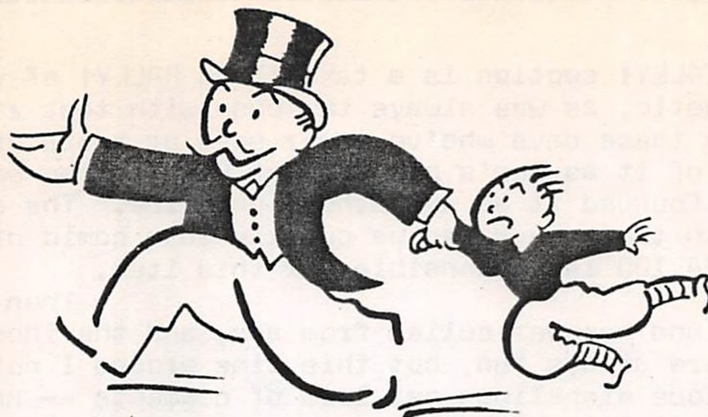






MEL

#82



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Melikaphkhaz #82 is prepared for SFPA by Lon Atkins, 6250 Buckingham #109, Culver City, CA 90230. A Zugzwang Publication of Uncertain Number. But the month and year = May 1981. This started out to be minac, and I don't understand what went wrong. Pages just sort of seeped in around the edges. But don't condemn me too soon -- I can try for minac again in the 102nd mlg... I'm the dedicated type...

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\*\* SFPA 101 is waiting in the wings as I type this, waiting to go on stage soon. I imagine SFPA 101 has a bit of the jitters -- following SFPA 100 must be like following the Beatles at the height of their glory. But SFPA 101 is calm in the most essential corner of its heart. It knows that the analogy of successive rock acts isn't nearly as apt as is the image of an olympic torch being passed from runner to runner.

The jitters hit me a bit too, though I characterized it as "burn out". After Mel 81, the thought of Mel 82 wasn't particularly stimulating. It had been tough to get all the necessary done. Doing another fanzine, so soon, was as appetizing as cold soggy pizza.

Until I got into it, that is. The magical transformation that occurs once a fanzine is honestly begun enveloped me. (An honest start, I said. Not a tentative one, or a promise to start, or a splatter of natter onto master. Rather, an involvement with the mailing itself -- with the delights and human expression embedded therein.)

And though I'd frittered away most of the time between mailings, the concept of SFPA as an entity, not a monument, caught fire in my soul. I hustled. I'm still hustling, here on the eve of the deadline.

I'm kinda pleased with Mel 82. There's a review of THE STAND, a book which captivated me in its intensity. My sincere thanks go to Deb Hammer Johnson, whose gift the book was. I started the book at the beginning of a long down period, but I hung on and finished it. The review is an examination, a probing. No one should think it negative. These days we're too apt to consider another less than 100% blind hoorah as negative. We've lost touch with critical analysis in its true sense.

Ron Juge opens a column in this issue; one which I hope will be the first of a series. I was unhappy when Ron felt circumstances meant he had to drop SFPA, as apparently he was too. Maybe time will bring him back.



The REALLY! section is a takeoff on RALLY! of yore. The style is deliberately caustic, as was always the case with that zine. There are probably some SFPAns these days who've never seen or heard of RALLY!, or if they have, think of it as Don's baby. But RALLY! goes back to 1966, when Al Andrews and I founded it as a Southern newszine. The sparcity of genuine Southern news in those days led us quickly into comic prevarications. The nostalgia of SFPA 100 is responsible for this item.

Then there are the Box Scores, cover and bacover culled from ads, and the inevitable Mailing Comments. MC's are always fun, but this time around I noticed that, sure enough, atrocious misspellings get lots of comments -- and I learned that deadpan humor, if it's too deadpan, provokes dead serious reactions. But I also noticed that I was far from the only one to screw up on page order in The One Hundredth Mailing. Some of our more serious and meticulous members sinned in the same vein.

Then there's a little fanfic squib written on or about April 15. All in all, an issue that resumes the normal SFPA rhythm in fair approximation. So let SFPA 100 stand as a monument which even we ourselves may never cap. We're movin' on....

\*\* The several belated acknowledgements of interest in another SFPA Diplomacy game gave me considerable reason for going to the extreme of re-viving WILDERNESS. It was a lot of fun, fun and frustration. Then, as I was considering such folly, little wheels began going round in my head and I decided not to sponsor a Diplomacy game. Rather, I'd try a new folly...

What happened was that I started to invent a new game -- one with fannish parameters. It's called "The Con Game" and it's about the politics of convention bidding. I don't claim to have captured all the intricacies -- but there is opportunity of collusion, coalition and treachery, as in the original, Diplomacy.

"The Con Game" offers some advantages. It requires no game board or maps. It can accomodate an open-ended number of players. It is concluded in a fixed number of segments, as opposed to requiring a military victory.

But it retains the "press release" feature that made Diplomacy such fun. Indeed, I hope it enhances the scope and possibilities of such press notices. Surely some of the conventioning emotions of our real world can be transferred to the game, making for lively press. Heheheheh.

I plan to do a Rules Book soon -- with any luck it might slide into this mlg, though that's a slender hope. The game goes kinda like this. (I just invented it last night, so my ideas need smoothing...) Any number of players sign up. Each player submits (at sign-up time) a list of three cities he/she wishes to represent in the game. Each player will be assigned one city -- there are no duplicates allowed. City names may be real, fictional or invented. (I'd imagine that Atlanta and New Orleans would go early...)

A feature of the game allows adding players during the first cycle, so later comers can be accomodated. With no game board, that's easy. Now, each new player receives a resource stake. The play of the game revolves around investing and gaining resources. I've decided to standardize on one type of resource, which is intended to represent a combination of money, influence and franchise. For purely arbitrary reasons I've called the Unit Resource a "tucker".



Each player starts with 100 tuckers. These are "real tuckers", as opposed to "temporary tuckers" we'll see later. A player's flexibility and success in the game is based on the number of tuckers possessed.

The game is divided into five "cycles". The first is a special one, used to get the game moving. The others are standard. The idea is that bids will be made, campaigning enacted, a vote held to determine the winner of next year's con. All the cycles look like this: The Year (first move), Friday (second move), Saturday (third move), Sunday (Fourth move). The con we are focusing on is an annual affair, and the four moves represent the passage of time in the eyes of the con-goers. Friday, Saturday and Sunday are, of course, the days of the con itself.

The first cycle has the con Chaired by the Gamesmaster. No Rabble Award is given. However, a vote is taken on the site of next year's con. That is, bidding is underway in the first cycle. In earnest.

Every con has three mandatory figures. The Chair is a player. The GoH may be a player or a "pro" (pros are fictional constructs). The Toastmaster must be a player. For a con to be held, all three must be identified. Only a Chair need be known for a bid to be entered, however.

On Saturday of the con, the Rabble Award Winner is announced. The RAW must be a player, but not the Chair, the GoH, or the TM. The RAW is determined by the Chair. The RAW cannot be officially preannounced (whereas the GoH and TM may be).

The bidding cycle is aided endorsements by Notables (former honorees) and (perhaps) by bidding parties or room parties. The trick is to gather tuckers. Every player has a running account, published each move. Every tucker is a vote. But tuckers can be gained or lost during play, so the outcome is not easily apparent. (Indeed, the total number of tuckers in the game fluctuates.)

One gains tuckers by attending cons, attending parties, winning the Rabble Award, Chairing a con, or being GoH or TM -- the latter three having an element of risk associated. These are "real tuckers". "Temporary tuckers" are generated during a con and vanish after the voting. Realistic, yeah?

But there are costs. It costs to bid or throw a con. Then one has to negotiate pay for the GoH and TM. And it's not free to sponsor a party. But then, these things can pay back....

Full Rules to follow. I'm going to run a game. If you wanta play, WRITE ME. LIST THREE CITIES.

Also, ENCLOSE ONE BUCK TO HELP POSTAGE EXPENSES. Refundable, of course, if not enough join to launch a game. I want 7 minimum.

So come on, try "The Con Game"....

TAKE A CHANCE....



## RED AS EMBARRASSMENT...

is an erratazine brought to you by Lon Atkins of 6250 Buckingham #109, Culver City, CA 90230. The incitement is discovery of terrible error in the page order of the Red As Flame section of Mel #81. I have Sue Phillips to thank for bring this disaster to my attention. RAE is a Zugzwang Publication typed on 18 April 1981.

Treat this as a recall announcement from your favorite car manufacturer. Don't panic. Not one person is known to have been injured because of the malfunction.

The pages in question were run and collated by an outside service, but they aren't to blame. The errors lie in the page numbers themselves. As I put those numbers on myself, working from a dismembered file copy, there are three theories for the cause of the incident.

- (1) The file copy was screwed up. I never reread the zine, a miscollation in years past could be the reason. My fault.
- (2) As the stack of unstapled originals lay on my desk for a month before they were numbered and sent to the printer, Small Hands had ample opportunity to perform a shuffle. But I didn't check. My fault.
- (3) I somehow blew the numbering exercise. This seems highly unlikely to me, and none of the close friends with me at the time recall it as likely either. I call on the testimony of Jack Daniels, Jim Beam, JW Dant and Old Fedcal Private Reserve. But that's still my fault.

Two methods exist for rectifying the problem. (a) You can send your copy to me with a SSAE included and I'll do the reordering. No return postage and I gain another file copy, however.

(b) You can do it yo'self. ....	In MEL #81,	Should be	
	Page #	Page #	
Only odd-numbered pages are given; even-numbered pages follow naturally (flip-side symmetry...).	33 -----	21	} Applies to RED AS FLAME only
	31 -----	23	
	29 -----	25	
	21 -----	29	
	23 -----	31	
	25 -----	33	
	39 -----	35	
	35 -----	39	

A 4th theory has recently been advanced by Secretary Haig. He theorizes that the pages misnumbered themselves while engaged in subversive activity. This is supported by the fact that MEL #81 was an official SFPA publication and official SFPA publications are only subverted by subversion. Amazing correlations between this case and the incident of the subversive nuns in Salvador, who raped, murdered and buried themselves in a vain effort to disguise their subversive activities, has continually focus official attention on the Haig theory.

But no matter how you read it, it's still my fault....

*Sony*



# THE STAND

STEPHEN KING

...a review

It took several months for me to finish THE STAND. Because I read almost nothing else during those months, it wasn't a case of deliberately delaying. Rather it was that circumstances did not favor reading. When those disruptive times began to sort themselves out, I finished THE STAND in short order.

During the prolonged courtship, as it were, I developed an intense interest in King's style. When the postponed consummation was finally had, I placed the focus of my reading as much in analysis as I did in enjoyment per se. For me, the analysis was the greater enjoyment.

Perhaps I should start with the observation that I didn't find Stephen King to be a writer of Horror, but a writer of Suspense. The distinction is important. Horror draws upon the presence of the Horrible; it taps visceral loathings and deep cultural fears. Once made visible, Horror is a cloying scent of decay. It overwhelms in the end by suffocation.

Suspense is not this. Suspense is a way of approaching the intuitive and reasoning mind via intimation of the abnormal. Sight of the danger is had through a cumulative series of clues. The process of realization is Suspense.

In King's case the label of "Horror Writer" is easily applied because he does indeed tap those visceral loathings and deep cultural fears. I prefer the term "suspense Writer" for two reasons: one we can deal with now, the other requires some development before we can discuss it.

Horror strikes, and its pervasive subterranean poison results in paralysis of will or desperate unthinking outlash. These reactions are the currency of Horror. It seeks to complete the job in its revelation.

When suspense is driven up, the objective is Terror. The process is implication, not confrontation. Along the road to Terror the mind and the will function. They seek alternatives, understanding. Explicit availability of these resources is exactly why Suspense succeeds.

