

Yct me about getting the "rest of the Grandma tale next time" leaves me baffled. What more is there to tell? He was born, and I went home. Mother & child are doing fine. I'm not about to suddenly turn into a child doting and rave on about the marvelous things my grandkid is doing (even though Josh does appear to be brighter and more active than ~~any other child ever born~~ many babies I've seen). While I realize my own interest in his continuing development towards "personhood" exists, he's just doing the same sort of things most infants do at his stage in life. Duplicating the progress human infants have made for thousands and thousands of years hardly seems newsworthy. To me, of course; to a wider audience, no.

You, too, can clean out your basement. Simply follow Joni's example. Get married (not really necessary, but helpful), have a child, rear it for 20+ years, and then set it to work. Now isn't that easy?

Please don't tell us, via Lon, that you won't be traveling any more overseas. Unemployment--or the lack of funds--need not last forever. *****

Re yct Hulan: to me GREYSTOKE was closer to the original in its spirit, or tone than any of the other Tarzan flicks. Unless you've memorized all the itty-bitty details of the "canon", you wouldn't notice the discrepancies. Or at least, I didn't, and I don't think you're any more of a Burroughs' Bibliophile than I am--though I admittedly could be mistaken on that. Some of the changes which David noted I never saw or thought about; other changes (e.g. Tarzan is taught language, he doesn't assimilate it by some superhuman process) made the story more logical. I'd advise a look-see; it is a good film. Just not a Faithful to the Text film...

Note the **** section above. This typer has picked up a new ideocyncrasy; it sticks in one position and types jillions of letter atop one another. That space had held the phrase "--or to be more precise, the lack of funds--", but it stuck and perhaps 16 letters were stenciled onto one spot (I'm curious if my retyping will work...). Hmmm. It just did it again; luckily I was on the "m" of "hmm". *Sigh* A new typer is on the Wish list, and getting to be more of a priority item every day.

JEAN'S BIT -- Is "dole" the same as "unemployment benefits"? I had always took it to mean "welfare payments" rather receipt of monies from a state-operated insurance plan funded by employers (who get to deduct the premiums on their taxes as a cost of doing business, as well as counting them as part of the "benefit package" by which they inflate the hourly wage rate when moaning about how much employees really cost them (almost as if those same employees aren't the very factor that allows them to make money...)). In Ohio--the US has no nation-wide plan, each State funds their own system, though they can borrow from the Feds when necessary--Unemployment takes effect after a person has worked 20 weeks. Maximum benefits, achieved after 26 weeks of work, equal half the average weekly wage, up to a limit of somewhere around \$102 a week currently for a single person. Of course the benefits run out after 6 months, and then--if no work is to be found--welfare kicks in. That's operated by the individual counties... here in Hamilton County it's \$141 a month for an individual, with additional benefits available through food stamps and Medicaid. It's a patchwork system, and inefficient as all get-out. Also, once a person gets on Welfare, he/she must take whatever work is available. On unemployment you are expected to seek work only in your own field. Once on Welfare though if you had been an electrical engineer and a job is offered for you to pump gas or do yard work, you have to take it or (assuming the Welfare Officials find out about it) you're cut off entirely.

You claim you're a pessimist, yet Eric sees you as an optimist. Who needs a correction in vision in this case? If I were going to leave work, expecting a severe reduction in income as a result, I surely wouldn't be planning on taking a lengthy vacation. Perhaps by my lights you're both cock-eyed optimists...

Hope your surgery came off well and that your back problems went away.

ARTHUR HLAVATY -- FORMICATION 26 -- Re yct Yale: I've seen cheesesteaks listed on some menus as being served with "tomato" or "italian" sauce. I order mine without it if it's offered. Peppers, lettuce, tomatoes, and mayo

~~It is absolutely disgusting~~ sounds disgusting. (P.S. I've never been to Philly...) While I agree that J.D. MacDonald's ONE MORE SUNDAY doesn't have a strong central character (forgive the hyphenization...), as you say to the Lon, I don't agree with the TIMES reviewer that it hurts the book. It is indeed, as you also say, "very brilliantly done." I think the theme of the novel itself--the Electronic Church--was captivating enough... as well as scarifying.

-- DILLINGER RELIC 35 -- Creepy looking cover illo. What's it depict? It could be a chicken's nightmare, or something a bit more terrifying to a human, but what?

I've never heard of HOLEY MOLEY, either as a video game or mechanical toy, but I've seen and read of similar games offered at amusement parks, only with rats in place of moles, wherein the player tries to bop the fast-moving critters with mallets. Purely a quick-reflex-type game, and since I'd be bound to do poorly at it, I passed up.

Vivki Rosenzweig "attends Yale"? Wow. I didn't know our newest member was in so high an income category. Not too many people I've ever met can afford personal servants. And here, later on, you even imply he owns an Episcopal church! Yale, you never let on how wealthy you are (or how eucenimical...) Sorry for chortling, Arthur, but the possibilities offered by deliberately confusing Yale University with Yale Edeiken tempted me beyond control. When I came to the line about "at a nearby (well not very nearby) part of Yale", I dissolved in a fit of giggling. Blame it on an overdose of caffeine or something. I shall restrain my typing fingers from now on.

My reactions to TEMPLE OF DOOM matched yours pretty closely (felt like rechecking my calendar when arriving home (was I sure it was 1984 and not 1954 (or even 44)?). I considered the heart-removal scenes closer to the various Psychic Healer scams one hears about as happening in the Islands. While the Aztecs may have cut out hearts from living victims, I believe the archeological theory is that they used knives, not fingers, to do it. And nowhere was it suggested that the victim remained alive and breathing with enough lungpower to keep on screaming. The film was a rapid paced adventure story, a "romp", and quite watchable on that level. The heroine bugged me, too.

What sort of ethics does a computer have that you would spend valuable party time at a con arguing with someone over the matter?

