

The writers that you mention — Dunsany, Chesterton, Cabell, and de la Mare (which is the way I usually see his name, rather than simply 'Mare') — are among the ones I have not read, but want to one of these days. I've read one book by Chesterton, name forgotten at the moment, and Cabell intrigues me. Dunsany and de la Mare don't rank quite as high on my Must Read list, mostly because I think their works depend so much on their styles that I fear that if I don't care for the way they write, I'll consider my time wasted (as if I don't waste it enough as it is). The reverse, of course, is that I might really like their styles, and find I've been delaying a pleasure for no good reason. It's a shame, I admit, to postpone reading some of the Classics in genre literature, but I know that they'll always be available in the library when I decide to explore them, whereas more contemporary writing can too often disappear within a couple of years. If it's any good, it'll eventually resurface, but by then I might be dead. Instead, I read what I can as it comes out (or within a few years — I'm not really on top of the publishing field — and feel guilty at passing up things I feel I should read, too. "Moonfleet" rings

a bell as a title (for some reason Stewart Grainger comes to mind when I think of it) for a film, but I don't recall it. Sorry.

Reading of Mae Strelkov's pioneering adventures did the same thing, or at least a similar thing, to me as so doing did to Harry Warner Jr. It reminded me of reading of homesteading either on the Plains or in the mountains of West Virginia or Kentucky. A later period than Harry referred to — mid-to-late 19th Century — was brought to mind, though the experiences really don't vary that much no matter what era one homesteads in. People in the wilds of Alaska have things happen to them that don't differ all that much from Mae's experiences, or say someone who attempted to settle ⁱⁿ an isolated valley in the Ozarks or Appalachians even sixty or seventy years ago. It always seems to come as such a revelation to realize that there still are Wildernesses for people to tame; that the frontier life remains yet as an option for those discontented with citified life. It's nice that Mae continues to keep in touch and keep us in contact with our 'roots', so to speak.

KLONO'S GADOLINIUM GALLSTONES

DEAN GRENELL

Gesundheit! to your @@@@-chieuing top border trim...

Amen to your comments about the sound quality of movie theaters (actually the films themselves). As I grow older, and my hearing deteriorates along with Dave's, I find this current style of making the sound track of a movie so 'realistic' that it ends up sounding like the middle of a crowded room party at a con a supreme irritation. Since we now have the VCR, we can crank up the volume, but it's impossible, even

with it set to rock-music levels, to make out the darn words. And, of course, with the volume too high, you get distortion that causes problems of its own (not to mention problems with neighbors). I realize the style is an attempt to achieve a sense of realism, but in a situation where one, in all reality, would ask a speaker to repeat what they'd said because a car or bus or terrorist explosion had drowned out their words, you're not given that option in a movie — you just have to wonder what on earth was said, and did it have a great bearing on the plot... There are some tapes we've backtracked on several times to try to decipher certain bits of dialogue, and it's been a total waste of time. Sheer gibberish. If I'd known that I'd end up with a similar problem to yours, I would've gotten one of those hi-fi TV tuners for myself! (Currently we use a separate radio/TV-band tuner for over-the-air telecasts, but that doesn't help when watching a VCR tape. We could patch in a better-quality speaker to the VCR, by-passing the TV set, but I think the tangle of wires would start to pose a danger to life and limb when trying to walk about our rather cramped quarters. There's enough to step over as it is!

There's a winery only a few blocks from here (they produce a California Cooler type of beverage called, fittingly enough, Silverton Cooler) which offers tours, a sampling room, and an outdoor garden for dining in the summer months. Called Meier's Winery, their products are reputed to be none too good but since neither is my wine appreciation or tastes, I can't offer a good reason for not having at least given them the once-over yet. Maybe we'll remedy the matter this summer sometime. If we come across any truly ~~spectacular~~ awful wines, we'll be sure to clue you in...