In a Horror confrontation there is a presumed outcome: the Horror is so named because it will destroy. Will destroy; destroy will. Horror draws its appeal only from audience isolation; regardless of how vicariously fearful we are, we know that we are safe. The thrill is patently false, so we can shriek and emote unburdened. For Horror has as its emotional premise the assumption that it cannot be escaped, cannot be dealt with.

So if we are fascinated by media Horror by virtue of our isolation from sheer doom, yet we can still be drained by the emotional surges of the contact. Why else would we care for the genre? So are we attached to Suspense for kindred reasons -- the Terror is equally vicarious.

But is it the same? In the unfolding of Suspense our mind and will are called into their highest state of activity -- it is survival which is at stake. In Suspense there is no presumed outcome; 'tis a battle of survival skills. Suspense is stalking.

In THE STAND the stalkers are supernatural beings. There is every overt evocation of the spirit of Horror. But if you examine King's book you'll find that he establishes a counterbalance of force, of hope. We the readers are invited to exercise our minds and wills in response to the developing situations. This rule isn't rigorously maintained; the shadings are inconstant. But the principle is clear throughout.

Where King uses the tools of Horror it is in counterpoint to a subdued theme of supernatural good. The benefit of this is to let the essential human factors work to lubricate the pivot, and this puts us right smack damn in the middle of a fine suspense tale.

From here we have to redirect the approach. We need some examination of style and structure. Underpinnings are important; in the foundations one finds the generator room, the source of power that drives the greater structure.

King's working fabric, in THE STAND, is episodic. He starts with many threads. The length of the novel (817 pgs in pb) gives room for a master weaver to work. Or a master rope-maker. King isn't so interested in a tapestry as he is a strong cable. He is out to tie together the two ends of the novel. How well he succeeds is a matter of taste and expectation.

King crafts his episodes well. He is extremely good with supporting detail. I'll not quote an example here for two reasons. The first is the length involved; supporting detail in THE STAND is meticulously implanted and may span several pages in its development while occupying only ten lines of actual print. This kind of care is either planned in advance or the result of a divine and consistent skill of invention.

The second reason is context. Much of the "supporting" detail that is supplied has either symbolic or "thread continuity" import within the novel itself. Citing such handiwork without context is unfair.

I've always thought that reviewers who quoted great chunks of material as "examples" were both lazy and misguided. It may be a great way to fill pages, but it's no way to independently illuminate a work. But pardon my diversion.

Those reasons I give for not excerpting are powerful indicators of the quality of King's detail writing. If we take this ability together with other aspects, we see why Stephen King can compell suspense. King's style is primary expository; he explains events. The subtlety is in the detail, which is itself presented as exposition. Fact hits hard, and when a writer can shore his fancies up with the detail trappings of truth, the minutia of daily life, then he communicates across a broad band.

Take a situation. Get it moving good and loose with the rhythm of human coping. Describe the setting in terms of what any of us would observe, being there. Then insinuate into this condition the abnormal presense, the suspense. Build it a bit.



And thus does Stephen King construct his nodes of exposition. They are the single strongest part of his writing. While it takes style to believably convey detail, style here is subordinate to the gripping narrative. While the subtlety of human meaning in interaction is a requirement to infuse such force into expository islands, the human fabric in THE STAND is subordinated to use of that very same element to lubricate the passage of the plot.

What King creates, and creates superbly, is the fully-realized incident. All the tools of the trade are utilized in crafting these vignettes. Nothing is withheld; but something is added. Implicit, as we conclude each incident, we find in our gut an unspoken meal of words, an indigestible knot of anxiety. There is a suggestion of direction. It is shaped carefully to make us apprehend it. When there is menace, the omens go far beyond what is said. When there is apparent success, we read beyond it to the future returning which must come.

King meshes us into a scene, be it short or lengthy, then he unleashes a dreadful insight. Because we could be there ourselves, acting a part in his drama, we understand. Because his detail and his treatment of characters has reached into the dimmest recesses of our minds to find touchstones with which to bind our attention, we are involved in the emerging meaning. We worry; we think; we sweat.

This is Suspense, to hark back to the opening session. The mode of writing which is employed is suspense writing. While King deals in Symbols, as does Horror, he makes use of the techniques of Suspense to develop his tale. Human involvement is central. The yielding of the human spirit to slowly mounting pressure is the staple of examination. We see both growth and withering.

This treatment which characterises Suspense is in contrast to the techniques of Horror, in which a fine-probed development of characters is unnecessary because the denouement finds such trifles superfluous -- indeed, wasted -- as the climax will involve forces defined as beyond our ken.

So how does King resolve the conflict of his technique (Suspense) and his ultimate confrontation (Horror)?

Only moderately well, I would say. But let's look at the mechanisms. The Antagonist is set up as a spawn of the Devil. That Randall Flagg, be he so named, possesses supernatural powers is very explicitly spelled out. The appearance of his force comes early, in the dreams of the plague survivors. This particular aspect is neutralized, to some extent, by the dream force of Mother Abigail. Transcendent Good is active too.

But

Flagg's powers go beyond dreams. He is a shape-changer, a commander of physically-manifested psychic powers, a far-seer, a being of incredible physical strength. Perhaps invulnerable.

King uses more than this to draw the noose of desperation tightly around the throat of "God's" survivors in this new city. Betrayal from within; the mob beast; the elements themselves -- all are used. But it is Flagg allows the stamp "A Novel of Ultimate Horror" to be placed on the cover of the novel. King takes his symbol of Evil and uses it relentlessly to promote our anxiety into fearful despair.

Now comes the inevitable confrontation. Something must be done to preserve Suspense, so King embarks on a program tailored to keep our minds



and wills alert -- pressing to discern the chink in Evil's armor. The method involves giving us a closer look at Flagg and his city of Evil. (Not accidentally chosen as Las Vegas.) Now we are shown, in the same detailed style, the inner workings of Flagg's mind and city. We see that he can fail. In a progression of incidents his Will does not prevail, that his ultimate end may be achieved. Hope springs up.

There seem to me to be two premises involved in the weaknesses revealed in Flagg. The first is that another Power (one supposes it is God) active in the happenings of the time. I found inconsistencies between the actions of this Power, which on the one hand insists that It will not directly influence happenings (it is to the Survivors to fashion their own doom) and on the other hand to directly interfere. I was unable to resolve the developed position with the apparent one. I felt this contradiction to be a minor flaw in the work.

The second premise was that Flagg was basically stupid, at the mercy of his own emotions, and cursed with an unreliable memory. OK, I won't argue that he might have been. But to imply that Evil itself is such is a blind assumption I won't accept. In other words, the representation of Flagg as Evil Incarnate has its powerful impact dissipated when the discovery is made that Flagg isn't Varsity at all, but is merely the water boy.

It reduces the problem to one with which we can cope, but it repudiates much of the earlier build-up. A good thing FAUSTUS wasn't written with this "solution" at hand.

To be fair, I must point out that King never lessens the narrative suspense. He continues with his imaginative detail until the end. Most readers will probably never notice the change in premises toward the end. Free exercise has a central role in the climactic chapters, and this is a factor that King has been subtly highlighting throughout the book. The placement of these episodes, and their fine effect on sharpening the appetite for final confrontation, is one of the finest examples of writing in the novel.

I sense that to King it is the human will which is most important. The will; the soul. He certainly gives us multiple examples of how the will and the perception of the soul's eye can influence the unfolding of lives. In this respect, I would call King a great writer. Forget the genre; there exist within this novel a set of characters, fine-drawn over a long period of time, who elove from roots and become one with their destiny by virtue of exercise of will. Good guys and bad guys.

What militates against the label of "great" is that all King's insights have been done before, in concept, by many writers in the body of English literature. I found nothing new in THE STAND, save its plot & plot concept. But he is an amazingly facile wordsmith and a man with a near-uncanny sense of suspense. I know of few writers today which are his match.....

This last thought: when Leon Uris found the Irish rebellion and put his mind and soul into discovering why it was, he wrote his finest work -- TRINITY -- and this in a foreign place to his background. I believe that if Stephen King were to ever search out such a literary proving ground, he would be capable of matching TRINITY. King has a genius for words, but he must come out of fantasy to find the proper challenge to forge his skills into brilliance.



# REALLY!

NEWS&CHATTER COL WITH A SFPA ACCENT

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SPECIAL SLANDER ISSUE #78

The colum of REALLY! is edited by Lester Jaundice, 666 Walpurgis, Lower Platypus Flats, AR 55555; and Lon Atkins, 6250 Buckingham #109, Culver City, CA 90230. Bill Bridget for Anarctica Permanent Fan Exchange!!!!

SFPA 100 SETS RECORD: The One Hundredth Mailing of SFPA (noted Southern hang-out) is out, setting a record in its issue. In this mailing Shadow SFPA, an organization of SFPA waitlisters dedicated to talking about how long the waitlist has gotten, set an all-time record for shadow apas by assembling 205 pages for the mailing. The record was prized by the Shaowites, who pointed out that they'd topped not only the shadow apa record but had also outstripped at least twelve previous SFPA mailings. (Make that "outstripped"; at least twelve SFPA mailings were outstripped long along in Tuscaloosa, Alabama when Joe Moudry was practicing bookbinding.)

Paul Flores, Editing Official of the Shadow, was heard to remark: "We showed those smug, inbred bastards!" Flores later explained that he was referring to members of the Sierra Club, who allegedly opposed this wanton over-use of paper. "I'd never say that about the SFPA," claimed Flores. "I myself am a member." And although his name does appear on the roster, REALLY! reporters were unable to unearth an example of Flores contributing pages to the parent apa.

SFPA DE Guy Lillian was obviously excited about Shadow's impressive achievement. "1748 pages!! 1748 pages!!" he kept repeating. Lillian's enthusiasm obviously brought about a bit of paternal hyperbole. The Shadow page count was 205, not 1748. But if Lillian's patent delight is any indication, the parent apa may soon follow with a meaningful achievement of its own...

SCRAMBLED RUMORS: Notorious criminal attorney Dennis Dolbear of New Orleans has undertaken the defense of a can of Campbell's French Onion Soup accused of manslaughter in the botulism death of sensational porno movie star Nikki Noose. Dolbear claims his client was denied full legal rights of evasion but implies that the trial itself will feature some jury-bending pyrotechnics. "It weren't manslaughter," blusters Dolbear to reporters. "She sure weren't no man. Hoo Hee!! 'Lest you boys were blind, that is." The legal nuances of Dolbear's purported defense are reported to require extended private study of the deceased by jury foreman Joe Celko. ## Liz Schwarzin and Jeff Copeland have recently moved to the beach community of Venice. Despite rumors that Venice is a violent area, Liz insists that she and Jeff have located a quiet family zone in which to settle. "It's a calm family street," says Schwarzin. "Take the Manson family next door. They're the nicest people..." ### Movie mogul Mark Verheiden has signed an exclusive contract for distribution of his epic DEATH CORPS. "I knew it for real," reports Verheiden, "when they administered a coagulant agent before they had me sign." #### Clint Hyde, prominent SAE member, has just returned from a vacation tour of Germany. He notes that Germany, too, boasts college fraternities and many are similar in aim to the more prestigious American frats "I was particularly impressed by a Munich



group. The "Hitlerjungen..." #### SFPA Member and musician Stven Carlberg appears with concert pianist Mike Rogers (also a SFPA member) in a Christian Musicians For Sanity commercial debunking drug use. The first spot uses Stven to demonstrate the evil effects of cocaine. The commercial is daring in that Stven takes an excessive amount of cocaine "on camera" in order to demonstrate for America's youth that Drugs Destroy. Roger's agent calls the take "a triumph for demonstrative abuse prevention -- after 12 grams of coke Stven can't even play Chopsticks. Staying straight, Mike almost makes it through..." #### Big news from Phoenix! Former SFPA DE Don Markstein announces that in celebration of SFPA's 20th anniversary mailing he will actually respond to an MC directed to him. Speculation as to the lucky recipient is rampant. ### Rumor hath it that the Rev. Rusty Burke (Christian Atheist) may be asked to hitch Bob "Ballyhoo" Barger and Sandy "Wow!!" Paris at the 1981 DSC. The only remaining barrier is Burke's position that Fanac is Original Sin. Barger and Paris claim to be extremely more creative... ### NEWS FLASH: noted N.O. attorney Dennis Dolbear now reports to be defending his client, a can of French Onion Soup, on the basis the burden of intent was incumbent on the deceased because "French is French, and she shore oughta have know how to do it." NBC, CBS and ABC have declined to cover the trial. ### Former SFPA Hank Reinhardt will be featured as the Playgirl centerfold for July. Due to the limitation on centerfold width, Reinhardt will be shown only from the neck down. ### Walt Disney Enterprises announced today the initiation of legal action against Florida Postman Alan Hutchinson. Charges entail allegations that declines of quality in recent years now place WED in a position to go after independents like Hutchinson. ### An announcement by the agent for Stven Carlberg reveals that his client has been selected for the CMFS commercial debunking LSD use. ### New York State millionaire G.H. Wells hints at plans to produce a full-length movie based on "The Clones". Newport News recluse C.W. Brooks is to do the screenplay. "I've been reading C.W.'s stuff for years," hints G.H., "and I can assure you that none of Olemny's power will be lost in the translation to the screen."

