

← RUSHED
6000.

[illegible]

I'm mad as hell and I won't take it any more. But what can you do when it's yourself who is at fault? (I *could* point out that DaveLo didn't notice this lapse in my attention-span either -- and he at least read my zine in that Mailing -- and thereby indicate that the stressful period this household is currently encountering might have something to do with my oversight. But I'm bigger than that; more magnanimous. It was my fault, not Davelo's ~~even though he should have caught the mistake~~, and I assume full responsibility for it. Ghod, that crow chokes one, doesn't it?) There simply is nothing else to do but to admit one's failures/mental lapses, and make amends as best one can -- by making:

[illegible]

Liked the cover: Staton has a mean way with pen-n-ink, and I especially appreciate his use of large dark areas balanced off with lots of white space. The man knows what he is about. Too bad he didn't maintain his slot on the roster Way Back When. I would've liked to see more of his work. (I can't help but feel my eyes drawn toward the beast the girl is riding on: its tail looks like it was docked -- perhaps by some barbarian sword-lap? A quarrelsome herd-mate? Aesthetic considerations by its rider? Maybe it was caught in the barn door --or whatever serves as a barn door in that culture -- and was simply *disengaged*, the way some salamanders and lizards let loose their tails in certain situations. Who knows? It simply is something to muse upon...)

1.

You mention that Bev Clark isn't known to your readership outside of apanage (oops, sorry for not capitalizing Apanage's first letter. Is this amends enough?), and that she is a BNF in Star Wars fandom. Is she, perhaps, the Bev Clark referred to every so often in YANDRO, a friend of Juanita Coulson? Her name certainly sounds familiar, and I know that Juanita is involved with several fringe-fandoms beside our dear ole SF one. (I only point this out as a possible indication of the rather meager lines of communication between fandoms, not as a mark of Unawareness on your part. None of this makes any sense, of course, if Bev isn't the lady I have in mind...)

Enjoyed your recapping of your Fannish Life, and the various comments made on your perception of fans and the way it changed as the years passed. Material like this should be given to neofen as Required Reading -- not that they'd appreciate it ~~(like children)~~, but to give them perspective when the inevitable disappointments come along. Everyone develops their own view of Fandom, as they do with life itself, which helps them in finding their way about and coping with this little self-contained culture and there is little to use by way of a yardstick in saying one viewpoint is "better" than another. But as these things go in my particular viewpoint of Fandom, the one you've developed is sound, and more sensible than most. The most important thing about it is, of course, that it Works for you... "I've discovered that I don't really like any convention that's more than about 5-600 strong; I spend too much time floating around speaking to people I'd rather talk with." Amen, I say brother, Amen. Beautifully precise wordage.

I still think that DaveLo was not playing a fair game with his readers in the opening portions of his arkle: I WAS A PIMP FOR THE PRINCESS BRIDE (and I must express my amusement at the way you did the heading for this piece). The "dialogue", to begin with wasn't exactly that. He was responding to a query made by you in the first instance ("Another article! I just wrote you one a few years ago!"), and then -- at a much later time -- the next two lines ("You'd love to write an article for David's fanzine, wouldn't you?" "Will fifty pages be enough?") were spoken by Marcia and DaveLo, respectively, while Marcia was ensconced upon Dave's lap, idly twining a lock of hair about a finger while staring soulfully into his eyes -- which were glazing slowly, but discernably by those who watched (to be more precise, by me). The setting was/is integral to full understanding of the statements, not to mention the lengths the editor of Loki was willing to allow his agent to employ in order to entice contributions to his up-coming issue. If this was being done for a FLAPzine I would have no quarrel with it. If Bowers can be esoteric, why not DaveLo? However, the article was slated for a reasonably diverse audience and I thought the setting should have been made more clear. End of Complaint...the rest of the piece is amusing in spots, competently done, and essentially Ghod's Honest Truth. What's left to say? (And the accompanying artwork is, of course, simply stunning caricature...)

I can't say that I really enjoyed Bev Clark's article as much as I found areas of agreement with portions of it. Her description of herself at age 8 or 9 had marked similarities to the way I'd describe myself at the same age. I, too, knew I was "not quite like other people...didn't have much in common with...peers...was brighter than they were, and...disliked dolls, preferring trucks, doctor kits, or even better, books...and...read science books for pleasure." Some details differ -- I wanted to be a Doctor, or a Writer, not an astronomer or astronaut (though I sure as heck wanted to go to the planets or even -- oh glorious dream! -- to the stars). Howsomever, I never thought myself as an Alien, merely someone "different", a weirdo, or whacko, in my less-kind-to-myself moments, a Superior Form of Homo Sapiens during other times, a silly daydreamer during even others. (I sometimes thank the Fates that I hadn't encountered anything like Claude Degler and his Fans-Are Slans concept while in the middle mode: I would've been a perfect sucker for his ideas in that stage.) After that, though, our similarities virtually disappear. I didn't/don't fantasize much, although I wrote a lot of stories where I'd place myself as the protagonist, though generally using a male in that role since I couldn't imagine anything really Neat happening to a (ugh) girl, and I was pretty well "recovered" from even that by the time I was 13 or 14. I had much the same reaction to meeting Fandom as she did, though, and while my regard for

our microcosm has been tempered somewhat by my tenure, I still think it a delightful place to "be".

Not having encountered L. Frank Baum at the "proper point" in my life, I never developed the appreciation for his writings that you and others have. I did give your article a try, though, but couldn't generate the interest to finish. The fault -- if there be any -- lies in the fact that I read hardly any "kidlit" as a kid. I doted on mythology, liked fairy tales, but anything more contemporary I either did not see, or did not like when I did see it. Sorry...

Read John Hopfner's article with interest. While I enjoy his display of logic in defending his viewpoint about the Sacredness of English, my own feelings fall somewhere midway between his and, say, DaveLo's position: i.e., people who write for a reasonably educated audience, in a formal mode, should hew to the "rules" as best they are able. People who are writing in a less formal mode, in a conversational style, need not be so fussy. (One of the Lasker columns which wasn't included with the previous KENNING, speaks to that point, and I find myself in essential agreement with it. Hopefully (now that would make John grimace) that column will be run in this issue of K, so you'll know what the heck I'm talking about...)

Good speech by Roytac ~~BUT WHAT HAS HE DONE FOR US LATELY?~~ but nothing to say about it. How do you transcribe into words the nodding of one's head, a slight lift to an eyebrow, an appreciation for someone who reveals a bit of how/why they think as they do? (And disregard, please, the muddling of singular/plural in that sentence. *sigh*)

Good article by yourself on inertial guidance systems and how they came about. You did a fine job in leading this reader into the subject, and even though I most likely will never remember the precise details of how such systems work, you have at least satisfied me that they do work, and it isn't done by "magic". Hey! That's nothing to be ashamed of! My grasp of most modern-day technological devices falls into that level of appreciation -- sort of "Gee! A Miracle has occurred!" I know it's not really due to "magic", but for all I understand of it, it might as well be...

Chuckled

my way through Lon's fiction, but haven't any comment on it. Again, sorry...

-- I WANT TO DIE IN THE CLUTCHES OF A VAMP -- Well, you didn't get "half the mailing" to yourself, but you did get half the second portion of the mailing, and that's a heck of a lot of page-count. I am Impressed.

I envy you for being able to skip material written by someone in an apa you're not "in tune with". I'm always afraid I'll somehow "miss" vital revelations, or something, and have this compulsion to read everything which is included (yuck--apologies for the hyphenization there). I did, and will undoubtedly do again in the future, skim some contributions, but I don't think there's anything I passed by completely -- even your Baum article was gone over lightly.

I found the correct spelling for "pejorative" only after finishing that section that contained Nicholas's quote--your assumption was right; it was his misspelling, not mine (I do enough on my own without accepting ~~credit~~ blame for other's mistakes).

Methinks the Moral Majority tries to influence the Big Businesses because they feel such corporations are what really controls our culture, and in that regard could fall into the "fascist" camp. They are hedging their bets by going after the politicians as well, but by calling for large-scale boycotts of advertisers of frowned-upon TV shows, for instance, they are displaying a tendency toward that line of thinking. Control the companies and you control the nation (sort of, kind of). It wasn't me who called them fascist; why on earth am I arguing that viewpoint? Just carried away with it all I suppose...

I've noted that some periodicals ask people to state precisely how they wish their copies to be addressed. This could be a sign that some of that basic conservatism is easing up, and I welcome any such signs I can ~~rationalize into being~~ spot.

I found myself snickering at the notion "...while the small head conveys the idea of 'adult'...a hero is just that more adult than anyone else," and then envisioning a microcephalic as a Heroic Figure. I've heard about the concept of using the head proportions of an infant (3 heads high for the body, 1 -- naturally -- for the head) to indicate "cuteness" in some drawing situations, but not the reverse. Using Heroic Scale does, of course, make the head smaller in relation to the torso, but I believe it was meant to emphasize the body and its musculature rather than 'adulthood'. But it's a matter of interpretation, so Bjo's theory is just as valid.

You've made a good point about the use of capital punishment: the need for requiring high, strict standards for proof before it can be employed. Though I would most sincerely desire that there never be a need for putting people to death -- it's so damn final -- on a practical level, I can see occasions when there would simply be no other recourse available to a society. It's when people start stating flatly that certain crimes must always be punishable by death that I start backing off. In my view, the world doesn't operate on such black and white a basis, and each and every criminal action should be judged in light of its context. I also accede the point that what I think 'should' be done isn't the deciding factor, but that doesn't prevent me from disliking or disapproving certain laws or practices; it only prevents my objections from being effective...

I, personally, don't know anyone who has been accused of a murder they did not commit (I do know one *murderer*, though, but that's a different matter from what Bruce was talking about), but my daughter knows someone who was accused of a rape-murder that hasn't been 'solved' yet. Apparently the kid (he's 18 or 19 I think) hasn't met up with any problems because of the unresolved accusation, and goes about his business in about the same manner as he did before the incident. Unlike yourself, I do care how other people regard myself, but I don't get too concerned over what I see as erroneous assumptions. If they affect me directly, I'd try my best to clear matters up, but if there isn't any direct impact on my situation, who gives a fig? Everyone's entitled to their own opinion, even when that opinion isn't particularly favorable to me.

You mention several of the reasons DaveLo and I prefer to keep FLAP down to manageable proportions: too many members, which usually results in too large a mailing, discourages interaction amongst the membership. Although I wouldn't have kept back in the weeds, awaiting the time when I felt I knew the members well enough to interact via mailing comments, as you seemed to have done/be doing in FLAP, I can see the validity in that action -- assuming that one will give the apa enough time to allow one to get 'familiar' with its membership (as well as assuming the opposite: that the apa will allow one enough time to 'coast' until one feels comfortable enough to begin interacting). SFPA's sheer size is a turn-off for me; just like the size of a convention will make me decide I'd rather pass on participating -- unless I know there will be enough people attending that I do know well enough and can generate a con-within-a-con feeling.

The only time I've eaten okra was in a serving of minestrone soup at a small Italian restaurant. It was cut into thin slices and floated rather prettily atop my bowl. I couldn't taste it -- after being simmered for so long, all the veggies had basically the same flavor -- but I could 'feel' it on my tongue, and didn't care for it. Still, it did look rather nice. I just don't see the point in including something in a dish for appearance's sake alone.