I ruined Dave's day for him sometime last week by mentioning a Special that People's Express had going on to lure customers to their new service in Cincinnati (to Cincinnati? *Oh well*). In order to take advantage of the company's super-cheap fare from NY-to-IA (in actuality, NJ-to-Orange Co./^{and} wherever it is that Ontario Airport is located—San Bernadino? I disremember), one can fly free to the East Coast from Cincy, if one purchases a round-trip ticket from there to your neck of the woods. The price is but \$99 one-way, and with a bit of scrimping we could manage that. Howsomever, with his new job as Manager, Dave can't afford to take the time off. Ain't that the way it always works, though? One Of These Days we will get back for a visit and guzzle down that SoComf you so kindly keep on hand — I promise! (And don't begrudge the po' little cockroaches a sip of the elixir; they got to live, too.)

MISSED MAILINGS AND JEAN'S BIT

ERIC LINDSAY AND JEAN WEBER

A title change, eh? (J) You may have written about it before (in fact, no doubt have), but I disremember what CSIRO stands for.

Circulation 3 sounded like a fun con, rather reminiscent of the early Midwestcons that I've been told about. They took place at a resort on one of Ohio's lakes, and is lovingly termed in fannish legend as 'Beastly's-on-the-Bayeau'. The site you selected sounds a bit larger than the site of the early Midwestcons, since I believe the fans took over the entire place and there were no Other Guests to worry about when parties got a bit on the noisy side.

Had to chuckle at the mention of packing fans on a double bed. 17 of us crowded on one in the con-suite of Confusion 12, in '76. Managed to get a snapshot of it before the frame gave way... The picture hangs on the wall next to my mimeo machine and I look at it frequently, recalling those pleasant times with great warmth. Of the nineteen people in the picture (one was standing next to the bed, another was crouched in a corner and looks as if he were among the group, but was not) four have gafiated and one has died. Considering the typical length of a fannish generation, I think that's a pretty good selection of trufen, or at least a bunch with lots of staying power.

I would not be surprised if Reagan fulfills the 'President's Curse' — which is the way the coincidence of the men elected during the 20th year cycle who die in office is often referred to — he's up there in years, and the way the White House Medicos keep reassuring everyone about his health tends to make me wonder.

So what is the view from your work window now? I've seldom seen anything as desolate as a burned-out woodsy area. When we lived in California and would go for drives in the mountains, we'd occasionally come by a place where a fire had occurred years ago. It always made me feel sad, somehow. The blackened splintered tree trunks looked so tragic (and out there it takes ages before the forest starts to recover from a really big fire. Some places keep that horrid appearance for decades before the new growth can return enough to soften the image).

(E) I've heard of those airport hospitality rooms, but have never seen one. How did you manage to gain admittance? I don't recall you flying First Class, and I thought those lounges were restricted to F.C. passengers only.

To Cincinnati from Baltimore via St. Louis?!? You had some weird routes during your trip...but then I recall you also managed to make them at an incredibly low fare. Did you ever plot out the various routes you took and check to see if you actually wrote your own name across the skies of America?

"the whole place tends to be rather flat (except when you are riding a bicycle)." — I had no idea that Australia had such odd geology. How does the ground know that you're atop it on a bicycle, and what does it do—throw itself up before you and then flatten out the wrinkles after you've passed? I find that a very strange phenomenon, indeed. (I also get this mental image of a

cyclist pedalling away on a road which stretches out before him in an endlessly straight line. Just ahead of him is a traffic sign that reads: "Cyclists Warning: Hills ahead; use lower gear.")

(J) I'm sorry that you feel I'm defending Eric in a motherly fashion when I suggest you simply let him do his own thing with his writing. I don't think of Eric as a 'little boy', and I certainly don't think of you as a small child, either. In fact I often get the impression that it is you who come across as offering maternal advice to him. He's been with us for five years now, and I have no complaints about his style—I just wish he'd write more (but with air mail rates being what they are I can understand his reluctance to do so). I'm trying the Courier 12 typeface at 15-pitch this time, and I don't like it as much as I do the Elite. The 'o' gets too crowded for my tastes.

(E) Thanks for the program book. It's been forwarded to an appropriate person...

