

[illegible]

It all seems terribly anti-climatic. Actually, I received a date for surgery earlier than the one mentioned above. However, due to the weird reasoning of the Federal Government, which would deny my SSI payment for any month during which I spent a full calendar month in the hospital where Medicaid was covering the bill, I called back to ask that the date be pushed back to early November (rather than the October 28th date for admission). As I explained to Dr. Bridwell's secretary, though the Doctor had told me that I would be in for only three weeks, complications have been known to occur. Should I be kept in for only a mere nine days more, my December benefits would be denied, whereas, if I were admitted in early November, I could be kept in til the end of December without endangering my income. Odd how the bureaucratic mind works. As if people who are in the hospital don't have continuing outside expenses--no rent to pay, or telephone and utility minimums that are assessed whether you're actually using them or not. I could see the sense in reducing one's Food Stamp allotment under those circumstances, but living expenses? Makes no sense whatsoever... Even less logic appears in the ruling that an institutional stay must compose a full calendar month for the reduction to take effect. If a person were involved in a traffic accident, say, where admission dates couldn't be set in advance, after 29 days--in the case of a short month like February--an entire month's check would be held back, while by arranging matters so that admission is set for after the first of the month, a person could loll in the luxury of a hospital bed for a full 61 days (assuming December and January or July and August were the months involved) with no loss whatsoever! I'd write my Congressman and complain, if it weren't for the fact that even that little "out" might be removed.

I've also come to have reduced expectations about the effects of the operation. From what Bridwell explained to us during that appointment, the curvature in the spine will be cut

the show amusing, and note that the supporting cast has to work extra hard not to be overwhelmed by Coleman's strang portrayal. To their credit, they've managed well so far. IT TAKES TWO I also enjoy; only wish it were scheduled for a time-slot other than opposite CHEERS.

INTERRUPTION -- Just went down to check the mail. My SSI check arrived. WHOOPEE!!! Immediately phoned ~~the immediate neighbors~~ Bowers & the Resnicks & Denise Leigh to let them know. Tried to reach my caseworker at Hamilton County Welfare Department, but she was out--first to lunch, and then "away from her desk" (sounds like Mr. Luegers at OBVD). I'm awaiting her call back to find out when I can get my Medicaid card. Odd, but only the check came, no award letter. Hope that doesn't complicate things...

(Back to Davelo...) Cute bit on the Astronaut-returned-from-Mars "interview".

Note that all-caps in that script typeface make some of the TV-program/book/film titles all but unreadable. Suggest you used mixed-case with underlining for those in the future.

I'd thought the title of that Blake poem was "Tyger, Tyger" but it's been years since I've seen it, so perhaps your spelling is the correct one and it's my memory that's in error. (Hard to believe, I know; but, still, it is possible...)

Things I wish I could expunge from my memory banks--all the telephone #s I had and used as a kid. At least my memory cells didn't bother to retain the various #s used in adulthood--the phone in Beecher is the only one in that category I still recall (except of course the one we have here) but I use it every so often to call son Kurt. What use is it to remember that 3506-W was my first phone number, and that it was changed to 5856 when we switched to a private line, and then to EDison 1-5856 when the dial system came to Harvey, and that to 331-5856 when Illinois Bell changed to all-digit service? Or my grandmother's numbers (2633-R, EDison 3-5660, 333-5660), or my neighbors and playmates, or... Useless stuff, all of it!

Here you are, stating baldly that you'd finally trained Mike Glicksohn to shake your hand when greeting you and I still hold brightly the memory of him kissing you farewell at Midwestcon. The wonderous thing about it was that you didn't deck him one--you took it like ~~A man~~ the laissez-faire person you are. Congratulations; I'm impressed.

I'm agog at your baked-potato/pat of butter/glass of milk school lunch menu. I knew the area you grew up in wasn't exactly affluent, but I thought even slum school served better-balanced meals than that. The parochial school I attended served no lunches at all, we brown-bagged it. Once a month or so the Mother's Club would have a Hot Lunch for 25¢ (later raised to an outrageous 35¢) which consisted of Sloppy Joes (ground beef in B-B-Q sauce to the uninitiated) with potato chips and coleslaw, or spaghetti with meat sauce and slaw, both followed with either Jell-O (served with a dollop of whipped cream) or an ice-cream cup. If you didn't regularly buy milk (a pint of white whole milk for 13¢ or chocolate for 17¢--which was later reduced to 7¢ and 10¢ when the State Supreme Court ruled that private schools were equally eligible for things like milk subsidies and bus service just like the ~~WHITE KIDS~~ public schools) a horrid Kool-Aid-like concoction was available, but the kids would often go without than drink the stuff. At the public High School I attended (Thornton Township, in case Bernadette's ever heard of it) a full-scale cafeteria was available, with choice of several entrees, veggies, salads, desserts and drinks. I generally took my own lunch there, too, but occasionally bought my meals and often picked up a dessert or dish (of all things) Pfried eggplant, which I was especially fond of (and my Mother would've rather died than serve at home).

I know you put in a lot of thought and effort into your response to Becky on your Boxing-vs.-Football debate, but I didn't--and won't--read it. My mind's made up; put the facts away.

Ryct Hulan about the hassles involved in the hospital phoning for permission/authorization to treat Rachel: I recall one Advice-to-Parents thingee in the newspaper that suggested parents write out a "Permission to Give Treatment" letter which could be left with any person (babysitter, relative, etc.) who was tending one's small children. I most likely

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would have overlooked it in Rachel's case anyway--she seems so "adult" to me--and the tip certainly won't do any good for much longer in the future, but there it is...

LASFS

votes on its members? I thought the rule was "two meetings attended and you're in". I recall you bitching about ~~Pe~~ coming after you for a meeting fee when you had stayed outside the building in which one was being held--when did the Club vote you in? (For that matter, last time we went, we both were asked to pay, and I don't recall any vote being taken on my "membership".) I have read, at times, about members being voted out, but have read/heard naught on the incoming side.

I haven't seen Eric "carress a scotch glass" too often, but I have watched him lovingly stroke several Tequila bottles...

If you really believe I'm "able to converse with most anyone and seemingly enjoy it," then I'm a much better actress than I ever would've guessed. You, on the other hand, seem able to exchange b.s. with everyone I've seen you converse with, and it flowed easily to all appearances. Perhaps what we have here is a failure to perceive?

Sorry, no comments come to mind concerning your mini-discussion of fandom taking care of its own. I'm not sure what you're driving at, in any case...

Who said that Fort confused me? Bored me, yes, but his ideas seemed clear enough. While I did say his writings were "confusing in many regards" I didn't mean that I was confused while reading what little of him that I have, only that his structure was jumbled up and rather scatter-shot in approach.

ERIC LINDSAY -- NON-OFFICIAL MEDVENTION ONE-SHOT -- And I thought U.S. one-shots were incomprehensible. At least the participants are usually identified. What people are meant by "ACT, JLF, JMNP, STEVEG, PNT, CJS, and JMW"?

-- GEGENSCHNEIN #43 -- "You don't cook if you can help it, when you have as limited a range as I do." Is your stove/cooking device that's limited, or your store of recipes? Could be either...

You sold more than one pistol for a total of \$50!?! Gosh, but that sounds cheap. Wally (my Ex, for those who don't know him) sold "my" Colt Ranger for \$50 way back in '63. I thought that 1) prices were higher in Australia, and 2) inflation alone would have raised selling prices for guns.

I'm astounded that anyone would consider Los Angeles bus service as "excellent". To what are you comparing it to rate it so high? Chicago and Toronto have much better service, and even Cincinnati's service in the fringe areas seem to better L.A.'s. Once, while living south of L.A., we were without a working automobile, and tried to figure out a way to get DaveLo's son Brian down from Duarte--northwest of L.A.--to Torrance for his every-other-weekend visit. The best we could work out, according to their information service, was a route involving four bus changes, \$2.45 or so in fares, and over 3 hours travelling time to cover 45 miles. That is not "Excellent" by anyone's standards. It doesn't even reach "Adequate".

What a marvelous idea! To serve drinks to fans waiting in overly-long hotel check-in lines. I hope the hotel received profuse thanks for the service--must encourage that sort of thoughtfulness. I still recall with gratitude the people who dashed about bringing cool drinks to those sweating hordes in the registration lines at Iguacon. Even a Kool-Aid stand would've done a good business there...

I note you called your Australian bush hat a "digger hat". How'd that name come to be?

Joe Halderman nearly fell off his bike when he saw you standing in front of his house? After a six hour walk, it would've been me who was falling, not just the host...

(Aug. 16--11:55) No progress on the SSI award letter. Mrs. Holland, the Welfare Dept. caseworker, told me no letter, no Medicaid card, and despite using different tacks with my questions, would give me no idea how long it'll take to get one once the letter does arrive.. I called Mrs. Lane at Social Security on the 10th and was told that the checks

and letters are sent by different offices. I described the Medicaid situation, and she said she'd mail a letter confirming my eligibility and the monthly grant. By Monday, the 15th, it hadn't arrived, so I called again. After three fruitless tries--and leaving two Call Back messages--I was informed she'd left for the day. (Why does this all have such a familiar ring to it?) The person I was speaking to--a Mr. Smith (likely story...)--said he'd send the letter himself.. No one at the Federal offices seems able to understand just why it is I'm so anxious about obtaining that Medicaid card. *Sigh*

DaveLo's interview went swimmingly--the man who's being replaced recommended him on the spot--but no word's been heard yet on the final decision. Fingernails are a Vanishing Species around this place.

