into such clearly defined 'classes', or is it done by other agencies?

I took French for two years in High School, and the most baffling part of it for me was trying to make sense out of the French recordings our teacher would ~~XXXXXX upon our ears~~ play for our edification and enlightenment. With a great deal of mental strain, and much recourse to an English-French Dictionary, I could cope with translating written French, but when it was spoken -- particularly by those incomprehensible French -- it all was utter gibberish. Miss Musson at least was a fan of Edith Piaf, and I could listen to her recording with a degree of enjoyment, even if I still couldn't make out a damn word that she warbled. After all those months of study, I have retained but one bit of the language: *Je n' parle français* (and I can't even spell that correctly).

As a rule I don't care for zines meant for another apa to be run in one that I'm in, but to date, the examples of such that have gone through FLAP have been readable and enjoyed. Yours was no exception.

DAVE LOCKE -- VIEW FROM UNDER A 60 WATT LAMP -- Do you realize that even after all these years I want to type 'bulb'

Instead of 'lamp'? What's that you say? I've never been known as a 'quick study'?

Ah, yes. Going out into the snow does affect one's appreciation of it. What I object to the most is the preparations--pulling on heavier slacks than I wear in the house, slipping on socks, zipping up boots, buttoning sweater, coat and then wrapping 'round the head and neck scarf--it's all too tedious an affair. Much simpler to simply look at the pretty stuff through a window.

Don't include me with your "we" when talking about waking up in the morning by natural means. If I were living my own natural life, I'd be doing what I was five years ago -- retiring around four ayem and getting up around noon. Mornings don't enter the equation at the beginning, but at the end. Living with you has forced me into the disgusting habit of rising early (6:30-8:00) to the detriment of my sweet disposition. Sometimes, when I consider my off-balance diurnal cycle, it's easy to convince myself that my ancestors did not hail from this planet. (But then I read about tests where people, kept in caves or other sites where day/night does not exist, tend to slide into a 28-hour cycle and wonder if any of us follow an earthly internal clock.)

The gripes you have against the school system that doesn't teach people how to balance their checkbook, maintain household budgets and accounts, repair their household devices and autos, cooking, etc., seem to be more properly aimed at their parents. What is the purpose of a school in the first place? Should they teach an infant to walk? A child to button their clothing? Where should the line between 'common knowledge'--to be passed on by family members--and 'learning'--to be passed on by more-or-less specialists--be drawn? I didn't learn how to cook in school (although such courses were available) because I felt I had better things to do in school. I still feel that "home things should be learned at home", but then



I also acknowledge the fact that not every home passes on necessary skills to the younger members. I dunno: I suspect I'd support a system more willingly where such skills were taught as extra-curricular activities rather than 'in-school' subjects. My kids had classes in "Modern Living" offered at their school in Beecher, which touched on a few of the areas you mention. Naturally it wasn't broad enough or deep enough to be of any good without a lot of back-up info from the home, but it was a start. Problem was: how to discern which kids really needed such instruction. I taught my kids how to sew, at least well enough for minor repairs to garments, how to wash clothes, iron, some cooking, etc. I did it because I felt it a survival skill that they should know, not a 'well of knowledge' they could draw upon in case of need (which is more the way I view traditional education). Your complaints are legitimate as far as being a reality, but they open an even wider question--what is education; what should it do?

One of the changes that the newly dawning computer age could bring about is Individualizing Instruction, to the point that, no matter where a child actually resides, his learning stream is maintained. Classes are set up out of practical needs--how else to handle the education of, say, 350 children in a ten-block-square section of a moderately-densely-populated urban area except by dividing them into groups? The fact that the individual suffers when s/he is not at the same stage of learning as the group is a price paid in the name of economy not heedlessness. Computer access may change this (it certainly could, but whether it would is a different matter--too many variables enter the scene(you'd need a computer to calculate them!)). and about all I can do is hope that it will.

Perhaps a note of explanation should be added to the phrase "won every damn time" when writing about your poker-playing to Shoemaker. You won every poker session, not every hand you bet, or opened to. That may make a difference in his perception of that statement.

If you want an epicene letter salutation, how about "Dear Addressee"? I realize it lacks a certain flair, but it certainly serves its purpose.

I misinformed you on the Gospel of St. Luke--it was John's which was written the latest. But the point is still valid, "eyewitness" accounts which aren't set down until decades after the event tend to be suspect in my eyes, too.