I'd always heard that mononucleosis was a one-shot deal too -- but then I've heard the same thing about chicken pox, and supposedly that virus also resides in the body after initial infection, and can sometimes flare up and cause problems at a later date -- a much later date, like 20 or 30 years. Information on long-lived, slow-acting viruses isn't exactly prevalent in the lay press, and the few mentions I've read weren't terribly informative in their details. I would like to know more about the subject, though, only not enough to actively search for what data that's available. Hank and Martha Beck's M.D. told them mono can flare up again, so we have a conflict in medical opinion in operation here. Only a blood test

will confirm if a person has an active case, and since the 'treatment' consists of bed rest, drinking lots of fluids, taking aspirin for the aches and pains, and generally toughing it out -- sounds a lot like the 'treatment' for dozens of other conditions -- neither DaveLo nor myself saw much point in investing \$25-\$45 to have the specific cause of our malaise diagnosed. We just accepted the fact that we felt lousy and waited for better times to roll around again. *Sigh*

I don't understand how the need for having "virtually universal practice" of male-neutering alters anything (except the male *cough*). The same situation stands in the case of female-neutering, does it not? And it still does not address the point that spaying is a much more serious and complicated a procedure than castration. We employ castration for our large domestic animals (when was the last time you heard of a spayed cow or horse?), and I don't see why it isn't done in the case of dogs and cats, too, or at least the less-mutilating practice of vasectomy. We encourage 'responsible' pet owners to spay their females: why not try the same tactic in the case of people who own male pets? It certainly would be cheaper, and considering the effectiveness of leash laws (it's been ages since I've seen a stray dog, or a loose one running without its owner nearby), it would seem to be effective in urban environments. And shutting up a female in heat is necessary anyway, so that requirement wouldn't be changed, only the likelihood of a fertile male being around the neighborhood. It's the implication that the onerous must always be on the owner of a female pet that I object to. (Personally, I prefer my female pets to be spayed, because of the messiness/noisiness of estrus periods, but for someone who doesn't object to the complicating factors, I think it's unfair that the responsibility for pet birth control be only on the owner of the female pets.)

No one is suggesting that Hispanic people in California cannot speak Spanish (though why one European language should be preferable to another when most Hispanics are far more Amerind in background than Spanish puzzles me), only that, in a country as widespread as ours, it makes more sense that a single language be established that everyone can use, regardless of where they come from. By and far the greatest majority of people in the U.S. speak English and that language is the logical choice for a "State" tongue, but there's no reason to forbid the use of another language in one's daily life. If a family or community wishes to be bi- or multilingual, fine and good. It's only when English is not known that complications arise, and to require government to officially employ an additional language in certain areas contributes to fractionalization of that government. Hispanics speak Spanish rather than their more native Amerind tongues because it was the only way they could communicate with their rulers in the past. Well, it seems the same situation is still applicable, only it is English that is required and not Spanish.

Was it then only by use of "ruthlessness and aggression" that India won its independence from England? Or the Blacks in this country won the rights they now have? Because such means were the common way rights were obtained in the past is insufficient excuse for their continued use (IMHO, of course, always IMHO), or else we might as well pack it all in, hand everything over to the brigands and thieves among us, and simply give up. (And, at times, I feel like that is the only logical path to take...)

The ear protectors issued by the U.S. Army today (or, rather, the ones my kid was given during her short tenure with the USArmy two years ago) appeared to be made of material similar in appearance and texture to that of foam rubber -- no flaps, no mechanical parts at all.

-- THE HIGH AESTHETIC LINE 23 -- Enjoyed your trip report, but have little to comment about it. I did note your mention of Acres of Books. There's supposedly a store of that name here in Cincy, too. I wonder if they're owned by the same people who operate the one in Long Beach. I've heard all sorts of Neat Things about the local place, but just haven't gotten around to checking it out yet. May some day....

About the only thing I miss about SoCal living is the numerous fresh fish restaurants. We have them here, but not as many, and they all cost a goodly amount to patronize. If price were no object....

RAEBNC to your book reviews. As always, I remain Impressed with the number of books, as well as the range of material in them, that you read...

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Mentioning my daughter on the previous page reminded me that I should let you in on the latest news about her plans. Her boyfriend, Greg, was given news about a job in Texas -- Dallas, actually (Hi, Becky) -- and they decided to move up their anticipated wedding date from late July to tomorrow (only a minor adjustment...) since it was very unlikely anyone from either side of their families would be able to attend a ceremony so far away (except for the one sister of Greg's who lives there). Things have been in somewhat of an uproar as a result.

At first the kids (sorry, young adults) had wanted to marry in an outdoor setting; Mt. Airy National Forest is nearby, and that was the site they'd chosen. Since it's too darn cold now, what with the freakish return to Winter we're all experiencing and all, an indoor wedding was decided on, and Phil and Mary Tabakow volunteered the use of their home -- their daughter is to act as Sandy's Maid of Honor. Sandy wanted to wear my Mother's wedding dress, and during the time the Outdoor Plans were in effect, my Mom said -- more or less -- 'No Dice' as a satin gown dragging on the ground wasn't her idea of Appropriateness. Sandy contacted Mom on Wednesday to ask if there was any way the dress could be sent Express Mail (or any other fast means) so she could wear it, and we're now waiting for delivery of it with no idea of whether it'll actually get here in time. (The wedding was slated for Friday, but has been switched to Saturday for reasons too complicated to go into here) After placing an ad in the newspaper, the kids have sold the bulk of their furniture, and they intend to leave after the mail comes on Monday (so Greg can get his Unemployment check...), drive to Dallas in Greg's car (which has been stored at his sister's house for the past six months as no one had funds to insure it) and stay with his sister until they can get a place of their own. It's the estranged husband of said sister who told Greg he can get a job for him at the paper where he works (I assume Dallas has more than one, but I don't know which one he works for nor what he does there that he can be so assured about being able to offer Greg work).

\*Anyway\*, Mary Tabakow, who works at Procter & Gamble's headquarters in Cincy, told a co-worker about the wedding, and the woman offered free coffeecakes -- she either owns or works for or something a bakery in town -- and wedding decorations (bells and suchlike stuff) to fancy things up a bit. Sandy's father and brother Kurt are coming (Brian has to work I think) and may, or may not, be staying at Sandy and Greg's by-now denuded apartment (sleeping on the floor, I assume). Some of Greg's family is driving in from outlying towns, and will be staying at motels (I guess), and the Guest List, which stood at 15 on Monday, is now past 32 and still growing. If this all sounds confusing, it's only because it is. I await Saturday with vague feelings of trepidation which grow sharper with each passing hour (and phone call). \*Sigh\*

When they had originally decided to marry in Cincy before leaving, I thought their plans made sense -- a small gathering at the Minister's house, with a stop at a small local restaurant for a Gyros feast afterwards. It's escalated into incoherence since then...

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MIKE HORVAT -- WIDDERSHINS 1 -- Shame on me for not welcoming you properly to the apa (and even more shame for not recalling my omission sooner). Please forgive my oversight.

I was about to protest that Stayton had no firm claim to "inventing" Roll-Up-at-Nine-O'clock-Sidewalks -- but then I remembered that Beecher's did that at 8:30, so your town's status is secure as far as challenges from this quarter are concerned...

Your Good Will and generosity are remarkable! When I was married, Wally and I put up a friend with a retarded son and a normal one for six months or so, but financial assistance was beyond us, and when my middle child, who was semi-incapacitated with a ventricular heart defect had his head sat upon by the 13-year-old

retarded boy, it was decided by all of us that Peg simply had to get her own place. I've never put up anyone for more than a week since, but not because of any residual resentment (there is none -- it certainly wasn't the kid's fault, nor Peg's), but because the need to do so hasn't come about. (I'm exempting Sandy's six-month stay, of course.) Guess my friends have been luckier than was the case in the past, and I do hope that matters continue that way (although, if things go on the way they have been, it may be us who will be looking for an assisting hand).

Good luck with your ventures; it sounds like you've fingers in half-a-dozen pies! May they all turn out well, with none half-baked. (*Ouch*)

Don't feel at all bad about "wandering off" when you reach a break in my zines. After all, that's what I'm usually doing at the time.

-- WIDDERSHINS 2 -- Your hassles in obtaining the Smith collection sound a bit like some of the more nightmarish stories that come from Andy Porter when he tries to get his color covers done. Makes one wonder if there are any competent business people around (present company excluded, natch). I am reminded of the Sad Story of the Pavlat-Evans Index that JoeD Siclari and I were going to reprint back in '77. Buck and Juanita had the stencils, left over from the reprint they had made, and JoeD and I had split them in half, with plans for us to each to run off our portion and get together at some future time and collate the pages into whole issues. We never did get together on the simple matter of getting paper -- JoeD would drift into incommunicado at the darndest times! Then I moved to California, and had overlooked the stencils when packing my belongings. Midge Reitan, a Chicago fan and friend who lived in the same building I had, offered to clean up my apartment for possible sub-leasing when a fan I was putting up the week before I left (for only that week) finally left two weeks after I moved. *Sigh* Anyway, my Mom had come over in the meantime and picked up the linens (on loan from her), and when Midge went to tidy up (Ha!) she found this stack of newspapers on the closet shelf. Thinking it was just junked stuff from a printing session of my fanzine, she pitched them. Yeah, there went half of the Index. About a year later (at Iguacon) I saw JoeD, who expressed renewed interest in completing the project, and I told him of the loss, but offered to recut new stencils for my half if he could get a copy of the Index for me to, well, copy. That was the last I heard, although I seem to recall a plaintive letter a year or so after that inquiring about the stencils again. In the meantime I'd spoken with Bob Pavlat, during a Midwestcon, and he told me arrangements were being made to have the Index printed rather than mimeo'd, and he'd withdrawn permission from JoeD to tackle the project. I wrote to JoeD and told him what Bob had said, and never heard another word from him. I hear he's working on the latest NY Worldcon bid now, and it gives me doubts about its organizational abilities....

One thing I've noted through the years I've been in fandom, is the willingness of the Older Fen to share the material they've gotten ~~in past ages~~. I've several ancient fanzines in my ~~collection~~ accumulation from Bob Tucker and Lynn Hickman, and have recently acquired a few Oldies from Mike Resnick, who is also interested in venerable fanzines. The oldest zines I have are five discontinuous issues of THE S-F FAN by Olan Wiggins, dating from '36 through the early 40's. The oldest one Mike gave me was a ditto-zine from '46-'47 (well, the cover is ditto, the text is mimeo), THE SCIENTIFUNCTIONIST by Harry Elsner, Jr. What surprises me is that the ditto colors are still legible -- not clear, but legible. The red seems to have held up the best.

MARTY HELGESEN -- CAUTION, ROAD DIFRICULATING. DO NOT BOVIL (13 FZ) -- Your relating of the No Prep-pie T-Shirt incident reminds me of a local business venture -- knit sport shirts with a sewer rat embroidered where Lacosta places their Alligator symbol. Apparently they are selling well at 10 or 12 bucks apiece. (And this is a depressed economy!?!)

As an aside to your story of the Library of Alexandria, I just finished watching a film, THE LOST YEARS (covering the undocumented life of Jesus), which claimed that the Library was destroyed by some Christian Emperor to destroy evidence contrary to Christian lore

Inventing bizarre drinks, alcoholic variety, certainly is not reserved to Minnstfans. We have the honor of being in the same apa with one of the champion BizarreBartenders of the Universe, Dean Grennell. (He of Tailgunner Sangria fame.) And what about the infamous Spayed Gerbil? (Yes, and what of it, for that matter -- anything made with gin is automatically bizarre in my book.) One of the things that Minnstfans did that seldom failed to make me grin was to serve their Con-Suite Blog in a stunningly appropriate receptacle -- a large yellow garbage can. Some things simply don't warrant fine crystal...

[illegible]

The wedding was, well, *weird*. Sandy's wedding dress was a new one, rather than my Mom's. A phone call at fifteen minutes to midnight informed us that Mom took the dress to a cleaners and was told it couldn't be cleaned, lest it dissolve into nothingness. Why it took her two full days to let us know, I have no idea, but that's the way things go in Real Life. The timely reception of a gift from Greg's sister -- who unexpectedly came in from Dallas to see her baby brother married -- gave the kids enough extra cash to afford a new gown, which was hurriedly purchased about six hours before the happy event itself.