As I mentioned at the end of last issue, my electronic stencil cutter went on the fritz two weeks ago. It had been ailing for ages, but went completely bonzo while working on stencils for DaveLo's FLAPzine--note the blotchiness of the pasted-in paragraph at the start of his Midwestcon report. In order to finish the issue, as well as his and Joni's genzine, we had to have it fixed pronto. A local Roneo dealer--who offered the lowest rates in town for stencil cutting (\$4.25 vs. Gestetner's \$8.00 rate)--cleaned and adjusted it, and now it runs better than it has for years; almost better than when new. \$42 for same-day service, though we couldn't pick it up until the next Monday, as Steve Leigh, upon whose good graces we depended for taxi service, couldn't make it back to the place on the same day.

Anyway, to make a long story short, we got the illustrations cut for GALLIMAUFERY (along with the Lasher column for last Mlg's Kenning), DaveLo cut and pasted them into place, and we (actually DaveLo, though I pitched in when the machine started acting up on a few pages) ran off the zine. A dozen copies--for the contributors and editors--were collated last night, and today Dave's finishing the job.

Son Kurt called to let me know he's been hired as night janitor at Beecher High School. The pay's not great--but then neither's the job--but after 5 months of looking he was willing to accept anything anywhere they'd hire him. (We both appreciate the feeling.)

(Back to ERIC...) The Pitcher Show--the movie theater where sandwiches, beer, wine, and the like are served--sounds like a neat idea. Wonder why the concept hasn't been franchised nationally; it really sounds like an ideal way to enjoy a night out at the movies.

Joni Stopa found another bottle of "Sudden Discomfort"--that maple syrup is made in Wisconsin, after all--and included it in one of her Care packages from the North. I used the one you'd given me (saved the bottle though, so maybe I'll pair them up as a before and after set...).

It was Mike (not Mark) Banks, and Mike Lalor (not Langly) you talked to at the CFG picnic; otherwise you got the names right.

Uh, it's

Del Coger, not Del Koger, who put you up while you were in Memphis. He's an old-time fan--used to live in Al Ashley's Slan Shack in Detroit in the 40's--who returned to the fan scene in the mid-seventies. I believe it was the second or third Kubla Khan that marked his re-emergence. He bought a scratchboard of mine at one of the art auctions, and he still compliments me on it whenever I see him (making him, of course, a person of Distinguished Taste). Ah, I see you corrected the spelling of his name later in in this report.

Yet another correction: we visited Union, not Central, Terminal, and it was the last railway station to be built in this country. There are others still in operation --which Union isn't, having been turned into a shopping mall in efforts to save it from being torn down. Seemingly that venture is about to go belly-up; last I heard, only 6 or 7 businesses are still in operation there. All sorts of notions and suggestions are brought up about what to do with the place (it's owned by the city of Cincinnati), but nothing actually gets done. So far, during the most recent spate of Bright Ideas, turning it into a city office annex, a museum of Science & Industry, or a gambling casino are the suggestions receiving the most attention.

Mighod, but I felt breathless after

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finishing your trip report--no way can I imagine the sort of shape you must've been in upon your return. How many ~~weeks~~ days did it take for you to recuperate?

-- MISSED MAILINGS -- Did you insert that Gengschein Review 39 deliberately, or was this an overlooked stencil for that zine?

Last week someone came by our door, read that "anti-social" sign, and still knocked. A Jehovah's Witness, naturally, who felt the phrase "no matter what product, service, or ideology you are selling" didn't really mean her.

"Someone brought their pet wombat into the bank and sat it on the counter where it promptly fell asleep. I told the manager that he had an Australian client waiting at the counter..." I really cracked up while reading that; droll, Eric, droll.

I used to keep an unloaded shotgun nearby when I lived out in the country. Don't know if it was truly effective, but it sure made me feel better. One of the drunks (who seemed to run off the end of the road at the T-intersection at the corner quite regularly) got a bit belligerent when I wouldn't let him into the house at 2 or 3 in the morning. Told him I'd call a wrecker in from town, but no, he could not use the phone himself. I let the door swing a bit wider so he could see the shotgun, and all his pushiness evaporated. It would've taken real determination for him to check to see if the gun was actually loaded--shotguns make such a mess when they go off... I don't think I ever could actually shoot anyone, but I have no qualms about unnerving them a bit.

Don't get me wrong: I wasn't implying that HOLIER THAN THOU should fold. I only wished that there were other fat, frequent genzines to keep it company. For sure, it's true that it's much better to have a flawed f.f.g. than none at all... Now that the break-up of American Telephone and Telegraph's monopoly on long-distance phone lines and other communication services is all but complete, we're told that Long Distance rates will drop drastically. Of course local rates--which used to be subsidized by L.D. profits--are climbing astronomically. Cincinnati Bell has suggested that next year's rates may start at close to \$30 a month--just for access, not phone set rent or fillips like touch-tone dialling, Call Waiting, Call Forwarding, or stuff like that. We may end up giving up our telephone as an unaffordable luxury. (To be fair, various civic and welfare agencies have suggested that a "Lifeline" rate be imposed, where low-income people could still have a phone in their homes for emergencies, but be charged by each call out rather than the all-encompassing flat-rate charge they now use.)

L.D. rates now run 57¢ per minute for 56-124 miles, ^{through} 74¢ for 1911-3000 miles Day Rate (37¢ to 49¢ for additional minutes) to 22¢ and 29¢ at night--after eleven--(15¢ to 20¢ each Add'l min.). We can call Great Britain for \$2.00 (7 a.m.-1 p.m.), \$1.56 (1 p.m.-6 p.m.), \$1.25 (6 p.m. to 7 a.m.) for the first minute with \$1.26, 95¢, and 76¢ for add'l mins., or Australia for \$4.22 (5 p.m.-11 p.m.), \$3.17 (10 a.m. to 5 p.m.), and \$2.53 (11 p.m.-10 a.m.) with \$1.58, \$1.19, and 95¢ for add'l minutes. These all assume you dial directly.

If it wouldn't cost a fortune, I'd be very interested in reading a copy of the Turing article. All I've read/heard so far has been at second, third, or fourth hand.

Joni sent a bunch of booze home with me after Midwestcon and Wilcon this year, so my liver took a bit of abuse but the recovery period was a snap compared to last summer. I only opened the last bottle of Southern Comfort a few days ago--to celebrate my first SSI check. Now you know why there's those gaps in the entry dates for these things...

TO JEAN -- Is the Andrew Brown who was to originally use your article the same Andrew who wore the "I HATE BASKETBALL" T-shirt when he came over to the States for Iguacon in '78?

I've never actually paid for Health Insurance--it was always a fringe benefit at places my Dad, Ex, or I worked for. Not being employed for the past 3 years (and working as a Temp for most of the preceding 3, which also meant no fringes), I've not had insurance for virtually all the time I've been divorced. Private--as opposed to group insurance paid by one's employer--insurance is expensive here. I receive an 80% discount (for low-income)

at University Hospital (now operated by the University of Cincinnati Medical School, but it used to be run by Hamilton County and still serves as a General (Public) Hospital). It means virtually no choice in which Doctor you see, but you do get decent medical care for a reasonable price.. Problem was, for expensive surgery, like my back operation, even 20% was too much to afford--the total bill is supposed to run between \$25,000 and \$30,000. I needed outside (e.g. Welfare or Medicaid) assistance in order to have the procedure done. As in Australia, if it were a Life or Death thing, the work would be done and they'd worry about payment later. I could wait until my spine gets so bad that they would do it for free, but by then I'd be in such bad shape that they never could correct it to the point where I could function well; I'd be left a virtual cripple. It also is much easier to tolerate the younger the patient is.

in your nasal surgery, I can see why no ^{bone} grafting was done then, but is it a possibility in the future? Not being able to even wear eyeglasses comfortably has to be a drag!

(Aug. 24--10:50) The "Official" award letter still hasn't arrived, though I finally got the confirming letter Mr. Smith promised. Sent Xeroxes of it to the Welfare office, the Food Stamp office, and kept one for my records in case another copy needs to be sent to someone else. Mrs. Holland (from Welfare) called the next day to ask for a copy of my bank balances--but as I hadn't received the final statement for our checking account (we closed it out this month), I had to wait for a couple of days before I could copy it. Of course it arrived on a Saturday, after all the copy shops in Silverton were closed, so yet another small delay gets added in.

One thing we had noted during this recent heat wave is how much the light in our dining nook added to the heat build-up in our apartment. While looking for an open copying place in town, we also shopped for a screw-in fluorescent fixture to replace the incandescent bulb now in the ceiling. The hardware store never heard of such a thing, but we did manage to locate one at the lighting fixture store (it's called THE LITE HOUSE, and has signs announced a perpetual FAN SALE in their windows). Circlite 100, made by General Electric, operates on 44 watts of power and gives the equivalent light to a 100 watt bulb. The light's brighter and more crisp, too. Though relatively expensive (\$20) we're quite pleased with it.