There's little point in causing an argument, but I feel compelled to say that your statement, "In the big collisions, and wherever fire is concerned, seat belts will ensure that you die," is, to put it mildly, an overstatement. I was married to a person who belied the 'fact' you state, and you're well-acquainted with the story. I suspect that you have not read the statistics to the depth that you imply.

The case against smoking has been overstated, but, again, I think you're selectively interpreting the data given against a habit you don't wish to stop, not really looking at the situation with an uncritical eye. Smoking is harmful, the degree of harm varies with the individual. That's the only conclusion I am able to draw from the evidence. Each and every person who smokes will not develop lung cancer. Each and every person will not have heart problems. Or bladder problems, or vascular problems, or other ailments and/or deficiencies. However, most smokers will encounter one or more of these difficulties. Man is not a Standard Model, and to each 'rule' there are many exceptions. I know I'm hurting my health by continuing to smoke, and I suspect that if I lived alone I would make a more sincere effort to stop. But too many people I deal with do smoke and I'm not strong-willed enough to keep away from the habit in the face of constant reinforcement to continue. I do not kid myself that it does good for me, however. It's expensive (which hurts right now), it affects my taste and sense of smell (small worry there, those senses were rather keen to begin with), and it interfeeres with my enjoyment of other things (social interaction with non-smokers, attending events during which smoking is not allowed, etc.). I am being stupid and foolish in maintaining the habit--but I still do and most likely will keep on doing so. Mea culpa. So what else is new?



When I 'review' the O-O before going to press, it is usually already stencilled. (I used to see it in a first-draft stage, but you haven't done it that way often of late.) There's no way I am about to tell you to change an entire line of stencil because of a little quibble about what's obviously a personal opinion. The fact that you have been doing the O-O directly on stencil at least allows me to make comments about/now, look on the bright side.

The first time I saw an example of color Xeroxing was at Lynn Hickman's 50th birthday party. One of the First Fandomites sent in Xerox prints of an old pulpzine cover, which Lynn was showing around. They cost 75¢ a copy then (this was in its first year after introduction--1975 or '76). While we lived in Torrance, CA, we saw a color Xerox at the bookstore down the street from us and the price had dropped to 35¢ a copy--better, but still \$\$\$\$\$. I've never seen a demonstration of one in action, so had no idea of its color-mixing capability. Wouldn't mind seeing that...

"If I'm one of the 'many', I tend to be on the 'safe' of the 'one' if that person displays discomfort at the encounter." That's a position I'm familiar with, too. Often I don't wait for a person to 'display' discomfort, though, since I realize that some people are more adroit at concealing their feelings than others (and some show their feelings in more subtle ways), and either step out of the situation, or try to ease it in some manner or the other. Not being a perfect person, I don't do it with 100% consistency, even though I wish I did. I think a large number of fans, perhaps even the majority of those I'm acquainted with, have this underlying streak of sympathy for the underdog. Maybe in most cases it's because being the Underdog is a too-familiar position in dealings with Mundania. Maybe not.

No, I don't want the dead to simply lay where they drop. I would prefer corpses to be handled the way they once were--family and friends would tend to their disposal as part of their cultural pattern. Now we who live in this Age of Secialization have walled off dealing with the dead almost as completely as we have dealing with birth. Hire someone else to deal with the nitty-gritty details.

"I try to avoid looking at things either negatively or positively..." Well, I don't try looking at them negatively, either--that's just the way it turns out. The only way I've managed to avoid looking at things either neg. or pos. is by not looking at them at all--which is anti-survival in the long run (see? It always comes out negatively...)

JUDY STEVENS -- THE FRONTIER ALIEN #12 -- Lovely dragon!! (Whoops! Forgot to shift)

I've never managed to draw a dragon that is anywhere close to what I 'see' in my mind's eye, \*sob\* I still recall the bas-relief, paper-maché dragon you did (and threw out!) that Becky showed us in California one time. Now that was something I truly wished I was capable of equalling.

The other seasons have their stereotypical symbols--I bet you're kinda sick of bunnies by now--but no other holiday has the seemingly unending tenure that the Commercial Xmas season does, which is why I presume your customer made that remark about ceramic xmas trees. If Xmas came but once every five years or so, I might appreciate it again. As it is, my boredom with it all makes me go "Yuck, again?" with the first sign of tinsel.