MUGGINS' MUGGLES AND MUBBLEFUBBLES #22
MIKE SHOEMAKER

I also tend to feel that the increase of 'artificial' chemicals into our environment is creating allergies in people. There's just too much stuff in the air and water and ground that never existed in nature before. We've had millions of years to adjust to our planet, but now we're constantly being bombarded with new assaults to our defensive systems. Mistaking an allergy for a cold would seem easy enough to do, if the response to the allergen was limited to the upper respiratory system. I think that often the person who had the undiagnosed allergy simply assumed it was a cold, and didn't seek medical help. I know I don't bother going to a Dr. for a case of the sniffles (a series of bouts with which Dave and I and seemingly everyone else in Cincinnati is having now).

Thanks for researching those words for us. I'm too lazy to that for myself, but I enjoy reading material on where words came from and how they've changed. Come to think of it, I, too, recall seeing 'kempt' in some books written prior to, say, 1860 or so...

SLOW DJINN #28
DAVE LOCKE

Never having been subjected to the Draft makes my view on the subject moot, but I've never liked it as a concept. If there were universal service for all youths of a certain age — military or various public works, I might feel differently about it, but as it stood, the draft was too unfair and, as your experience testifies, too apt to be rigged in favor of or against those subject to conscription. What we have now, a law

requiring young men to register for a non-existent Draft, seems so ludicrous on its surface that I'm surprised it ever was made into a law. The only result of the legislation that punishes those who won't sign up for that non-entity seems to be a reduction in the numbers of students qualified to borrow money for their education from the Government -- and that's something Reagan thinks desirable. On the other hand, it must take an army of Federal workers to keep track of all those cards, post up-dates, etc., and that has the effect of fattening the Federal Bureaucracy, which Reagan says he doesn't want, so perhaps it's a bit of tit-for-tat (though I hardly think an impoverished college student would see it that way). Oh, goodie. You've given me an opening to insert the latest ~~spidey~~ poodle story by mentioning your arachnophobia to Jodie (you may close your eyes during this section). Last week, while we were both sitting at the table buried past our earlobes in reading old Fred Brown books, an itsy-bitsy, teeny-weeny baby spider (poodlette?) dropped down on a filmy strand of ~~spidey~~ poodle-stuff directly in front of Dave's face. In the same instant that I recognized the beast for what it was, Dave's hands swung together in a sharp 'clap' and the poodle was no more. Well...there were still mashed bits of it on Dave's hand, but he wiped them off on a piece of paper toweling. He looked so smug and pleased with himself that I could do nothing more than smile admiringly. True, his reaction had been so quick it might have been no more than sheer reflex, but knowing how terrified he can be at the mere sight of a ~~spidey~~ poodle, it had been a rather courageous act I'd just witnessed. Scene shifts to the next evening. We're both in the same positions at the dining room table (he brought home 11 Brown books!). Dave takes a drag on his cigarette and looks up, bemusedly staring at a piece of ash which, in defiance of gravity, hangs suspended before his face. "Jeez, willya look at that?", he said (or something quite similar to it), and swiped at the ash with his left hand. The ash followed his hand.... We looked at the ash, seemingly suspended in midair about two inches from his thumb, and then stared at each other. A Fortean phenomenon? No. It suddenly occurred to me what had happened. "That spider you killed last night was hanging from a web-strand. It must still be there, and your cigarette ash got stuck to it!" Now I thought that was pretty marvelous all by itself, but the marvelous part was the look of sheer horror that cooed its way onto Dave's face. "A spider!!!" he croaked out, "I thought it was a little fly!" All the time I'd been admiring him for his audacity, and here it was only a case of mistaken identity. *Sigh* (Okay, Dave; you can look now...) Er...well...yes. To gafiate one has to leave, but it's generally done in a less rancorous manner (Francis T. Laney aside) than the way Paula left fandom. I mean she was pissed off, in spades, redoubled. Scum of the earth, that's us

fans as far as she's concerned ~~and it's all because of~~ ~~that~~. When I think of someone who's gafiated, I generally have in mind someone who's sort of dropped off by the wayside to sniff the flowers of Mundania rather than someone who's stalked off in a huff. Of course, though, "gafiate" applies in either case.