DaveLo had been worried about the delay in receiving his Apanage mailing. OE David Hulan had sent the members notices that due to remodeling problems and other complications, the deadline was being delayed, but even so, the mlg. should've arrived. DaveLo phoned the Hulans to see if anything Bhad was going on, and caught David in the midst of dittoing members' contributions. The remodeling had been going on for longer than expected, and he'd only gained access to his fan den a couple days before. We chatted for awhile, checked on Rachel's progress--and that of the remodeling project--and felt a boost in spirits from the friendly contact.

(Aug. 26--15:15)

Yesterday the "Official" award letter arrived. My monthly grant will be a magnificent \$202.87--rates were raised in July from \$189.52. Also, and more importantly, I got my eligibility notice for Medicaid. I phoned the Welfare office, as the card told me to, and found they hadn't gotten my paperwork assigned yet. It took several calls and half the afternoon to find out the name of my new caseworker--who of course wasn't there that day. But at least I found out I should get my card in September. I then called University Hospital to notify Dr. Bridwell; only to be told he was on vacation and wouldn't be back until the day after Labor Day, the 6th of September. *Sigh* Not so welcome was a notice from the Food Stamp people that our allotment was being reduced to \$12 a month because we were now receiving both SSI and Unemployment! I immediately phoned their office to get that squared away (I'd sent them the notice that Dave's Unemployment ran out the day after his final check had come on the 1st. When they hadn't it returned it by the 10th, I'd called to inquire about the delay, and the caseworker told me she'd look for it. I had also noted the cessation of Unemployment benefits when I sent in my Change of Status report after getting the first SSI check--doesn't anyone ever read those things?)

At least--Food Stamp hassles aside, it looks like I'll be having that surgery RealSoonNow; maybe in mid-to-late September, so it behooves me to get back to Mailing Comments while

there's still enough time to get them done.

ARTHUR HLAVATY -- WILD SORORITY GIRLS FROM PLANET PLAYTEX 20 -- *Whew* Another long, margin threatening title!

Thanks to Bowers Clipping and Scrapbook Service (Uninc.), I've seen the Bloom County strip you cite as the source of your zine's title. Love that strip, and am glad to see it holding up so well.

From the brochure we got from Quill (our office supply source), the Praxis 40 is a more heavy-duty version of the Model 35 Bernadette now has. I don't know if it types any faster, but the ads say it can do more pages without heating up and jamming. It's something I've been really Lusting after ever since I read the blurbs...

Mmmph Now that I've let my SCIENCE NEWS subscription lapse, people I know get pubbed in its pages. Congratulations, Mike Shoemaker; wish I'd been able to read it for myself. OOK-OOK to Langford about his taking 'a leek in BNC Hall'.

Ryct Jutz: I'd never thought of the need for a "Seriousness Signal", akin to the "HICK" sign in reverse, but now that you've pointed it out, the application makes sense. Of course, if it becomes widely accepted, a goodly portion of Dave Locke's and Dave Langford's humor might be lost--half the fun is in trying to figure out if they really mean what they're saying.

Then again, that applies to your own writing--maybe the idea's not as hot as it seemed at first glance...

As a non-foreigner (though possibly by some people's light, an illiterate), I see nothing wrong with placing commas outside of quotation marks. To my sense of appropriateness, nothing except what was actually in the material being cited belongs within quote marks. I also acknowledge that that isn't Accepted Practice, but it's a case where I thumb my nose and do it My Way because I like it better.

Korzybski originated the term "timebinding", but fandom appropriated the word, with a slightly different slant to it, after Heinlein used it in a GoH speech (or Hugo acceptance speech--I disremember which) at one of the Chicons. He did cite Korzybski at the time.

Ryct me about "unity" in fanzines: if a zine publishes "good stuff" that has no connection among its contributions, it's quite all right with me. Given the choice between 10 articles, though, I'd much prefer that the editor arrange them for flow and balance rather than any whichaway. If all 10 were equally excellent (an unheard of dream for most faneds) then who'd care what order they arrived in--except that even the best of material is improved by positioning. A beautiful jewel looks nice laying on a plain piece of cloth, but it looks even better when mounted in an appropriate setting. HOLIER THAN THOU shows absolutely no concern with "setting" and I don't feel that much of the material is all that good either. Even the mediocre stuff would be improved if more attention were paid to its presentation.

Bernadette informed me in a letter that the Lanni Fleckenberg piece was done by her--and that despite her request Harty didn't say so (more evidence of lack of concern on his part, methinks)--but since I'd given the borrowed copy back to its owner (Bowers), I couldn't ~~fix my teeth~~ read it with the new information in mind.

Ditto doesn't fade in 5 years: I've got copies of zines dittoed in the late 30's and early 40's that are still readable. The red dyes seem to have faded the most, but they're still discernable.

"Dead and non-existent" people participate in Chicago elections up to the point where their state of non-being is uncovered by the opposing party. However, as I've seen no news about anyone pursuing such names on Mayor Washington's petitions-for-candidacy, I guess it's all moot now.

DAVE LOCKE --- MIDWESTCON REPORT -- An all-con-report zine from YOU?!? Never thought I'd live to see the day...

It was surprising to me that of the people I'd talked to about the "Lights out at eleven" practice, no one but us seemed to display the slightest bit of distress. Takes all kinds, as has been said more than once.

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It's odd that you overheard conversations about who-balled-whom-the-night-before while I missed them completely. I mean, it's you who has the hearing problem... Do you suppose it was my deodorant failing again?

I generally order chicken at banquets--operating on the theory that's it's easy to ruin even good beef, but it's hard to push even bad chicken (unless outright spoiled) past the point of inedibility. I really have no idea why I chose the London Broil this year, but I'm glad I did. Not that the chicken was bad or "rubber" from the comments that I heard, only that it was served awfully late and many people were feeling faint awaiting their meals while tablemates were eyeing dessert.

Since little prolesthizing for convention bids is actually done in room parties, I have no objection to sponsors of bidding parties making a pitch during the after-dinner speechifying, but I see no need to have representatives for each and every room party to get up and waste everyone's time. A simple announcement of which parties were being held where would have sufficed.

JONI STOPA -- ANOTHER MIDWESTERN B.P. -- I had no idea that the roots of your gardening ~~hobby~~ hobby were set at Jon's initiation! He would've been the very last person I would have suspected.

I think people would gasp less at a budget of \$250.00 for plants if you'd explain that your yard measures not in square feet, but in acres...

You go in for gardening to a much (much, much, MUCH) greater degree than I ever did, but I've always enjoyed reading about your hobby. I find things of interest and bits of information that should come in handy should the happy day ever come that I can again muck around in soil of my own.

You really sounded exhausted after detailing all the W*O*R*K encountered in setting up and running Wilcon. I certainly don't think it's fair that all the labor falls on the two (or three) of you. If your call for volunteers doesn't result in a host of helping hands turning up to pitch in with the pre-con work, then I wouldn't blame you a bit for calling the whole thing off.

However, I'm somewhat surprised that all that lifting, lugging, and bending didn't get you in better shape for the stoop gardening and picking you did later. What happened to the concept of exercise strengthening one's muscles? I think that would have irked me as much as the cramps themselves--the unfairness of it all! *Grumph*

How many jars of Mother Joni's Jams and Jellies got put by this year? Enough to bring in tons of cash for the fan auctions, I bet. Did you make any of that tomato relish the New York fan (Andy Porter, in particular) went so wild over during the Tucker Fund? My mouth is beginning to water just thinking about all those goodies.

*Brief interruption--Mrs. Price, from the Food Stamp office, phoned to say she'd found the cancellation of DaveLo's benefits notice buried under paperwork on her desk. We won't lose our allotment after all...*phew**

I like your closing comment--that is, I agree with it. It is too damn hot!

ARTHUR HLA VATY -- THE DILLINGER RELIC 29 -- Was John Kessel's Nebula Award the first one you've seen up close? Don't know why, but I would've thought you'd had gotten a chance to view one before this. I agree, they're lovely things, wouldn't mind having one myself, even without an award to go along with it, just to admire for its prettiness. They make the Hugos look rather pedestrian in comparison.

I used to keep in touch with Mike Wood; we traded fanzines, occasional letters, and belonged to Slanapa together. But when I see him nowadays I find it hard to, well, converse. He seems to just sort sit or stand and grin a lot (except when he's been into certain substances and just cries). I end up feeling very awkward and quite unable to make any sort of rational contact. Pray tell, when you see him, or correspond, what do you talk/write about? I feel so asea when around him, and yet he has always seemed a basically nice guy.

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Joni's told me how nice Disclaves are, and maybe One of these Days I'll manage to actually attend one. Your report made the 83 version sound like a gettogether of congenial folk, and quite like the sort of con I enjoy.

The site of the DeepSouthCon, Knoxville, was "farther" than you'd thought? Didn't you check a road atlas or a map with a mileage guide before you left?

Confusion, and a few other Midwestern cons, have taken up that Saturday Night Dance practice you saw at Deepsouthcon, and, like yourself, I think they're a dumb idea. Jeez, you can find places to ~~blast your ears off~~ dance in your own town, why waste precious convention time on something so unesoteric?