Good luck with all those seminars--and I suspect you're being unduly modest in hoping that you'll pass. Do you really think you'll fail at any of them? (I mean in the sense of learning helpful things, not necessarily in turning in Perfect Projects. Something didasterous could happen to your final project, after all, which could affect your grade but not the 'good' you get from the course...)

Have you considered putting out a catalog of items to offer through the mails? You might develop some business that way (unless, of course, you have more than you can handle as it is...), or would the costs be too prohibitive?

Reading your reference to the "kiln room" reminds me of a TV show this week which discussed "hobby ceramics"--buying molds into which a person pours



commercially-prepared slip, removes the object and then "expresses their creativity" by decorating it before going to a ceramic shop to have it fired--and the commentater kept pronouncing the 'n' in kiln while the ceramic teacher who was doing the demonstration kept saying, properly, "kill". Wondered if they were going to come to blows over it, as each began to emphasize their pronunciation of the word as the show progressed. Thankfully, it was too short to allow them to escalate the 'war' too far...

You mentioned the Red Lobster restaurant and my mouth began watering. Right now the only Night Out we can afford is a French Dip at Arby's once a month \*Sigh\*

The survival stores you mention to Tackett aren't restricted to the Southwest; they're all over the country. One of the local TV stations devoted a five-minute news segment to the growing phenomenon for a week, and that was only on how it affected the Tri-State area (roughly, a circle 150 miles in diameter centered on the junction of Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky), not the nation as a whole.

"Kent, innocent as he appears, must be experienced to be believed". Experienced in what? (Sorry, I just couldn't resist the temptation, I know you didn't mean it that way.)

Re yct about Heinlein's surgery--(this really is aimed at Joni, not Jutz) isn't the carotid artery the one you had those problems with? Is Heinlein's surgery the one that was recommended as a possibility for you? (To fill in for FLAPans not familiar with the situation: at one Wilcon several years past, Joni suffered a collapse, was taken to the hospital, and underwent a lengthy period of diagnosis before it was decided that an artery in her neck had collapsed on itself and cut off the blood flow to her brain--or at least a section of it--giving symptoms quite similar to that of a stroke. Those symptoms cleared up, but I don't know if she's had any difficulties since. Joni tends not to talk about her health, so ~~her~~ friends have to come right out and ask about these things...)

I sympathize with your need for contact with a group like FLAP. The situation you experience is similar to the one I experienced while living in Beecher; living out in the boonies with no one to talk to about non-mundane things of interest. Then I relied on the mails, too, at least until I discovered conventions, and other personal fannish contacts (which I realize aren't available in the area where you live--poor soul). Family simply isn't enough, or at least the nuclear family isn't: many people require a wider group with which to communicate and I suspect we're two of a kind in that regard. I'm glad that FLAP suits you so well. I found fandom to be a life-saver back then, and consider it part of my extended family now--including some cousins I'd sooner do without.

My daughter started wearing glasses two weeks ago, and is in love with them. Of course, she thought that she and her brothers were the odd ones, since everyone else in the family wore them, and that can make a difference in one's perception of them. I was overjoyed at being able to SEE when I first started wearing specs, but I do hate wearing them and would leap at the chance to get contact lenses that wouldn't bother me. The increased field of vision alone makes them worth the price to me (assuming I have the price to begin with \*Sigh\*), not to mention the wear-n-tear on the bridge of my nose (my prescription is a strong one), or the distractions of reflections and glare. I don't think glasses "improve" anyone's appearance, although some people do look nicer in them than others.

"Timepress" is understood. I'll await Intila's reappearance patiently until you're better able to spare the time to work on her again. (But hurry up, will ya?)

I certainly didn't infer anything from Becky's printing of that snapshot of you following her description of Kent's ~~downfall~~ antics. Don't pull a Joseph and get all paranoid on us now... Actually, I thought you looked just like One of Us in that photo, a spirited fan.

Ah, but you can't "see" Bowers without knowing that he's as convoluted in appearance as he is in his writings. If a photo page of FLAPans is run, I'm curious as to how he'll show himself--in his blue-jeaned, flannel-shirted mode, or satin caftaned version.