If it hadn't been my own kid's wedding, I think I would have spent the time giggling hysterically in a corner. The living room, where most of the early arrivals gathered, reminded me of a funeral parlor. No one knew anyone else, and no one was about to go around and make introductions. The liveliest moments came when Bowers strolled in, and had a worried "Did I cause this silence?" look on his face that gave some of us a chance to relieve tension with "witty comments," *cough*, and when the groom came down from the upstairs bedroom-cum-changing room with his spiffy new suit. You'd have to know Greg to appreciate the change -- he's of medium height, but minimum weight (about 5'9", but only 111 lbs.), and seldom wears anything else but T-shirts and jeans, the scruffier, the better. His headband normally reins in his shoulder-length hair, and the still-wispy growth of beard seems somehow fitting. To see this blue-suited figure, with shined shoes, closely-trimmed van-dyke, and newly shortened hair combed back just was too disconcerting for words. He took the teasing that came his way quite good-naturedly, though from the look on his face, it must've been getting wearisome after the fifth or sixth repetition.

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mill about uncertainly until someone decided, just as I'd lit up a Pall Mall, that the Big Event should begin. Sandy's father had had the same idea as I, and walked out with his daughter on his right arm and a half-smoked cigarette cupped in his left hand. Sandy's heels sank in the soft ground, and somewhere along the walk to the spot where the grey-haired woman minister (the mother of a friend of Greg's) stood, the hem of her gown picked up a good-sized twig/small branch which threatened to tear the fabric. Steve Leigh, who was taking candid photos from the side, looked heavenward, but no help came from that source.

There had been no rehearsal, and it showed. Sonya, Sandy's Maid of Honor, stepped aside when Sandy's father did, after 'giving the bride away', and someone motioned for her to rejoin the wedding party up front. The minister didn't seem to know her own script very well, and consistently mispronounced the words, but Sandy and Greg's voices were strong and clear as they repeated the time-honored vows -- sometimes having to run over the minister, who didn't seem to want to give them time enough to say their parts before proceeding to the next group of words. I don't know who was more relieved to have it all over with, but the looks that were passed around between the guests seemed to be saying "Well, that wasn't so bad, and nothing's left to go wrong."

Coffee, cake, and coffeecake (huh?) were served in the dining room, and several of Greg's friends shared a bottle of 190-proof grain alcohol mixed with punch in the kitchen. Sandy's step-grandparents had brought wine, and they passed the bottle around in the living room. Once the people who had to leave early had departed, the game of "What do we do next?" started, with Sandy and Greg apparently unable to make up their minds about supper plans -- should they send out for pizza, or go to a greek restaurant for gyros sandwiches? The gyros (I was rooting for them) won out, and slowly, slowly, motions were made toward actually getting into our cars and driving to the place. We watched while Greg explained to Mary Tabakow how to get to the place, and then left, to arrive a few minutes after Bowers, who'd left even earlier. We waited for fifteen more minutes, and then decided to order, since Bill had to leave in a short while in order to tape a TV show starting up at 10:00. The wedding party made it just after our meal was served, and the small restaurant seemed full of chattering, happy people. While they were deciding what to do next -- the UN's decision-making process is like lightning in comparison -- we made our farewells and went home, to kick our shoes off and take deep breaths of relaxation. As DaveLo so aptly put it: "One down and two to go." Thanks, Dave; I needed that...

I've never seen a wedding where everything went off well, even after months of planning and weeks of rehearsal, so I guess considering the speed with which everything was set, and the impoverished condition of almost everyone involved, things went off well enough. As I told Sandy later, the important things were done; they got married, their friends and most of their relatives managed to attend, and all the little flub-ups and hassles will just be things to laugh about in later years, despite the mental wincing they may have caused at the time. Perhaps Sandy and Greg aren't very organized, but they most certainly are sincere; the organization may come later.

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DEAN GRENNELL -- A BOOKSTORE BROWSER'S VADE MECUM -- Cops. Wrong typing element. It could be that Sandy comes by her disorganization honestly...

What's "Vade Mecum" mean? I assume the first word has something to do with "to go", but Mecum isn't even remotely familiar to ignorant-of-Latin me. Okay, I now read the opening paragraph and see the question answered. So I'm a bit slow on the uptake...what else is new?

You read some odd books, sirrah, but some darned interesting-sounding ones.

Your recipes are pretty odd, too, but I must admit that they also sound like they wouldn't taste all that bad -- maybe not good, but if they're better than your bar concoctions, they might be edible.

Loved your little puntoons. Do you have a name for the critters you draw? They're so uniquely yours!



This example of your series -- LITTLE KNOWN GAME ANIMALS OF THE WORLD -- was perhaps the best one I've seen. Loved the parody, winced at the puns; what more to say? (And Jutz's illo wasn't half bad, y'know?)

BECKY CARTWRIGHT -- ROUND TUIT #8 -- I'm still uncomfortable typing out "Round Tuit" rather than plain ole "Tuit". I mean, I know you mean for us to read it as two words, but since the word "round" doesn't convey the same image as you do by drawing a circle around the word "Tuit", I feel that I'm not really doing your title justice. Maybe I worry too much...

Why feel so bad about pushing the deadline? After all, look at the example set for you by your sterling co-OE, or perhaps I should say, *ignore* that example. I'm torn between wanting to chastise you for daring to play the game so dangerously close to edge of disaster, and shrugging it off with a rueful "Well, what else can you expect with the way you push the deadline?" Pots calling kettles black ain't really kosher in my view (even when I do it, I know I'm not being fair...) But at least you did make it, and I suppose that's what counts the most (just try better next time, eh, kiddo?)

Any time there's a big change in one's lifestyle, as is happening to you with the onset of a full-time job, adjustments have to be made to accomodate hobbies and other activities which formerly had been done during the re-assigned hours. If attempt is made to keep all such activities in one's schedule, one soon discovers priorities simply have to be made, and some favorite things will either have to be cut back drastically or dropped entirely. These choices have to be made, although the timing on any one varies considerably, and it won't be easy doing so. No way to avoid it; you're gonna feel bad about the reduction or elimination. After all, these are things you supposedly enjoyed doing or you never would have begun doing them in the first place. Naturally, I'm hoping that your participation in FLAP won't be one of the Eliminated Activities, but whatever your final choice is my wish is only that you be satisfied. In any case, there's no need to apologize because you're being forced into agonizing choices; we're glad that you showed up in time (and that is all that's required in this group). If FLAP turns into a guilt trip for you, there won't be any fun in it any more and that's the main reason for being here in the first place. Relax: we're a pretty understanding group of people from what I've seen. Talk/write about what you want and have time for...

I don't mean to take anything away from Kent, but the (moderate, please) Feminist in me cautions against feeling *too* grateful to him for whatever help he gives you with homework. (House chores might be a better term.) You now have an eight-hour-a-day job, as does he. The rest of the work is just that: the rest of the stuff left to be done by the two of you. As always, each person will have certain things they do better (or prefer to do/dislike less) than the other, and chores will eventually gravitate toward the one best able to handle them. Trying to handle a full day's work at Empire as well as the same things you did at home before taking the job is an impossible task. Kent has to do more than he was before. In return he ought to be getting a fuller, more satisfied woman to be around with during your mutually-free hours. The fact that some women are doing the whole load on their own is no reason for you to feel in debt to Kent: to the Fates, to God, to plain old Luck if you will, but supposedly the partnership you have with Kent is already affording him things he wouldn't enjoy if he were single. I don't know Kent very well at all, but he certainly doesn't seem to be the "Keep the old Lady barefoot, pregnant, and (most importantly!) AT HOME" type. He's capable of seeing that you have only two hands, and there are only so many hours in the day, and if he wants the quality of the life you two share to remain constant, he'll pitch in where he's able -- which he already seems to be doing.

Funny retelling of the events that transpired during Kent's visit in Cincinnati. I should add a small amendment, though. Neither Dave nor I actually saw Kent in the catbox; at all times (save when he was slowly falling backwards onto the bed) he was on his feet (or, to be more precise, his rear when he was sitting) and reasonably coherent. It was only when we couldn't see him (i.e. behind the closed bathroom door) that he wasn't so coherent. Well, let me amend even that. His words were coherent "he'd say "I'm okay" every time we'd inquire

10.



about his condition, but after an hour and a half -- or so -- of getting the same response to the same question, with no signs or sounds of activity in between, we decided that perhaps more determined action should be taken, so Dave started knocking on the door. When Kent emerged, looking a bit dazed and slightly the worse for wear, we just guided him into the guest room and gave a gentle push in the region of his chest in the direction of the bed. The laws of Nature took over from that point. You know, gravity, exhaustion, that sort of stuff. We wrote the note for him for several reasons: a) so he wouldn't feel like a pariah in the morning, b) we enjoyed his company and would've appreciated the chance to enjoy it further, and c) we wanted to find out just what it was that was so damn fascinating about our bathroom!

Loved the page of Xeroxed photos! Jutz really does somewhat resemble a female John Denver, and Dean looks, well, like Dean. Kent doesn't look like his photo too often I presume (it's pretty close to his appearance just before disappearing into the bathroom during that infamous visit...), and you look not unlike the way you did during your visit to our place in Louisville (your hair was shorter then though, no?). When were these snapshots taken?

BILL BOWERS -- MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIPS (THE SECOND TIME AROUND) -- Maybe the reason you seem to have problems in doing mailing mailing comments is because of the attitude in which you approach them. It's certainly not necessary to "compose witty in-depth comments...to amuse and astonish" us. If you look at your writing in that light, no wonder you get up-tight! Just go with the flow, communicate what you want to at any given moment, and if that involves mailing comments, fine. If it means writing long insightful pieces about whatever's concerning you at the time, fine. This apa isn't meant to place burdens or tough standards upon you, no more than it's required to be witty, in-depth, amusing or astonishing at a party. FLAP's for fun, let the astonishment fall where it may...

Your reaction to stories is similar to mine. I'm lousy at SF trivia contests: even remembering who wrote what is beyond my capabilities. Makes for some awkward conversational moments when I have to practically get a synopsis in order to recall if I've read a particular work before (gets damn embarrassing when you're talking with the author of the piece in question) (Hi, DaveLo!), much less what was my reaction to it. Do you feel as out of place during convention book chatter as I do?

I'm wondering why you'd defend Suzi and Leah to others, but won't do so for Rusty to DaveLo? (Not that I'm suggesting you do so -- a more useless task I can't imagine -- but you make it sound like both are logical progressions, and I can't figure out from what starting-place you're coming from in this regard.)

I seldom "defend" my friends to each other (to non-friends is a different story). Generally I simply listen when someone is blowing off steam about someone else I know and like, just as I hope others do when I'm irked about something someone else did. Anger or hurt feelings are the individual's problem -- not yours -- and the best thing I can do is to offer a sympathetic shoulder to bewail the unfairness of Life upon when someone needs that. I always assume my friends are quite capable of fighting their own battles and sorting out their own relationships. In fact, it's when friends take sides against other friends that I find myself the most confused; it smacks too much of "choosing", which friend is the most important, because there's no way in the world any outsider can fully understand the interactions of two other people's relationship. I don't like weighing my friends in that manner, and refuse to play that game. If Suzi and Leah never speak to each other again, that is their business, certainly not mine. If DaveLo and Rusty never exchange another word; again, that's their business not mine. I like all four of those people (and one I love), but I'm not going to be put into the position of "choosing" among them. They're all human, they all have strengths and weaknesses -- just like thee and me --and the things I like about them haven't been changed because of friction with others. I wish all of them only the best...







And now TA-DAH I can begin on *regular* mailing comments, on Mlg. #15. At last!

DEAN GRENNELL -- IMHO -- Don't think it would do much good to vote for the death penalty should you ever get on a jury judging the case of a bad-check artist. The only result would be a 'hung jury', which would mean the culprit might well go free. Where's the vengeance in that?

Yeah, lots of the Rules-n-Regs we put up with in our day to day lives are a pain in the butt. I do think those people who demanded extra identification for purchases that were so small--\$2.95 and \$9.50 for gawdsake!--were entrapped by the letter rather than the spirit of their commercial rules, but perhaps it's just something up with which we must all put in order to have the convenience of having our checks accepted at stores at all. I know I can recall when it was impossible to pay by check unless you'd established an account in advance, and it didn't matter how long you'd been patronizing a particular merchant. Checks simply weren't trusted, and that was that. So now some places--most in fact--will let a person pay by scribbling a piece of paper rather than handing them cash, but a mess of requirements are tacked on to the procedure, perhaps in hopes of discouraging us craven consumers from being so brazen in the first place. I dunno. I prefer to make sure I have enough cash on my person in the first place. Those 24-hour automated tellers are a big help in that department, admittedly, but it was a practice I've followed for decades, long before those devices came into existence.