I enjoyed the illo on P.8. Not because it's a great example of Art, but because it reminded me of a ceramic piece I did in my H.S. art class. Students were doing all sorts of yucky "cute" things that I felt perversely inspired to do a fairly realistic depiction of a brontosaurus, which I then glazed pink and scratched out little bitty daisies all over its hide. Made it more ~~soberly acceptable~~ suitably "cute". I drew the line at giving it sweeping eyelashes, though. Was the closest I came to making a Statement in that class. (Got me an 'A', though.) Since Whitaker's critter has big teeth as well as those eyelashes (on a reptile?!?) it's enough different from mine that I won't cry "plagerism".

I agree with your views on GHOSTBUSTERS. Despite seeing it in the midst of an audience in the main composed of ~~middle class~~ trendy teenies (can a film become a Cult Classic in its first weeks of release? This audience made those at a ROCKY HORROR screening seem sedate), DaveLo and I enjoyed the bejeezuz out of it. Have a tendency not to laugh out loud very often--I snicker or smile knowingly, as a rule--but at this movie, I whooped til tears actually ran. Haven't had as much fun in ages. (I should also state that I am not in any way a fan of Murray or Alkaroyd--I usually find their humor stupidly silly, or just flat. This film showed me a new dimension to their talents.

By the way, now that Reagan has announced that NASA should send one of the "nation's Finest" --a teacher--to the moon, when will Bernadette send in her application? I think she'd make a great candidate...

DAVE WOCKE -- SLOW DJINN #22 -- Re yct Arthur about Linda Blanchard--it should be pointed out that she recently married rich brown, another person with a total grasp on what fandom is and how it works (and who will tell and tell you and tell you about it in tedious detail...).

You actually have a recipe for Dave's Eggs? I had thought it was a clean-the-fridge-of-leftovers-exercise in a clever plastic disguise.

I didn't notice it first time around, but your quoting of Suzi's bit on inseam lengths puzzles me. If she wears jeans with a 25½" inseam, why would she need slacks with 8" more length when she wears 4½" heels? Seems like she'd be stepping an awful lot on the excess 3½"...

Agree in general with your assessment of the movies we've seen lately, except in regard to TEMPLE OF DOOM. While I did enjoy the film, I think RAIDERS was better. Not by a vast amount, but still I prefer it to its sequel.

Gregory McDonald is indeed a Ghod Find...thanks for the recommendation, All
LON ATKINS -- TWO WHITE ROSES -- Interesting numbering system you're using. Of course, it may get a bit space-consuming once you reach number lebenty-six-jillion-and-eighteen. Well, we'll worry about that when the time comes...

The tale of that marvelously speedy journey through the streets of L.A., littered as it was with happenstance, damn fool luck, and sheer miracles, rang so false it just had to be true... Does your luck always run that well when the pressure is on, or does the one you're with have a boosting effect on your usual good fortune? Seems like a most desirable quality to have.

While I do think you were *coff* laying it on a bit thick while waxing so lyrical in describing your early morning lovers stroll, it brought a warm feeling to think of you so obviously Happy. Congratulations fella, sounds like you've found yourself a good match. We'll tip a toast your way the 22nd. (Actually, we tipped a toast your way...drafting out mailing comments in advance creates some odd tense usage.) We will not insist on a complete Honeymoon report...

DAVE WIXON -- THE BIG BRONZE FAKE #22 -- Your reference to "Greasy Grimy Gopher Guts" was the third or fourth time I'd heard/read about that piece of juvenilia in as many weeks. It must have been weighing heavily on the mental ether for it to drop into so many people's consciousness so often in such a short period of time. The song (I use the term liberally) has such a persistant melody that it ends up haunting me for a few hours. I didn't need that, Wixon...

My sympathies on having had to move twice in close succession. Methinks DaveLo and I would be looking for new digs right now if it weren't for the thought of packing and moving all our books and junque. It's been two years now, and our memories haven't faded one iota.

Sounds like you came down with the same sort of thing DaveLo had, and to a lesser extent, me. One of those "Things" going the rounds, I guess. Next year, let's all do something different, hey? Like stay healthy for 12 months.

Hope time pressures slack off a bit now that you're in your digs, so maybe perhaps you can squeeze in MCs next time. Be nice to get some background info on your new roomies, too.

ROY TACKETT -- VOMBIS #18 18 14 (or whatever...) -- I was going to counter your claim that The Mule is Asimov's "only memorable character" with his female character, Dr. Susan...then I recalled that I never seem to be able to remember her name. Maybe she's not so memorable after all. (Calvin! That's it, isn't it? So, okay, she's not as memorable as the Mule, but close...)

It's been so long since I read the May issue of SCIENCE 84, ^{that} details on the Menosky article --COMPUTER WORSHIP--have faded. It still seems to me that I felt somewhat disrespectful of the author's thought processes and conclusions after reading it, and thought he was being just a wee bit hysterical and melodramatic about the subject. Blew things w-a-y out of proportion...

UNCLE ALBERT'S VIDEO FANZINE is basically an overview on CONFUSION, the Ann Arbor (sort of) convention held each January. It could almost be called a Con Report--snippets of speeches, panels, entertainments are included, but they're mixed in with editorial commentary and honest-to-ghu commercials (for Phantasia Press, a fan-run specialty publisher whose Big Cheese, Sid Altus, lent Tucker the front money to do the

tapes). You can see, in living color, such Worthies as ~~the~~ Martha Beck, Bills Bowers and Cavin, Mike Glicksohn, Neil Rest, David Innes, Ro Lutz-Nagey, Steve Leigh, Bob Tucker, Larry Tucker, Nancy Tucker (the last two are son and mother), Dick Smith, Suzi Stefl, Mike & Carol Resnick, Fred Pohl, Lloyd Biggle (playing a clarinet rather than speaking) and various other pros and Midwestern fans. As best I can recall (I've seen Bowers' copy, though, not owning a VCR, I don't have one myself) Larry will dub VHS or Beta -- he owns a video company and all sorts of technical equipment.