DaveLo's been wanting to attend a Deepsouthcon ever since we moved out here--he was practically frothing at the mouth when Lon Atkins was Goh--but we've simply been unable to afford the trip; if it's not time, it's money that causes the trouble. I know enough Southern fen to think I'd feel comfortable at one, so perhaps one of these years...

You frequented clubs in Chicago's Old Town section in 1966? Gee, it's a wonder we never met; my Ex and I went up there often during the 64-70 period. There were some really neat places there then. In fact I have fond memories of the place we visited once with my Mother: I got carded for the first time in my life (the only, for that matter). Illinois had recently changed the legal drinking age for women, and, partially in irritation with the new law, the bars weren't letting in anyone under 23 or 24. That had to be in either 66 or 67, since I recall being 26 at the time. My eyes bugged outta my head when they asked for I.D., but what really floored me was when they asked to see my Mother's proof of age...

BERNADETTE BOSKY -- THOSE WELL-ORDERED MOTIONS, AND REGULAR PACES -- "are calling, calling me-e-e-e..." Don't know why your title seems to dredge up that line, but it did. Another margin-buster of a title, too. *Sigh* I know you don't seek mailing comments, but as long as you put material through you'll be getting them from me whenever hooks afford themselves.

Your days sound so jam-packed with activities--teaching, researching, exercising, gardening, concerts, dinner guests, etc., etc.-- that I felt a mite weary from reading about it all. Where do you get all that energy? Does it run in your family or are you ~~some sort of~~ ~~genetic sport~~ unique in that respect?

What sort of artwork do you want for QUINCUNX? I prefer to do illos-to-order (not terribly creative, y'know) or to suit a particular ms. I'd be pleased to participate if you'd give me some sort of directions...And yes, I'd love to see a copy of your firstish--I'm terrible at LoCcing nowadays, but I read with gusto.

Too bad you didn't get the name of the fan so rude as to refuse a small favor for someone calling Long Distance. Even if Press of Time/Work prevented him from leaving, it would've taken so little effort to pass a message along--orally or written--that not doing so seems as boorish as all get-out. Such fen deserve to have their names trumpeted about in a loud and indignant manner; in hopes it will lead them to reform their crass ways. *Hmph*

JUDY STEVENS -- THE FRONTIER ALIEN #30 -- You mean to say--as you imply in your opening comments--that it's been HOT down in Texas? Well I'll be...who would've expected that this time of year, especially when the rest of us have been lolling about in such idyllic temperatures?

Seriously, DaveLo and I were watching Alicia's stormtrack, hoping its route wouldn't veer too far south. I'd assume you felt some of its effects, but nothing untoward. (Once it was evident the hurricane was heading in a more northerly direction, I began to fret about Dallas...can't thwart a good worry-wart no matter what you do!)

Do have a fun time at Bubonicon. Please, don't give a moment's thought to those of us who'd dearly love to be there. Laugh, drink, make merry, and perhaps you'll drown out the sound of our whimpers... (But do say Hi to those FLAPPans you meet for us. Heck, I'll say it here for myself...)

Thanks for the egoboo on Mlg 22's Crew Portrait. Appreciate it. And yes, I thought Dave's "Great Moments" idea came out great too! (Each of the lines seemed to leap out at him as he read the zines--he didn't have to search out specific examples--so I suppose each of you participated in some half-assed psychic way.)

Why are you so formal
this issue? Thought you'd "sir" our men to death...

THE SPACE EATER was pubbed in paper-back--since we read a borrowed copy, I can't say which publisher. Perhaps you'll find a copy at Bubonicon.

Yes, it is possible to write an incoherent one-shot without getting drunk. You can A) stay up all night on Friday (perhaps a 2 hr. nap could be allowed sometime after 6 a.m.), all day Saturday, and begin typing somewhere after 3 a.m. on Sunday, or B) you can get high on things other than liquor. Since I know you don't engage in the latter behavior, 'A' is recommended. (If you follow my advice I shall be greatly surprised, but you're virtually guaranteed an incoherent zine...)

More than one "improved" keyboard layout for typewriters has been developed. The Dvorak(sp?) is the best known. One I saw entailed splitting the keyboard into two sections in the middle, swinging them out in an arc (about 10° or so), and looked as awkward as it sounds. It also tried to balance the workload evenly among the fingers and both hands; reserving the little fingers for lesser-used characters. Made sense, but it's been around for decades and still hasn't won acceptance, so I doubt it ever will be adopted by the industry. The big switch to computers offered an opportunity for doing changes on keyboard layout, but the manufacturer's seemed to figure that they'd have enough trouble getting purchasers to accept the new technology as it was--and I guess they were right. It just dawned at me that you're most likely at Bubonicon as I write these words. *Sob* *Choke* Wish I could print this comment in green ink...

I'm pome-deaf, but I liked what you wrote. The angel/human-falling-hard-and-lustily seemed particularly insightful. 4X4's were all over the place in SoCal when we left in '80 (not quite as ubiquitous as vans, but close). By 1982 they were practically as prevalent here. Dave's son, Brian (not to be confused with my son, Brian) was enthralled by the machines. I think they're ugly; though admittedly useful in rough country, they look out of place at suburban shopping malls--particularly here in the Flatlands.

Chuckled at your Texisms about mud. Sounded akin to Northwoodsisms about snow, or Wisconsinisms about mosquitoes, or Illinoisisms about wind, or Cincinnatiisms about humidity. Why is it that, when an in-the-know group gripes so loudly about regional woes, no one really believes them? Why is that, huh? Huh?

Thanks for the Ghood Wishes, I hope by the time this goes out that it will all be behind me, too (except for the brace or cast wearing part, of course.). Well, uh, Jutz--I have no idea whether you can hold your liquor or not, but as that was the clearest picture of you I had; the photo-ID you sent was terrible at showing your eyes (glare on the lenses) and being an "eye-person" even in artwork, I favored the pic I used, even it meant I had to include the glass. Sorry if you thought it gave a poor impression (I thought it kinda cute).

No, no; you don't bore me when writing about ceramics (If I repeat that often enough maybe you'll eventually believe me). I'm interested in 3-D artforms, and though I took two years of ceramics in H.S., I know little of current techniques/materials. Pottery, per se, I'm not really "into", but glazing, molding, firing, designing ideas all do intrigue me (also intimidate the hell outta me).

Trekdom had made me leery of SF fandom, but it only took one convention to cure that. I gather the current treatment for lead-poisoning involves intervenous and/or oral medications. I have no idea how/when/where it was developed. How'd you get lead poisoning as a child?

I gave all the info I had about the dragonhead chimney cap. The info came via Jane Yolen (Phoenix Farm, 31 School St., Box 27, Hatfield MA 01038) from her Apanage zine. I don't think "commissions" are required. Ideas are up for grabs in the ceramics

field, aren't they? I mean, you wouldn't be copying the item itself, merely adapting the concept, and I seem to recall reading that ideas cannot be patented or otherwise kept away from the public domain.

(Sept. 3--14:00) Natter break. The Food Stamp counsellor called to say we should expect two allotment cards this coming month--one for \$12 and the other to make up the balance a day or so later. Glad to get that all cleared up. Dave and I also went downtown to the Federal offices to declare that I am now responsible for the rent on this apartment. Because of the weird program their computer uses, this won't be reflected in my benefit check until November, but will mean an addition \$102 a month. It also should be permanent, since even if Dave gets a job tomorrow, I can contribute to the rent (which, while I had no income whatsoever, it was impossible for me to do) and maintain the full benefit rather than the reduced Living-with-someone-else allotment. Good news, that.

Last week Sandy phoned from Dallas to tell me that she and Greg had quit their jobs and were moving back to Cincinnati on the 31st of August. I wasn't expecting them until today (Saturday), so was quite surprised to get a call from her Thursday afternoon saying they were in town, at a service station on the West Side (practically next door to Bowers' place, actually), broken down with car trouble. Apparently they'd gone to Bill's house, but as he'd left for Worldcon the night before, no one answered their knocks. The two of them came by last night for a 3 hr. visit, and I have a clearer idea of the hassles they--mostly she--faced on their jobs at the Dallas Times Herald. Think I would've quit before she did.

Anyway, she'd phoned the IRS upon her arrival and was told they wanted her to come in for a brush-up course on keypunching and then will hire her on a full-time basis after she's passed it. Nice to know a job is all-but-set. Greg has several leads on jobs, so both are confident of managing okay.

DaveLo and I plan on going out later today (we're watching U.S. Open tennis action on TV at the moment) to have a picnic supper atop Mount Fairview and hopefully claim a spot from which we can view the fireworks that form a main feature of Cincinnati's Riverfest each Labor Day weekend. This city has "Fests" all year 'round--Spring-, May-, Summer-, River-, October-, (though nothing for Winter, since Kings Island (an amusement park north of the city) has that name claimed for their festival in December). They're all quite popular events--the Riverfest fireworks draw crowds in the half-million range (which is why we watch it from a vantage point about three miles away--the crowds are so dense down by the river's edge you literally cannot move).