SFPA JOINS THE NFL: While many thought it yet another hare-brained scheme of Atlanta media mogul Ted Turgid, the more visionary were excited at the prospect of a National Frisbee League. After some feverish organization, the NFL will flip off competition this spring. True, there's only one team in the league so far. But others are expected later in the season. (So Turgid claims...) The sole team, the Atlanta Apahacks, are captained by "Classy Cliff" Biggers who is reputed to catch Frisbees in his teeth on the dead run. Cliff does the hundred in 19.4, so that must be a sight to see. Joining Cliff on the forward line is "Dashing Deb" Hammer-Johnson. You can make book that she'll rack up points as the season unfolds. On the defensive backline are "Sassy Sue" Phillips who is always a threat to meditate on a critical play, and "mad mike" weber whose disc expertise embraces not only CDC Winchesters but also Shugart double-sided, double-density.

SFPA is proud that all four team members are also SFPAs. The apa urges Turgid onward in his search for a second NFL team. "I've got the Chatta-Chuggers considering it," says Turgid. "They've got the same skills profile as our Atlanteans. But nothing is sure yet. The Apahacks will have to keep on playing with themselves until something arises." Turgid later explained that the Apahacks practice by scrimaging against themselves, with Cliff and mike handling the gaps.



POACHED CANARDS: The impending marriage of Diana Rigg to Hank Davis seems to have hit a snag, as many of these celebrity weddings do. Miss Rigg says she first understood the underlying implications of Davis' vow "to be her new stead" when his representatives arrived to fit her for riding boots and spurs and ascertain her taste in horse whips. ### Our Inside Informant tells us that Stven Carlberg is signed to appear in the CMFS' new commercial debunking excessive use of PPC. ### Gary Brown is still requesting donations for the defense fund of Alan Hutchinson. Not only is Alan facing legal action from Disney, but has been languishing in a Miami jail cell since 1973 for driving a motorcycle the wrong way on an Interstate Highway. ### First crack-down of the Reagan administration's Justice Department will be in the area of abused student loans. This "get-tough" policy is expected to ultimately yield over \$37.42 in reclamations to supplement the federal budget. Justice Department prosecutor Rich Morrissey opened the campaign in a public statement marked with the candid appraisal the press has come to associate with Reagan's reign. "We're going after some broad in Georgia," stated Morrissey. "Iris Brown is her name and we plan a suit to recover \$4.38 in overdue interest. Frankly she's gonna be a scapegoat, an example to the offenders after national stinginess. The \$4.38 is chickenfeed, of course. We're asking conviction on Conspiracy and Aggravated Mopery charges, compounded with Failure to Possess a Handgun. She's the ideal victim: helpless female, racial minority -- she's a White in Georgia --and a Pinko ComSymp Intellectual, to boot. We expect an easy conviction in the Senate, though it may take some extortive lobbying in the House." Morrissey's reply to a question as to what this Congressional hearing meant to the Justice branch was perhaps revealing. "Supreme Court?" he answered. "What the f\*ck is that?" ### In recognition of Meade Frierson's continued support of the Alabama Bar Association, a significant step was recently taken by the Association. Meade's photograph was circulated to bouncers in all Alabama cocktail lounges... We await the results...

GOV-PUB POPULARITY SOLVED: The four hundred and seventy-seven tax-paid government investigators assigned to discover the sudden popularity of government publications circulated from a library center in Little Rock, Arkansas, have apparently found an answer. The investigation, which consumed six calendar months and \$5.6 million of tax dollars, culminated today with the results of a laboratory report. Chief Investigator David Ryan opined: "A Librarian, one P.L. Caruthers, distributed these materials. Miss Caruthers was in the habit, when tired, of resting by sitting atop bundles of government documents. While Miss Caruthers wore no undergarments, our forensic chemists have isolated certain fibers in her miniskirts which apparently possessed the property of driving men mad..." The solution, Ryan ventured, may involve removing Miss Caruthers' miniskirts.

SOFT-BOILED SCANDAL: The CMFS today disclosed that Stven Carlberg has been chosen to star in their new commercial "Opium Oppresses". Carlberg will also star in a follow-on, "Heroin Hurts". ### Bob Jennings, fearless young editor of SFPA News & Views, today sued REALLY! for "infringing on an art form". REALLY! is puzzled, as we've been doing this number since 1966. And we didn't steal it from SN&V then... ### Vern Clark, agent to Sperhawk Ryder, was today arraigned for the murder of Stven Carlberg. Clark's sobbing claim is that "Carlberg was stealing all of Sperhawk's gigs: coke, LSD, PPC, horse -- next it would be airplane model glue. He couldn't be allowed to live..." Clark is requesting a New Orleans venue, where he expects acquittal by any jury.....



# DOUBLE DOOR SUMMER STAR

"IT IS THE SOFTWARE  
THAT QUICKENETH,  
THE HARDWARE  
PROFITETH NOTHING."

—Jesus

FrankinZine #1  
by Ron Juge

Greetings to my former fellow SFPAn, and "Doy neGreb" as Wally Cox once remarked....

Writing is like riding a bicycle... if you don't do it for awhile, you fall off when you try it again.

I suffer from 'writer's block'. It's like an alphabet block, only it's bigger and has no letters on it, just pale blue lines on a white background.

Anyway. My thanks to Lon, for his kind offer to visit whichyoo all by way of his zine.

One thing I wanna say. I've missed being a part of SFPA. It was one of my favorite things, and my decision to drop was by a narrow ~~margin~~ margin. I was (and still am) at a period of my life when many things were changing. I tried running a full time commercial art service. I failed. Oh, Juge Art Services still exists; it's an 'after-hours' business. I've decided I want to be a draftsman when I grow up. I took a 'permanent' position with an oil-related company -- they make equipment for offshore oil rigs. I started with this company as a 'job-shopper' in January in my capacity as an audio-visual technician. When the slide presentation I was hired to help with was completed, I stayed on as an 'apprentice draftsman' When there was no way to further justify my presence as a job-shopper, they offered me a 'permanent' position. (The quotes around 'permanent' do not mean it was not a permanent offer in the ordinary sense; rather it is meant to emphasise the temporary nature of what we call a 'perm-

ament' position.) The rate offered is meager, but if I can get enough overtime plus freelance to make up the difference while I gain experience, it'll be worth it. Draftsmen make much better \$\$ than Tech. Illustrators, at least in this area. The heart of the matter: there is no 'payback' for experience as a Tech Illustrator past about 5 yrs.

I'm still disappointed that my grand plans didn't pan out. I was gonna- aw, thehek withit, why talk about it.....

\*\*\*\*\*

We are going to be parents again, around the end of June..... since my youngest will be ten next week, that makes for quite a spread.

Good grief! I've gotta finish this pg, and I'm in a very uncommunicative frame of mind! If I don't get this to Lon pronto, it won't be in the mailing! But does that really matter?? Does any of this really matter??? In light of the rising price of peanut butter??????????

This new kid will make 20 yrs in 2001. Egad.

I gave my mom a calculator for Mother's Day. It cost \$10 and had more features than the one we got 8 years ago for \$100. Ten years ago a 4-function calc cost \$400, had no memory & only 6 digits. Today Radio Shack will sell you a handheld computer with 1.9K of memory for half that amount (It's on sale as I write) --and that's inflated \$\$, too.

Geez, gang-- I know this is a mizzuble excuse for a zine- but it's all I can manage now. At least, it proves one thing: The Juge LIVES. ~~If you can call this little~~ But Siriously fokes, thanx again to Lon for this oppportunity & I hope to make better use of it next time if he don't cancel the offer....

RON



THE SOUTHERNER (GHLIIIDE) \* A bit of incredible. I have visions of our Shadow saying to other wl apas, "My parent can whup your parent." Not to mention the fact that our Shadow could probably whup their parent too. SFPA is a spring fed by mountain streams. We vary, but we are cyclic. And somehow, on the right occasions, we seem to fill and overflow. Mailing One Hundred was not only huge, it was overall high quality. Although there are other apas with superlative writing corps, I doubt there is any other apa capable of such a magnificent display.

There is a magic inside of SFPA; a magic that might be called "group goals" or "gestalt alignment" or just plain "spirit". Maybe we're lucky to have had the right OE in the chair each time we needed him. Through thick and thin we seem to have found the combination for survival. And regrowth. SFPA is no one-wave surge of momentum. It's a twenty-year struggle. If we hit Mailing Two Hundred with equal vigor then I'll loosen up with the superlatives. For now, I've rambled enough.

DEAR SFG MEMBER (Jennings) \* Errr, Bob, I hate to point it out, but the SFG as you knew it died a long time ago. I realize your enthusiasm for SFPA is unbounded, but this unexpected recruiting move is a bit much. (By the way, letters sent to your published Nashville address are returned marked "DONE MOVED ON"...) \* Fabulous! Wish I owned an original.....

VAINOMOINEN (Lillian) \* So you "move in a statelier crowd"... How nice.

CELKO'S HOME COMPANION \* You sound like the Reader's Digest version of Knuth with your Fibonacci spiel. Useful devils, the Fibonacci numbers. If you've got a processor without the \* / functions the Fibonacci search is particularly useful. What machines do you specialize in, Joe. I get the impression that you're an IBM mainframe type, but please set me straight if I've put limits to your talents.

All this assumes that you'll eventually do mailing comments, of course. Real mailing comments, not a springboard or two for essays. I've always thought an apa should be a full duplex channel. You look to MC's for feedback on your work; why not provide the reciprocal courtesy?



ICEPICK #8 (me) \* Errors are noted. (Thanks for the notification...) Corrections will surely be made.

CHAT (Lynchii) \* A good zine; sorry to see y'all abandon publication and sorry that I missed earlier issues. Maybe later.

COVER REPRINT EXTRAVAGONZO (Hutchinson) \* A fabulous issue. Here are the incredible Hutchinson covers of mailings past reduced to their very vital essence. This is the kind of test that shows an artist for what he is, and Alan hasn't shied away from it. He's shown the world the limits of his talents. Expert Oriental painters will illustrate the inside of a tiny bottle by use of a brush of a single hair. Here, Alan has illustrated an entire era of SFPA with the use of a dull #2 pencil. Incredible! That this man is also an employee of the federal government simply tells volumes.....

MMMMMM YEAAHH (Montgomery) \* What a kick to be doing MC's to Larry Montgomery after all these years! I've wondered whatever happened to you, and SFPA 100 provides an update. Appropriate. Somehow envisioning your switch to the counterculture concepts in time is not so difficult to see. You were always a Rebel, and that was the very Rebellion of our day. The DJ idea is harder to see, though it makes a certain sense. I've wound up a very unconventional manager in the computer business -- and though I might have guessed computers in my future, I'd never have seen management back into the Sixties.