What's all this stuff about stencils, Gestetner, and Twil-Tone? Your aversion to ~~your~~ mimeo chores made you decide to Xerox thisish (in fact that aversion may be well on its way to developing into a full case of phobia akin to your dislike of you-know-whats). Owell, it does look nice, dear, I'll grant you that.

JUXTAPROSE JOURNAL #32

SUZI STEFL

Yes, indeed; you did manage to pass me these sheets for FLAP at Confusion, and we did have a Nice Time In Spite Of It All, and ain't that the way it usually works out? (Did you really attend that panel on how to negotiate a con hotel contract? You're braver than me...)

Hope the headache problems have eased up a bit. You looked like you were really feeling rotten that afternoon at Confusion, though when we played poker you seemed a bit more chipper, even if not quite up to par. It rough finding anything remotely interesting about life when you're feeling so damned miserable. I'm trying to imagine Dotti with access to a set of Wheels. *Gulp* Ann Arbor, nay, the World is Doomed!

Ow!

Groan!

Your punning is in fine form, headache or no, I see. So you like to "job", eh? I see all sorts of pun possibilities in that typo, but I will mercifully keep them to myself.

I'd assume that Kaj meant to say that there were 330 days between peak brilliance of the variable star, Mira. But now you made me curious. It could refer to some other aspect of it. What's the real nitty-gritty, Kaj? Relieve this anxiety, please!

If a veggie run has any similarity to a grunion run, I would assume the little spinaches and broccolis would be trying to not get 'leafed' alone. (And you know what they call a cross between spinach and broccoli, don't you? Tasty.)

DYNATRON NUMBER 82

roy tackett

Mighod! 82 issues already! It doesn't seem that long ago and you were still in your fifties... I just checked: the first issue you sent me was #48. I have assorted earlier ones back to #3. Fourteen

issues from now, and I'll have 'known' DYNATRON for half its life. That's not all that shabby a claim. (A claim to what, you may ask. Damifino.)

I note in the latest FROM THE RIM/RIM RUNNER that Don Thompson (of DASFA) bought some WEIRD TALES from Chuck Hansen's collection, which was being sold off by Roy Hunt and Norm Metcalf. Don't think I've seen quite so many mentions of names of oldtime fans in ages...too bad it has to be done under such sad circumstances. I note that we seem to be in the midst of a fannish Baby Boom, so I suppose it's only natural to expect a balancing of the scales. Still....Congrats on the GoH slot at LepreCon, which as usual we shall miss. We'll try to remember to raise a toast in your direction that weekend. (It also happens to be FLAP deadline weekend—you will have your contribution done in time, won't you?)

Sorry you were in bad shape for Bu-bonicon. It sounds like you did a lot for the condition your back was in. (And if anyone informs you of a place to get new skeletons, please be sure to clue me in, too. Pretty please!)

IF IT WASN'T FOR LONG JOHN SILVER...

ROY TACKETT

I've been in 'display only' Sears outlets before (one was located in Lowell, IN, a dozen miles or so from my former home in Beecher, IL, and we used its services on occasion) but certainly prefer the more-or-less (more 'less' as the years go by) full-service department-store-type Sears. Cincy's lucky enough to have four of them in this vicinity, and most carry all their stock on site. (Naturally, there are times something has to be Special Ordered, but not often.) I'm surprised that a city the size of Albuquerque does not have a full-service store of its own. It's about the same size as Cincinnati, isn't it?

I'm still on the list for NAME OF THE ROSE (my turn next, though). I'll feel very disgruntled after this long of a wait if I heartily dislike the book...

With that lovely price break they were giving hucksters, I'm amazed that everyone who could didn't take advantage of Bu-bonicon's offer and set up tables all over the hotel. Heck, you didn't actually have to sell anything, did you? Just have something to offer to sell, if the price was right.

Speaking of calls from Joni, I got one from her the other night, informing me of the impending death of her beloved cat, Ruffles. She's had her for 23 years--over half of Joni's lifetime, and is quite tore up about this final illness (liver cancer). I know how badly I've felt after losing a pet I've only had for a decade or less...twenty-three years is something I can't imagine. The bonds grow deep after that long a time...