Actually, right now I'm completely braceless. Wore it last June 12th, my most recent visit to the M.D. It's still a bit rocky during rough bus rides, and my right shoulder-blade area isn't behaving properly so use of that arm is somewhat restricted, but otherwise I'm doing jes' fine, thankee. Can't wait until December when most of my bending-lifting-reaching-stooping restrictions will be lifted and I can hopefully exercise myself back into shape. I feel so blasted 'normal' most of the time, that when something happens (I drop something on the floor, or move 'wrong') it's frustrating as all get-out. I've come along so far, yet I still want it ALL over with. Patience never has been one of my strong suits...

-- DYNAFLAP -- Keep us posted on news about possible progress on the concrete space station research. The whole idea intrigues me. I recall the various stories that entailed mining the moon for its mineral wealth, and here we are thinking about using its most common material--moondust. Hoo. Ha.

I would assume that the official 'bread' of Albuquerque would be the tortilla, no?

I was surprised you asked Marty to define "aquatennial" for you. Thought everyone knew it was a celebration scheduled once every 100 years to commemorate the Sinking of Atlantis. Since no one knows the exact date the event occurred, having "aqua" instead of a numerical prefix makes sense. Well, it made sense to me...

I would imagine the Spanish-speaking citizens would be the ones most likely to yell the loudest were English established as the Official Language of this country--there's more of that group than any other, after all. It would be rough on some, and feelings are bound to be hurt, but the disunity resulting from sizeable masses of U.S. population not being able to communicate with the bulk of the citizenry causes even more problems. At least a quarter of my immigrant forebears (ers?) had to learn English (they were native speakers of German), but I don't recall any of them complaining about it. My Grandmother and her sisters and brother simply considered/part of the Dues to be paid for living here. To live in France one must speak French; in Greece, Greek; Italy, Italian; and so on. I fail to see what's so ghodawful about us having a single "official" tongue, too.

Yes, I am getting old, Lee Roi (I prefer "Grannie"--I'm perverse). Even as I write this I feel six grey hairs blossom on my scalp. I realize that to one of your Advanced Years I am but a--well, not 'pup' perzackly, but a youngie. I definitely feel older than my years--more like 55 than 44.

While I, too, wince at Al and DaveLo's cutting remarks about the Geriatric crowd, it should be recalled that they were dealing with hordes of Golden Agers during that mass marketing effort for ChoiceMediCare. Let's face it, on the whole the Græat Public is not overly bright. People don't get any smarter as they get older. (Wiser in some ways, perhaps, but not more intelligent.) In fact sometimes I swear it seems the old adage is completely wrong--it's not the Good that die young, but the Smart. When someone who wasn't all that sharp to begin with starts to fail in their mental faculties, the people who must deal with them are vigorously tested in the area of Patience. It is a sad situation, but there it is. (What really stirs my sympathy is the oldster who still is mentally acute and forced through other circumstances to be with the more dottardly elderly, as at a Nursing facility. That's got to be a real downer...)

C.D.'s are Compact Discs, a new, superior type of audio record. They look like the Laserdiscs used for video, and function the same way--a laser beam "reads"

an imbedded code. Not only do they produce nicer sound, with no wear on the disc, but they look prettier, too. (They also cost Big Bucks, require new playing equipment, and have a limited selection--some of these things will change as the technology becomes more popular and wide-spread.)

What was the ratio of hucksters to attendees at Bubonicon? At what point did the committee realize their mistake in including two memberships with each table? (Roy, they did notice at some point or the other, didn't they?)

-- DYNATRON #80 -- If it weren't for the fact that I know you do plenty of that "easiest fanwriting of all" --MCs--for FLAP, I might take umbrage at the idea of you equating your FAPA obligations with those toward this Worthy Group. Gosh, I still can recall a time when I actually felt intimidated by the awesomeness of FAPA. What!? Join that miles-long waiting list? Hang on for the 5-yr average wait for a slot to open and then face the idea of fitting in my bumbling efforts with the likes of XXX XXXXX and YYYYY YYYYYYY and ZZZZZ ZZZZ! No way. From what I hear (save from the ever-hopefuls like BeeDee) times have indeed achanged.

Hmmm, was '1984' about "the USSR in 1948"? Not quite, from the readings I've done of/about it. I think Orwell wrote a cautionary tale of what England could be like if socialistic fervor got out of hand, based upon what the USSR seemed to be heading for as of 1947-48. Lots of exaggeration for effect occurs in the book's pages, lots of pure fantasy. For instance, I gather that the Soviets encouraged the birthrate--in or out of wedlock--after WWII, which makes the Anti-Sex League a mite ludicrous as a mirror of Soviet attitudes, but not all that out of line with the then-existing British ones. Orwell seemed to be writing out of disappointed idealism. Just as there's hardly anyone more zealous than a new convert to a Cause, it's hard to find anyone badmouth a viewpoint more than a Believer whose hopes have been dashed ~~on the rocks of reality~~.

I share, somewhat, your cynicism for the future; though I don't believe "we" (US) will be controlled by a totalitarian socialistic state, but by a totalitarian right-wing one. Of course totalitarianism is as totalitarianism does...(try saying that 20 times real fast). However your joking reference to 1985 seems a tad improbable. 1988, now...