So get back on the waitlist and rejoin the World's Best Apa. We're still as vital and mind-bending as we were in the Golden Days of Yore. Indeed, we're into the Golden Days of Now....

HUITLOXOPETL (Frierson) \* I am now Seriously Considering a video recorder. This device vies with a reel-to-reel outfit. Unfortunately, perhaps, I'm too busy to go out shopping. If this situation ever changes and I find myself wandering the aisles of Federated or Cal Stereo the issue will probably speedily resolve itself. Somehow, I think I'm trying to forget that promise I made to myself to try some serious writing when SFPA One Hundred was behind me. If this paragraph is confused, so am I....

I'd had thots of indexing my SFPA output, not only by zine but by content. However, the 3 x 5 cards upon which this partially completed project resides will have to wait for later. Indeed, I may limit it to MEL.

Lots of indexes in this interesting zine. I looked in vain for mailing comments or substantial natter, Meade, but was unrewarded in my search. Therefore, I'm ending comments here with a Rebel Yell!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

A TRAIL OF FOUR CITIES (Hyde) \* Taninth Lee looks like a vampire? I enjoyed her SABELLA, but never guessed... An enjoyable rambling account of your cons and travels. Nice cover, too.

SOMETIMES A FANTASY (Nicki L.) \* Power & consent -- yes. It's more than a matter of obedience, too. Simple obedience can be obtained (in the average case) by exercise of punitive force, or the manifest threat thereof. We tend to think of the Communist Bloc in associa-



tion with such comments, but almost every American business has a formal system intended to bring home the relationship between paycheck and supervisory approval. The time card is the best example: time cards are signed by your supervisor. Performance reviews are another such device. (Though the other purpose of performance reviews, constructive critique, is a desirable and valid goal. Unfortunately, it's almost never present.)

Indeed, if a boss wants to achieve a cooperative team spirit, he/she has to find ways to downplay the formal mechanisms. I'm lucky that I run a group composed almost exclusively of professional (exempt) people. In such a group it is easy to promote the concept of "flexible hours". I've found this to be a powerful force which binds the interests of management and worker.

On the one hand it gives the individual worker a lot of choice over her/his hours. The demands of coping with life can be put into the work week, be it a doctor's appointment, a hangover, car repair or just an afternoon off at the beach. I operate this way. So do my people (once they believe it's for real).

The opposite side of the earned coin is, of course, professional honoring of commitments. I schedule milestones for my people of a moderately frequent basis, none being more than four to five weeks (at the most) from the next. Milestones are deliverables. They are things I could have tested if I chose. Every second week we meet to review milestone progress. I thus force visibility to be maintained. We're all in the same room. We all know when a milestone is missed unjustifiably.

I suppose you could call this peer pressure, but it is rather peer justice. All the efforts of the individuals are interlocking. Each module builds on the support provided by another. This is a consequence of logical division of labor in a complex software system, but its consequence is that all milestones are dependent on other milestones. No member of a team likes to let the others down.

Lest you think we make little progress, let me say that I schedule aggressively. Every team member gives his estimate; I negotiate. In some cases I suggest adding a safety factor, while in others I squeeze for reality. What we come out with is something that every programmer publicly says he/she can meet.

The team helps itself, and it disapproves of goof-offs but it doesn't confuse the luxury of free hours with goofing off. Last Wednesday a team member came down sick; Thursday morning, still sick, he came in (late) and picked up his listings so he could keep the design ideas in touch with the code. Thursday night I was late and two team members were still on the machines at 8 PM. This is Saturday. This morning there were three people in. I've never said a word of requirement; it just happens. I'm on a variable schedule and I may show up at any time (and I mean any time). I know that these people are doing their 40 hours and more. But they get beach afternoons on weekdays and any accommodation necessary. They have exchanged a personal commitment for the timeclock. Which do you think is stronger?

In our schedule meetings, I put the final due-date on the visible chart. It is not an easy date, nor is it impossible. On that chart is Power. Sorry to get diverted into natter, but I'm a bit sensitive on the parable of Power and Consent. It's a much-abused parable in certain corporate circles -- by men (no women in the groups I specifically and anonymously refer to) who like to crow that



no continuing employee has ever failed to consent to an order. (The ones who see the impossible quit.) When the failure comes, it is the subordinate's fault for accepting...

My view of Power and Consent is that it means mutual commitment. Both parties work together to achieve a goal. The Power agrees to provide clear direction, combat timeclock minds in the bureaucracy, knock-out roadblocks, see to provisions, judge fairly, etc. The Consenting parties agree to work as necessary to meet their commitment and to explain at the earliest moment if problems intervene. Consent is Consent only when there is freedom of speech. If this is the case there is never a problem with punitive exercise of Power, for the team expects (and needs) the Power to discipline (and perhaps even remove) malingerers. The team cannot afford malingerers -- or, perhaps I should say, if such are tolerated there is no longer a team.

CELKO's HOME COMPANION (Celko) \* Congratulations on your contract to write computer texts. They sound quite useful in the practical world. ### I'd think the practical difficulties involved in a cassette apa would place a hell of a burden on the OE, perhaps enough so that terms would have to be quite short. I also wonder about quality of sound. What do you do about the equivalent of an illegible fanzine? If minac is recording time, how about the jerk who sends in fifteen minutes of silence? Of recorded music, straight off the FM? If you ever do such an apa, let us know how it works out.

ILLO BY DIAN \* Very nice indeed. Like old times....

THE NEW PORT NEWS (Brooks) \* Fancy paper, sir. ### Well, I listened to Reagan address Congress tonite (4/28) and he seems to have recovered enough to deliver speeches in fine form again. If his program goes through I'll be pleased. It hasn't cut nearly deep enough in a lot of areas where the public is being outright robbed, and it's cut too deep in areas where there are real returns and benefits, but it has cut taxes -- and that's a move in the right direction by any measure. (For "has" read "proposes to" in all of the above.) The tax situation in this country is incredible. I look at the giant bite the Feds and the State take out of my paycheck and I shudder -- then I get mad. What's terrifying is the huge percentage increase over the past few years. Where is that money going? I don't see any improved governmental services. All I see is waste and fraud and lots of parasites getting rich by sucking my blood. Hell, when you combine the galloping tax gouge with the economic sanctions of the divorce I've lost ground over the past decade. For this I worked my ass off? Sic 'em, Ronnie!!

What do you mean by the "trace back" capability that's missing from Basic? Are you referencing the lack of a block structure in the language? I've not found that much of a barrier to skipping merrily through other people's Basic programs, except in cases when the code is convoluted to achieve density (or obscurity). Basic was never meant as a language for terribly complex implementations. (Though there are bunches of such out there these days...)

Income taxes against a business are as punitive as income taxes against an individual. Indeed, they're worse, for they're passed on and create a double taxation: the business raises its prices to compensate for the bite of tax and in doing so disproportionately hits the consumer.



I favor Value Added Taxes as a better approach. These are the principal European method of assessing tax, and as a result income taxes (per se) are lower. I'm not pointing to Europe as an example, however, for there are too many complexities in any national comparison. I do suggest, strongly, that the American taxation methods choke the flow of \$\$\$ by throttling the taxpayer before the poor bastard even gets his paycheck. Liberal economics advocate the flow, the rapid movement, of money. Yet liberal politicians embark on taxation schemes that make that progressively difficult. Methinks I smell paradox -- or hypocrisy...

Adobe houses with two-foot thick walls do miracles for insulating. Every time I walk into one of the really old places on a hot day and feel how coolly refreshing the air inside is -- and without modern air-conditioning -- I realize how badly wrong we've gone as a nation in our approach to solving certain types of problems. We tend to do it all with power -- and power breeds. It breeds entropy and resource exhaustion. The oldtimers had to use judo -- they had to go with the natural momentum of the enemy and turn it to their advantage. And who's to say they're wrong? Ghandi conquered as surely as Wellington...

INVASION OF THE BAMBOIDS (Hyde & Collins) \* A nice piece...

DISGRACE IS BETTER THAN ~~SURRENDER~~ SILENCE (Davis) \* A tradition endures!!!

THE FUNNIEST SONG... (Collins) \* Cute 'n special. Much enjoyed.

FRIENDS IN SPACE (Pickersgill) \* Just when I'd learned to spell "Kharr"...

## So, happiness and all that jass. Long life, too. ## "Proper dress" is an interesting concept, one we find embedded in every level of society. Like you, I prefer comfortable clothes. One of the fringe benefits of moving from Pertec (three-piece gray-suit club-tie standard) to Rexon (no standard) was relaxation of dress code. I do what feels right. One day I know there's a heavy meeting with a big account and in I come with my gray three-piece and club tie. The next I'm in faded jeans and floral shirt -- and I'm wearing the comfortable boots with holes in them. It's then that an unexpected summons occurs and I find myself being introduced as "...our Vice President in charge of..." and feeling the incredulous eyes of these expensively clothed businessmen looking me over. But clothes don't make the man what he is, so I come on relaxed but vibrantly confident and engage them on the technical issues for which I've been summoned with some probing questions about their particular application. Then I follow up with a few terse observations and evaluations and invite a dialog. Later, as I turn out of sight beyond the frame of the doorway I hear the comments... "...brilliant but eccentric. Ran the whole Microsystems development for Pertec. Etc..." And I laugh to myself at the entire concept of dress codes.

Please feel free to discuss ZEN AND THE ART... in SFPA. You'll find lots of people with a continuing interest in the book. (Two, at least.) I am in awe of it.

A good large zine, and it's a pleasure to see you active again. If I'm in London again, which one never knows in this business, I would enjoy seeing you and Greg. But how do I contact you? I'm sure there are thousands of "Pickersgills" in the London directory. There was no "Mark Verheiden" (I knew he was a hoax) in the Portland directory when I visited that city. So tell me...



SLOWER THAN INFINITY (Hyde) \* It's not hard to burn out on any hobby. If the energy put into the cause were focused, excluding other things, then it's easy to burn out and refocus. Even if the energy were not exclusive (as yours seemed to be more general), the factor may change with time and growth. However, SFPA has a bunch of us Old Farts in it who've been through a lot of hobby/interest cycles and come back to SFPA. There's enduring value here, if one perceives it. As for your comment about there being no challenge left... Clint, my friend, with all due respect and without malicious intent, let me say that you've not scaled the heights of this apa. If you've lost interest, that's one thing. But let's not hear any bull-shit rationalizations about there being no challenge left. You are a promising apprentice, not one of the Masters.

But, onward! Here's hoping that you find an excellent job in a good location. And all good wishes for you in the future, which is where you're pointing now.

ZIM (Hyde) \* Well, hello again! I never went in for ring binders because one has to punch holes through the zines in order to use the binders. That disturbs my completist soul. There's something about the possibility of losing a few letters here and there that prevents a serious collector from the act of mutilation. I recall that Larry Montgomery used to punch holes in his mailings. Astonished me.

Rexon builds its boards with testability in mind. The labor cost of manufacturing test, in all its phases, can be considerable. We review every design for that maximization. The software will be headed in that direction, too. The new operating system that I'm overseeing is slanted toward modularity and ease of fault isolation -- as well as flexibility for later modification, a fate every software system suffers incessantly during its lifetime.

Interesting observations on size size and response. I sometimes tend to feel that I find a disproportionately small amount of response, relatively, for larger zines. There's a "top limit" on most people's MC's, perhaps because they want to get to all the zines worthy of comment (or as many as possible) and can't allow themselves to get tied up on one zine for too long. I do that when my time or energy is cramped. But my normal index of response isn't based on zine size, but rather on interesting material (in terms of comment hooks) and on comments to me. There's usually more of both in the larger zines, which I suppose follows naturally. I try to comment to every one who's done interactive material for SFPA.