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Being Co-OE of an apa has spoiled me to the point that I doubt if I could handle deadlines for another apa. Here 'tis, day before FLAP's cutoff date, and I sit at the dining room table (is that a misnomer since we no longer have a dining room?) carving for several hours, knowing I have three loads of laundry to do, and with a bowlful (a BIG bowlful) of bread cubes waiting the Magik Treatment that will turn them into tasty, crunchy croutons. And I'm not sweating it at all. (DaveLo, on the other hand is getting distinctly nervous--though I'll suppose he'd deny it. Yesterday, as he glanced over the stencils I've already cut, he looked down at the last Mlg. and the location of the envelope which marked where I'd left off. "Hmm. What will you do? Start to abbreviate your comments if you don't have enough time left?" "No," I responded. "I have enough time. Really, I do know what I'm doing..." About the only thing that could interfere with my finishing a zine in the time allotted is some Major Disaster or the other, like a flood that would force evacuation of the apartment, or a fire, or ~~Sandy stopping by to a short while~~ some unexpected event which would tie up my afternoon. I do these things during the day, and my time is pretty much mine own. Yes, the pressure of knowing the deadline is looming exists, but it's not any bother, in the sense that superhuman efforts are needed in order to meet it. My usual leisurely pace will suffice.

Should mention that we went to a movie the night before last. Denise Leigh called, and said that Frank Johnson, boy DJ at a local rock station, had gotten 6 2-person passes for a preview showing of CAT PEOPLE. He'd given her the passes and told her to invite whoever she wished (darn nice fellow, that Frank). A bit later on, Sandy called to relay the information that she and Greg had also received an invite, and could they tag along with us. So, earlier than the requested time for assembling at Steve and Denise's place, we arrived so we could have a few extra minutes to share a beer and some conversation with the Leighs. Steve handed us his contribution for this mailing, and I was croggled to see that he carried through on an idea which, when he'd first mentioned it as a possibility, I had considered as a joke, not a serious intent. I have no idea if anyone has ever done it before, but this is the first time I've seen a member's first novel run through an apa. (Steve had gotten a largish batch of free copies from his publishers, and since he'd already given copies to almost everyone he knew--'cept us, since we'd already bought one ourselves--he was somewhat at a loss about what to do with so many extras. I guess we can all thank Bantam Books, but I'd rather thank Steve. Thanks!)

Reaction to the preview was mixed, to be kind. CAT PEOPLE is definitely one of the weirdest films I've seen in a long time. Supposedly a remake of the Simone Simone film of the '40s, which has achieved a semi-cult status (and which I've never particularly liked, considering it a failure in achieving any degree of suspense or horror), this version could stand as a perfect example of the changes in film standards that have taken place in the ensuing forty years or so. Violent, gory, with quite explicit sex (I was fairly surprised it hadn't gotten an X rather than an R rating...), it is a film of its times. It is also a pretty bad example of the art of film editing. Viewers aren't offered the least bit of help in interpreting the events that happen on-screen for the first half of the film; it all seems a senseless assemblage of scenes without any plotline to connect them. Later on some of it begins to cohere into an approximation of a story, but the bits and pieces of plot that are left unresolved and unconnected are numerous. The shock bits were well-done as special effects, but needlessly gory, with blood being splashed and splattered with gay abandon in order to instill in the audience a natural aversion to seeing more of the same the next time the film's situation seemed to be heading in that direction. A bit shoddy, I thought, since it's a relatively easy reaction to ^{invoke}. In any case, I don't regret having seen it: it most certainly was worth the price of admission... If a similar opportunity affords itself to you, in fact, I'd recommend it. But only then.

Well enough folderol. Time to get back to the Meat of the matter--mailing comments.

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ARTHUR HLAVATY -- HONORARY REDNECK 11 -- Congratulations and best wishes on the new life and partnership in North Carolina. I know little of Bernadette, save what material of hers I've seen in your zines, but you certainly seem well satisfied with the arrangements, and that's the most important thing.

Your comments to Tackett about Libertarians preferring to fight amongst themselves points out the reason I've always found their political pronouncements to be a bit ludicrous. Assuming everyone to have the right to form and act upon their own separate beliefs and philosophies, where is the unifying theme around which a political party can be based? Joe's beliefs and philosophies tell him that he's got the right to physically force you into doing his will. Pete, on the other hand, believes in doing his own thing--which is tootling his flute and composing paeans to the glories of nature. When Joe wants Pete to quit tootling and come over and plow his fields, whose liberty is being upheld by The Party? It's simply unworkable, though--assuming each and every person is peace-loving and communal minded--it's a pleasant idea to contemplate.

Since my desire to impress people is virtually nil, the 'discovery' you made (that fiends are people you don't have to impress) wouldn't apply to me. Having been in the working world, though, I know there are circumstances where it would apply. All I want to be is accepted. 'Tis enough.