SUSPENDED PLATFORM

JONI STOPA

If I'd checked ahead to see how close your zine was, I would have reworded the previous comment and directed it to you. Sympathies for what you're going through right now...

And sympathies, too, on not winning DUFF. Of course it was hard for a lot of voters to choose, with such a large slate of generally Admirable candidates to pick from. I see you came in third, despite your non-campaign, which isn't that shabby a showing at all. The race may have set a record by needing to go to fifth-position ballots in order to find a winner. With the so-called Australian ballot in use, it would've been somewhat embarrassing to have to call a run-off election for DUFF when that type of ballot is supposed to make such run-offs unnecessary.

Nice introduction that you wrote ^{about} yourself--and too darn bad you didn't get it off to Oz while there was time for it to do some good. *Oh well* There are other years still ahead.

TOO MANY MALE DINOSAURS (32FZ)

MARTY HEIGENSEN

You start off by writing of dropped textbooks, which makes the dropped 'O's from your stencils a bit more noticeable. Were you using a different brand of stencil or a different typewriter?

You would have to point out that FLAP began in California. Y'know, I'd forgotten that until you mentioned it to Jodie. I wonder how that tidbit of information will fit into her "per-nicious and perverse" theory.... Possibly, quite well.

COOK-COOK on your definition of aquatennial....Thanks

for the detail on Cardinal Newman--I'd mentally placed the writing style as being mid-to-late 1800's, and am somewhat pleased to have been so close in my guessing.

WHIMQUIRK V

AL CURRY

While reading of your figuring out how many hours, minutes, and seconds you had lived, I was slightly aghast at the amount of calculating you must've undergone to arrive at those numbers. Then Dave asked me for the calculator and found the appropriate numbers for himself in a matter of a few seconds. I'm less impressed now.

I shook my head too often at the tale of Lyn's mother's woes at the time they were happening to have any comment to make now. Hope Doris pursues the matter with the various Reviews Boards.

Really enjoyed your tale of the Car Wreck (well, it was more than a mere fender-bender), especially the part where you couldn't employ your case of Righteous Rage because the poor slob who pulled in front of you owned up to his responsibility. Ain't that a frustrating thing to have happen? One pumps up a full head of steam, all set to scald off the sucker's hide and you're left with all that pressure and nowhere to relieve it by hearing words of apology. The sheer energy wilts the soul -- it has to go somewhere, after all....

You mentioned a Gaelic Deity I'm not familiar with -- though I have, of course, heard (and used) the name before. Was O'Fuck a historic personage raised to divinity by later eras, or one which was created out of whole cloth, perhaps as an object lesson figure in a children's tale? While I've read a number of books on Irish Mythology and History, new tidbits of information are always appreciated. Actually I can't say that I care for Ohio's system of licensing Agents to handle things like renewing auto tags and such-like. Back in Illinois (wherein --to my bedimmed memory--everything was Perfect). those things were handled in a civilized manner; by mail if you worked during regular business hours or didn't want to drive/walk somewhere and stand in line, or at practically any bank, savings and loan, or insurance agency. All Illinois wanted was your money, they weren't out to hassle you in order to get it. The easier they made it for you to obtain auto and drivers licenses, the more apt you were to renew on time. Here in Cincity if'n you're not free during Regular, Normal Business Hours (say, nine o'clock in the morning to four-thirty in the P.M., you've got a tough job ahead of you finding a place to renew. No one advertises that they are Agents for the State, there's no listing for them in the phone book; you're expected to "know". (As in the case of renewal time; Ohio won't bother to notify the driver that his/her license is about to expire, you must keep track of expiration dates yourself (having drivers' licenses expire on one's birthday is a help, at least). And for those occasions that one simply had to go to an examination station, they were open late on Fridays as well as all day Saturday. Altogether, I found the attitude of that State much more service-minded than in California or Ohio.