I cut my teeth on assembler. BASIC happened along years later. Because Rexon's product uses BASIC as its user language, I decided to learn. As for really describing the games I've written, that would bore the typical SFPA to tears. I've already sinned enough, outlining the general design for Reversi in FLAP. If you do locate in Sunnyvale come down to Ellay some day and I'll show you the games first hand. Listings too.

Diplomacy is a board game played by up to seven players. Moves are submitted to a Gamesmaster and all pieces are moved concurrently (per move). The game has a relatively simple tactical basis. The strategy in the game is thus combination; alliances. Players are allowed to communication between moves. The elements lead to betrayal and driving out of the weak. It's fascinating, homicide-making, and thoroughly fannish. My announcement was greeted by near-total silence, but since then interest has begun to spring up. I may reconsider the game in this issue.



I enjoy driving fast too, but not recklessly so. (Though I suppose "reckless" lies in the point of view.) Here on the Ellay freeways, other than at rush hour, one has to drive fast or be run over. General disregard for the 55 mph limit prevails. There's pressure to do something similar to Wyoming, etc., where the penalty for speeding (below 70 mph) is five bucks. I'm not exactly against the 55 mph rule, being as it has much to say in its favor. But I'm not exactly fond of that speed; I'm more comfortable at 60 mph if I'm going any distance. Maybe Reagan will push the law up to 57½ mph.

There's a "drift" phenomenon in management, when the more and the longer one manages the greater the gap between one's detail command of technology (in its general sense across all disciplines) and the state of the art. In the first years its possible to hang onto the skills to a great degree, but sooner or later comes the break and that gap begins to develop. It's further compounded by promotions, as areas which were not included in the manager's original sphere of expertise are added to his purview. The question is how to manage effectively under these conditions.

Many don't. They resort to the devices of authority and make their decisions upon those factors they can understand and deal with: politics, history, bull-shit, budget objectives, bonus plans, empire-building, etc. The alternative is learning to truly manage, and most places that isn't taught. What is usually pushed, via an inhouse class (perhaps) and a seminar or two, is dealing with people. This is an important dimension of management, but it doesn't address the issue of decision making and guidance. What it can encourage is a poor alternative -- compromising technical direction to keep the masses happy. I've seen this happen many times, and the result is an abortion of a product.

The key lies in perspective. Consider the technical detail we started this discussion with. It exists, and is of vital importance, but it is not sufficient. There are too many aspects to a product for technology alone to cope. The many viable technological routes must be evaluated against a set of non-technological criteria. That is what the manager must do.

It would be rather lengthy to go into the manifold aspects, so let me cop out with an analogy. A general need not be a marksman or a karate expert or an artillery whiz, etc. But he must be able to coordinate and direct the forces at his command to create a campaign or battle plan which is larger than any given element. To do this he must understand the capabilities of his forces, though he need not be able to repair a car in the motorpool or a BAR in the arsenal. Overview orchestration is the key. But 'nuff.

Congratulations, by the way, on penetrating the Top Ten PPM. That 18.00 is impressive. You look like a chap well able to scale the heights. Good zine; and a very nice Collins combo cover/bacover.

HIGH AESTHETIC LINE (Hulan)\* Neat cover -- that "Audrey Seardsley" shows promise. Why not share her address. She may prove good at doing spot illoes for SFPA... ### Good thoughts on words. You hit a true pivot point when you say that the words like "finalize" and "prioritize" are (essentially) evolved from present day circumstances which make them independently meaningful. I use the term "establish priorities", but "prioritize" is used often by my contemporaries and the transitive nature you point out is clearly understood. And so, grammar justified, we settize our prioritizes promptizely...



Agreed that "weasel wording" takes particular skill. It's certainly a well-entrenched institution in our society. I don't think it's any more difficult than communicating coherently and lucidly a complex topic, however. It's hard to convey complex ideas.

A good issue. I enjoyed the reprints quite a lot. This was a good mlg for reprints; binding a sense of SFPA history into the marvelous present. And again, with the exception of Dick Francis and the Freddy the Pig book, I've read none of the books you review. I've bought a P.D. James novel, however, and may even read it soon.

DEUTSCHLAND, DEUTSCHLAND, UBER OCEAN (Hyde) \* Enjoyable trip report. I was favorably impressed during my short trip to Germany, but didn't really have the leisure to wander about like I wanted. It was cold, too. The one morning I did tour a bit I almost froze my feet off. I plan to go back in the summer someday.

HYCEL (Rose H.) \* Good to see you make a reappearance for the One Hundredth Mailing. (You can rejoin Instantly anytime, y'know...) I suppose the Hycel is one of the lab machines I've recently heard about from one of our dealers, 3PM by name. They use our system to pool the results of lab tests. They input cassette tapes made by the machines, grind the results into collective reports by patient, and then output cassettes for the mainframe to print up, do billing, etc. Are there cassettes on the Hycels? How big is the lab where you work?

IGNATZ (Moutry) \* That's "Atkins", not "Adkins"... But IGNATZ! is a very provocative idea, just the same. I assume that Members can write letters too. (Despite being assured their copy(s).) I would think that if this gets moving you'll find a bimonthly schedule too confining and go at least monthly. I'd also think that the circle will be gradually extended beyond SFPA and the zine to take on newszine aspects. We'll see. I like your idea, Joe. (Even if you can't spell my name.)

FINGERTIP REALITY (Moudry) \* The head-up-the-ass mentality of the so-called Moral Majority is indeed going to be a pain which they've got hold of some influence. There's no patent on it, but the blindness to reality of this group is indeed incredible. The opposition has its beauts too. But how we can live in a world dying from population pressure and watch these jerks push for the destruction of the abortion option via some simplistic weasling.

I'm not sure what disturbs me more, to see the persistance of obsolete survival mechanisms -- like this one, from the days when fecundity was needed -- threaten our future as a species, or to see rise of a pious-hypocritical fascism intent on stifling free thought and free choice in this land founded in revolt from such oppression. While America may need a focusing of national attention upon its problems, and while there's no question in my mind that we've become morally lazy and very prone to isolation of the spirit, I can hardly believe that regression into a police state, regardless of the name or banner it may choose, is the answer.

In times like these we need creative approaches; we should foster creation. If we fall into repression and "official" modes of thought we are doomed. Burning witches won't help us. That's venting our national frustration on ourselves. What the hell good is that?



RUNNING IN CIRCLES (Schwarzin) \* Venice is an interesting area. I lived just inland from Venice, in Mar Vista, for years. Venice was unusual, interesting, eccentric, and checkered area. From the renovated "hip" areas, for a variety of clientele, to the broad streets with old spreading trees it was one of the more fascinating parts of the city. The Westside is the Best Side.

Hmmm. If the alimony justification you espouse is true how come I was doing all the household maintenance for myself when I was single, and advancing in industry, then doing a share (% unestablished) when I was married and still going forward in my career, and now am doing all those chores again and yet still manage another promotion? In scientific method research they use "control groups" to create profiles that show the difference "with" and "without". If there is no difference, there is no correlation. As there seems to have been no connection between professional progression and matrimony, I see little reason that professional rewards be taxed in that regard.

It was the professional arena in which I sharpened my work skills, the professional arena where I honed my industry intuitions. The everyday business of cooking, cleaning, laundry, etc., I've been able to do for myself since I was barely into my teens. How can you possibly claim that the redistribution of these domestic assignments could have an influence, a developing influence, on the gaining of systems design and technical management skills?

I recognize that it has been prevailing American legal direction to rule that if a man is married and is a virtuoso heart surgeon that his wife is responsible for half of those skills. If this is so in hard fact, then why do not those of such persuasion go to the wife for heart surgery? I dare say that few do.

This legal fiction is a lie, a damned lie, and it existed merely as a counterbalance to the fact that women were in raw fact denied opportunity in the world, the economic world. It was a lie to offset a lie. If we are now to end one lie, we must end the other. Let us not confuse the fictional expediencies of the past with the reality of life.

As for "giving it all up for him", that is a genuine tragedy. It is also a con game. If you look at it from a brutally economic point of view, she agrees to take his support in the same fashion that he agrees to take the support of his employer. Neither can be guaranteed. Perhaps he could have speculated in commodities and become a billionaire. When his employer files Chapter 11 does the law examine this remote possibility? No. He surrendered his opportunity to faithfully serve the corporation -- this trust prevented him from prospecting for gold in Afganistan or starting his own sex therapy center. But the law's position here is that employment was an elected choice; alternatives are immaterial.

As there are no laws in any state that I know which prevent a wife from working on the same basis that her husband does, I can't see the distinction between contracting for one type of support or another. And if housewifery is so valuable a skill as many contemporary reports vouch it to be, then it must indeed be valued thusly in a severing. And if economic opportunity varies with apologist theory, then it must be theory which gives way to reality. The point is that things must be one way or another; they can't be manipulated to serve both ends. The studies defending the value of householdship put it above the national average income (for a family) in value. If such is really true and the laws of equity are to be observed in a divorce, then the typical



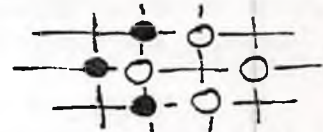
unemployed housewife should pay alimony to the typical blue collar worker if they divorce.... This isn't the case, nobody in their right mind expects it to be the case, yet the fallacy refuted by practice here is embraced by practice if the husband makes much more than the national average. That's crazy, insane.

The whole American divorce system is ailing. The gross inconsistencies in practice, where judgemental "absolutes" are influenced by income scale, are appalling when viewed in total. The Constitution forbids indentured servitude; the divorce courts create it. It's an interesting parallel, if you look into the public rationalizations for allowing the practice of indentured servitude. You'll see reflections in the rationalizations of American divorce divorce courts. But time and labor could break the indenture; only death breaks an alimony decree.

This all reads "stronger" than I really feel. It's a thorny issue, especially complicated when children are involved. I don't see any easy answers. At least the tax bite gets easier overall....

CB's ORNITHOLOGY MAGAZINE (Hutchinson) \* Wow! Your new Betamax sounds incredible. How much did it run?

### "Ko" is a term from the game of Go. Actually, it refers to one of the rules. In a Ko situation recapture is forbidden for one move, because a deadlock could otherwise occur. Gaze at the illustration to the right. If Black captures and White were immediately allowed to recapture and Black were...etc., then the game could die into an endless series of captures. Ko situations are some of the most fascinating in Go. Because a Ko may control a Life or Death situation for a group, the alternation of delayed captures is maintained by making threats elsewhere ("Ko threats"). A good player sees that he's well-armed with Ko threats. And Ko can be multi-level, up to the "Thousand Year Ko".



I've not lost a gas cap yet, but I lost the cap off my coolant return tank. Driving down to Orange County last Friday evening to pick up Dawn I started to smell hot water/antifreeze. Sure enough, the cap was missing and lots of coolant had boiled away. Kathy gave me some aluminum foil and fashioned a makeshift cap held on with rubber bands. I tried the Olds dealership this week and they were out of stock... Maybe there's a band of speculators stealing coolant tank caps, hoping to drive the price up in the shortage and make a killing.

Disney does seem to have been the key to quality. He seemed to make money, too. The only reason I can think of for the abandonment of his policy on quality is Bucks. Cost production costs. The Disney name is on it; the public will flock in. What's hard for me to understand is how the course could change so drastically. Surely Disney had made his principles well understood... Surely his lieutenants were of the same mind... So how did the prostitution begin?

Agreed with your ire at lots of one-sheeters. Perhaps SFPA should pass a rule that all one-sheeters be stapled together (by the Selfless OE) into a single zine and put at the back of the mailing. This policy might have salutary effects on the authors of said one-sheeters, not to mention making SFPA mailings a lot easier to handle.