LON ATKINS --- SHORT WALK ON A LONG MAILING -- Cute title. Imaginative as well as accurate. (sadly accurate?)

Bill Bowers lent us his copies of Dream Makers and Dream Makers II--Charles Platt's interviews of SF writers and visionaries--and in one of them, Alfie Bester said something pertinent to your remarks on learning from your losses at Chess. "That confounded book THE COMPUTER CONNECTION. There is something vitally wrong with that book [most reviewers seemed to agree with that assessment] and I knew it when I finished it, and I couldn't patch it then, and to this day, I think about it, because there's no point in making a mistake unless you understand the mistake so that you don't make it again. I don't understand it, so I can't profit by it. It's infuriating." Unfortunately, most of my mistakes fall into the same category--I know something went wrong, but damifino what...

Ryct DaveLo on Samurai--"Thus is it filmed". Do I take this as akin to "Thus is it written", meaning that there's gospel, and there's gospel, but this is Gospel?

My, but you seem to be going Oriental Mystic on us this mailing. Are the strains in maintaining your hectic work schedule (as well as coping with those entailed with the job itself) leading to an increased reliance on that mode of thought as a means to achieving your goals while keeping sane? I've seen more frequent references to Zen and allied mind-sets in your writings and must assume it's a philosophy which appeals to you.

I applaud the sense of confidence you seem to have instilled within yourself toward your company and its product. May it carry you forward as far as you wish to go.

BRUCE ARTHURS -- LAST STAGE FOR SILVERWORLD #15 -- (Sept. 8-11:40) The death of a family member (I was going to say "loved one" but that doesn't really fit in this case) is upsetting; even more so when it's protracted into a months-long death watch. Despite ambiguities in regard for the individual, it's almost impossible not to react with sympathy toward someone in pain, and that--in turn--causes turmoil in the observer. At least this agonized period is over and now the re-shuffling of life styles is well underway. I hope everything smooths out into a comfortable routine that proves livable for your now-expanded household. Good Luck!

The alternate name for your Mother-in-law's dog--"Get-down-you-stupid-animal"--reminds me of the names a friend of my parents gave her two cats; "Get off the rug" and "You, too".

Thanks for the kind comments on my rendering of the FLAP crew. As for your remark on the similarity between the appearances of Bowers and Lindsay, I should inform you that my Ex was involved in a three-way ~~incestuous relationship~~ pseudo-brother bit with those two. (He used to resemble Bowers quite strongly, but the similarity has been reduced as the years have gone by.) Many a hoax name-badge was devised because of the likeness among them... and many a neofan's leg was pulled. All three have reddish-blond/light brown beards, blue eyes, and similar facial shape along with rather slender builds. Put them side by side, of course, and the resemblance was superficial, but they almost could pass as relatives of some sort. (Their height varies widely, though: Eric's about 5'7" or 8", Wally's 5'10" or 11", and Bowers is past six foot.)

Don't feel bad about mistakenly attributing Tina Hensel's "Hernia Night at the Faith Healer's" to DaveLo--I've made the same goof myself (I know, I know--we should both feel rotten about it). It seems to fit in well with the corpus of his humorous articles, and for me the mistake is understandable. ~~WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?~~

Ryct Hlavaty about seafood--do catfish dwell in the ocean? I thought they were fresh-water beasties. (Yeah, I know you meant "Food that lives underwater" when you wrote "seafood", but I'm in a nit-picking mood... Heck, I've eaten in some inland restaurants that feature "seafood" in their menus and the first salt any of their food meets is what's shaken on the plate!) I use that term to discern between Fish and things like shrimp, scallops, crabmeat, etc.--most people say "Shellfish" but I'm perverted. I don't like most fish (Halibut, Salmon (fresh or canned) and Tuna (raw or canned), just-caught lake Perch, and, occasionally, smoked Whiting are exceptions), but I like virtually all kinds of "seafood" (my definition).

Ryct Becky about running off odd-numbered pages and then doing the even-numbered ones: you mean you'd been doing both sides, one after the other without a drying time between?! Since odds-or-evens-at-a-time is what I've always done, practically instinctively, I thought Everyone would do it that way. Thought you'd realize it intuitively, or through common sense, or sumpin'... Glad that the Light Dawned, though, and hope the improvement in repro continues.

Re your 4:30 a.m. wake-up time--Sandy and son-in-law Greg were joyfully relishing the resumption of "White Man's Hours" now that they've left their jobs at the newspaper. With a start-up time of 4 a.m., they had to get up by 2 or 2:30--which meant a horrendously early bedtime and cut deeply into their socializing activities. Gads, but I wouldn't like to live like that. Your hours sound bad enough...

Yes, that was silly of me to state so flatly that the P.O. couldn't hurt Tyvek envelopes. I should always keep in mind the truism that such open challenges are doomed to eventual defeat.

Glad that you put in that Caveat to those planning on sending you their excess zucchini--I had my purse on my arm and was heading for the store (where there's a sale on). However, the threat about receiving okra in return was enough to halt my mad charge.

UNDULANT FEVER -- Oops, forgot to indicate it was #8 *Sigh*. Blew my layout all to hell, I did--also forgot the opening dashes. *Grumph*

9/26/83---21:50

13.

Please, Arthurs, don't hate Arthur! Dislike his anal-compulsive nature if you must, but try to keep separate the Man from the Deed. Remember Nicholas' labelling of FLAPpans as being so Buddy-buddy as to nauseate him. Keep that image alive and shining brightly. Lie about your true feelings, if necessary...

From the varying reception fanzine rooms at conventions receive, I believe convenience to the other exhibition rooms--particularly the Bucksters and Art Show rooms--is of more than slight importance. Also needed is seating space--the more comfortable the better--which aids in encouraging drop-ins to hang around awhile for extended conversations or the reading/browsing of fanzines. Re-pro facilities are frosting on the cake.

I don't know if figures are available to check, but I'd be interested in knowing how closely Coppercon's advance registration and final attendance matched the Rule of Thumb I was given (by who? I dunno!) when working on the Windycon committee. 3 times the advance registration 3 weeks before the con should match final registration plus or minus 50. How much good that would do a con that has less than 300 attendees, I wouldn't know (perhaps the variance would be different), but it held true at the three Chicago cons--42 or 43 was the biggest miss, on the underestimated side.

The intro Zelazny wrote for Coppercon's Goll, Fred Saberhagen, that you put in the program book sounded so good I'm faunching to read it. Any extra copies or Xeroxi! floating around?

Read your review of David Drake's book, and though I, too, have been impressed by some of his stories in F&SF, this one (THE DRAGON LORD) doesn't sound like my cuppa.

Re Hilde's review of Heinlein's FRIDAY--it certainly wasn't because of any disagreement with RAN's views on sex-as-fun or group arrangements that caused me the dislike the novel. It was the slender (and basically trivial) plot, mostly, accompanied by the treatment of the aforementioned concepts as being Fresh! and New! instead of the same old horse he's been riding since before STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. The dull detailing of the foods the characters ate, Friday's unprofessional naivety in placing instant trust in virtual strangers (methinks Secret Agents are somewhat more suspicious of untowardly friendly advances by people never met before), and the seeming lack of even elementary control of his network of agents by her boss, all rang falsely and unrealistically. Stilted, forced, and stale was my verdict.

Regarding the "one-time imprint" fee that Buck Coulson mentions as an extra charge when obtaining a Bulk Permit: from my reading of the regulations (CFG has been investigating the notion of getting one), there is a way to avoid that one-time fee. If one uses pre-cancelled stamps, there's no need to get an imprint number--which is what the fee covers. However, since I have no idea how one obtains the pre-cancelled stamps (perhaps ^{they're} restricted to certain mailers), nor who can use them, that's not of much help.

MIKE SHOEMAKER -- MUGGINS' MUGGLES AND MUBBLEFUBBLES # 19 -- Your assessment of Nicholas ("he's merely a poseur") at first seemed harsh to mine eye, but upon further reflection it seems the juste mot. Joseph seems to rely on his paper persona (he told me he has more than one in a letter he wrote while I pubbed a genzine) as some of the more obnoxious media fen use their hall costumes--a facade behind which hiding oneself is easy, even if it prevents honest communication. *Oh well* Each to his/her own playground...

You prefer to have some "mystery" surround your choice of title? ~~AND WELL! EACH IS HIS/HER OWN PLAYGROUND!!!~~

Michael, I said in my comment to you that "Re: yct Tackett", not that Tackett made the comment. I reread the piece to check, and see I should have written "Re: yct Hlavaty about his ct Tackett", and apologize for the slip. However, it doesn't alter the fact that I was aware of the nature of the argument. You were emphasizing one point--being "ruled by guns" as a here-and-now reality--and I was another--whether one wishes to live under that reality. The "spirit" that Arthur caught (i.e. governments/^{ultimately} rule by force of arms) is implied in mine. I was merely pointing out that there is more than one slant to the comment Arthur made about not wanting "to live in a world ruled by those who have guns and

and are willing to use them." Even though he was referring to a post-holocaust hypothetical era and you, in counterpoint, to our contemporary one, I don't think my remark was inappropriate.