Anyway, I'm sorry you were so enraged by those shopkeepers, but my sympathy sure ain't going to do you one whit of good.

By the way, was there any special significance in your ~~abuse~~ use of the French language for your colophon? Thought it looked kinda neat, myself. *Loved* the way "Calaisfornieux" looked!

BECKY CARTWRIGHT -- ROUND TUIT #9 -- Consider your "apass" saved, Becky--and thanks for the bonus of a new term as well (think I'd type it as APAss, but its meaning came through the way you did it, so who cares?). Being in your boat now, too, I really sympathize with your lackatime. If only I could manange to work on this while DaveLo's around...but I've tried and I can't, so I'm not sure how the heck I'll manage in upcoming months. I really was all set to resign (my depressed state having its effect once more), but DaveLo ~~talked me outta~~ it talked some sense into my head by pointing out that I already had 11 stencils cut, which was more than enough to keep my place on the roster, so why not take it easy and see what happened before taking drastic steps. Well, this day off helps a lot, and I can look forward to another one the day after tomorrow. I still can't see how I can get through a whole mailing in these little bits and snatches of time, but I'm willing to give it a try... Just be warned; if I start getting behind again, the thought will definitely be brought out for another look-see.

Surely you were jesting when you said you hoped Steve Leigh would "hang in this APA"...Becky, we've been trying so hard to show how meek and mild we all are since Joseph departed, and you start talking about lynching new members. \*Sigh\* Dave Langford will never relax at this rate...

So you keep track of our address changes by checking the cover of FLAP, eh? Wish it were as easy to send COAs to all our creditors, magazine subscription departments, banks, and all the rest of that stuff. I really miss the Good Ole Days when COA postcards were mailed FREE. It's now a considerable expense to consider once you decide to relocate.

I have a brother, but no sister (that lived. One was born to my parents, but died within a few hours). I'm not sure I should be pleased to hear there's a Sound-Alike of me out there. Sorta blows my self image of Uniqueness all to hell.

I winced as you described the garish colors used by the previous occupants of your house for their carpeting. Do you suppose they were colorblind? My eyeballs ache just thinking of that colorscheme! I also sympathized with all the work you guys have to go through to repair their repairs. Sounds like fun... (Insert a Suzi-sounding "heh-heh-heh" about now.)



The news item about the clerical oversight which resulted in a rapist, sentenced to a 60-year term, being released after only 60 days was broadcast on radio out here, too. Nothing was said about it being a duplicate of other, earlier mistakes... Perhaps it would have sounded too unbelievable and the newscasters were worried about losing all credibility with their listeners. I mean, everyone makes mistakes, but aren't there usually cross-checks somewhere along the line in situations like that?

I've never noticed much difference between brands of fresh milk -- except for one sold locally back when I was a kid that used only Guernsey milk; the higher butterfat content was quite evident, even to a kid's uncultivated palate. What was remarkable about "Valley Gold" milk, and how has having the dairy reorganized into the "Borden" corporate structure changed it?

Like yourself, I manage to ignore the sound of alarm clocks, at least, when the buzzer isn't signalling me. I might hear ours go off three or four times a year, but when I know I'm supposed to wake up to it as well as DaveLo, it somehow intrudes itself into my sleeping consciousness. A similar effect occurred with each of my kids, as they grew old enough during infancy to skip the hated 3-4 a.m. feeding I would snore away blissfully as wet-diaper screams woke up my husband, who would then perform whatever chores were necessary. Since I was breast-feeding them, you see, I had to wake up when they were on a 4-hour schedule. But once that night-time feeding was eliminated, I resumed my sleep-until-the-ceiling-caves-in habits.

Using DaveLo's way of telling where objects should go when they're put back -- let the clean part of the dusty surface serve as a template -- will lead to even greater benefits, when employed for a long enough period. After an eon or two, the dust gets thick enough to actually leave a depression where objects are normally kept. Once that occurs, you don't even have to look when replacing things: simply slide them along until they slip into their "home" slots... Saves all sorts of time, not to mention mental strain.

Every time I hear people request recipes for zucchini, I think back to when Joni Stopa was drowning in the stuff a few years back. When you visited the Stopa Manse you were always under threat of one of two things: you either were encouraged to adopt a cat or kitten from the menagerie, or take home "a few" zucchini. There weren't many fans with automobile trunks large enough to hold the number of squash that Joni considered as "a few". Since I haven't heard that particular plea from her as late, I imagine the garden plans now include a vastly reduced number of row-feet to that veggie.

STEPHEN LEIGH -- A HOPELESS SEMANTIC -- Sympathies to you and Denise for having to go through tight times financially. Believe me, DaveLo and I know exactly what you mean about the downward cycle. \*Sigh\* May I express the hope for Better Times for us all?

What I was referring to in regard to needing some sort of baseline in order to deal with life was not religious, or even philosophical, save in the most primary sense. The fact is that there is simply too much data used on a daily, or almost-daily basis, for anyone to be able to know, from personal experience or observation, everything that is needed to cope with the activities entailed in our culture. We have to rely on other people's decisions and judgments for countless things. Somewhere along the line, one simply has to operate on faith -- faith that the operator's manual is accurate, faith that the manufacturers aren't selling you something that will kill you -- immediately or twenty years down the line -- faith that "scientific facts" are just that, facts not poorly-based assumptions. If you truly doubted everything, you'd find yourself in a state of paralysis, hesitant to even drink a glass of water (how do you know it's safe?) or take a bite of food (is it a dangerous species? Has it been handled in a sanitary manner?). I don't really "trust" the things our industrial complex passes down to us, yet I have to "trust" them, to some extent, in order to function. I guess I live by a sort of "Well, I'll accept that as a 'given', though you haven't proved it yet" attitude in my daily life. Similar to your statement about trusting people until contrary evidence is seen, I find myself trusting my society until I find specific areas in which



such trust has been shown to be in error. Unfortunately, the older I get the larger grow the number of areas in which I have no trust in my society's dictates left at all. Makes me want to join in with Ray Tackett and call a pox down upon 'em all.

Agree with your comments about being disappointed with art teaching, however I wondered if you were talking about artists or teachers in refering to creative humans. Most of the teachers I've had (admittedly, not many) couldn't be called "creative" by any criteria I've heard of. As for getting advise from working artists, how does one make contact with these people, unless by going to school, where it is (usually) only the beginners, or less technically proficient that one meets? It's almost impossible for someone going it alone to find out information that other artists, in the "network" take for granted. Sourcing suppliers, technical tips, all sorts of information is needed, but how/where is it to be found?

Even in my halycon days, where attending 16 conventions in a year seemed easy, both physically and financially, I employed the "eat in your room with your own supplies" syndrome to help stretch out the expense money. That way there was cash enough to go out with a group and/or attend the banquet (at those few conventions where such behavior was advisable) once or twice over the weekend. 'Tis an old fannish custom that several fans I know of still follow, even though they don't "need" to. For one thing, it gives me a chance to unwind from the pressures of the crowd, as it were. A breather in an otherwise hectic day. The Offutts have been doing that for as long as I've known them, and sometimes we "Eat-Inners" will even join each other for a quiet lunch. (Not too often, though. That would ruin one of the basic reasons for doing it, "getting away from it all".)

Good observation about convention friendships and how the lapse of time between meeting people gives needed distance in some cases. There are a lot of fans I look forward to seeing and talking with at various cons, but if I saw them more frequently, or all the time, it would be a vastly different matter indeed. Friends once sought after might become people one avoids...

I recall one dead-dog party where a nameless fan declared, when asked if it was a good weekend for her, "It must've been a great con. I got laid." I think my jaw must have bounced off my boot tops, because someone later asked me why I seemed surprised at the comment. It was only that "getting laid" seemed such an inconsequential part of a convention, that using it as a criteria simply didn't make any sense to me. Still doesn't, and I still coggle when people claim that their sexual activity was a factor in the enjoyment of their weekend. To me, it would be like saying "It was a great con. I got to eat some crab legs." While it's true that one incident can spoil a weekend for me, it's seldom that one incident can "make" it for me.

I don't "touch" as much as I used to at conventions. Living with Davelo has its effects, desired or not, and I find myself less "open" than I used to be as a result. Knowing that he doesn't like the hugging, kissing, and simple arm patting, shoulder hugging makes me feel self conscious, and that hampers the enjoyment to too great a degree.

Your tastes in music sound similar to mine. The rock-classical, rock-folk, rock-jazz offerings are few and far between (it seems), but that's the sort of listening I enjoy the most. Intricate harmony, intricate rhythms, good musicianship, emotional impact; these are the sorts of things I seek in music. Pure Rock is too simple, too basic, too one-directional to my tastes. The hybrids offer so much more.

I somewhat look askanse at your statement "What symbols there are in the music have been deliberately placed there, not found." It seems to me that the greatest art, and I do consider music, including rock, as "Art", reveals more than its creator intended. While it's true that the composer places the symbols, interpreting those symbols is still an intellectual process that allows a great deal of leeway. Viewers, readers, and listeners often "find" things in a work which its creator never intended. I don't see why music should be an exception in that regard.

Cute...comment...bout...

Bowers (and I bet he's getting sick of seeing ellipses!)



I'm fully with you in the matter of sane sleeping schedules. For years, once the kids were able to get themselves up and ready for school without my ~~ragging~~ assistance, I kept the Perfect Schedule -- at least as far as my body and metabolism were concerned. Up around 10:30-11:30, tend to whatever household chores needed doing, eat "lunch" (I began skipping breakfast during my teenage years, but sometimes my lunch was made up of breakfast foods) around 2, work on the garden during the summer, other projects during the winter (retiling or repainting; there's always something when you own your own digs). start dinner around 5, supervise the clean-up chores (another blessing once they get old enough) the kids performed, then spend the evening playing games, watching TV, or just talking with the family, then, after the offspring were put to bed, luxuriate in the hours of peace and quiet, when I did my correspondence, worked on my fanzine, did artwork, or whatever else pleased my fancy. \*Sigh\* Everything was done when my energy level/interest level was at its peak for that particular activity. Now, arising at anywhere between 6:15 and 8:00, I need several hours just to get the engines running. (In fact, I really don't do much at all until about the same time as I used to; 11:00 or so) Once it gets past 9:00, I feel as if I'm battling fatigue continually until I finally give up and go to bed. (Where I sleep more and enjoy it less) However, living in an apartment, where you can't garden, can't remodel or repaint at will, there is no need for much of the labors I used to perform, and a large chunk of my formerly favorite activities have gone from my daily schedule. Even when I'm not working (as I have been recently), I find myself at loose ends during the midday hours--there's not enough time to really get into correspondence or fanzines--although some artwork can occasionally be fit in there--and I find myself fighting feelings of guilt for not doing more constructive things even though there's nothing really "more constructive" to be done. Managing one's time would seem to be simplified when one has a "normal" sleep pattern, because the various requirements of the day would fall into those portion of one's metabolic cycle where they are best and most easily performed. Trying to force a "Night Person" into a Day Person's scheduling just makes for miserable feelings of tiredness and exhaustion which have no "real" basis for being. Once the Night Person can assume a more sensible sleeping pattern, many of problems of that ilk disappear. As you put it; you're "less tired on less sleep". (Now if only we can convince the rest of the world to adjust its schedule to allow us to cater to our bodily rhythms as they do to theirs...)