Okay, Al, you did not "squawk like a duck" when you inhaled that helium. Rather you squawked like a person who imitates Donald Duck. Is that better? It's certainly more accurate....

Cute cartoons, although in the interests of reportage, it should be noted that those bottles you're hiding under are normally cans. We can offer a lot of beer in hospitality, but our budget doesn't extend to quite that much Hard Stuff, or even premium beers sold in glass bottles (Alas).

I shall, of course, leave it to you to furnish further details on the Changes in your and Ms. Lyn's lives....

ROUND TUIT
BECKY CARIWRIGHT

I'm glad Kent nudged you into maintaining your membership. We'd miss hearing from you, and I suspect that you'd miss FLAP (though perhaps not miss one more item to build up a load of anxiety about). Just relax (ha!) and go with the flow. No one's putting any pressure on you to Perform to any Standard. Just keep in touch; let us know how you're doing, and write about other things as the spirit moves. You're doing jes' fine....

I dunno, the main problem still seems to be That Job you have. Detailed figure work (for me at least, and I suspect it's true for you, too) is mind-numbing and spirit-crushing. You have to pay strict attention to what you're doing because accuracy is so damned important, so there's no opportunity to let your mind roam free and muse upon Whatever. The deadlines are always Major Crisis Time because the data is never in on time or in shape to be assimilated into the system readily, and yet those deadlines reoccur and reoccur with tension-causing regularity. Man (or Woman) was not meant to live under constant strain like that. It's impossible to go home at day's end with a feeling of Accomplishment, because you're going to do the same damned thing all over the next day. Naw. There are people who can handle that type of work, but Becky, I don't think you're one of them. I know damned well that I'm not... If work you Must, then find something, anything, else which gives you some daily variety. People-contact work like secretarial or even receptionist duty. I really think you're doing yourself more harm than good working for that warehousing outfit.

Does Ramona get an allowance, or has she an after-school job? Then why shouldn't she pitch in towards her pet's upkeep, when it's so obviously a drain on family resources? There comes a time in everyone's growing up period that the financial Facts of Life--cost/benefit ratio -- become known. If Ramona is made really aware of the cost of that horse's upkeep, and feels at least some of the strain herself, she may be moved into deciding that maybe a horse isn't all that practical as a pet. Its value for hobby purposes can make keeping one worth it, but when one rides only once or twice a month, the animal is no longer a means to an end, but only a seldom-seen pet. Use it or Lose it....

Hope you do make an attempt to attend Midwestcon. I think you'd enjoy it. Bring a swimsuit (I always do and yet haven't actually worn it since about '76 or so...) and jeans. It runs from June 28th through the 30th, though there's always a ~~New Party~~ Early Bird party on the preceding Thursday night. You'd be more than welcome to stay a few days with us, too -- before or after or during, as Dave prefers to commute. Keep in mind, woncha? That goes for any FLAPan. We need another MWC One-Shot!

Enjoyed the natter about the family doings. Good to hear that Kent's doing so well on his job. Let's all hope that the bad financial times are behind us for good!

FENRIS 39
DAVID HULAN

No need to apologize for not voting for Martha Beck, or for TAFF at all, for that matter. I'm rather happy that we didn't go around asking our friends, as personal favors to us, to vote, even if doing so might have brought in a few extra votes for Martha. There should be some reason for casting a ballot, some interest in the outcome, other than fulfilling a request from a friend. Your motives for not casting a ballot seemed sound to me.

I gather from the amount of dancing that you two did over the Holidays that Marcia's knee surgery was a success. Let's hope that she has no future problems with it. Think I'd put up with a sore elbow any day in preference to a sore knee. Walking is too essential to me.

I'm not sure I understand your objection to getting snail eggs on aquarium plants. When I had an aquarium, quite a number of years ago (more than I really want to think about), snails were considered a beneficial asset to one's tank. They kept down the amount of algae that tended to slime up the sides of the glass, and keeping them thinned down wasn't much of a chore. Snails for the crud and catfish for the ~~garbage~~ garbage removal chores; that was the 'in' thing back in those neolithic days. When and why did that change?