Gun control is a funny issue. Nobody seriously involved in it seems to have a shred of rationality remaining. The NRA and others of the "well armed militia" school



seem unwilling to admit that a problem exists. That precludes any reasoning discussions about a compromise solution. And the other side seems nearly as fanatic, ignoring our historic failures at attempts to legally control contraband. Look at the huge failures of Prohibitions -- alcohol and grass -- and consider that such enforcement simply drives the black market into big business. This deadlock of extreme and uncompromising positions is incredible.

The more serious problem is the growth of crime and the diminishing ability of the police to control it. To think that law is going to prevent anyone who really wants a gun from getting one is crazy. Reagan would have been shot regardless of gun control. At least in a society that is unwilling to resort to secret police and brutal punishment for alleged wrongs. Better to discount the fanatic as a miniscule part of the problem and level our efforts against the general problem. And gun control would be meaningless there also. I'll save my ranting on what's clogged up and what's missing in our justice/enforcement system for later. But Federal gun control laws are not the answer to crime or assassination.

Nice extra stuff thish. The K-a cartoon was appreciated, but I think I'd enjoy it even more if I were in the circle. My favorite, however, was the amazingly accurate parody of Gilbert Shelton. Hubba hubba.

FLAMBEAU DE LA PETIT ROCHE (Caruthers) \* Hill Street Blues I've seen a few times and thoroughly enjoyed. It has two things that are rare on commercial TV: good writing and good acting. Maybe that's why it was in jeopardy of being renewed. That's past now, for a while at least, and the first new show kept up the quality.

Your new job sounds more in keeping with your literary inclinations, though government documents may stretch that allusion a bit. My acquaintance with government documents is primarily through tax forms and Mil Specs, neither of which has engendered wild excitement in my soul. There are, however, lots of interesting and valuable publications that aren't generally known. Somebody should publish a guide to worthwhile government documents -- and maybe somebody already does. What say?

That's a wild Hearts game, the scoresheet being any indication. Howcome y'all opted for that old Jerry Page invention, cycling at 101?

Busby strikes me as a writer who came into prodom late enough for his first rush to reflect both the Campbell Golden Era and newer perspectives on handling human characters. I always enjoyed Buz in SAPA, and I enjoyed RISSA K. I'll for sure look for ZELDE M. (In fact, I've seen it at Change of Hobbit but not yet purchased it.)

THE SFPA FAMILY ALBUM (Lillian) \* An absolutely indispensible part of the One Hundredth Mailing -- best part, too. The collection of SFPA photos is one I will cherish for years to come. You are to be commended -- nay, praised a thousandfold -- for the vision, energy, drive, persistence and countless nagging notes & calls that produced this masterpiece. I am delighted that I have a second copy -- the "good" xerox version -- to keep separately from my mlg, so that I may refer to these photos as desired.

By the way, that "good" (read: "expensive") xerox is far and away superior -- and I recommend that all TruSFPAs order a copy...



THE SPHERE (Markstein) \* "Dark saber" -- a poetic idea. If the "tiny black hole" is imploded space, I doubt that it would limit it's appetite to "contact". Probably it would gobble up all within some distance. And this magnetic track -- what does that have to do with a collapsed gravitational field? But the "dark saber" is a nice poetic idea and I like the sound of such an instrument.

Thanx for running that picture of the Young Markstein. Enjoyed the zine, but too much monolog for me to find any real & fresh comment hooks.

LOONEY TUNES, MERRIE MELODIES... (Markstein) \* Splendid!

SFPA News & Views (Jennings) \* Your sense of humor still burns bright.

FIRE ON MAIN STREET (McGovern) \* "Stuck inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again"... It was grandpaw that set the fire on Main Street and shot it full of holes. ## Now you've done it. Letting out the word that "Bob Jennings" is a hoax will disillusion countless SFPAs, present and future, who will be shocked to learn that Nobody founded SFPA. (Except Don Markstein, of course, who favors Nobody for President.)

Minac is a tricky thing. How does one tell those who have "lost interest in SFPA"? My feeling is that there must be subjective judgement in any such determination, save when the termination of membership is initiated by the member. But I'm not advocating that we "carry" members unreasonably. If there's no interest left, all the post-cards and phone calls in the world will make no difference. And if there is interest, but circumstances conspire, the reminders may prove enough to help a member over the hump. The Hundredth has frozen turnover, but now that it's past you'll see attrition as before. Too rapid a membership turnover and that apa you're longing to join will begin to disintegrate -- or at least lose its personality.

Acceptance of violence as less offensive than sexually-explicit material is an American trait. This is a violent country and always has been. Sex, on the other hand, was anathema to huge portions of our Founding contingent and this point of view has been propagated by the power structure, in which the influence of those early Blue-Noses is still felt. When you endorse Bob Barger's "tatoo-and-naked-into Liverpool" punishment for Lennon's killer, you are sanctioning the kind of unreasoning mob violence that is at the bottom of our national preoccupation with violence. It excites; it purges; it's better than roller coasters. And it proves how tough we are. Until there is a shift in the ingrained predisposition toward this way of thinking, we'll see violence as a staple thrill of popular media.

GUNFIGHTERS ("Jennings") \* I send my zines wrapped, but inside cut-down corrugated cardboard boxes to defeat (to some extent) the delicate ministrations of the PO. I'd think with only a cardboard top and bottom there'd be the damage. Maybe not. You're the expert, but have you had feedback on the Arrival Condition?

I've used the newspaper logs as a supplement, as opposed to the primary fuel. Take a sawdust log, for example, and after it has crested put a newspaper log up behind it. Restokes the blaze rather nicely.



Funny, I relocated to Elly primarily in consideration of my hobbies. The combination of fannish hyperactivity, chess, surfing and the Dodgers was near irresistible. The job was an interesting unknown -- fascinating in its own right. But the idea was a West Coast excursion, then eventually back to the South. It didn't work out; I stayed in the life style (and job environment) of Southern California.

Perhaps one had to have been there when the massive facade panel was pivoting, but the influence of the Beatles was enormous on the popular conception of the world for a whole generation. I notice that you give Heinlein his due for the influence of his juvenile novels. I wonder why you deny such representation to Lennon in his clever musical disguise as one of the two Key Beatles. Music is enormously powerful as a totem, an identity, as a direction. The gifts of the Beatles was a magic totem, a fresh identity and a daring direction. So Lennon just wrote and sang songs; true. And if you weren't touched by it, that was all. But their music could go deeper than pop lyrics. Time is showing that.

SOME SFPA HIGHLIGHTS... (Crlbrg)\* Quite true... these are SFPA highlights.

As for your other highlight, congrats! I'm almost twice as old now as I was in 1967 also. Approximately. Close enough for government work. Amazing how us young people can look back over a short span of time and see it to be a large part of our life span. Us young people...

This is a feast of the past. You've chosen well, Stven, illuminating the past of your personal SFPA. You caught me up in the memories, and I think I can honestly say (if nostalgia isn't fooling me) that your ensemble is skillfully crafted to include the newer comers in its magic as well.

As for the infamous mate in one, I'm astonished that you were serious. The Fool's Mate is such a beginner's demonstration that I took your query about Black's Q-R5 mate as parody. Do you mean that none of my fellow apans responded? How remarkable....

NO RECOLLECTIONS, NO REGRETS (Dolbear, etc.) \* Good stuff and appreciated.

This congregation of names from the past was a pleasure to encounter, even if the title puns are atrocious... Pass on my hellos and thanks, will you, Dennis, to Lester, Norman, Doug, John, Justin and Don.

SONGS OF THE DAMNED (Wagner) \* I've only skimmed this; a more leisurely reading is at least two weeks in the future. But it's well-crafted verse from what I see. Thanks, Vern & gang.

HE WALKED AROUND... (Dolbear) \* Your description of Walsh's sword is poetry.

My inclinations to own a really good sword have been sabotaged time and again by financial druthers.. the practical prevailing time after time over the impraxis. Perhaps, if according to plan I become Moderately Well Off in the course of the next half-decade, I'll plurge and find such a sword to purchase. Also a good video recorder, reel-to-reel outfit, etc.

Agreed, the real frontier of technology today is bringing high-quality low-cost goods to the mass market. The TRS Color Computer is an example of such a breakthrough. It's got fantastic capability for entertainment -- and everything needed for the full extravaganza comes for under a grand...



VIOLATORS WILL BE TOAD (Dolbear) \* I like your title. ### I'd think a benefit of teaching "popular culture" in the schools might be to educate the kids as to the underpinnings and antecedents of what they're listening to. Every new generation seems to think that their idols invented music, social criticism, etc. With a bit of tact in the administration, showing them the continuity of these things throughout the history of the race could be an edifying experience. Both ways. Teen-agers need the isolation fostered by teeny fads, but later they need a road back. The rebellion instinct is designed to sever nest ties. What too often happens is a generation gap. I think a bit of insight into roots could help everybody.

Re: the President's control over environmental regulatory agencies. It wasn't appointees that I saw as having a major impact, but rather budget cuts. The agencies are practically immune to appointed heads -- these guys come and go. But budget dollars are another thing. Reagan's slashier program is underway (and damn good), but you'll see the real barons of the administrative agencies start to come to heel as the scenario proceeds. As long as it's funded a bureaucracy agency can operate pretty much as it pleases, but if its monies are cut off it withers. Money is the Big Stick.

OK. I cede points on the foreign policy shtick. My thoughts are that we can easily get ourselves into a position of No Return via beating the drums for popular support. In the USSR this is not a problem -- not with the nearest equivalent to martial law in force. But here the Vote Wagon can't be overturned with loss of power. How many are willing to do that? Sure, the Kremlin recognizes exercise of force and is careful of it. Their "softening" to such is a simple pragmatic expedient to give up position of posture rather than territory or influence. They understand the Vote Wagon. If it rolls too fast the public will demand something tangible. That could get messy.

Again, no, I did not imply that political expertise was a requirement for the franchise. I am saying that political ignorance is no bar to it, and that ignorance produces random results. I'm saying that most of our voting population doesn't understand the faintest thing about the issues. I am saying that elections are decided by ignorant people who vote the way their bread is buttered -- no other way. I'm saying that's a damned shame; that we'll pay for that eventually. (And we probably are already -- for a long time.) To poke at your example of "having a stake in the future", all the passengers on a commercial airline have a stake in the flight: why don't they elect the pilot on a popularity poll? Huh? Is piloting the nation so much less complex than piloting an airplane that a popularity contest is appropriate here? I believe steering a nation is rather more complex than steering an airplane.

Political expertise isn't something we're going to find in a lot of people, and political expertise itself has to do with the political system, not the issues of statesmanship. It's political experts who are getting elected. That's my COMPLAINT!! As long as we make it feasible for only those who will do and say anything to manipulate the mob in order to achieve power to gain office, we will deserve the government we get. The average Public is uneducated to governmental issues, is so by omission of any such requirements, and thinks that justice is Clint Eastwood, power is J.R., and statesmanship is Darth Vader. That's the issue I'm talking about, and you've still not addressed it.



But enough ranting and raving. It's not a militant issue with me, but rather a general concern. There's probably as much frustration in finding the construct I put together a few mailings back may have provoked all sorts of commentary, but failed to draw attention to the issue I was pointing to. Owell. So much for the indirect experiment...

THE SILVER EEL (Barger) \* A beautiful zine. While I've never been deep into the series, I've enjoyed the Grey Mouser stories I've encountered. Leiber's other work has generally struck as better overall writing than his S'n'S, but perhaps that's a narrow mind showing. I tend to judge all heroic fantasy against the standard of LotR, and that's a high standard indeed. Your dedication has put together a superb tribute to Leiber's Mouser. This one I read thru. (And I'll refrain from going off on an analysis of the computer game Star Trek...)

MAYBE (Koch) \* Unchanged by all these years.....

MONKEYS AND CUCUMBERS (Morrissey) \* Glad you slipped in by the skin of your proverbial teeth for the One Hundredth, Rich. And thanks much for the Staton comic. Joe just never seems to get around to doing such things himself. Modest, I guess. But he is nevertheless well represented in this mailing. And you, sir, come back next mlg with a big zine... Y'hear?