"Schools only have the kids six hours a day. The rest of the time they're at home." I've heard variations on this theme from several sources--educational professionals, law enforcement personnel, and other representatives of agencies concerned with family and societal relationships with the child. But once a child reaches school-age, the "home" -- the actual place of residence where he/she is supposedly under the control of the parents -- is where most kids spend the least amount of time. School, and school related activities garners the bulk of the kid's waking hours, play activities and other peer-socialization time gets another hefty chunk, and, of course, eight to ten hours are donated to sleeping. How much time, actual hours of the day, does that give a parent to interact with the child? Damn few. Thinking back to your own childhood, can you recall spending many hours "at home"? I can't, and studies have shown that as little as 20 minutes a day is spent by a parent communicating directly to a given child. How much influencing, guiding, shaping, developing can take place in that short a period? Not enough to offset undesirable effects leading from encounters made by the child during all the rest of the day; nowhere near enough. Maybe if the day ever comes when computers are utilized well enough for children to learn at their own pace--whether "at home" or in school (which is necessary for the child to learn socialization techniques, if nothing else), things will be better. Of course, we then meet up with the problem of making allowances for parents who follow a "different" lifestyle, and which style or life pattern should be permitted for the offspring, which devolves into some pretty basic confrontations between individual rights versus society's needs, parental rights versus children's rights, and various other sticky political and philosophical topics. As usual, the more deeply you look at a subject, the more complicated it gets...

After my ex-husband's accident -- which also occurred about the time the seat belt campaign "Buckle up for safety"



came into full swing -- I used seat belts regularly; not 100% of the time, but better than 90%. Then we changed cars, and using seat belts became a literal pain in the neck; the belt chafed the shoulder and neck region until leaving oneself buckled in was a painful experience. About the same time the safety ads were becoming annoying, and a sort of backlash effect began to build in many people, including myself. No one wants to be "told" what to do... Nowadays I find that I haven't actually tried the belts installed in our Buick, and the last time I can recall wearing them was a few years ago while riding in someone else's car (who was far more insistent and "pushy" than I considered comfortable). Like yourself, I do agree with the statistical and logical evidence that should lead me to wearing seat belts as a habit, but I don't. (And I've been in cars which use the so-called "passive" belt system. I appreciated so little the feeling of being garrotted each time the door was shut that if I owned a car so equipped, I'd most likely rip the damn things out myself, and chortle evilly while doing so!) Still, and all, I feel more as if I'm cutting off my nose to spite my face than anything else.

"Values, as well as 'facts', are important aspects of our personalities. It's part of what I want people to know about me." Well said. So much of the information normally given from person to another, in social or business situations, is 'fact'-oriented rather than value-oriented. It's as if, by categorizing by cold statistics, the person can be seen. The problem is, of course, the bald data simply doesn't show enough, but too often is treated as if it displayed all that was worth knowing...

Can I add an "Amen" to your comment to Suzi? "Sometimes I wonder if you're trying to hide behind all those ... puns and ... games." When I first met Suzi, I wondered who the heck this featherbrained blonde was and what on earth was she doing in fandom. It's an easy misassumption to make, and I do find myself wishing at times that she'd relax and just talk about things rather than playing with words all the time. \*Sigh\* But that's our Suzi, I suppose, and we'll just have to let her do her own thing her own way.

Being prone to procrastination myself \*cough\*, I certainly know how you must wish you could go back and repolish and reword some of the on-stencil (or on-paper, in your case) comments you made. But then, if one's comments were gem-like in quality, what would other apa members have to say about them? "Gosh, Steve. You hit the nail right on the head." Next topic... Often it's the response to queries concerning those 'rough parts' that engender the liveliest exchanges in apas, or have in my experience. Keep going the way you are; you're doing just fine.

ERIC LINDSAY -- MISSED MAILINGS FOR FLAP -- "The Snow Queen wasn't the worst of the [Hugo] nominees, imho, but did not really impress me all that much. I mean, I could lay that one aside for days at a time, and you shouldn't be able to do that with a really decent novel." Substitute "Good" for "Decent" in that sentence, and I'd agree wholeheartedly. Perhaps we're using different meanings of 'decent' -- to me, if a book is readable at all, it is probably (not always, though) 'decent'. Conversely, the inability to set a book down doesn't necessarily mean it's 'good'. It may be simply gripping or suspenseful, and turn out to be ~~as above in the above~~ a bit of froth rather than anything of substance (which is necessary to be considered 'good' in my view). There's been a lot of wordage printed about various people being disappointed in THE SNOW QUEEN, and while I agree it's not a top-calibre book in many ways, I enjoyed reading it and certainly don't begrudge it the award. Let's face it: there wasn't much to choose from, and from a slim harvest, SQ was a fairly representative sample of the best that the market offered.

The way you segued from a discussion about <sup>the</sup> solipsist view of society ending at one's death to what seems to me to be a request for logical reasons to go on living was a bit abrupt. In the frame of mind I've been in (and out of for some two-plus years now), I can't respond to that except to say that no one can argue the position for you but yourself. To continue living is a decision which can only be made by oneself, and there certainly are times when that's a difficult thing to do. Perhaps the search for reasons could



provide an excuse for some people? I dunno...

Yes, people did manage to communicate before Johnson's dictionary established a procedure for standardizing language, but don't forget; that communication could only take place amongst people who used the same or similar idiosyncracies of spelling and grammar. Eliminate standardization, and you'll end up with the same fractionalizing and segregation of groups and classes that existed then. Surely no one here is insisting that everyone use "faultless written language" -- either in the apa or in reports or business papers -- but to just give up and say that standards shouldn't be taught or used at all (which is what I get from reading what you've written) would mean that the poor fellow who hasn't set "pen to paper" (or finger to typer, or lips to dictaphone) since his schooldays would be even poorer at communicating than he already is.

As for the voice taking over the function of the written word: I can see what you mean, but I think you're overlooking the main advantage writing has over orally presented information -- speed. Almost everyone reads much faster than a person can speak. There's also the fact that you can re-read something you didn't get or understand the first run through with far more ease than you can replay the spoken word. The 'talking clocks' that you use as an example seem more faddish to me than anything; something that's on the market because no one could think of something else more sensible to do with the technology that enables such a device to exist. You still can read a clock -- even an analog one -- faster than you can hear the same information given orally. As the pace of society speeds up, I see the advantages of reading as opposed to hearing becoming even greater, not less, in importance.

MIKE HORVAT -- WIDDERSHINNS No. 4 -- Boy! You go from light hearted "Heigh-ho" to a story of near-disaster in mighty short leaps!

Glad to hear that things turned out well for Matthew and the case of pneumonia that caused all those hassles is but a ~~fl~~ memory. Having gone through several spells of having family members hospitalized, I also bless the Insurance Industry for being there when it was needed. (Not having any insurance at all nowadays makes me...um...nervous.) Of course, I was also used to having the premiums paid for by employers, and the high costs for good insurance wasn't a factor. I don't envy you those bills...

I fail to see the connection you seem to be making between ERA and the imaginary "Rights for the Criminally Insane". "It doesn't seem fair to lock them up" I know was meant in jest, but at what were you poking fun? ERA?

I don't think Resnick is the same one who did fan art (Mike is scarcely modest about his achievements, and if he drew well, I'm fairly sure I'd know it). He was quite active in fanzines -- at least the BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILE-- in by-gone years, but the bulk of his fannish activity has been in conventions and correspondence. He also was a devoted addict to phone fandom (still is, from what I gather).

Is being Elitist detrimental to a government's success? Well, I suppose that would depend on your definition of 'success'. I'm not sure if the Republican form of government (which is what we ~~employ~~ employ in this country) is truly Elitist, though. In its purest form -- each group of 'X' number of people electing one of their number to represent them in a larger assembly -- it simplifies the flow of information to and from the leaders and the led. Maybe you mean something else than I do by 'Republican'. (I am assuming, of course, that it's not the political party bearing that label to which you refer--though I could be mistaken there, too.)