Martha Beck started an aquarium, too. Roughly the same size a set-up as the one you tell about. I like the feeling of peace and contentment a nice-looking tank of fish instills in me. They make me smile, for some goofy reason. But maintaining one is not my sort of hobby, alas. Wish more of my friends liked that sort of thing, though. Sadly, those who do live too far away for me to get any benefit from their labors. (I recall fondly the Jo-Jo's restaurant near Dave's and my old apartment in Torrance, CA. It had a HUGE aquarium in one of the dining areas which we'd get seats next to on occasion. Sometimes I'd get so engrossed in watching the fish that my meal would get cold before I started eating it!)

You mention a different boy-friend for Rachel. Has her Great Love Affair ended, then?

Dave and I are semi-looking for new audio equipment. Right now we have to depend on local friends to tape records for us so we can hear them over Walkman-type headsets. The combo unit Dave had bought years ago has Died the Death. The cassette player eats tapes, and the turntable's speed is irregular. The speakers cut in or out randomly, so even listening to the radio is out. *Sigh*

Since Dave's now got a decent-sized salary, we've been buying all sorts of goodies we've either wanted for a long time or have needed to replace. This new typewriter, the VCR, a new TV antenna, a new vacuum cleaner, stainless steel cooking utensils (pots, pans, roasters and racks, and cooking implements), new swiveling dining room chairs (they don't match, but they suit our different needs, although Dave's leaning toward getting another one like mine because of the cloth seat, as opposed to the vinyl-covered one he now uses), and a host of smaller purchases have joined our household inventory, but there's twice as much more left on the Wish/Want List. I used to hate all those sale inserts in the Sunday newspaper, now I go through them religiously, seeking out especially good sales on products we're in the market for. Makes me feel uncomfortably materialistic at times, but after so many years (seems like decades) of doing without, making over and making do or making without, I admit I'm getting a kick out of it. An extremely pleasant change in situation....

I recall using marbles to play with in sic'bed as a child, too. Remember the frustration you'd feel when a sneezing or coughing fit hit and all the carefully arranged rows and blocks would get jumbled up together? Of course, since putting them into those arrays was the best part of the 'play', there wasn't any great harm done (although the racket made when a clump of marbles would go off the side of the bed might have had enough decibal power to damage one's eardrums).

LAST STAGE FOR SILVERWORLD #23
BRUCE ARTHURS

Mighod! The repro on this zine is abysmal! What happened?

What!? You're not a firstborn child? ~~What?~~ ~~can you claim to be a 1st?~~ Seems like most of my fannish friends are only or firstborn children. How many in FLAP fit those categories? (And haven't we talked about this before? It seems to ring a vague-sounding bell in my memory.)

I'm glad you didn't tell us about all those unpleasant things that have been happening lately. Who needs to be depressed? I think you could handle that chore for all of us.

Gee, you must have some mean State Farm agents in AZ. We've paid car insurance piece-meal, on occasion, and our agent was nice as could be about it. (Of course, we did call and clear it with the agent before mailing in the payment.... I gather most agents are willing to cover the difference themselves, for good, reliable customers who are only going through a temporary period of financial straits. Come to think of it, we split-paid our 6-month premium now in effect. Didn't have \$141 in cash left after buying the car... the agent didn't bat an eye, accepted \$70 and billed

us for the balance, due in 60 days. I'm one of those 'cop-out' voters. For the first time in my life I registered with Party affiliation (previously, I'd always registered Independent) when the Presidential Primaries were going on. I'd wanted to cast a vote for Glenn, but by the time Ohio got around to having its Primaries, he'd been lost along the wayside. I gather I'm stuck being a Democrat for at least two years...or is it four? *Oh well* At least I'm not in the same position as some other Independents I know of who were stuck being registered as Republicans for the same period (because they wanted to vote for Anyone But Reagan in the Primaries). I've tried several times to make out the first full comment (block of comments?) atop page four, but am unable to, except for the last line of type. Well, actually, not even the full line; the first word is a hopeless collection of seemingly random ink dots. You're probably getting a longer comment because of its illegibility than you would've if I could read it, so maybe you're ahead. Depends on your priorities, I guess.