Art Rapp suggests toning down pre-con publicity in order to reduce the numbers of ~~TTTTTTT AAAA~~ fen...er...Unenlightened Ones that clutter the pathways (hallways, in this instance) of Truefen. The suggestion has been made before and various arguments have been presented for and against it. My own viewpoint is 1) cons don't need GoHs (barring a few exceptions, Midwestcon has existed quite nicely without them; Spacecon has had them as often as not--with no noticeable effect on attendance). Ergo, unless some compelling reason arises (the concom feels like it is the most persuasive), there is no requirement to have any GoHs. 2) If a GoH is named, the costs of providing accompanying perqs (room, meals, transportation--all of declining importance as the con's expected income is considered) must be borne by the attendees. Ergo, a small con must have a close-to-site GoH, or one who would/could attend on his/her own hook, or charge a correspondingly high rate to register, or increase the number of attendees over previous years (most often a combination of at least two of those choices is the path taken). Therefore, if a con has GoHs, the easiest road to take is to increase publicity to increase membership to increase income. The operant philosophy behind the Midwest relaxicons I have attended is that of a chip-in party--each attendee's fee adds to the cash to buy supplies--soft drinks, munchies, beer, sometimes hard liquor--for a weekend-long get-together. Transportation, rooming costs and meals are the responsibility of each attendee. I like this approach; it produces the type of convention I have had the most pleasant experiences at. The next step up is exemplified by most Regionals. Registration fees buy soft drinks almost always, munchies and/or beer usually, hard liquor hardly ever, plus panels, GoH(s) and sometimes extras like video-computer rooms, or a film program. At the top of the list (and the bottom of my preference list) are the Extravaganzas like Worldcon. For the average attendee, no more program items or GoHs are 'bought' for their fee than at a regional (an individual has only so much time to spend at panels and speeches and other activities) and receives less consumables (drinks, etc.). The only advantage larger cons offer is that they are likelier to attract other fen, especially those who seldom go to cons.

The main disadvantage is that hordes of ~~hecky~~ non-fans, attracted, through publicity, to the bright lights and glitter, will impede the true fan's every step. Even if people are present that one wishes to see, the possibility of missing them among the milling mobs is ever-present.

I go the relaxicon route, with brief excursions into the world of Regionals. Worldcons occasionally tempt me (I'm fighting the urge to sign up for Confederation--Atlanta in '86--if I can hold out til past December, I'll be safe. Spending over \$35 merely for the right to attend a Worldcon appalls me), but I do go to any, it's likely to be more on a once-a-decade schedule.

I lean toward Rapp's viewpoint about technology and its deficiencies regarding automobiles, except... In '54 I don't recall seeing windshield washers, much less ^{wipers} with those dandy intermittent-operation switches. Back then, if your windshield got splattered with muddy water, you either pulled over to the side of the road (assuming you could do so without hitting anyone/thing) to wipe it off, or you drove blind. In slushy wintertime, or rainy spring and fall, driving was extremely hazardous. Tires didn't last as long or work as well, either. My Dad got new tires regularly every year-to-18-months as he did a new suit. Also, I recall '54 cars handling more like a modern mid-sized truck--you needed roomy parking places to maneuver into and, with agility limited by bulk, many fender-benders were unavoidable. While, as Rapp and you agree, carburetors were more easily adjustable, they also required adjustment more frequently. Overall, I can't really agree that we're worse off than we were 30 years ago--more like it's been a trade-off. I, too, consider a car as transportation first and foremost (wheels to the world, or as much of it as I'm likely to see), not a status object. I enjoy driving, and used to take long drives by myself just to experience the pleasure of viewing the countryside. Cars used to be quieter, today, being lighter, they're noisier. They're cheaper to operate because of the loss in mass (keeping in mind the OUTRAGEOUS increase in petroleum product prices 10 years ago). You can think of all sorts of up-then-now analogies, and in general they come off a wash. Looking back at the Good Old Days can be deceptive...

Timebinding: reading Harry Warner's complaints about lack of news on Constellation 3½ weeks after the finish of LACon... I do appreciate his complaint somewhat. It does seem that news and reports about Worldcons came out sooner in days of yore (my "yore" is not much more than a decade ago, though), but I assuredly don't recall receiving news a mere one week after the end of the Labor Day bash--two or three was more like it. Phone calls and personal reports from friends who had attended had to do until the publishable bits arrived. Heck, even if a person runs straight to the typewriter the moment they arrive home from the con, allowing time for writing, printing, collating, stapling, addressing and mail-lag, at least seven days would've gone by. Writing a zine does take some time, doesn't it? I'd rather wait a couple of weeks and have some thought expended on the writing than have some off-the-cuff "report" that's too sketchy or riddled with rumor. Any further delay can be blamed on the sky-high (and getting stratospheric) postage rates, coupled with increased costs of production (paper, ink, stencils, etc.). Hardly anyone can afford small, frequent zines any more--it's bookrate or bulk rate or bankruptcy--none of them exactly swift processes.

As far as Marty Helgesen's comments about the "Party Hotel" are concerned...well, he's right and he's wrong. If you want to be where every film freak, costume 'drobe, and aggravating nerd is sure to pass by, why of course you want to be at the Official Party Hotel. It's one of the reasons they are indicated so prominently. But if you want to hold a reasonably sane get-together for friends, not a mob scene, then you book a room at any other hotel than the designated Party Hotel. It's all in the style of your fanac. Being a person who has left parties held in my own room because of noise and crowding, I don't feel I'm out of line by saying too much noise and too many people bother me. I get antsy when the crowd grows to over 15 or so, and 40 people in a room is not a party (I'm talking about a standard double size room), it's a madhouse. Some fans like madhouses. I don't. Bidding committees, on the other hand, feel they've failed if the parties they throw aren't jam-packed. I avoid those, too. Generally, I find the hotel where the committee rooms to be preferable for Quiet...