GREEN LANTERN CORPS (Staton) \* Good to see you're still truckin'....

CONTENTS UNDER PRESSURE (Brown) \* I may become visibly angry with other people's screw-ups if I feel they're the result of negligence or apathy or malice, but I rarely blow up if I think that the offender was really trying, just not quite able. I recall all the times I've tried to learn a skill and struggled through the agonies of novicehood. Both nasty and gentle comments have been directed at me in those circumstances, and there's a world of difference in the way they register. Irritation gets the best of us all at times, but if as a general rule we mentally reverse roles for a second before speaking, it can be a great aid to moderation.

In all the discussion about Shadow versus wl zines in SFPA, and membership feedback versus Shadow participation by same, and copy requirements, etc., there's an old custom that seems to be overlooked. Perhaps it's too slow for today's impetuous youth, but in past days it was not unusual for a waitlister, if the wl were a long one, to do a column in a member's zine. I was such a columnist once, and it all worked out well. I got my exposure in the apa. As I'd comment on zines sent to me, I got a few. When I was near the top I started buying overrun mailings and doing full MC's.

On to your remarks about the initial impact of SFPA. Yes, you and Deb make me think about it all. In terms of quality and volume, as well as ingroup spirit, I suppose that SFPA is one of the most powerful apas in fandom. SFPA has Presence. The other aspects I see, the openness and gladness to see energetic newcomers, must be hard to apprehend when one is just joining. The Presence is probably felt the most.

The "list" aspect is also very much a part of SFPA. Sometimes it irritates me, but mostly when I find a zine that is nothing but lists. If a list relates, for me, to tan-



gible things then the list holds an interest as a catalog, not to mention value as an index. If not, I'm bored. A good example is the list of Vivian LeGrand (sp?) stories that Bob Jennings ran a few mls back. I'd never heard of the series, but Bob took the effort and care to interest me in what they were all about. He fleshed out the character of Vivian LeGrand. When I got to the list portion, I was motivated to look it over, see what the historic appearances had been, etc. I was actually wanting to find some of these stories and read them. That's what happens when a list-maker couples well-written descriptive prose to his index. In SFPA, unfortunately, the "cold naked list" also makes its share of appearances.

But that bit about old SFPAs knowing each other so well that fragmentary, cryptic references are commonly used for communication is a theory I just don't buy. Like the dwarf's ears, eh, Alan. Not a comment to make at the drop of a hat, is it, Dave? But Guy might say it was more like the Third Waitlister. And Steven might not break cream of wheat. Sum it up, Don? So you see, Iris, there's no basis for your observation at all...

In the end, though, I sincerely hope that these things aren't barriers to big zines. For me, the very strength and history of SFPA make it all the more appealing -- and more easily commented. When I'm in tune (which isn't always) the pages flow. Surely it takes initial effort to launch one's craft into a powerful current, but I should hope that the same powerful current serves to carry the craft merrily along.

Applause! Applause! Cats are indeed the most fannish of animals (excepting, of course, fans themselves). The proper cat maintains a unique personality and establishes for itself a unique environmental position (say, atop the television or in the middle of your half-read newspaper). Cats are past masters of minac, yet know how to contribute their occasional hyper-activity with maximum effect. Cats have mastered the art of fearless first draft and never hesitate in their expletives. Yet if there is a cat who didn't have cached away a few diplomatic retreats it has not yet been discovered. And cats are hedonists at heart, like all true faaaaaans, yet cats never never cease to defend their environment. If it needs improving, they improve it. Say, the curtains would be more harmonic in shreds... Cats belong to the most secret of apas -- and a few public ones with Prestige and Presence. Dogs belong to the N3F.

HICKMAN'S SCRAPBOOK (Hickman) \* "...Sidney Bechet. Very good." So true... Interesting, though mainly reprints. I could have pointed you out as an Artful Listmaker as well as Bob. I recall THE PULP ERA with a lot of fondness. Lotsa good stuff. And in this zine, the Ellison bits are priceless...

SPIRITUS MUNDI (Lillian) \* An impressive issue; probably the best SM ever. And what better time for that than SFPA's celebration... ### Yes, I've had a number of tigers as cover subjects of late. I like tigers, and a supply happened to appear. For the One Hundredth Mailing, alas, I had to settle for featuring a Pusycat...

As another (quick) comment on business taxes, please note that references to oil company profits aren't as much in the context from which I am speaking as are the profits of small struggling operations where the industry is truly competitive, not tacitly fixing prices (with a little help from their friends...). The little guys are where real competitive springs from, and we're stifling them...



I do appreciate the helpful hints about writing that you and others (Clint, etc.) have given. They are mainly encouragement and that is a cumulative medicine. That's good, for I don't think my problem today is exactly word mastery or developmental balk. The problem is rather Getting Down To It: a devil. I need to Get Launched.

Strangely enough, when I was in college and ventured occasionally to New Orleans, there was a chess chop in the quarter that specialized in both coffee house chess and expensive sets & books. The front shop was where the expensive goodies were kept. The patio inside (courtyard?) had several tables where beer was served and skittles games were often in progress. Once it was discovered that my rating was over 2000 I was a welcome visitor. Free beer for simply stomping the businessmen visitors with a smile and spending a bit of time to analyze their game. I loved it. But the shop was vanished when I returned years later.

If you think you're gauging Ellay fandom when you measure LASFS, you're very wrong. The area is rich in fanac, Guy, which never touches LASFS. There are, in the total area around Ellay, about 16 million people. LASFS is not the heart of this aggregation, though it may be the most visible manifestation from afar.

There's a report on TV about peanuts. I didn't know that the government issues allotments to authorize the legal growing of peanuts. Dates back to the New Deal. The allotments are inherited, and most holders don't grow peanuts any more -- they sell the right to grow peanuts instead. A profitable business. Shades of royal indulgencies. That's the kind of crap we need to get rid of in this country.

Yeah, the recently popular theory that criminals are victims of their environment and are therefore to be pitied rather than punished is yielding its harvest. Perhaps the idea that criminals can be treated is correct, but we've neglected efforts any deeper than lip service. The pendulum is swinging back and soon we the nation will be treating criminals as we do other products of their environment -- rattlesnakes, black widow spiders, centipedes. I fear the backlash will be strong, but I also think it may be necessary. Not in the measure we're likely to see, but to the extent of a reversal of policy, a toughening prosecution, an increase in penal facilities, etc. Crime today is a profitable and reasonably low risk business. That's got to be turned around. There is a criminal mind which will never be deterred, but there must be lots of participants who would fade away if the heat were turned up. And if we kept the real pros behind bars longer when they were caught, if of course you could convict them, then there'd be a manifest drop in the crime rate.

I wasn't citing competitiveness as a trait that should go. I was thinking more of blind breeding in a grossly overpopulated world, a rapid resorting to physical violence in an over-armed world, greed and exploitation, destruction of environment, etc. Mankind is headed toward making the planet too small and too unsuited for continuation of human life as we know it; a cataclysm of some sort will be needed. And fate seemed pretty good at providing those when they become necessary.

Don Fitch has an interesting point in his FAPA MC which you quote. Most other apas have produced a collection representative of their best writing. Perhaps SFPA is too independent for such a project, but it's a highly intriguing idea. "The Best of SFPA"... Sounds nice, yes? It could be a cooperative effort, if could a way but be figured out.

I was at von Turk's mansion once, grateful for the opportunity to view its treasures. Some amazing chess sets he had. I recall that Faruk declined the offer of a game, saying it would take too long. Othello is so much a quicker game (typically). Perhaps I'll have the honor of a joust or two at the OSC. My humble progress in that game over the past year has been gratifying to my lowly soul. Perhaps I would not disgrace myself in the playing.

What makes you think that isolation is the only possible effect of drugs. We are quite isolated to start with, sitting smugly behind our Preconceptions and Topical Filters, not to mention our Preoccupations. The drug alcohol, for example, trades a varying amount of physical numbness for a loosening of Programmed Inhibitions, when used not to excess. This can easily produce a less isolated circumstance than sobriety.

A dynamite issue. I'll lightly roll across the enjoyment of Reinhardt Roast illoes, nostalgia-prose about your past five years (in which my minac years are profiled without a reference to that magnificent one-shot "Watching the Candle Burn"... a particular favorite of mine own, but not appreciated at-large in SFPA); a reprint of The Oexorcist -- faaan-group fiction of SFPA excellence; natter & illos everywhere; the MC's which I've already commented; and "Turista". I'm hesitant to draw conclusions here. The story has been re-drafted several times, to judge from the smoothness of the prose. I'm less sure of the intimations, which are clearly drawn from your past. The Marie Laveau angle seems distractive to what was apparently shaping from a "games-based" relationship. The deep depression of Paul, culminating in the oblique murder (from implication) of the legless black seems out of proportion to the circumstances -- and Marie was no added justification, for me. In short, I think the story needs both simplification of implication (its too short to sustain P.D. James overtones) and development of motive. We are seeing the trigger events only. But aside from these cold and dispassionate criticisms, I am encouraged. Keep writing. As you told me, JDM wrote LOOK of Travis McGee prose before pubbing the first novel. This was the best SPIRITUS ever, Guy.

THE COMPLETE HECTOGRAPHER (Binker H.) \*\* It's nice to get this update.

I notice that neither Dave Hulan nor I qualify as "SFPA notables", but I suppose that's understandable. Though our quarrel was never with Binker's moderation, but rather with the assinine spouting of Steve, her lesser half.

UNNECESSARY INTIMATE REDUNDANCIES (Phillips) \* Lanes on a freeway are much lines multiple lines at a Post Office, etc. The one you pick is always the slowest. I beat that syndrome at the drive-in teller this afternoon - a first for me. My line went faster than the Other One. I attribute this to the fact that I left work early and was in no hurry at all, looking forward to a lazy weekend. Probably this was the exception that proves the rule.

The derivation of "Bum" Phillips name goes back to childhood. It's said, at least in the Ellay Times, that when Phillips was a youth his little sister would try to call him "brother" but the outcry was liked more to "bum" by the young Phillip's friends. The nickname stuck, and today we have one hell of a fine football coach called "Bum". (By everybody, not just the Houston owners...)



A few weeks ago I took Dawn to the Museum of Natural History. Wandering through the halls I had my childhood wonder at the profusion of varieties of animals, birds, fish, flowers, etc., revived. Perhaps it's not unusual that the human race has found a near-infinite set of divisions within its own span. What's distressing is that along most of the divisions lies an "I'm OK, You're Not OK" attitude. Not held by everybody, but by enough to produce a lot of exploitation and misery.

When you say that many of the tenets of the feminist movement seem to apply to everyone, you're right. Indeed, a lot of movements and "isms" have similar tenets. It seems a shame that most movements place a more narrow interpretation on such than is necessary or beneficial. Many people, as you do, see the more universal application. Others don't. The lines of division, the "them and us" divisions, just seem to get more prolific. A sad thing that "human" movements aren't more frequent, or at least non-subverted. They all seem to turn out like ANIMAL FARM. Maybe exploitation of equality movements is one of the ultimate human ironies...

Programming. If programming is like math, it's also like writing. Just a logical connection of elements. There's too often an air of mystery around computers that doesn't need to be there. Programming is really simple stuff. (Though it can be quite complex for complex tasks.) A language like Basic makes it quite easy. The trick is finding (a) access to a machine, and (b) a mentor to get you started. It goes by itself after that.

I like peanut butter and banana sandwiches. Also peanut butter and mayonaise. And catsup and onion slices. But my real favorites are bacon-lettuce-tomato, avocado-bacon, and tuna.