I would guess S.O.L. to mean 'shit out of luck', a fairly common phrase in this neck of the woods.

Quit telling such obvious whoppers, Bruce. Being paid by Ted White is fantastic enough (boy, does Steve Leigh have a neat story along that line), but doing so in advance of publication puts it into the realm of children's fantasy. Com'on; you can do better than that....

Thought I'd switch back to Prestige Elite for this fill-up-the-rest-of-the-stencil natter portion. I'd like to see if there's enough difference between this and the courier 12 to use in fanzine layouts. I doubt it, though.

Saw an interesting item in SCIENCE 85's May issue, which I'm certain will make all of your rush off for your checkbooks. Seems some ~~****~~ entrepreneurial soul has started up a Halley's Comet Fan Club. Yes, for a mere \$10, sent to P.O. Box 4562, Mountain View, CA 94040, you can get a full-color emblem of the club logo, a numbered space-age membership card, a colorful button, a subscription to the official HCFC newsletter, and more. Maybe even an autographed 8"x10" glossy?

In a burst of what I think of as 'Housewife's Franzy' (one need not be married, or even female to suffer an attack of that syndrome), I decided to clean the windows of this apartment. Got out all the equipment and thought I'd tackle the front living room windows first. By the time I washed 16 panes of glass, removed and set back in two screens, and cleared off the plant pots on the window sill (cleaning out the dead-n-dying leafs in the process), 90 minutes had gone by, I was soaked with sweat, and my right shoulder felt like it was on fire. Damn glass is streaky, too. *Grump*. Maybe next year I'll do the side windows in the living room. (I doubt if it'll be any

sooner than that.)

My intention to start wearing my contact lenses again, starting back at the beginning of the break-in cycle, fell along with too many of my other Good Intentions. I'm determined to start today, though. That way -- if I follow through -- I can go in for a fitting next Wednesday. One thing I definitely want to take care of is getting a different pair of reading glasses. The ones the optometrist made for me are full, large lenses, and the distortion gives me a head-ache. I know why he made them so big -- he figured I'd use them for woodcarving, and this would offer some protection to my eyes. However, that's not what I use them for (can't focus well enough with them), and I dislike having to slide my glasses down my nose every time I want to look at something farther than 15"-18" from my face. I tend to watch TV with a book or newspaper in my lap and think the half-lensed glasses would suit my needs better. Wish I weren't so damn fussy about my vision, because all I get is a lot of frustration. And I still can't see well....

Having been without a car for two years, I expected that, once we got a set of wheels, I'd be dashing all over the place, visiting friends, shopping at the various Malls which were beyond comfortable reach by bus, and piling up the miles on the speedometer just roaming about. Uh-uh. So far I've gone over to my daughter's place three times, went out to play poker at a local fan's house twice, went shopping three or four times, and that's about it. (I'm speaking of solo trips, not those I go along with Dave on.) Does this mean my lifelong case of Wanderlust has been cured, or just that I've settled into a reclusive life style? I dunno, I only can say that I simply don't feel like going through all the hassle involved in leaving the house. Maybe I'm developing acrophobia in my old age. Whatever, I'd just as soon sit in here and contact the Outer World by phone than go out and meet them face-to-face. Sometimes it bothers me, mostly because I note the reluctance has increased in recent months, but generally I shrug it off. Have any of you encountered this mindset? How did you deal with it?

Spring is 'sprunging' out with a vengeance, too. I've always particularly enjoyed driving along country roads during this time of year. Generally, by this point in the year, I'd have made two or three treks around the surrounding hills and valleys, catching the changes in the shrubs and trees, spotting the first flowering bushes, and noting the gradual shift in the shades of green. Cincinnati is lovely in the Spring; the hillsides, as they tumble down toward the Ohio River, offer scads of scenic views. There's lots of trees and woody areas, more so than any other place where I've lived, and that's my favorite sort of terrain. Maybe I can twist Dave's arm and go out for a picnic this coming weekend -- oops, deadline is this weekend, make that next weekend. Spring fever?