Yeah, you can get a decent old clunker for about \$200...if (and that a big "if") you have time to look around and/or you know someone who needs to sell one soon because the money is needed. I'm fairly sure, for instance, that DaveLo and I could've gotten more cash for the old Dodge Dart that we sold, but we needed the money then and the buyer was there at that moment. Luck plays a large role in finding good \$200 cars...

~~~~~  
And with that comment, this member of Bad Back Fandom is going to depart...to lie down.

...Comments to Horvat continued....

It sounds like the job you've taken on as Librarian for NAPA entailed a bit more than expected. I doubt if most librarians include rejuvenation and reassembly among the normal functions of their job. 70 years is a gigantic gap to breach, much less close seamlessly. Good luck in your efforts.

I'm not sure, but the "Spenser" you mentioned in regard to mystery writers may be a friend of Mike Resnick's whom he speaks about quite frequently. The Spenser that Mike mentions considers himself as a poet -- and has scads of published verse to bolster his claim -- but since there is no way a poet can support himself in that field, he writes mysteries to pay the bills. From what I gather, he's well up in his middle age (mid-fifties?), and a rather crusty character, though with the requisite sensitive soul...

You made me feel quite wistful by including that material from Bangsund. Damn it all anyway; it makes me even angrier to be in such woeful financial straits that "tiding over" a member just isn't possible. In a way, I'm sorry John didn't send that letter he wrote -- it would've been kinder to let us know his reasons for dropping the apa. As it was, we just assumed he lost all interest (perhaps because of Ed Cagle's death?) in the group, and had no idea it was due to Other Reasons quite apart from his regard for the group. I do wish you'd pass along to him our best wishes for quick improvement in his circumstances, and let him know his slot will always be open to him should he decide to resume contact with us.

MICHAEL SHOEMAKER -- MUGGINS' MUGGLES AND MUBBLEFUBBLES #12 -- Of course you can't expect to get the same results from walking as you would from running, but that doesn't negate the value of walking (and I don't mean "sauntering", I mean WALKING -- hiking without a pack, if you will). Even a pleasant stroll around the block is better for your physique than sitting in a chair, but an energetic walk around a park or nature preserve goes far toward keeping the C-V system in shape and burn off excess calories along with maintaining muscle tone. It seems to me that in the rush to Physical Fitness, too much emphasis has been placed on the more extreme physical activities -- even jogging has been distorted to mean "running", not "trotting". Sure, an athlete has spendid physical endurance, but not everyone needs to be, nor wishes to be, in top form. The "All or Nothing at All" attitude would seem to be only encouraging those who will not (or can not) go out full tilt to simply lay back and do nothing, and that is actually harmful.

Regarding tithing at Wilcon poker games: first off, I object to the word "Skim". This was entirely voluntary on my part (and occasionally was matched by others in the game, though the usual "troll" was in the range of 5¢-50¢). Secondly, these weren't table stakes games; with seven players, there were few times indeed that "half the money in the pot" would originally been the winner's. Nickel-Dime-Quarter, three-raise limit (which, in practice, seldom occured except on the last round) poker attracts the anything-for-a-lark players, not the blood-n-guts G*A*M*B*L*E*R*S. We usually had three or four people still hanging in there at the showdown, so you mathematical calculations simply wouldn't be relevant in a game like that. (That's also why the more devout card players at Wilmot would retire to a table stakes game sometime during the weekend, to breath the purer, more rarified air of odds, calculated bluffing, and macho cardsmanship. As Mike Glicksohn would attest, luck counted as strongly as ability in those games, perhaps even more strongly in some wild-card hands...

I stand (sit?) in awe at the amount of space your "list" of Ten-Best SF Writers consumed. There weren't many quibbles with your choices, though I enjoyed "GATEWAY" and did so mostly by ignoring any of the "pretentions to HIGH LITERATURE which you noted as ruining the work for you, so I assume we read for different factors in the work we like in common. Being poor at setting down concrete reasons for liking or not liking a piece of fiction, I'm unable to join in on any discussion that may result from your commentary, but I read what you have to say with interest.

If this country were static, as far as its population was concerned, then leaving schools in the local hands of parents would make sense. But

the U.S. has a tradition of having its population infected with wanderlust (the last statistic I read was something like 10 address-changes in the average person's life-time), and having radically difference educational standards from one district to another, or even from school to school within a district is more evident in a mobile population. I think there should be standards, to which every school would be forced to meet, and if higher, or different, standards are desired by parents, then it is they who should supply those differences, either at home or by some after-school private program at church or other sort of meeting-place. There are ways have handling the problems that come hand-in-hand with standardization, but first there has to be agreement that a third-grade level of education in Boca Raton should be equivalent to the same grade in Hyde Park. If that means a kid has to sit in one grade for years, then so be it (although efforts should be expended to find out why the child's not progressing), and that another child is twelve years old and in eleventh grade, again, so be it. But the important thing is that a diploma actually reflect a certain level of knowledge acquisition, and can translate into terms indentifiable throughout the country. Otherwise, what we have isn't "Public School", but a series of loosely connected private schools, with private standards, funded publicly. Also, why should it be the parents who determine a kid's future? What about the kid who would benefit from intense schooling whose parents feel that sort of thing is a waste of time? I know two cases where that happened: bright, gifted children, denied extra schooling because the parents felt it would make their offspring "different". What a waste of young minds! (And in both cases, the kids were anxious for the enriched schedules; but the parents had the final say.)

On graffiti: during a trip to the Grand Canyon, I saw El Morro, a spot where countless generations of travelers watered their stock and themselves while traveling across what is now New Mexico and Arizona. There are dates going back to the fifteen hundreds inscribed on the rocks, and nearby indian petroglyphs which showed that they, too, thought it a neat spot to leave their marks.

BILL BOWERS -- FOURTH MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIPS -- I know that's not a direct transcription of your title, but it's the best that will fit my format, so you're stuck with it.

Perhaps, in order to enlighten the rest of FLAP to what is meant by "esotericism" in reference to Bill Bowers' writing, I should point out a portion of this zine as example. To wit: "...when you encounter a new friend [...] (after all, she seemed reasonably intelligent...)" Bill was refering to Naomi, who happens to be a member in good standing of Mensa. Now this isn't particularly earth-shaking, but is a rather typical off-hand comment that should provoke reaction from the merest handful of readers. After years of reading Bill's stuff, I still find myself studying the wordage, trying to figure out what private joke/reference/incident he was hiding in the mass of text. This is a maddening occupation. Do not even contemplate doing so yourself. It is ...well, words fail me, though I'm sure they won't for Bill.

We seem to be dividing into two firm camps on the "One Title" or "Multi-Title" issue. Those who enjoy labeling their apazines with whatever strikes their fancy at the moment seem amazed that there would others who don't care for the practice. Of course, being a fannish concern, our liking or disliking of certain practices used by other fans is of no matter, but that shouldn't prevent us from voicing (or even typing) our cavils whenever we feel like it. It's a free fandom, right?

"Taking my retirement as I go." You know, that's about all the "defense" you need for your lifestyle...

Amusing quote from Glicksohn (and so appropos! Even after 6 years.)

RE: the state of your apartment. I recall when Derek Carter and I stayed with you, 10 these many years ago, at your townhouse in (what was it? East Canton?). I thought you had a perfectly nice, fannish, neat (crowded, but orderly) place. Either your standards have plummeted, or you underwent a massive clean-up campaign before our arrival. (And you say your place is in worse shape than it was the last time we saw it? *Urk*)

LON ATKINS -- FAN ORDINAIRE # 27 -- Having spent some 90 minutes (or so) trapped in an elevator (though, luckily, with friends for company)

I can somewhat understand what that lady in your building must've felt like being all alone in a stuck elevator. I bet she calls blessings upon your name to this very day. (Any idea how long she was trapped in there?)

How are you "disagreeing" with me by saying friendships can develop as well as "happen"? All I said is that the amount of time you've known someone and whether a friendship exists have no relationship--there is no hard-n-fast rule about how long it takes to develop that certain something between two people that sets their relationship apart from mere acquaintanceship. Sometimes the friendship occurs spontaneously at first meeting; other times it may take years. Both kinds (as well as the broad spectrum in between) exist with full validity. (See, Lon? There's no quarrel here. Can't we be *gasp* friends?)

Looking at Science in one light, one can see a sort of Moebus Strip, starting and ending with observation-- as you so adroitly put it. The predictive portion of Science is but its useful aspect, but, to my view, the initial thrust is plain ol' curiosity (How'd that get there? What is it? What does it do? How does it work?) From observation and study, principles are discovered that may apply to yet other things. Sometimes (as in the case of particle physics, along with other examples) experimentation is required in order to set up conditions for certain events to be tested that could not occur "naturally" (or, at least, not with^{out} a great deal of technological assistance here on this planet. The right sort of set-up may occur quite normally on, say, the surface of a star.)

Of course you have more to do than cook gourmet meals for your own consumption. But as the old adage goes: "When you want something done, ask a busy man." (I suppose modern day vernacular would substitute "person" for "man", but what the heck...) You enjoy whipping up gourmet foods; what's wrong with asking yourself to treat yourself every so often? Why let all those California chefs have all the fun?

I believe the individual does owe society for a few things; providing the security and other requisites for the family (or persons) who produced him/her/it to exist long enough to have given the individual life, education or training, and a starting point from which the individual can function. Society and the individual are two sides of the same coin. They are equally important, although the individual's survival is not 100% dependent upon the survival of the society (but the society's survival is also not 100% dependent on the survival of any one individual...) and so therefore the individual can ignore the society in certain situations without damaging it, or vice-versa. THE (oops) society, in turn, owes the individual several things; protection from lawless individuals who do other people harm, assistance in the time of misfortune beyond the individual's ability to surmount unaided, and the physical and psychic "room" to develop freely, in peace, to the best of the individual's talents and desires. I know that reads somewhat simple-minded, but that, basically, is the way I look at the relationship.

Of course, if I had read your comment fully before beginning the above response, I wouldn't have gone through all that work. *Sigh*. Amusing bit, and points out (with a barbed stick?) how ludicrous it can be when the balance between rights and responsibilities gets all out of whack.

Gee, thanks. You do great MC's too. (Now if only you'd do them every mailing!)

If I may butt into your discussion with Marty, I'd like to comment on your remarks about the way you interpret his "tone". I, too, sometimes get the feeling that Marty is "patronizing" us with his responses, but on further thought, I don't think that that is what he's doing. He has, after all, repeated his arguments many times before, here and in other apas (and I have little doubt, other places as well--he is too practiced in his speeches to be a neophyte at expressing his viewpoints), and I suspect that he may be battling a bit of fatigue, tiredness at going over the same old ground yet another time. Yet his conscience impells him to continue to explain, to defend, to argue the point (in the debating sense) because he genuinely feels that his way is the Right Way and if he only is patient enough, the people with whom he discusses

these things will "see the light". I have no idea -- In response to your final query to Marty -- whether he feels he is being "baited" here in FLAP, but on occasion I feel as if some questions directed toward him could be interpreted that way. Then, too, this can be dependent on what definition you have in mind for "baiting". I ask questions in hopes of getting a response. If I word them in certain ways, I am more assured of getting a response. If I use those ways, does that make me guilty of "baiting"...or only wanting an answer to my question?

One unvoiced opinion that I had about Viet Nam during its very beginnings (of the U.S.'s involvement, that is) was a wondering if part of our reasons for getting mixed up in that lose-lose situation (and thanks for the term) was a vague desire to play one-upsmanship with/on the French. I recall rather vividly when the French lost their last great battle there (Diem Phu? Someplace like that) and the tone of the commentary seemed to smack of the attitude that "Oh, well. The Frenchies couldn't hang in there. Too bad. Now if it had been us..." I don't say that the attitude existed, nor that if it did it was a telling factor in our involvement; it was just a feeling I had at the time that I never had a chance to discuss with anyone.

The use of computer modelling to "test" scientific theories that you mentioned in yct DaveLo makes me worry a bit. How much of the current data and theorizing coming out of the scientific "establishment" is "real"? How much based on the fantasy, idealized world of computer models? How/when can we find out if there is a difference or if it matters? If I can control all factors in my universe, as a scientist can who is constructing his theoretical model, I can make almost anything I wish be true, with a little massaging of reality here and there. Because it is virtually impossible for a person to foresee all circumstances and factors, Real World testing is required. Computer models, because they are constructed by people, not "nature", simply don't duplicate reality, they are, at best, shallow imitations. I look deeply askance at depending too strongly on the accuracy of such "testing". As a first step in the process, sure; it can save a lot of time chasing invalid pathways, but as a verifier of Fact? Uh-uh.

Yct Jutz about conflicting state laws being a mess brings to mind a recent editorial statement by our local ABC affiliate (the poor Gen. Mgr. looks like he'd be ideally cast as a hit man for the Mafia, poor soul...) concerning a newly-introduced federal bill to regulate drunk drivers and eliminate the conflict in local laws (and, more to the point, local enforcement). The station's viewpoint was that this was a State's Rights issue -- "Let our local police take care of the drivers on our local roads". I sighed. This attitude goes far in continuing the impossible snarl our driving regulations have become.

Well I didn't spot the "joints" in your LURKER story (and must admit I wasn't really searching for them) but I had a fine read, suffered a mild stab of envy at not being able to write as well as you, and experienced a sense of puzzlement. Why are you running this in apazines and not sending it around to the magazines? Looks salable to me...

JONI STOPA -- SOME ACTIVITY THYME -- I'm confused by your opening statements. Are you saying that you've missed a mailing? Which one? Why didn't you inquire? You should know we wouldn't not send one without telling you! Every mailing since you've joined has been posted out the same time as everyone else's. I sure hope you haven't been a victim, again, of a postal screw-up.

Your zine seemed to be so breathlessly done that I zipped right through it without any comment-marks! Gads, but you had a lousy winter, what with bad weather, falls, and various other happenings. I almost dread to ask you how Spring went for you...

MARTY HELGESEN -- THE SACRED MONKEYS OF THE VATICAN (15 FZ) -- It's not necessary to adjust one's margins while typing an apazine, as long as margins for stapling are allowed for in the reproduction process. Steve's zine would've turned out okay if he'd noted to the printer that the text should be moved as needed to leave ample stapling space. Becky had similar problems the first time her Dad ran off her zine on his Xerox...

As you can see, I've adapted the DaveLa mode, although I'm modifying what you suggest by amending DaveL into DaveLo, in hopes of eliminating confusion ("Now which Dave has the second letter in his last name added...?")

I read your explanation of how Doug Hoylman suggests one can turn an 'X' key into an umlaut with a rising feeling of aghastness. *Whew* What a relief to discover it was but a pun...it read seriously--dumb, but serious...

One problem some people who still smoke have in accepting the available evidence is that so many of the studies that were done were wildly skewed to the anti-smoking position. I even doubt some of the 'proven' assumptions -- such as smoking 'causes' lung cancer. It's bald statements like this which cause anyone with even a trace of cynicism to lift a cautioning eyebrow. Few things (I'm not sure if there are any, to tell the truth) 'cause' cancer in 100% of the test subjects in the various studies that have been done. Smoking certainly is a causative factor in some people's cancers--of that I have no doubt--but smoking, of and by itself, will not instill lung cancer in each and every person who indulges themselves in the ~~vice~~ habit. It will aid and abet a cancerous condition, or encourage a cancer-prone being into developing active symptoms, but unlike various contagious bacterium or viral diseases (which, even so, are not contracted by every single individual, smoking does not directly seed the lungs with cancerous tumors or even cancerous cells--it just allows the disease to develop in what is Prime Conditions for it to do so (continual irritation to the bronchial tissues). Smoking also contributes (not 'cause', which is an overstatement) to heart, arterial, and vascular diseases, kidney malfunctions, and oodles of other problems. It presents so much carbon monoxide to the system that a smoker is, in a sense, asphyxiating him/herself, which of course reduces the amount of available oxygen to maintain physical vigor. There are all sorts of common-sense and scientifically supported reasons for not smoking, and one of these days I'll most likely quit. But each time I hear a rabid anti-smoker argument, it makes me--who'd like to stop--rear back on my haunches and say "Whoa!" People really dislike being stampeded into anything...

You can thank the Dictator of the Cincinnati Fantasy Group (CFG) for the Midwestcon flier. I told him the number of people on the roster who would not be expected to get one (guessing help given by Bill Bowers, who will also share the blame for any who was overlooked), and Bill Cavin brought over that number of stuffed, stamped (and unfortunately, sealed) envelopes.

ARTHUR HLAVATY -- THE QUIVERING HONEYPOT OF FANNISH HISTORY 12 -- Don't mention moving.

There's a distinct possibility that DaveLo and I will be packing our meager belongings and hitting the migrating trail once again. It's a thought that makes me nauseous...

But I'm glad you made it to NoCaro okay and seem to be doing well.

The comment about Italian garbage/Mexican food reminded me of a line given by Jack Soo in BARNEY MILLER in one episode. Yamana was simmering a pot of Japanese soupstuffs on the hot plate and Wojo called it 'garbage'. "Why it's got all sorts of good things in it -- fish heads, celery tops, (other items I can't recall) -- come to think of it; that is garbage!" Anyone eat any headcheese lately?

A local place serves Peanut Butter Pizza. Wanna try some?

-- THE DILLINGER RELIC 21 -- You seem to be stretching out in all sorts of directions. Good luck, and I suspect the readers of DR will have some interesting reading ahead of them. Unfortunately, as I've seen later issues of this zine, most of the comments I had on it have been answered. *Sigh* Besides, the Deadline is Looming (as it is wont to do), so skipping a zine of this size is extremely tempting. So tempting, in fact, I'm succumbing...