Yeah, I see the rhyme between "mirror" and "clearer", even though I don't think I'd use them as such now. I've heard other people pronounce them differently so I don't think of them as 'rhyming words' any more. Back in grammar school, I wouldn't have been so fussy (which is no criticism of B's poetry--that's too individualistic a field for me to quibble about dialect distinctions...)

Has anyone else said anything about the typeface you've been using lately? I find it a bit jarring; the lowercase 'l', in particular, stands out untidily. After a paragraph or two, the eye becomes more accustomed to its immodesty, but can't really say that I like it. What typeface is it?

I thought something has to be taken from a person's premises in order for "burglary" to occur. Breaking and entering is, well, breaking and entering (a bum smashing a window and crawling into a business's storeroom to keep warm would be guilty of B&E, but as long as he left the room's contents alone, he wouldn't be committing burglary) into a place in which you had no right to be. More akin to trespassing than thievery.

Bill Bridget was offended by someone stating s/he thought there was no God? I find that somewhat mind-boggling. Has he been Born Again or something? (Not that I really care...the further away he stays from fandom, the better off the rest of are, IMHO)

Australia has more civilized rates for overseas mail than the US does--agreed. Also it should be noted that the US has more civilized rates for intra-continental International mail than does Canada.

Re yct Marty: if you support a State which exists only to prevent force & fraud, would you mind telling me how such a State can accomplish said goals without using force itself? "Who shall guard the guardians?"

Running in order to get high by one's naturally-produced morphine-like chemicals not only "seems like too much trouble", it is too much trouble--at least for me.

Yeah. I know what you mean about expressing disagreement taking more room and time-n-effort than is appealing. I keep saying I won't get into religious discussions with Marty because of that, and still I occasionally slip and do so--only I won't go into it in enough detail to make it seem worthwhile, either to the point I wish to make or to myself. \*Sigh\* Perhaps doing occasional "article-like ~~substances~~ pieces" would be fitting--that, to me, would seem to be more your style (but then why waste them in an apa? Well, is it a "waste"?)



My "moral scruples" are unpredictable critters. For one thing, despite my loathing of beat-em-up-n-shoot-em-down fiction (isn't there enough of that in Real Life?), I really enjoy the Parker books done by Donald Westlake. On the other hand, I found my lip curling in distaste while reading Trevenians (too lazed-out to look up proper spelling of his name, so if it's wrong, mea culpa) SHIBUMI. I kept hoping for some redeeming character trait in the "hero's" personality, which was the only reason I finished it. (There were a couple: but the murder/suicide at the end wiped out any of the good marks I would've awarded his karma...)

If you think WOOF is a good idea--which its originator doesn't--then why don't you take it over instead of attempting to talk someone else into it?

Offutt has written all of the "John Cleve" books that have been published so far. He's agreed to let Playboy use the name for the series which they will be publishing in the future only because he has final say over the books done by other writers under that name. I don't know if it will go so far as to have them done to his outline, but otherwise, he has total control.

The only display of public affection at cons which cause me any distress are the ass/crotch grabbing that seems more frequent. To my tastes, that is more seemingly done in private. Hugging and kissing, hand-holding and non-genital fondling and stroking is almost as pleasant to watch as it is to experience. Even those can be done to too great an extent--sometimes I want to suggest to some people that perhaps they'd prefer it if we wheeled in a bed for them? To me, sex is a private act--though not necessarily for only two people--and not "couth" when done publicly. I get the feeling that the participants are showing off their bravado, not really sharing a genuine affection. It can be too easily a phony display of being "with it", and I suspect that that is what is being done at times.

--THE TERRITORIAL APARATIVE --Now here's an example of the "article-like pieces" I mentioned earlier on. You cover your feelings about apas and individual notions of 'turf' quite well I think, describing with Real Life examples the sorts of complications that can crop up even in the most broad-minded of groups. Interesting reading, and I liked the way you show how you, a do-you-own-thing person to the core, can find yourself in an uncomfortable position when someone else crosses your wide-ranging lines of Taste. We all have drawn such lines, even when we have convinced ourselves that the opposite is true. It's a rude awakening to find it out, ain't it?

-- DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP #18 -- This is Too Much to cover for an apa mailing comment. About the only remark I can make is that I've always enjoyed this zine and I'm sorry to see that you won't be continuing it. I do hope that you will keep on doing article essays similar to those in DR and at least keep them running in your various apazines.