(Still RoyTac)--~~DE~~TRON 81 -- While there is no way I can guarantee it, I am operating under the assumption you ran Rapp's overview of sex-n-fandom in order to arouse agitated response. (There are no depths to which a faned will not stoop in order to fatten the lettercol...) Some facts which may help upset Art's conclusions--of the females that I know in fandom and know how they arrived in our little milieu--let me label them J, J², J³, D, D², D³, M, M², L, N, N², G, P, and S--5 arrived/became aware of fandom via boyfriends or husband (one, because of her son) but by and far the majority came in on their own hook, as I did. In fact, a few male fen came in because they were allied to some of the above femalefen. Times have changed. Women aren't reluctant to show an interest in science, nor are they actually dissuaded (as I was while attending H.S.) to seek careers in the sciences, social mores no longer frown on the Woman Alone--all of which help females enter all sorts of formerly Male Only bastions. Rapp's attitude/concept may have been valid prior to the mid-sixties, but that was 20 years ago. An entire new generation (four fannish ones...) has grown up since then. (I should note that of the three pre-mid-'60s fen in the list above, only one came in on her own, the others with their husbands.)

Mike Kring's review of BATTLEFIELD EARTH is amusing. I've heard a couple of people actually rave about the novel, but most look more than somewhat askanse at it.

AL CURRY -- WHIMQUIRK II -- Your commentary about not finding anything of note in the events of one particular 24-hour period to write about puts me in mind of something I've occasionally pondered on: where is it stated, or why has it come about that it is expected--nay desirable--that each person, each blessed day, should encounter or conceive of Something New? I've never seen stated that baldly, but the presumption is there--inherent in common greetings like "What's new?", "How's tricks?", and their ilk--and has permeated our culture to the point that one oftentimes develops guilt feelings because, after a stretch of time, absolutely nothing new has happened or ocured to him/her. One just *gasp* Lived. That sociatal expectation can plunge some of us into depression. Realizing it spurs the more action-oriented into dashing out, signing up for Classes; exploring different modes of thought, philosophy, etc. -- 'doing something' about the ghastly state of affairs wherein nothing has gone wrong, it's just that...nothing new has happened. Why is that such an awful thing?

Your sad tale of suffering Saturday ayem ~~Yellowknife~~ comes with the added burden of hear-tennis balls thunking away close to your window brought tears to my eyes. However... two people, well-known to me and thee, play that dastardly game (admittedly, on Sundays rather than Saturdays, but the principle is the same). They hardly fit the description of "tanned and taut and uniformed", unless you count cut-off jeans as a uniform (DaveLo does wear tennis togs, though--gads I hate messing a good refutation with facts). One of those two is a moonlighting musician. He doesn't appear to suffer from the noise. Dave is as likely as not to be in just as comatose a state as you--from similar causes--and he doesn't mind the noise. Perhaps if you, too, arose, dressed, and engaged in healthful outdoor activity you'd feel better? Perhaps, though, like me, you consider them stark raving bonkers and would feel it wiser to move to a place not so near public tennis courts. But then, if you truly wished to get away from things like summer heat and humidity, you'd have to move closer to the arctic circle. Do you think Yellowknife would be nice this time of year?

Laughed all the way through your horror story about driving twixt Cincy and Toronto. All true I'm sure--I believe every word you wrote, of course...still, it was put so neatly I had to take a deep, calming breath just to write these phrases.

YALE EDEIKEN -- NIHIL NECQUAM #1 -- I'd ask you what your title meant, but I'm afraid when I'd read it I'd find it either was a spell to conjure up a bloated, ugly demon who would proceed to stink up my kitchen and despoil the air in this apartment by frying tons of Phillie Cheesesteaks, or it would be a legal term, so arcane and tedious to describe that I'd fall asleep. No, some things it is better not to know...

Quill pens to Qyx--so far we have gone to go so little...

Mondale's selection of Ferraro as his running mate did at least one thing; it showed that perhaps this race things aren't going to be as drearily predictable as they have in the past.

I can't believe that cookbook you 'review' -- admit it; you made it up, didn't you? (Comfort me; lie...) "Boil 1 cup of spaghetti." What does that mean? Is the cook to break up the spaghetti strands so as to measure one cup? Leftover meat and a can of tomato soup make spaghetti sauce? I'm certain that someone chose to reprint this book as a joke; especially when you consider the outdated social attitudes expressed along with the recipes. I mean, "lord of your dreams", indeed!

I like the way you chose to 'celebrate' the Fourth of July. For the life of me, I can't recall what we did, nor in fact, whether we did anything this year. I stopped going to parades and stuff like that about 15 years ago--well, maybe 10. It all seems like so much flag-waving, slogan-spouting nonsense that once the gloss wears off, they're not even fun to watch any more. (Here in Cincy, we have our fireworks on Labor Day weekend...)

Re yc about the Lasher article on titles: one of my pet peeves is the insistence of some companies to give you an honorific whether you want one or not. The Mr. Miss. Mrs. Ms. boxes (check one) on order forms cause me to put a big 'X' over the whole line-up and pen in the notation, "Please, no honorific, please." Doesn't do any good. The next bit of mail I get from them uses "Ms." *Sigh* They tend not to get any repeat business from me...

DEAN GRENNELL -- THE AC/DC EEL -- I don't think Mondale is a second-hand "Zhimmie Kah-tahh", or I wouldn't be planning on voting for him.

For one thing, Mondale isn't the political naif that Carter was. He's played in the big leagues for quite a number of years now, and though I don't agree with his views as much as I would like, there is scarcely any of Reagan's with which I agree.

Visiting places, particularly commercial areas, where one hasn't set foot in years can be a jarring experience. The last time I went by the town where I was raised my eyes bugged out at all the changes. DaveLo keeps getting reports from his son about the changes in Indian Lake, NY. He'll refer to a certain business and find out it's either another kind of store now, or been bulldozed down to make a parking lot. And of course, the smaller the town, the more jarring the changes are.