~~~~~  
My youngest kid graduates this Friday, the day before the aforementioned Deadline, and I expect to be on the Illinois-Indiana border then. There's certainly not enough time



to comment to everyone, though I'll try as best I can. (I've also begun working on the latest Resnick opus, so back strain is probably an even weightier factor.) Since I'm in such a lousy mood, anyway, it's most likely all for the best -- doesn't hurt to look at it that way, at least.

~~~~~

BRUCE ARTHURS -- LAST STAGE FOR SILVERWORLD #9 -- And Dummy picked up the wrong element again. Sorry 'bout that....

The alternating-column layout looks nice, but is hell to work with. Already I'm holding pages in one hand, lest I lose the thread of comments. Cute idea, but, please, go back to something easier to handle...

With so many FLAPans owning/using their own computers, I'm working on building the massivest case of Envy I've had in a long time. Good luck with your ~~hobbies~~ endeavors...

Am I to assume your reactions to Patterson's 'History of Phoenix Fandom' is, well...ah...mixed? Your reaction sounds like one that I'd expect Walter Breen to have if he heard Bill Donaho was doing a biography on him (Breen, that is). Maybe "mixed" doesn't quite describe it...

I never fantasized being a robot, but your "ticka-ticka-ticka..." accompaniment to thought has a similarity to something I used to do (and still do, on occasion). Whenever I strained to reach for a memory, or after making an obvious mental goof, I'd subvocalize "Whirr-click-click. Whirr-click-click. Sproing-g-g!", fantasizing my brains as machinery which wasn't quite functioning right.

When you speak of watching someone hit a white ball from one end of a lawn to another, I assume you're speaking of golf...right? Surely you didn't mean tennis by those disparaging remarks! (Few courts are surfaced with grass, or even clay, nowadays. Clay-like composition compounds are the most popular.) But the fun isn't in watching them hit the ball; it's when they strain mightily and miss that I enjoy. The psychological aspect is interesting too, and I think that tennis players have the best builds in any sport. Great for body-watchers!

In Wilson Tucker's RESURRECTION DAYS the hero/main character dies just before (from his viewpoint, at least) the opening chapter. Should that book be added to your list?

Speaking of Seth McEvoy, Jay Cornell, Jr., his erstwhile co-editor on AMEBOLD SCUNGE lives here in Cincinnati and hangs around the fringes of the CFG. Still a nice, quite kid, rather the opposite of Seth. (He also didn't recall me at all, and I didn't bother to enlighten him. We'd met at a Michicon years and years ago--another name, another life--and it was obvious he'd passed beyond the time when the things we'd discussed (mainly Seth) had any concern to him any longer. He seems happy, and I think is a working artist, though I'm not sure. (This has been an Ancient Fannish History Update. Watch for more in the series!)

Fool or fugghead; there's not much difference in my book. Klaus's gossip did have one nice aspect to it; he kept me fairly up-to-date during a time when I was really feeling Out Of It (as they say. Who they? Why it's them!). For that I was grateful.

PAULINE PALMER -- MOCK FENNEL SOUP #9 -- Gee, you and Bruce are in a dead heat so far in number of Flapzines done. Wonder who'll win in the end?

Good to hear that Jack is on the mend and even well enough to attend a con! May he continue to improve; our thoughts are with you.

Just think, if everyone in the overly-wet areas of this country would catch rainwater and mail it to arid areas (like RoyTac's) we'd not only aid our fellow Americans (Why do I hear Prez Johnson and his "Amurricuns" each time I type that word?) who are suffering from drought, but put to work thousands of unemployed who would be needed to lug all that water from one part of the country to another. Splendid suggestion! Let's all pitch in!

Scamp's adjusted well to the declawing, but I'm not sure I have. I still get a lump in my throat when I look at her deformed paws...

DaveLo and I had a discussion about 'positive and negative stress', which was mentioned in a brochure put out by the Red Cross. He didn't quite grasp how something could be both 'fun' and 'stressful', and no matter how I tried to explain it, it never got all the way across *Sigh* I'd use hang-gliding as an example, and he'd say--"but hang-gliders say that they don't feel stress; it's all calm and peaceful" Every other item I could come up with was equally quickly shot down. Maybe you can do a better job than I could; I gather stress management is taught to heart patients as a general rule nowadays.

We have a "Cat's pillow" and a pair of "Cat's drapes"--these weren't given, they were usurped and marked (with liberal coatings of black cat-hair) by our feline. Since Scamp is black, we don't have to warn people not to use her things; they can see for themselves, as can we. *Sigh*

DAVE LOCKE -- VIEW FROM UNDER A 60 WATT LAMP -- I note that you pluralize "Señoras" but keep "Señorita" as singular. My feelings are hurt. There two unmarried females in this group; Suzi and me. Which of us were you ignoring?

It seems strange to be sitting here, sweltering in shorts, reading of how cold it was a few short months ago. Ah, that's what I like about Midwestern weather. It doesn't get stuck in one mode and bore you half to death... I shall keep silent in order for the terrible sound of your teeth being ground together with massive force to have its best effect.

I really enjoyed the thumbnail descriptions of FLAPans--and dearly hope that no one felt too insulted...

Uh, in your ct Shoemaker, you say "Booray...is a rousing good game for four-handed social play", while I recall it being played with at least five players (not that it doesn't work with four, only that it isn't just a four-handed game).

Gee, I raced through this zine almost as quickly as you typed it, and I'm aghast at the lack of comments to the material. Sorry, but I guess that's the way it goes sometimes...

DAVE WIXON -- THE BIG BRONZE FAKE #10 -- I don't believe when you state that this issue was started way before the deadline. Nosirree Bob; you can't fool me! Dave Wixon doesn't operate that way. I know him--he pushes deadlines so hard that he pretends months and months haven't passed and that he's actually kept up with his mailing comments. Clever imitation, but I'm on to you...

Well, after reading all that apolgia stuff, maybe I acted too hastily up there and you really are Dave Wixon, suffering under a ton of guilt. Maybe.

It could be that by encouraging people to learn "the values, and the value of their ethnic and cultural heritage", as you seem to imply in yct Marty, that "differences" are thereby "maintained". I don't see it quite that way. I'm more Irish than anything else, and I've learned quite a bit--though I'm certainly no expert by any stretch of the imagination--about the Celtic culture which forms the main portion of my bloodline. But I certainly don't go around practicing the things that my "people" practiced some thousands of years ago, or even nowadays. They were them and I am me, and we're simply too different now. Why should learning how to appreciate the value in Celtic culture and lore be "maintaining differences"? Hey, man! I may say there's only two kinds of people in this world--those who are Irish and those who wish they were--but I don't really believe it; it's just something to say to make me feel better once in awhile. I'm not about to demand that my guvmint start printing everything in Gaelic, or slip a bomb under DaveLo's chair because he's mostly of hated English blood. Naw, I just think the Olde (make that Auld) Irish were kinda neat--but so were the old any-other-nationality-you-can-name. Heck, any people who managed to survive without the Wonders of Modern Technology just had to have the Right Stuff, you know what I mean? They survived, and their culture aided them in doing that. Why not acknowledge it? That doesn't mean we have to copy it--does it?

I definitely agree that it would be nice if everyone spoke the same language worldwide. Howsomever, I'm not about to get off my lazy ass and actively promote the concept--as the Esperantoists are wont to do. I'll take the easy way out and simply mumble a rousing "Good show" any time someone else seems so inclined. (I'm not even fussy about which language is learned--heck, if I could pick up a smattering of a tongue I never intended to use in two years while in high school, I certainly should be able to grasp enough of another language that would be required in daily life to at least get by on... and it would be comforting to know I'd be understood no matter where in the world I went to. How 'bout it, Dave? Wanna start a Movement?

Hmmm. In yct me you seem to be assuming I thought that buying a work from a person one is engaged to be married to is necessarily "bad". That wasn't what I said, and in fact I was arguing against that concept as expressed by Joe Nicholas. It isn't THE MOST ETHICAL action to take, is what I said--not "IT's a BAD ACTION TO TAKE". See the difference? Ideally, to prevent even the merest presumption of wrong-doing, no one should purchase anything from anyone known personally, much less known as a friend or more-than-friend. However, as this is a ridiculously impossible position to expect in reality, I certainly don't hold it as a Principle to which we all owe allegiance (ignore the strikeovers, I'm in a hurry). I also fail to see how that could remotely be construed as a "sexist" attitude...

And, yes, it is worse when Wollheim and/or del Ray buy their own works. So what else is new?

You ~~speak~~ write of "cash flow problems" while we down here in CinCity try to make a budget reduced by half match an income reduced by three-quarters...It is to laugh, hysterically. But I am glad that "light" is being seen, even if but dimly, through an attic.

I waited for years for the IRS to catch a mistake they made, and it's only been in the past four or five years that I've relaxed my vigilance. When Wally and I bought our place in Beecher, we sold the house we owned in Dolton, Illinois for less than we paid for it. I duly noted it on the proper forms the Guvmint supplied, but did not take the loss as a deduction since we weren't entitled to it (the house wasn't income producing, and we didn't meet other criteria for taking such a loss, but the forms had to be filled out, and they were done so). Anyway, some clerk must've been daydreaming, misread the form, recalculated our tax bill and refunded us something like \$800 more than we had coming. Boy! Did I sweat over that one! It wasn't my mistake, and we had filed correctly, so I figured--if they want it, they can come get it. They never did. But I paid for that \$800; you can just imagine how long I paid...

Since we hope to see some FLAPans at Midwestcon, I certainly hope that ~~Backy~~ someone doesn't make your idea about being served okra at a get-together come true. Boy, do I hope!

A list of "Favorite Sins" would only be useful to apamembers with blackmail in their hearts, and I ain't about to indulge them (if any, of course, should exist among the lofty sort of being we have in FLAP).

Pounce is Canfield (4-card solitaire layout) played with as many people as you have different decks. Aces cast into a common pool and built upon by whoever can get their card up there first. 10 points to whoever exhausts their reserve stock first, plus the number of cards they have in the common pool. Everyone else gets the number of cards they have in the common pool. It's a fun game with two, slightly weird with three, and sheer pandemonium with four or more (I've played with five; my hands shook for weeks afterward).

Amen to your comments about THE PATCHIN REVIEW. Mike Resnick lent us three issues a few weeks ago, and I still occasionally wipe my hands on my slacks trying to get rid of the 'yucky' sensation from my hands...

No room to comment on faith/atheism, nor to squeeze in comments to DavidH and RoyTac. Maybe next time? (It's not as bad as having half the mailing left to go...) I have to run off what I have here tonight, as I won't be home during the deadline, so THIS IS IT FOR NOW. Sorry, folks...family obligations have priority after all. See you all down the pike, later.

Speaking of Language

AS A RULE . . .

By William E. Lasher

I have been cheating a bit on the "rules" of English in these columns. One column a few months ago ended with the word "for." Now everyone knows that "for" is a preposition, and we're not supposed to end a sentence in a preposition. That column had "for" at the end of the sentence, at the end of the paragraph, and at the end of the whole piece. What place in Hell is reserved for those who so thoroughly break the rules?

Another column had within it a "split infinitive": a case of "to quickly go" instead of "to go quickly." We were taught in school that infinitives like "to go" should never be split by another word like "quickly." So, again, there must be a special place in Hell for me, and perhaps for my editor.

Of course, those were intentional "mistakes," created to see if there would be a response—and there was. In both cases I received gentle reminders of the rules and of how I had broken them. "Not terribly serious, you understand, but all the same. . . ." The fact is that both of these are examples of what I like to call "imaginary rules." These are rules that have been thought up by some grammarian who was in the process of writing down all the rules of English grammar. The rule about double negatives was originally an imaginary rule, although today it is real enough for most speakers of English.

Imaginary rules are generally the product of "logical" people who see something that seems logical to them and who then try to impress their beliefs on the rest of the populace. The rules against ending a sentence with a preposition and splitting infinitives would be quite accurate for Latin, where speakers simply never did those things. But in English we often do them, and sometimes we must. You might want to say, "What are you looking at?" But if you follow the rule about prepositions you must say, "At what are you looking?" It would be quite normal to say "Output is expected to more than double"; eliminating the split infinitive would give you "Output is expected more than to double."