(Sept. 27--11:25) And now we return to the world of Real Time. I had every intention of continuing with my notes until I'd finished with the mailing comments, but other things intruded.

Some months ago, son Kurt had asked me if I could copy a painting from a calendar for him to give to a woman who had befriended the kids while they were going to high school. He sent me the picture to study first, and I told him I didn't think there'd be any problem, despite the fact it had been years since I had done any color work. Eventually he sent about \$25 worth of supplies--paints and brushes--and a money order for \$10 to cover cost of canvas board and return mail. I took a bus down to Kenwood Mall, picked up a 20" X 24" board (discovering that the paint & wallpaper store carries a really fine, full line of artists' supplies), did some grocery shopping at the store next door, and caught a bus home (I'm skipping over the struggles I had trying to tote groceries and a large, flat package down four blocks to the bus stop in a rather brisk wind. You may thank me later.) After coating the canvas with gesso, I set in to painting the next day. In my hubris, I had told Kurt it would take me "a few days" to complete the picture. Hah! I had only once before attempted a painting that large, and memory dimmed the troubles I had encountered then. Covering large areas reveals the main drawback (paradoxically, also the main benefit) in using acrylics--they dry amazingly fast! No such thing as putting on the basic sky color and then blending in wispy clouds--the paint's been dry where you first started for ages. Fortunately, the picture I was copying showed a plain, rather overcast English sky, and I faked my way across that in a short while. Matching colors has always been a bugaboo of mine--the hues change tone quite drastically as they dry, and what looks to be a perfect match soon turns out to be three or four shades darker than you'd want. It took me awhile just to get used to that little fact. My "few days" turned into well over a week, and still it's not an exact copy. The artist had worked in watercolor, while I was using what is basically a tempera technique. What had appeared in the 3 1/2" X 5 1/2" print as feathery-light brush strokes, came out looking like abstract sweeps of paint blown up so large. He had also relied on a lot of brown for rendering foliage: when I tried to duplicate that, the trees looked as if they'd been struck by blight, died, and had been standing dead for years. *Sigh* I finally got the copy done--at least the thatched-roof cottage looks much like the original--and it's resting for awhile before I do a varnishing. I'm quite pleased with some of the effects I managed, even though they don't look like the original, but I'm even more pleased to have it finished. As the only way I could buy the board involved buying a package of two, I got another canvasboard to use, but I think I'll stay away from it for awhile--quite a long while! In any case, I know I won't be painting Sussex countrysides--fer sure...

To bring you up to date on the Battle with the Bureaucracy--I received my eligibility notice for Medicaid August 28th or 29th (thought I mentioned it in my natter before, but a quick scan doesn't reveal it--excuse any duplication), and after calling down to find out the name of my counsellor (which took quite awhile as my paperwork hadn't been sent to the right department yet) I learned that my all-important Card would arrive in the first week of September. Well, surprise, it didn't. I had called University Hospital to speak with Dr. Bridwell, and made an appointment for the 13th, and when the Card had not arrived by the 9th, I called the Welfare Office to speak to my counsellor. Wow, I never heard such a Dora Dimwit on the phone! It took me ages to get my message across (DaveLo was chuckling in the background, as we had switched on the unit that allows us to broadcast incoming phone calls through the radio so we both can hear phone conversations), and then she constantly kept repeating herself--as well as telling me that I was not getting Food Stamps (what those little pieces of stapled-together paper were that we'd been using for the past three months, I dunno, but she insisted I wasn't getting Food Stamp Assistance no matter how much I insisted I was). Finally, she agreed to send a letter, informing medical providers that I was covered by Medicaid, and charges assessed during September would be paid, if submitted after Oct. 1st, and felt it necessary to tell me, over and over again, that if my card came in the meantime, I should use it, and not the letter. *Sigh*

9/27/83--13:05

15.

Anyway, we made the appointment with Dr. Bridwell on the 13th, listened again to the two choices of surgery I had, chose the one-step over the two-stage, and went to talk to his secretary to set a date. She said she'd phone in a day or so. Hah, and again Hah! It took until the 20th to schedule it, but as I said at the beginning of this thing, I will be going into University Hospital on the 4th of November, with surgery slated for the 7th. I'm reasonable certain that nothing else will crop up to complicate things... Enough of that boring stuff; back to the other boring stuff--Mailing Comments...

DAVE WIXON -- THE BIG BRONZE FAKE #18 -- Hiyah, Coombah--been playin' any poker lately? We haven't seen RETURN OF THE JEDI yet, and considering the state of our finances, probably won't for some time. (We did take a plunge and took in a viewing of WAR GAMES at the matinee, but no discounts or passes are accepted for JEDI. My interest in it is slight, at best, so I don't feel deprived.)

It seems that Real Estate Agents have a new battle plan: instead of conning first-home buyers into purchasing 'Weekend Fixer-Uppers', the in thing to do is sell you a 'Fine Old House' the nuyer can "renovate". It's still a 'Weekend Fixer-Upper', only it costs more... I hope Darlene Coltrain has fun working on her project, but I'd be willing to bet she's bought herself a hell of a lot more work than she'll ever imagine.

I met Ann Chancellor at the Resnicks, where she's a relatively frequent house guest, and am getting to know her better as time goes by. She's had a few hard knocks recently, but seems to have kept her sunny personality buffed brightly anyway. I know she no longer lives in Kansas City, but don't recall which city she's moved to, offhand. Do you know?

Congrats on getting the Toastmaster slot for next year's HILICON. Perhaps some miracle will occur and I'll be able to hear you there (and do my usual heckling, of course!). It's been much too long since I've been up in that neck of the woods. Bet I'd hardly recognize the town.

InConjunction sounded about the way I'd heard they were--botched-up and poorly run. It's quite close (as those things go) to Cincinnati, but I doubt if I'll ever attend one. The few times people have mentioned enjoying themselves there, was because they totally ignored the convention itself, and merely partied all weekend with friends. (I know, that's the way most cons are enjoyed, but it would be nice to be able to go to panels and such if one was in the mood for them.)

Sounds like Duck has been having trouble getting visits from friends sorted out. He wrote us that recently Roy and Chrystal Tackett came by and he'd gotten the day of arrival confused--now you reveal that a similar thing occurred with yours and the Heisel's visit. Tsk-tsk. Such a chock full social calendar he must have! (I assume you've heard that he and Juanita have got to move? I don't envy them a bit--the collection of books and memorabilia alone will take a couple of truckloads to transport. Wonder if they'll have to buy new floor jacks to shore up their new house's floor?

Thanks for the contribution in the poker game at Rivercon, by the way. You lost with grace...

Gee, Dave--do you recall the days when going to cons was fun, and not just one mini-catastrophe after another? There are some drawbacks to working for Gordie, I see, and dealing with all those emergencies seems to be a major one. Hope next year's con season goes much smoother for you all!

I also hope that you will explain your "teaser" paragraph. Life crises should be shared somewhat; it does help alleviate a lot of mental turmoil. All I can say is that I hope nothing disastrous has happened... You ended in the back of the photo because the page was arranged by head-size of the pictures the members sent in. Since they varied so widely, I thought setting it up as if it were a photo taken at a room party would work best, and that's what I did. Next time, sent a bigger snapshot!

Hope to see you in here next mailing (this mailing, I mean), and in much better spirits!

DEAN GRENNELL -- BOISTEROUSTITICACA -- How many more skewings can one poor little title take, Dean? I'll be afraid to open the next package of zines that you send...

Glad you liked the drawing. I really think that on the original, your picture came out the best.

Don't think there's a need to warn Bruce about "boisterous caca", from what I understand mail carriers keep a sharp eye out for any sort of caca--it's job-hazard too often encountered.

Re yct Hulan: though I doubt not your word in the matter, I have trouble conceptualizing someone hunting deer with a hand gun. At least I would have to admire such hunters their skill at stalking if they actually bag any that way. Seems like it'd be a frightfully inefficient way to get meat on the table! As for killing an elephant with one--was it a deliberate "hunt" or just a fluke? I know nothing about camera talk or the arcane lore surrounding such things, but I do recall Steve Leigh raving about the new film Kodak (I think) put out a year or so ago that boasts extremely fine grain--he said under intense magnification it still was hard to discern any at all. Have you used it yet?

Really amusing piece by the Carpenters that you included. You have a good eye for humor; thanks!

SUZI STEFL -- JUXTAPROSE JOURNAL #23 -- You write your mailing comment notes on "tiny scraps of paper"? Hmmm. I do mine on folded sheets of 8 1/2 X 14 mimeo paper (still working on finishing the stack I got with the Gestetner when I bought it 10 years ago), and keep them inside the mailing as I work on it. Seems most everyone has a slightly different system in dealing with doing comments. ~~But~~ small pieces of paper would seem to court disaster. I shudder to think of the flurry of snow-like sheets when/if you'd drop the mailing!

Listen, Suzi, I try my darndest to forget those Silly Poker rules when away from Wilcon--be darned if I'll scan my memory to correct any oversights you may have let slip. No way! (Besides, you seemed to have done a dandy job in describing them, as far as I can see.)

I keep pushing Midwestcon as a reasonable "local" con for FLAPPans to meet, but so far we haven't had much luck in getting a large number together. One of these years, maybe, perhaps...