SUZI STEFL -- JUXTAPROSE JOURNAL #13 -- Sorry for not running all those "tum<sup>2</sup>ta-dums" in your title, but there wouldn't be room left on the first line to follow my format if I'd included them. Puleez say you'll forgive me!

In one way it would be such a blessing if toddlers didn't toddle until they were better able to comprehend commands by their parents, but on the other hand, who would want to lug around forty or fifty pound infants from place to place? Glad to hear that Jonathan's progressing nicely--that means it'll be all that sooner that I can start thinking of him as a person and not a "yuck" kid....(HHO<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>K)

I really must say that you handle very well my expressions of distaste for children. I think you realize that it isn't anything personal (I don't think you're a Dirty Rat for bringing a child into the world with the sole purpose of annoying me), that I appreciate the joys that parenthood can bring to people, that I think kids are cute ~~in their place~~ and all--it's only that I have such great difficulty in relating to them that I am very uncomfortable around them, and try not to let that happen very often.



If things continue to work out well at the place where you're now staying, will you move to that co-op paratment when it becomes available, or is the possibility open for you to stay put... You sound like you really like the place.

-- JUXTAPROSE JOURNAL #14 -- I have great difficulty in looking upon

Hearts as a serious game, too--I'm with Dotti on that. It may make Davelo blanche to read it, but the most fun I had playing the game was at Wilcon, where six players would gather around the end of the dining room table and toss cards at each other mostly as a means of keeping our hands busy while cracking jokes/punning/conversing with each other. You know; like our poker sessions. Seriousness and Games simply don't jibe together in my mind. Your "Slurry with the Binge on top" pun was atrocious! (Take a bow, Suzi...)

Though I probably will never make it, I enjoyed reading the zucchini bread recipe--especially the line that read "add 2 pregnant cups zucchini..." Cute phrasing there.

Reading about Dotti's chem experiment that "comes out the way it should" reminded me of an old (or even old) story in F&SF about some biology students struggling to get the right result from an experiment concerning galvanic response using frog legs. The main thrust behind the story was the possibility that one's expectations might be somehow causing the results (sort of an example of self-fulfilling prophecy in action) and I recall being a mite disturbed while reading it. Maybe it was because I had so much trouble in getting my experiments in Chemistry Lab in High School to match the results the textbook said would come to be. They seldom worked out that way without doing the whole procedure at least twice...

And "thrid was tied" during your raquetball game with Steve? Gee, I never knew he was into S&M, nor you, for that matter. (Although with your ~~ab~~use of puns in your zines, I shoulda suspected!)

Hmph. I enjoyed TIME BANDITS quite a bit (the ending I didn't care for, but it takes more than a poor few minutes of an otherwise enjoyable movie to ruin it for me--with damn few exceptions). It didn't have so much of a plot as an episodic storyline--quest-type stories are like that (WIZARD being a recent novel which used that sort of structure) and they've been popular for, literally, ages. Agreed that Connery's segment wasn't long enough--heck, I would've liked an entire movie done based on that bit.

Punning asides, though I've heard for years about how terribly alcohol interacts with "hard cores" (using your implied meaning for the term), I haven't really encountered that effect very often--maybe two or three times in the past 25 years. It's been a bit overstressed, methinks.

Uh...I have said I don't want to get into your situation with Leah and Larry, but I was told that their Walpurgis Night parties have always been their party, not a "club" affair, though club members have provided the bulk of the invitees since Larry got into its activites so much...I also should add that according to what I was told, Dotti was not disinvited, but suggested as a possible babysitter for Jonathan. Okay, okay, I might as well say the rest: what I heard was that when you were told that Jonathan wasn't welcome, you protested there was no one who could watch him for you. When Dotti's name was mentioned, you protested that then she would miss the party, and the response was--more or less--so what? She only goes to fannish doings because she's with you, and that's when you hit the ceiling. Now, my feeling is that Dotti is a fannish kid, well on the way to being a fan in her own right. But she is at an age where she is influenced by your likes and doings. As a minor, she has to depend on adults for transportation, etc., and adults do feel obliged to kind of watch out for her (even a mature eleven-year old--Dotti's age then--has some areas of ignorance in social affairs), and some people find that annoying (me, for instance). I think Leah and Larry overstated their objections (all of you were angry by that time, and words said in anger...well, you know how it goes). They haven't seen Dotti going solo at fan functions because you've always been there. It was a