I chuckled at the bit about Rotsler calling from the West Coast and hailing 'people of the future' by phoning friends who lived in the eastward climes and had already moved into a New Year. Now, if only I can make a note of it to try some day...sort of a "Greeting, people of the past" twist on the joke. Of course I couldn't do it too soon--will have to figure out a way to get a memory-jogging note to myself a few years down the time-stream. DaveLo, just wheninhell are you going to get busy on that time machine?

I'm sorry you can't see your way clear to produce more than a page per mailing. But then, if you manage to make your zine out of these very long pages which you then slice up so they'll fit the 8½" x 11" requirement for the apa's format, why I guess I can suffer through, at least until your financial picture is improved by the vast influx of royalties you're bound to receive after your latest tome reaches the Best Seller List. After that, I'll demand at least...oh, say...three pages per mailing?

SUZI STEFL -- JUXTAPROSE JOURNAL #29 -- I don't get what you mean by saying "of course" you would be at Rivercon. Is that some sort of subtle slur on Spacecon? An esotericism aimed at Bowers? An insult to yours truly? Well, if you want to fight, Suzi, just say so. We'll have it out right here in these pages....

"Bowers has arranged crash space for her," you say in reference to Dotti and Spacecon. You should be ashamed of yourself. You know how Bowers is about teenies... you put your lamb into the hands of a lion! Quite irresponsible. Her reputation is shot, now. (If I keep this up I can finish this stencil real soon now.) Bowers tried to make it all look innocent, of course, but you know how terrible he is at that role...

Glad the job is going so well. More money is nice, but being appreciated as well as being paid more is even nicer!

I can't recall when Martha began her immunization shots, but she told me at Spacecon that she's already seeing results. For one thing, Hank no longer has to smoke every cigarette he has at home on the back porch--he can have two or three in the house (not in a row, though) of an evening without knocking her into an asthma attack. She even got nervy and took a drag on a cigarette at the con--with no ill effects. Darn shots are a pain, but they do seem to do the job!

I think every area in the country has that saying you use in regard to Michigan's climate. The wording varies a bit, but even here in Cincinnati, there's a version of the one I learned back in Chicago--"If you don't like the weather, wait a few minutes; it'll change..." (I take back that 'every' in the first line; no one from L.A. would use it, and I imagine the same holds true for much of the sun belt--one reason why I don't care for that sort of climate; it gets BORING.)

The show-the-amount system for teaching numbers to kids is not all that different from the way I was taught back in ~~high school~~ grade school. I recall the method mostly because I knew my numbers and letters and such (was reading by age four, self taught), so could pay attention to what the nuns were showing in a different way than I would've if I was busy learning that stuff. Anyway, they used wall poster/cards, flash cards, and all sorts of colorful LARGE PRINT stuff with balls, balloons, fruits, toys--all sorts of easily-recognizable things to kids--with the numeral up in a corner, the letters at the bottom, and the items in the proper amount. Don't think I knew of any kid who didn't have it all down pat in short order. Of course, I realize you're talking about teaching a pre-school child, and I'm fairly sure our teachers' idea was that you (the student) knew a lot of the stuff already. In any case, I simply cannot visualize any other way of teaching numbers without showing the amounts in some sort of concrete fashion. An abstract symbol without some connection made to reality signifies nothing.

I'm assuming Dave will answer this question, but Just In Case, 'NB' stands for 'nota bene', latin for "note well" or "take notice". It is usually inserted to give side-data that may be needed to understand a particular phraseology or explanation. Something the writer knows is intrinsic to comprehending something he/she has set down, and is well aware that some people may not know or be aware of. I generally think of it as a shorthand way to say "In case you don't know this" right before a line of explanation is given.

-- JUXTAPROSE JOURNAL #29.5 -- Sure it's kosher to use illos from previous FLAPzines to decorate the cookbook--or from any other source that you want. It's your baby; design it whatever way you wish.

MARTY HELGESEN -- THE ROBERT E. LEE ADULT MOVIE THEATER (29FZ) -- Oh, well, didn't get that lined up right.

Now you'll all know just where I typoed your title. *Sob* I don't mind making mistakes; it's the getting caught part that bothers me...even when it's me doing the catching. It's just worse when Everybody Else Knows It, Too.

Enjoyed the archeology bit--that's a subject that has fascinated me since I was 10 years old or so. I do think you went a bit overboard in denouncing the "critics" in responding to the question, though. I would've assumed the asker was well aware of what the critics had said, but was being quite up-front in asking for non-religious sources of archeology that ties in with the Bible. I realize that after all the static from the non-religious fans you encounter, you could be more than a mite touchy about the subject, but sometimes a query for info is just that--as, occasionally, a cigar is just a cigar...

I never would've thought STRAIGHT FROM THE FISH'S MOUTH was titled in reference to the location of your home. I had always considered it a Christian reference... All knowledge is contained in fanzines. All you have to do is read them long enough.

Re: the "good D.J." rule DaveLo mentioned; occasionally local FM stations will broadcast four or five numbers in a row--then give titles/performers. I find that as bad as not giv-

ing titles at all. Background music, familiar tunes, are interrupted by Something Different. One listens. One likes what one hears. Then...more background music. It is then necessary to listen to each piece, count them, and then listen very carefully to the recital of titles and artists--all delivered in a monotone fully revealing its presence as being due to copyright regulations rather than concern for the listener--in hopes of hearing the names of the recognizable tunes so that one can immediately recall from short-term memory the file covering "titles previous to this". ARGH!!! By then, I wish they'd forgotten the whole thing.

Amen to your remark about scientists not following the scientific method as fully as they should. While I fully recognize the humanness in following shortcuts when and where they occur, it is so blasted irksome in areas where hewing to the established path is so important. Science is one of those areas. Still and all, blaming ALL scientists for the errors of some accomplishes nothing but make the scientific community close ranks.