Be fair, Suzi. DaveLo didn't know there'd be a canoe at Wilcon--I'm sure if he did, the temptation to attend would've been stronger than it was. (Whether it would have been strong enough to overcome his aversion to 8 hr. car rides is a different matter entirely.)

Are we going to lose another fan to the charms of computer games? Hope not, but you seem to be awfully attracted to ADVENTURE. Suzi? Suzi? Are you there? Get outta that cavern!!

Cute way to print "dirty" limericks--in the shape of a toilet bowl. Took me awhile to trace them all out, too. Where'd you get the idea?

MARTY HELGESEN -- GRAVE BEWILDERMENT (23 FZ) -- That about describes the way I feel after finishing a Suzizine! How'd you manage to plan things out that way? A Perfect Juxtapose to JUXTAPROSE!

Thanks for the kind words on the cover drawing (well, inside cover). Glad you liked it.

I've been reading Will Durant's STORY OF CIVILIZATION, and he quoted Catherine of Siena several times in one volume. "Subservient" certainly doesn't describe the way she'd chide Popes in her letters. I'd be hard-put to call her words "obedient", for that matter.

Ryct Hlavaty about stores named TOTE-A-POKE: people who stow customers' groceries in paper bags are called "baggers" (at least here in the Midwest); I wonder if in regions where "Poke" is the preferred term, that sort of employee is called a "poker"?

Ryct Bruce: in speaking with a local fan who has just finished a course in programming at the local university,

she mentioned that the need for people who are familiar with computers and also able to write clear directions has been recognized. Several schools are offering courses in Documentation to cover that lack. So apparently the problem has been noted and will, hopefully, be taken care of in the future.

I still cannot agree that because some blacks missed the point in HUCKLEBERRY FINN, or, rather, were so distressed by the word "n-----" being articulated by white kids in class, that the book should be banned from classrooms. There are other ethnic groups which are treated unfairly, by contemporary lights, in literature, and we consider the attitudes as being out-of-date and not valid. It's the same with negative remarks of a racist nature in Twain's books. I, for instance, can get quite heated up at the ridiculous way women were treated in literature, and yet still see the validity of the book. So we have to destroy all our heritage to eliminate that which makes certain things acceptable? I don't think so, and would hate to see anything like that happen in our schools. However, I do believe that teachers should explain, quite carefully, that the words used are not considered "decent" nowadays, that attitudes have changed, and that such terms are of worth only to place the work in historical perspective. Have you read any of the lovely terms used to malign the Irish in various "good literature" books? I can sympathize with the feelings of that man who wrote into the NY Times letter column, but I cannot support his argument.

Rect yourself: as I noted at the end of last issue, Langford did, indeed, mail us a copy of his letter urging FLAP members to join in on a hoax directed toward DaveLo and myself. As usual, even his conspирital writings, as exemplified in the letter, are funny. Good idea, well brought off. Thank you for the correction; I did mean Bikini Atoll, not Bimini island (or is that an atoll as well?).

BERNADETTE BOSKY -- TO ALL INTENSIVE PURPOSES #4 -- Your comments on running that Summer Transitional Program for incoming

Duke freshmen in need of preparation was interesting. How do they identify students which the school feels will need such a course? As you noted, they didn't seem to be all that different from the run-of-the-mill beginner—except in certain areas, like punctuation.

I stand (well, sit) in awe at the tangled web of connections you need to unravel to seek out the information you need for your dissertation. The subject matter of which you speak I know nothing about, and doubt if I'd have any interest in learning about, but I do enjoy vicariously watching you track down all those bits and pieces and developing methods by which you can gain further or deeper insights into the material. Makes all that work sounds (almost) like fun, if you're the puzzle-solving sort, like I am. Good luck on the Great Search, and I'm glad things seem to be going so well.

Steve

Leigh's wife, Denise, has been raving about the pair of gas-permeable contact lenses she got about a year or so ago. I gather they are much more comfortable than any other kind she'd tried. From your comments, I gather it must be a good advance in the technology. Perhaps One Of These Days I can get a set—I really dislike eyeglasses, and miss the wide field of clear vision contact give one.

It's distressing to think that FKA/ t&fii ii XfM other things have higher claims on your time and that you feel you have to drop the apa. I do hope you'll continue franking things through (forgo the dual-membership route) with Arthur. And, mostly, that press of Other Things will let up in the future so you'll have the time to return to commenting. In the meantime, please feel free to let us know how you're doing. While I'm sure Arthur would keep us posted on the particulars, it's nice having the nitty-gritty coming direct!

Thanks for the comments about tie drawing. I was really irritated that an air bubble appeared under the electrostencil and seemed to take off part of your nose (or, rather, the shading around tire nose), but then when virtually the same thing happened in the Xerox Bowers made, I had to look again at the original. Hmmm. it doesn't look the same--dunno what it was that happened in the copying. Wish you had illustrated your ct Eric with those Scratch-n-Sniff decals. After all, as you point out yourself, it was only 22 copies!

From what I recall, the term "railroad flat" was used for an apartment in a long, narrow building--in Kentucky they were called "dog-trot" or "shotgun" apartments. This place is a "four-family", or apartment building cut into four units, two on each floor which are virtual mirror-duplicates of each other (I say "virtual" because the closet in the bedroom is in a different position on the same wall in the apartment on the other side of the building. Because of the housing the Railcar magnate built for his workers in So. Chicago (near which my Aunt and Uncle still live), the long-narrow sort of apartments were generally called "Pullman flats" where I was raised.

Giving the cold hard statistics of your weight-loss makes your achievement sound even more impressive than it did without details. Again congratulations on doing so well.

Ryct Horvat: I came to the same conclusion about meeting new fen as you did, there's a point of saturation in dealing with new people. While some people seem to soak up new acquaintances without ever losing any of the ones previously befriended, I know my limit is rather low and was reached somewhere back in '73 or '74. It is necessary to keep aware of the new people around, and of course new friends will be made (to replace those who have departed for one reason or another), but there's no more of this going to a con and making social connections with half-a-dozen people any more. One at a time and only at rare intervals. My "circle" is large enough to overlap several different areas of fandom, and those who come in contact with those within it offer as much "fresh blood" as I feel capable of handling.

"Dear and sweet friend Dave [Drake]" is not the only one who suspected Arthur of dealing drugs. I mean, considering his attitude toward them, Established Authority, and his seemingly endless yet outwardly unearned income, the theory certainly made sense. That it was inaccurate is besides the point...

Two of my Aunts (sisters of my Father) exemplify the "Try, try again" philosophy in attempting to get a child of the different sex than their first-born. One had five boys, the other five girls before they threw in the towel and gave up trying to engender the opposite gender (*ouch* that wording really came out awkward!). My folks had one of each, while one Aunt quit with one child (a girl) and my Uncle was satisfied with a girl (firstborn, as I was) and two boys...which were followed some 1 1/4 years later with a completely unexpected "caboose" (a change-of-life male child).

-- TO ALL INTENSIVE PURPOSES 3 -- (Seems weird to be commenting on the previous issue and then this one, but I certainly see why you asked for them to be ordered this way.)

I've only ridden a motorcycle a couple of times, both as a passenger, and had no feelings whatsoever of being vulnerable to injury. Trusted the driver, I suppose, but do think I'd be more than a bit nervous taking one out onto a crowded highway by myself. It's been so long since I've even ridden a bicycle that taking anything but a nice, sturdy automobile into traffic seems a tad foolhardy. One does get more cautious with age, I've noted. I don't like that fact, but there it is...

The shooting I did (mostly in the early years of my marriage--say 1960 through '66 or so) was out in the countryside, though actually within the Chicago city limits. An uncle of my Ex owned industrial property just south of the shipping port on Lake Calumet. The land was bounded by a railroad track (which actually cut through it on the northern edge, but we shot well within the raised trackbed), I-94, and the Calumet River. We'd set out targets that my Ex filched from the Boy Scouts, or empty beer cans or other litter found in the underbrush, and fire away until the shells we'd brought along were used up. I've never shot in competition and never have had the slightest urge to do so (I am extremely non-competitive, only wanting to do things as well as I feel I need/want to, without any urge to be better than another person at whatever it is), so I can't say how well I'd do under controlled conditions. I only can say that I hit what I was aiming at during those sessions, at that time, and my Ex refused to even bring out any more targets after two or three times using them because he said I was "too good" to shoot against. Since I did hit the targets so well, I was bored doing that sort of thing, which, I suppose, is mainly why I didn't try shooting at targets in other circumstances. Because the cans were more unpredictable (i.e. I missed occasionally)

I enjoyed shooting at them more than I did the static paper targets. I fired only .22s--a Colt Scout revolver and a ^{semi-automatic} repeating rifle, the manufacturer of which I don't recall at this far remove. (I have fired a .38--but I was only 11 or so at the time and the gun was too much for me.) The closest I came to rapid-fire shooting was when trying to keep a tin can on the move with successive shots--as I said, there's little comparison with shooting-range firing there. I was just playing.