After a few examples of real English sentences, it isn't hard to see that these are imaginary rules. They may look good in a list of rules about English, but they won't work in the real world. Someone may object that Miss Grundy, his high school English teacher, made him learn these rules, and God knows Miss Grundy was always right. That may suggest why English teachers are often looked upon as other-worldly figures: the rules they propound, and the language they want to hear, are simply

not real. There are certainly enough problems for the Miss Grundys of the world to tackle—teaching students to write in sentences, to organize into paragraphs, and to write clear and interesting prose—without worrying about a list of imaginary rules. Miss Grundy was wrong.

We all like rules because they give us something to follow or some-

thing to reject—both can be therapeutic. The problem is that we all know these rules, because we all know English. It may be a bit disillusioning to find out that a list of rules of English grammar is primarily useful only to people who don't know English. Someone who knows Russian and wants to learn about English might profit from the rules, but we won't.

Looking at a modern grammar which simply describes English is something like reading the rules for baseball or football: if you already know the game, you'll find few surprises in the rules. What is challenging about this kind of description is to find the sometimes-hidden assumptions which underlie the way the language works or the way the game is played. Discovering that baseball is essentially a game of tag, or that hockey and basketball are the same basic game, can be fascinating. It can be just as fascinating to discover that "I don't imagine Hank will win" means the same as "I imagine Hank won't win," even though the sentences look different. Modern linguists are more interested in the real than the imaginary, more fascinated by what is than by what ought to be.

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Speaking of Language

By William E. Lasher

A FEW BON MOTS

The *Enquirer* recently carried a story in which the term "bon fire" appeared. Since the usual spelling is "bonfire," I suspected the writer was trying to make some sense of the word, either for himself or for his readers. After all, "bon" means nothing in English, but it would only take a smattering of French to know that "bon" means "good," thus "good fire" for "bon fire."

Alas, such is not the case. Our word "bonfire" comes from Middle English "bone-fire," describing a fire in which bones were burned. If the writer intended "bon fire" to mean "good fire," he was simply engaging in an everyday practice—trying to make sense out of our language. Linguists describe this phenomenon as "folk etymology," where the speakers of a language mistakenly interpret a word or phrase whose origins have become obscure.

One notorious case of folk etymology is the word "sirloin," which is rumored to have been coined by Henry VIII or one of those kings of England. The story goes that the king liked a cut of beef so well that he knighted it, dubbing it "Sir Loin." This time a smattering of French would help, because the word comes from "sur loin," French for the cut "above the loin." But how can we be blamed if we see "sir" and "loin" together and try to make sense of them?

Every year around Halloween people start wondering about things like "werewolves." Obviously the name refers to "those who were wolves," they think. Not so, because one of the Old English words for "man" was "wer." The word "werewolf" goes back a thousand years or more, and it has always meant "man-wolf."

Another word for "man" in Old English was "gume," which rhymes with "boom." The word was preserved for centuries in "bridegume," meaning "bride's man." But when "gume" ceased to be meaningful to speakers of English, they substituted a familiar word that

sounded like it: they used the word "groom," meaning "servant," to make "bridegroom." English has gone from a word meaning "bride's man" to one meaning "bride's servant," and no one is the wiser.

The process of folk etymology goes on constantly, as people hear new expressions—or ponder old ones—and try to make sense of them. It's not hard to see how "a napron" in Middle English

could have been understood as "an apron," and thus it is today. But at the same time "an eke-name," meaning "an also-name," was understood as "a nekename." Today it is spelled "nickname," and appears to be related to "Nick," Saint or otherwise.

I spent years thinking a "pediatrician" was a foot doctor, because I knew the word "pedestrian" meant a person who

travels on foot. Later I discovered that "pedestrian" is actually related to "podiatrist," from the words for "foot" in Latin and Greek, respectively. "Pediatrician" isn't related to these, but to "encyclopedia," both having a root that means "child."

When writing down our impressions of what we hear, many of us make "mistakes" that arise from misinterpreting the way language works. No one seems to have trouble with "will read" and "has read," even though the two forms of "read" are spelled the same. But watch for "will lead" and "has lead": the idea that there is a word spelled "led" seems to have been lost on many Americans. The verb "to lead" and the noun "lead" have come together to eliminate "led" entirely for some people.

It might be argued that all these phenomena are not related. But what happened to the word "bridegume" five hundred years ago is very much like what is happening to "led" today: people are simply trying to make sense of the world around them.

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Speaking of Language

By William E. Lasher

ENGLISH VANDALIZED

One of the prevailing myths about English is that it is somehow derived from Latin. Words like "perforate" and "substitute" are listed in our dictionaries as Latin derivatives, and it seems that every difficult word we look up comes from Latin, with a few from Greek. In fact, over half our English vocabulary comes from Latin, either directly or through French, which is a modern version of Latin. But it would be a mistake to conclude from this evidence that the English language is derived from Latin.

A closer look at everyday, spoken English, or at the words every 8-year-old knows, will show that most of our basic vocabulary is related to German, not Latin. "He is a man" resembles the German "Er ist ein Mann" rather closely. As several readers have pointed out, the correspondences between English "penny" and German "Pfennig," English "apple" and German "Apfel," are remarkably consistent. In fact, over half the words in our basic vocabulary are directly related to German, and many others are more distantly related.

And here we begin to see the problem: the largest percentage of our *total* vocabulary is derived from Latin, while the largest percentage of our *everyday* vocabulary is related to German. A glance at the history of English will solve the problem fairly easily, however, because the English of a thousand years ago had fewer than 500 Latin-based words in its entire vocabulary. English is not at all derived from Latin; Latin words have simply been borrowed heavily into English over the past thousand years. English is, in fact, a Germanic language, like Swedish,

Dutch and German itself. The close resemblances among these languages come from the fact that they are all derived from a common language we call Germanic—in much the same way that French, Spanish, and Italian are derived from Latin.

Part of the reason for the myth about English coming from Latin is a result of Latin's high visibility: we all know about the Romans and their language, but who were these Germanic people? They lived in tribes through much of northern and central Europe, and the Romans referred to them as, among other things, "Vandals." They have not had a good press in the history of our culture, as you can see by what we've done with their name. And while the Romans had a highly developed, centralized government and a more advanced culture, the Germanic tribesmen were still wandering about in search of land and literacy. We don't even have a written sample of the language we call Germanic, but we have some very readable material in Latin, from Caesar to Cicero to Virgil.

In short, the Germanic tribesmen suffered from cultural lag when compared to their contemporaries, the Romans, and we have never forgiven them. The Vandals sacked Rome in 455 A.D., which didn't add to their image. During the ensuing "Dark Ages," Latin was the language of the truly educated; during the Renaissance Latin and Greek were the "best" languages with the "best" literature. And so, to this very day, Latin has a prestige that gives it priority over all other foreign languages in some schools, as well as in courts of law and among physicians.

One important reason for bor-

rowing so many words from Latin into English has been this prestige factor: English speakers have felt that their Germanic language is somehow inferior, that saying "suspend" sounds better than "hang," that "prosaic" sounds better than "dull." We tend to use Latin words for scientific purposes, for euphemisms, and for just plain bombast. And in all of this, we conveniently lose sight of the Germanic basis of our language. I am sure there are some English speakers who secretly wish Latin were their native tongue, "because it's so much nicer."

Those who don't wish for Latin may instead long for French; *Time* magazine recently said that "the French language is excellent." By what criterion it is excellent the writer failed to say, but much of the prestige of Latin has rubbed off on its daughter language, French. And as we have borrowed so many words from French in the past—words like "question," "salary" and "garage"—the French are borrowing from us today: "le sport," "le drugstore," "le baseball." For such is the world of linguistic one-upmanship: the language of the powerful becomes the language of prestige. Latin was once such a language; later it was French. After centuries of dominance in world trade and diplomatic circles, French is giving way to English, which is now the best language to speak if you're speaking only one. English will get you about in India as well as Indiana, in Austria as well as Australia. The combined world power of first Great Britain, and then the United States, has gotten for this Germanic language what the poor Vandals could never get: a little respect. ■

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Speaking of Language

By William E. Lasher

SERIOUS WORDS ABOUT BABY TALK

How did you learn English? Most people answer that question rather quickly: "My mother taught me." But given time to think about it, many of us begin to wonder whether anyone really taught us English, or whether we simply learned it by ourselves. Linguists have been wondering about these same things for some time, and certain answers are now becoming clear.

We know, for example, that no one taught us each sentence we speak or write, and that we can understand sentences we've never heard or read before—like this one. There's good reason to believe that we didn't memorize English when we learned it. We also know that we didn't learn English the way we learned some other language in school: we didn't learn to conjugate English verbs or parse sentences when we were 3 or 4 years old. In fact, we knew English before we got to school, before we were taught "grammar" at all. Perhaps that's why many of us found it something of a bore.

Children learn the language they're exposed to at an early age: a Korean infant adopted by American parents will learn perfectly good English. Children who are not exposed to language, those raised "by wolves" or by parents who cannot speak, will not learn a language until they encounter someone who speaks one. There is good evidence that children do not learn a language when exposed to it through radio or television only; it appears that someone must use language with the child before he will learn it. And there seems to be a critical age, perhaps around puberty, after which learning a language becomes hard work; before that age, it seems to come naturally.

We know all these things about learning a language, but we aren't so sure how kids do it. One theory suggests that the ability to acquire language is innate in humans, that we are "wired" from conception with the mental apparatus required for language. The evidence suggests that ac-

quiring a language is more than just a mental process, however. Although it's true that mothers don't sit their children down and teach them all about language, it's also true that without adult language and adult feedback, a child doesn't learn.

We think the process goes something like this: When a 6-month-old begins uttering the sounds "da-da-da-da," his father assumes the little guy has learned "Da-Da." Nothing could be further from the truth. The sounds of "da-da" just happen to be ones the baby can make, but they are meaningless to him. His father believes the child is "saying" something when he is only making sounds. But eventually the child will figure out, perhaps from the beaming smile on his father's face, that "Da-Da" actually means something to adults, and he will begin to use it that way.

What happens, then, is much more a learning process than a teaching one. The adults, who know the language, respond to what seems to fit and ignore what doesn't. If the child utters "na-na-na-na" at 6 months, his parents will probably say he's only cooing. The child, on the other hand, has to construct his own version of how the language works, then try it out on adults—and later on his playmates—to see if he's right.

As they try out the language they are creating, children discover that adult language is sometimes different from their own. Usually the result is a quick change in the child's language: if "cookie" doesn't get us a piece of fudge, maybe we'd better learn to say "fudge." And that brings us back once again to the "grammar" we were taught in school. If we learned language on our own, before we got to school, and we revised our language when the situation demanded it, what did we get from our "grammar" lessons? I suspect what we got was an oversimplified picture of a language we already knew in much more detail than the grammar book could provide.

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