No, I don't think the individual reporters, etc. think of themselves as "the media". Again, being human, they may think sometimes of themselves as being part of the media, but the (admittedly few) journalists and other workers in the info trade (print or electronic) that I've met seemed too darned individualistic to me to reduce themselves to the Be-All and End-All of a mass concept. "The media" is termed coined by critics of the industries dealing with public information gathering and dissemination. The few times I've seen TV commentators use the word, their teeth seemed to be set on edge. You, who have reacted toward attacks directed at "Christians", and "Catholics", and "the Religious" should recognize the dangers of drawing overall conclusions based on the behavior of the few (or even the ignorant many). Tok. Read all the "them's you use in your comments to DaveLo and see the hints of bigotry there. You give one example; ~~and we/~~^{then} condemn an entire industry? That simply is not just.

Re yct me about Greneda. "Opposing armies"?!? "Armies"? Define that term before we continue too far. An armed confrontation--one side being attacked and one side attacking (you know which side we were)--may be a "conflict", or a "police action" (Korea or Watts), but "war" has a stricter definition. Greneda was over so quickly, I wonder if "skirmish" (if not "military exercise") wouldn't be more apropos.

Re yct about met Suzi: thank you. I meant "feedback" as a pun on the cookbook idea. Admittedly, many if not most of my similar puns are unintentional, but I do occasionally try to be subtle...

Your note on encountering a British pronunciation of Irene as I-ree-nee goes far to explain Greg's family's nickname for his sister. Thanks.

Enjoyed your riff to Jodie about kempt, sheveled, and grunted. I wonder why the positives were lost from our language while the negatives were preserved? I mean unkempt, dissheveled and disgrunted all have adequate synonyms...

MIKE SHOEMAKER -- MUGGIN' MUGGLES AND MUBBLEFUBBLES #24 -- *Gasp* You watched a program on PBS and liked it?!

I thought you didn't Approve of its slant on things.

I tried to come up with something to snicker at/^{about} your typoing of "Mailing Comments", but "Miling Comments" (are you covering more long-distance running events?) just didn't seem to fit the bill. Sorry.

I vaguely recall seeing the mermaid film Cary Grant appeared in, but Powell's film MR. PEABODY AND THE MERMAID (with Ann Blythe) captured my imagination at the time. Unlike some people regarding it by today's standards, I find it easy to disregard the comedy, dated as it is, and watch it as a comment on the pathetic dreamings of people who are stifled by their environment--even when it is a luxurious environment, indeed. I felt sorry for Mr. Peabody...

I second your comments about "V". Urgh.

Your experience with sodium pentathol was similar to mine. The only symptoms of a "rush" that I had were the previously-mentioned metallic taste in my mouth, plus a tingling numbness in toes

and fingers as well my face--"split second" describes the period of time it lasted exactly. Then it was "Wake up, Jackie"....

Your experience with RIVERWORLD also closely paralleled mine. I don't think I thought that highly of the first one as a story, it was the novel concept of using a mixture of 'real' and 'fictional' characters that appealed to me. The notion didn't hold up well enough (or Farmer didn't do the right things with it) for more than one book, IMHO.

I grew up in a time when silent movies were standard kiddie fare on TV. Even then (age 13 or so) I thought it juvenile. To be accurate, I have seen some slapstick pieces which I found hilarious, but not many, and I usually feel mildly embarrassed afterward for finding either aggressive acts, insulting behavior, or jokes made at the expense of the handicapped (which too much of slapstick entails) even amusing. (I wonder at describing slapstick as "physical comedy". Surely it is more restricted in its implications than that.) But as a rule, I simply wonder why anyone would find someone doing the things shown in slapstick 'funny' rather than just ludicrous. While I haven't gone to see any silent films in recent years, there were several outlets (museums and libraries, mostly) that showed them in and around Chicago while I was a teen. I would go occasionally, but much preferred the overplayed dramas (as social documents, mostly) to the comedies. And yes, they were generally uncut and pretty decent prints (many in better shape than some of the recent hits are when shown in second-run theaters).

BRUCE D. ARTHURS -- LAST STAGE FOR SILVERWORLD -- Perhaps the old adage is true, and cats really and truly do have nine lives! (That story about Aslan, which must've been pretty creepy at the time, might have been the sort of thing that inspired King's PET SEMETARY...)

Re hospital TVs--I've been a patient in four different hospitals--three in and around Chicago and one here--and had family confined at three more--two in the Chicago area and one here. All but one (Children's Memorial, which didn't have a TV in the infants ward where my son was) offered only rental TVs which were handled by an outside agency, not the hospital itself. When I was a kid, before TVs were commonplace, radio service was sometimes given, and I recall a long list of reasons told my father why he couldn't bring in our own TV for my mother while she was recuperating of hepatitis (contracted from transfusions after a particularly nasty auto accident). The most predominant was that X-ray and other devices would interfere with reception. Nowadays, they claim that theft is too prevalent to allow personal sets. You're lucky if your hospitals give TV as a service. It costs over \$17 a week for a color set (9" or 10" screen) here in Cincy at the two places where I know the rates (B&W is about 5 bucks cheaper per week...)

My son, Brian, seems to like Germany. Of course, he's stationed in the mountains now. He wasn't quite so keen while assigned to Base Security at Frankfurt. The demonstrators were a bit harrowing.

-- LAST STAGE FOR SILVERWORLD #21 -- Congratulations on being paid so promptly for your short story.

From what I've heard, that isn't usual in the PubBiz...I still can hear Langford wailing for his cut from US sales.

Potluck meals at Midwest conventions have been going on for years. I've never seen any tuna casseroles or those other reprehensible items you mention (though I don't find KFC chicken in that category in any case). Fans are a bit more imaginative than that when it comes to food. Middle-eastern dishes seem the rage now, but oriental stir-fried things are still quite popular.