Perhaps it would help out in this discussion about "fandom as family" if I explain that not everyone that is called, or calls themselves, a "fan" is part of what I think of as my "family". In the first place, I immediately discount all the media/techno/author-or-series-specific fans from the "family". Secondly, a person has to, generally, spend some time in fandom--prove their mettle, as it were--before I really consider them as "fans". This is not to say that some who are members of my "family" do not have interests that fall within the media/techno/author-or-series specific category (though usually it's not a Primary interest), nor that some people seem to be to fandom born and become "fans" virtually overnight. My "family" is more-or-less chosen by myself, or by those I have more-or-less granted the privilege of acting as my agent in that regard, not simply defined by the far-too-embracing term of "fandom". There are people within it I don't personally care for--Taral being a prime example--yet most who fall within its confines I like a whole bunch. It could be best defined, I suppose, as a group of people interacting with each other voluntarily and who are "selected" into the group through a mutual decision-making process, with personal Veto always acknowledged. (Buck Coulson, for instance, will have nothing to do with Ted white, yet I consider them both "family"--in Buck's case, a close member; in Ted's, a third or fourth cousin or something equally distant.) If you feel group loyalty seems absurd, I can understand your reactions to someone feeling a group can be considered with family-like affection/loyalties, but I should think that you'd acknowledge that other people may not share that viewpoint. If it were at all possible, I suppose I could dismiss everyone I don't like or disagree with from the "family" but I don't because the interconnections between and among all the other family members occasionally bring such people into the group. I didn't choose them or invite them, but here they are: accept them or sever contact with whoever it is that has the primary contact as well. (And I should also reiterate; none of this taken all that seriously--speaking of the "family" when amongst family members is much like a form of verbal shorthand.)

I've had marvelous group conversations with Heade Frierson, and then got the reaction at the very next convention I'd meet him at that he didn't remember ever meeting me at all. Your remark to DaveLo sounds like you may have had a similar experience.

Did you get the portion of Quill's catalog I sent you with their prices for Praxis ribbons? Were they any cheaper than the prices you encounter now? Again, let me express my regret that you feel the need to curtail your activities in FLAP. I most certainly hope that at some future time circumstances will allow you to rejoin. You did such in-depth mailing comments that I felt intimidated, but I enjoyed reading every one! Good luck, again, on your dissertation...

JODIE OFFUTT -- WHISTLE POST #1 -- Gee it's nice typing your name! I sure hope you find your stay here amusing and involving (and that it lasts a good long time. Pay no attention to Bernadette--she's a bhad example).

Good grief! It just dawned on me, while reading your colophon, that I got the name of this apa wrong! That ranks on par with me typing my own name on the first page of my first fanzine. *Blush* I typed "publishers" instead of "press"--and I helped name the darn thing. Oh my...

I lived in an area surrounded by railroads--the South Side of Chicago looks like an anatomical diagram of the nerve network--tracks radiated and cross-connected in every direction. I could go no further than 1½ miles in any direction (in fact, only two blocks in one) without encountering choo-choo trains. Your reminiscing about trains really brought back memories--I had some hard lessons learning patience at rr. crossings, and spent many a minute daydreaming/fantasizing while those long freight trains clacked-clacked their way by. *Sigh*

I've seen those posts next to the R.R. right-of-way, but I'd assumed they had something to do with land measurement--either marking off the railroad's property, or some sort of section marker--and hadn't thought of them acting as signals to the engineers. It only stands to reason that they'd need a sign to let them know crossings were coming up; it's not reasonable to expect every engineer to memorize every crossing by landmarks alone.

Until a couple of years ago, you did the final typing on Andy/John's manuscripts? Who does it now? I had the job doing the subtyping of Resnick's Mss. for a whole 5 months last year. It's a good thing I can make neat corrections, because I'm not all that accurate a typist (as you can tell from these zines).

Since Bowers has revived OUT-WORDS, have you given thought to reviving the column you used to do for it? He made a blanket invitation for his former contributors to come back to the reopened fold. I still recall your article on the Irish situation; it was touching.

Hmmm. Is there some significance in Bowers saying that 'he didn't want you in his apa' and then announcing his resignation after you join? What Deep Dark Meaning can I attribute to this pairing of events. Come clean, Jodie. (I'm making a joke out of something that really isn't funny. I'll miss Bowers in these pages, but I'm glad it was his "dare" that was the final impetus to making you decide to join in with us. I know the two events had no connection, though.)

I didn't know that you've been acquainted with Jon and Joni since 1969. You've known them longer than I have; hmph.

After taking kids in for years getting cuts stitched up, doesn't it seem discombobulating to be the patient yourself? I know I would've felt strange. Imagine the knee has healed by now, and hope it didn't give you any trouble while it was mending. If it does leave a scar, and you do wear mini-skirts at conventions, I promise not to point and jeer...

Good firstzine; Glad to have you aboard!

JOYCE SCRIVNER -- NOT QUITE BITTEN TO THE QUIK -- You like chocolate so much you gnaw on hot-chocolate-drink cans? That's quite an addiction you have there!

Cute format for your zine (but if you use it again, please leave more space for stapling! Lucky you were at ^{an}end of the mailing--a goodly chunk of wordage would've been caught in the gutter if you'd come in midway), I thought it very clever and effective.

No particular comments to your busy, busy summer. I enjoyed reading of all the things you did, places you went to and the people you met. Maybe RealSoonNow you'll take the plunge do for-real Mailing Comments, huh?

BILL BOWERS -- XENOLITH 24 -- What's gonna happen when your publication number does finally match your convention-attended number? Does a big, angry demon suddenly appear in a puff of garish smoke and drag you off to some fiendish haven? Gee, I'd like to be around to see that! Try to arrange it for a con I'll be attending, will ya?

If you did so hot at playing volleyball at last year's CFG picnic, why didn't you show up at this year's? Oh, you remember too well how you felt afterwards, huh?

Actually I didn't realize you parted your hair at all--I thought you combed it ~~straight~~ back and let the strands fall where they may. Yes, I am unobservant in some areas...haven't you noticed that by now?

Nighod: three-quarters of a page in response to Davelo's comment! I stand in awe. And here I thought you didn't do MC's.

Just a couple more lines to fill this stencil, and then I'll close with another Lasher column. Good grief! This means I'll actually finish before the deadline!! Does this mean I'm reforming? That a New Era is at hand? The Second Coming is in sight? I'm not sure if I'll make next mailing or not (I'll try, but no promises). See you all whenever.

Speaking of Language

By William E. Lasher

THIS AND THAT

If they can be wedged in at all, words always go in edgewise. You never hear someone complain about not being able to get a word in sideways or clockwise, it's always edgewise. We've restricted ourselves to that one expression, which seems quite natural to us, but to foreigners must seem a rather strange idiom.

Has it ever occurred to you that, if we can have a longshoreman who works on the docks, we might have a shortshoreman as well? We don't, of course, because the phrase "a longshoreman" was originally something like "along the shore man," having to do with one who worked along the shore. So much for short people.

The power of these idioms is really rather fascinating. We accept the fact that being overboard and being aboveboard are two entirely different things, and despite our fondest dreams, we realize that in-laws are not related to outlaws. We watch the detective close in on the criminal, who in turn closes out his account and twirls his moustache in the close-up. He may be a crook, but he's not a curve or even a bend.

The number of meanings associated with one form—like "board"—can seem endless. There's outboard, bed and board, tread the boards, sideboard, school board, board up, and boardwalk, to name a few. We treat each one as a separate word, even when it's a whole phrase, and we don't always connect one with another.

The semantic load of a word like "board" is high, but English speakers have little trouble keeping the meanings straight. In fact, more people know all these meanings of "board" than the single meaning of "zarf," a cupholder, like the one that holds the paper cup at a soda fountain.

Idioms aren't unique to English, of course, but they have some features in common, no matter what the language. One feature is that idioms can't be broken up. They are like individual words in that sense. We can say "Harry

flew off the handle" as well as "Harry bought off the sheriff," but we can't say "The handle was flown off by Harry" even though "The sheriff was bought off by Harry" sounds fine. "Fly off the handle" just can't be broken up or changed in any significant way.

Another strange thing about idioms is that they are "frozen" in one order. For example, we say "one and the same," but not "the same and one." We say "for love or money," not "for money or love," and "he ran hot and cold," not "he ran cold and hot." We talk about "mind over matter," but have you ever heard "matter over mind"?

There are so many of these freezes that linguists have tried to classify them in some way. The usual pattern is to put first both the here and now: "hither and yon," "sooner or later." Also first are adults and males: "father and son," "king and queen." We put friends first, and people on our side: "friend or foe," "cowboys and Indians." And we put solid things and living things first: "land and sea," "field and stream," along with "life and death."

All of this adds up to the first rule of ordering things: put *me* first. Despite everything we were taught in grammar school, we put ourselves, our friends, and things close to us first. That leads to an interesting list of phrases showing what we feel close to: "a boy and his dog," "dogs and cats," "cat and mouse."

The long and short of it is this: our language has certain prejudices built into it from long ago. By putting them first, it favors adults, men, and yes, even tall people. English keeps its verbal eye on the high ground, seeing the mountaintop but not the mountainbottom. If it's any consolation to women and short people, we do have "bride and groom" and "little by little."

The language will change in time, but for now, we have to be satisfied with keeping it short and sweet.

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