I didn't claim Josh was 'large' at birth; I said he wasn't undersized. *Sheesh* The M.D. had been considering inducing labor a couple of weeks earlier because he was so sure the baby was way underweight. He wasn't, as the ultrasound tests showed; he was smack in the middle of the normal range (9+ lbs is just a bit bigger than average).

Yes, birthing is a "yucky" process, no doubt about it. But then that could also be said of sex... You have to look beyond the 'yuckiness' of the procedure and look at the joy and triumph part.

JODIE OFFUTT -- WHISTLE POST #6 -- Yes, you are much better at getting things "off the bat" than the Cincinnati Reds are. Almost anyone can do better at that than them. One difference between Cincy and Chicago is how they treat their Major League teams. The Cubs had vociferous fans despite decades of fielding losing teams. Cincinnatians treat winning teams like Heroes, but if they lose (as the Reds and Bengals are currently doing) then they turn practically into a lynch mob. In a way, I find that refreshing...

it around too widely, but I was literally hooked on the Olympics. As Dave and I watched one event end, and noticed the grin on each other's face, it occurred to me just what it was I was enjoying so. For once broadcast emotion was real, not fiction, not pretend, unfaked. While I would surely not spend the years those athletes did in training for their events, the appeal of watching while others strived to achieve their goals was quite moving. I thought the flag-waving by the commentators more than a bit annoying at times, but overall the pleasure of watching the world's youth reach out for excellence overrode any trifling irritation. Those medals--hell, even participating--meant so much to the competitors. There were moments of ill-will and bad temper, but overall I found it a damned "good shew"...

[illegible]

Joni says the voting deadline is sometime in January, which means--considering the few Midwestern wintertime conventions--that we have an uphill battle to face. Tying the race into the feelings of outraged dignity caused by the "Wimpy Zone" comments at Worldcon this past Labor Day may help a bit.

In the meantime, those of you who know Martha are urged to vote. Just write her name after the others on the ballot (when they come out, if they had I would include one with this), put a #1 in brackets before her name (1), and mail the ballot with a \$1 contribution to the U.S. Administrator whose address is on the ballot. It's a small investment of time and money for a Good Cause.

This is not to ignore our very own FLAPpan, Joni Stopa, who running for the fan fund that heads in the opposite direction. I don't know when the DUFF ballots come out, but when you get your hands on one, be sure to ~~let your loyalty effect your~~ vote for the obviously Superior Candidate--JONI STOPA.FOR DUFF!!

Speaking of Language

By William E. Lasher

THE OFFICIAL WORD

Sen. Walter D. Huddleston of Kentucky wants to designate English as the official language of the United States. He's sponsoring a constitutional amendment which would make English the official government language. Among other things, it would eliminate support for bilingual education and court-appointed interpreters for non-English speakers.

At first blush this idea might sound appealing: Huddleston feels it could reverse a trend away from the use of English in this country.

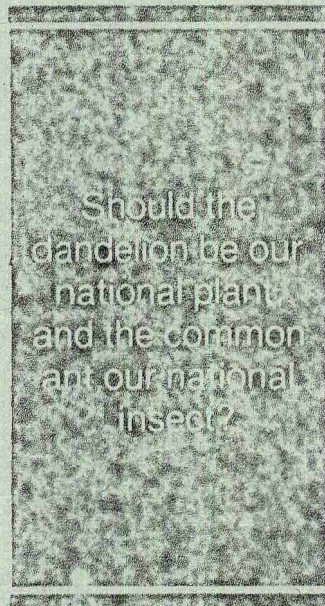
On second thought the idea begins to sound a bit fuzzy, like an attempt to name a national plant or a national insect. Huddleston wants to make the most common language into the "official" language. By the same logic, we should designate the dandelion our national plant, and the common ant our national insect. Just what would be gained by such choices?

And where is the trend away from the use of English? Is your next-door neighbor using French or Russian these days? Only as salad dressings, I'd wager. The only people not using English are those who don't speak it.

The impact of this amendment would be on those who speak Spanish, or French or Vietnamese as their native language. They would be forced to learn English or forfeit

their rights to a public education and equal justice under the law.

On the other hand, perhaps the senator has a point. Perhaps we need more laws designating what is "official" in this country. To start with, we could name an official dialect. Not Southern, of course, or New England, but perhaps the dialect spoken in Peoria, or Omaha, or Kansas City.



Then everyone who wanted a government job would have to sound like a native of, let's say, Omaha. Johnny Carson would qualify, although he'd need practice in getting back to his native way of talking. Most of the rest of us would have to learn a few tricks, and then we'd be in.

The Southerners would be out, and the New Englanders—but they're in a minority anyway. Besides, anyone who can't pro-


nounce all his r's certainly shouldn't be on the government payroll.

There would be some complaints from those outlying sections of the country, but no more than the faint outcry now heard from Spanish speakers protesting Huddleston's amendment. The fact that his amendment could produce some problems in Puerto Rico hasn't stopped the senator, and we wouldn't be deterred by a few dissidents in Boston or Savannah.

There was a time in this country when people with black skins were deprived of education and a fair trial. Their only mistake was genetic: They were born the "wrong color."

Now we have an opportunity to deny these rights to people whose only mistake was being born into a particular sort of family. Their parents, relatives and friends spoke the "wrong language," and they learned it as well.

The idea of government for the people strikes me as a nice one, although a bit optimistic. What I especially like about it is the phrase "the people." We're not told which people, what language they speak, or how much money they have: just "the people."

Perhaps we, the people, should have our say in this matter, too—whether we say it in Spanish, French or English. 

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

Following a change in editorship for the CINCINNATI ENQUIRER MAGAZINE, Prof. Lasher's column disappeared. As I have a backlog of columns I will continue to reprint one every so often, but they are now a Limited Resource. This column deals with a topic that has a certain aspect of currentness to it, and is being done now even though I have no sympathy for his viewpoint...