I've offended people by correcting their mistakes also. Maybe the easier acceptance of such corrections in fandom is because most fans do it. Certainly, apazines are full of corrections. Fans seem to have a higher value for getting facts straight than do most folks, though I've seen hurt feelings in fandom when factual corrections come. In mundane circles (most, that is), I've learned to leave social conversations uncorrected in most cases. The bulk is just pasttime chit-chat anyway, and the correctness of most statements is immaterial under those conditions. The idea is casual interaction. (I'm excepting gossip, where the intent is something else again -- but again, truth is usually unwelcome.) In work discussions I insist on accuracy and openness. This is not resisted on the technical fronts, but sometimes creates problems when related to "sales opportunities". It can be a tricky thing, taking exception to the cherished preconceptions of humans.

A good zine, especially the skillful personal writing. Thanks for sharing with us. My moods go down and up, too, and I suspect that's true for all. Today I'm mildly down. Lethargic. Coming off a very stressful week and wanting to do nothing but vegetate. But the SFPA deadline looms and there's MC's to be done....

AGGRAVATING STORIES (weber) \* How the Japanese have announced that they're going after the supercomputer market in a massive effort. GaAs technology is the rumor. That's fast enough. When the project is done there'll be a bigger one behind it, they say. Should round out the Japanese mastery of computer technology rather nicely. Software, however, still seems their weakest point.

True, the history of the world is the history of "water rights" empires -- and eventual bloody rebellion and establishment of a new Owner of the Well. Or invasion from outside to capture the Well, etc. I've never taken a course in Volitionism myself, but from my discussions with a few adherents it seems little more than cloaking exploitation of property rights with a litany about how ethical that is, plus admonishments to not be taken advantage of. Doesn't sound terribly consistent...

Excellent review of EXCALIBUR (among others). I'm anxious to see the movie, but am reluctant to fight through the lines in Westwood Village where its showing (exclusively) in this area. I've probably not got the patience to wait for it citywide, tho. Reviewer for Channel 2 (I forgot his name) who's usually pretty tough gave it a 9. (He gave "Hill Street Blues" as a series an 8.) I've tended to agree with his opinions in the past. In this case, his review was similar to yours -- slow beginning, great finish; considerable evocative power. Liberties with the legend, but not destructive ones. Great Merlin. Superb Morgana. I gotta see it soon.

Why so contemptuous of Basic? It's not supposed to be terribly efficient in resource useage, or mathematically oriented. But I like it lots better than that abortion COBOL. (Although most everything we do is assembly, the proper way, imho.) Basic is so throwing things together and kicking them quickly into shape. You debug on the fly, customize on the fly, etc. Any of your higher level languages, despite claims by their supporters, are gross sloppy pigs in terms of resource utilization. They are used for other reasons: application-oriented structure (ho!ho!), machine independence (chuckle!!), ease of use (snigger), fad (smug grin), customer edict (selling to the Feds again, uh?), or management edict (gotta cancel that turkey's sub to Datamation). Don't misjudge Basic. It's as appropriate a tool for what it's intended to do as any of the best of the high-level languages.

Saw the new Mannesmann Tally model 1800 printer demonstrated last week. It's a nice machine. It's American engineering. Prints in two modes -- draft and "near letter quality" (new buzz: "NLQ"). Solid construction, high reliability, no lube needed, no PM. The slower, less-expensive version goes head-on against the NEC 810. There are still pockets of technical ingenuity left in the States -- may their tribe increase.

Apa-burnout is knocking on my door too. Not just a temporary exhaustion of topics, but a weariness of the typer and of deadlines. I peaked with SFPA 100. Now I'm scurrying about trying to make sure (as you) that I top my current pages per mailing. That's not so cool. I should be doing only as much activity as is comfortable, plus a bit of "push" to get as much of the mlg MCed as is possible. Past that, I believe that one is tempting a "vicious circle" burnout, where the resistance accumulated from mlg to mlg. I always do more if I'm relaxed about it, anyway.

I've read Fritz Leiber's chess stories and enjoyed them, though they're not really about chess -- it's merely a background setting. The best writing that concerns chess centrally, imho, is Nabokov's THE DEFENSE. Brilliantly written, as is most Nabokov. I've avoided the novel supposedly based on Fischer (THE SICILIAN DEFENSE??), for what are to me obvious reasons. Not much good writing on chess exists, outside of technical material. "Exchange of Men" by Joseph Cross is probably the best short piece. One of my "back-burner" projects has, for years, been to write a chessic novel. But I never get started...



Enjoyed the reprint material, but was delighted by your fanfic. Hope you continue it. I'll bet you've not decided on the identity of the Masked SMOF yet, so I'll keep my guess to myself.

THE REAL COVER REPRINT EXTRAVAGONZO (Hutchinson) \* And thanx to Ward Batty! This is another highlight of The One Hundredth Mailing, evoking all sorts of nostalgia as I thumbed through the zine. (No hitchhiking jokes, Alan...) You've given us some real classics. Enjoyed the illuminating commentary also. Always wondered where you got those fiendish cover ideas.....

WARD'S HOME COMPANION (Batty) \* You are to be blessed for making the preceding zine reality. ### My mimeo is an ABDick 525 too. It's not been used in a long time (years) and I know the inside is caked with ink. Someday I'll clean it up (at the car wash) and start doing mimeo zines again, but for now I'm too lazy and would rather stick with xerox or offset. Stencils are harder masters to produce than typed pages -- and the typed masters can be retained for easy reuse, whereas the stencils I retained were a real pain to re-run. I had to slipsheet with the 525, and I notice that yours needs similar attention... ## Liked your calendar.

TIPPECANOE AND MINAC TOO (Dick L.) \* Chattanooga fan politics sound like those of the LASFS when I was attending (and what I hear of that organization today). A pity that some people have to use hobby outlets to satisfy their power hunger, etc. Spoils the party for the rest of us. Over the years I've learned to avoid hobby politics, if possible. (It's not always possible.)

Interesting airplane stats. Made me realize how much of my own life has been spent in the air. Totalling up what can be remembered, I've flown into or out of 41 different commercial airports; have flown on 25 different airlines; and have made about 170 flights, including 16 trans-Atlantic ones. That's a lot of hours logged...

A century is a long time, yes, but I'll side with Dave in the question of self-sustaining colonies off the Earth. The key is that hypenated "self-sustaining". I read that to mean that these colonies are producing all the necessities of life for themselves. While we may well have placed outposts off the Earth, I can't see how they'll be self-sustaining. That implies a lot, and we don't see any friendly environments out there. I rule out space itself -- no materials. Perhaps we'll have a station with hydroponics and enough green to provide oxygen recycling, but that's not enough. And the planets or moons we see are also tough propositions. The first settlements will have to justify themselves economically, so they're likely to be mining outposts. Supplies in, ore (or rather, processed ore) out. Etc.

As Harry is MIA, let me answer your question about "skills in demand" in the Ellay area. A quick reference to the want ads of the Sunday Times reveals large sections soliciting the following skills: accountants (& accounting clerks and managers/supervisors), automobile mechanics, clerics, computer operators, dental technicians/assistants, electronic technicians, engineers (manufacturing, mechanical, electronics), draftsmen, nurses, medical technicians, machinists, programmers, salesmen (all types), secretaries, X-ray techs. The biggest categories were accountants, nurses, engineers, programmers, secretaries.

I play Hell, but don't care too much for the game (can't say why -- maybe it never got a fair shake -- though I did win when I played). It's a craze in this area. The Games Weekends won't allow it, as it interferes too much with the chaos. ## The Box Scores have arbitrary rules to simplify bookkeeping. If you've not a member nor on the wl, no credit. If you're on the wl, you get credit only for the string leading into your membership. These rules were setup before I was computerized, and could probably be relaxed. But that would be breaking with Tradition. ## I lift illos from newspapers and magazines (lots from ads) and if the artist isn't identified there I can't do it either. ## Good zine.

BREAKFAST AT MILLIWAYS (Nicki L.) \* Rabbit is excellent, much like chicken, so I wonder why it's eaten so rarely in America. It's not offered much in the supermarkets, for one thing. Frozen rabbit is sometimes available. Depends on the store. But Hassenpfeffer is delicious! I've had frog legs, bear, deer and goose also. Also buffalo and wild boar. Preparation seems to be a key to game. I've had excellent preparations and poor ones.

Delicious recipes (all this food talk!). I put the chocolates bits into my brownies unmelted: makes for tasty nuggets of chocolate in the eating. I use the semi-sweet Toll House morsels. Your idea about using the peanut butter nuggets sounds like a good one. I remember peanut-butter brownies from my childhood, and I've gained five pounds just doing this paragraph.

One of my favorite cookbooks is HELEN CORBITT COOKS FOR COMPANY. It's full of innovative recipes and clever party ideas; hints and goodies. I don't undertake big cooking projects much these days, but when I do it's to Helen Corbitt that I go most frequently for inspiration. She recommends things that can be handled without too much mess or pain, and that's my bag. It's not a book for the novice, though. Helen expects the cook to have proper cook's judgement.

Isn't it rather limiting to say that sf deals with a "change" in technology? I've always felt that science fiction dealt with different circumstances than those we have today -- circumstances of the past which did not occur or circumstances of the future which do not involve magic. By your definition, what is LEST DARKNESS FALL? Or BRING THE JUBILEE? Or TO LIVE FOREVER? Or MISSION OF GRAVITY? Often the change occurs long before the story begins, and is incidental to other narrative threads. I notice that you slant toward this view in your review of CALLAHAN'S CROSSTIME SALOON.

Garfield is super. None of the papers I get or have access to carry Garfield, but I get an occasional "fix" courtesy of Dave Locke, who routes the strips to me via Ed Cagle. I enjoyed the lady vet series too. Garfield is developing an interesting set of characters.

Distinguishing real butter from margarine is well and fine, but can you tell the difference where it counts: Coke versus Pepsi, Schlitz versus Budweiser, Harvet Day Mountain Burgundy versus Chateau Lafitte-Rothchild? Be sure to let Bill Cosby know...

Salient comments on P.D. James. I've finished my first novel by her and plan to do a thumb-nail review next issue. She's good, but I see irritating flaws in her writing. ## Excellent issue. When are you going to get Charlie Wilms onto the wl? His cover was very well done indeed.



SEYMOUR STRUGGLES ON (Flores) \* Ahh, the cost of a job well-done. 'Tis a sweet agony. The dollars alone aren't worth it, of course, but the pride of leading the pack is strong medicine. Strangely enough, my first few jobs discouraged this attitude. It wasn't so much an anti "rate-buster" attitude, but rather management expectation. I recall (at one aerospace employer) wrapping up my first six-month's assignment in three -- with testing done till I was dizzy. And telling my manager, only to have him frown. "Go back to your desk, kid." He frowned, uncomfortable. "This is a cost-plus operation, if you get my drift." I didn't, but I'd learn quickly enough. They kept me busy by letting me fix the bumbling work of programmers my senior in years. This was grand stuff until the reviews came out and everybody the same %. Which left me farther behind... So I quit and found a small private company where performance was cherished.

EE is a good minor for a Computer Science major if your aim is towards systems creation. Mainly assembler work, down in the guts. If you're interested in COBOL or IBM "systems work" (which is being a user of what the real IBM systems people design), then Business might be a better minor. Or, specifically, accounting. Stay in either hard science or business. End of advice.

You're correct that the OE has no formal power over Shadow. But the nights bring apparitions. Memories of the Klu Klux Klan, of the Knights of the White Camellia, of Hank Reinhardt. None of these ancient bodies had formal power either, yet they possessed the influence sprung from terror. When Guy said that he would "do what was necessary to ensure the continuance of Shadow as a SFPA dominion, regardless of the cost in life" perhaps he held sheets of historic precedent in mind....

AMERICAN IN PARIS (Barger) \* Fan-tabulous comment! "Fans are no more poorly adjusted than are most people." It hits a nail that needed a bit of pounding. These discussions we're having about whether the company of fans is to be preferred, whether fans are "superior", etc., are based on a premise usually hidden (though sometimes voiced to ward off the apprehension): that fans are somehow socially maladjusted.

This is, of course, bullshit in the general case. Thank you for articulating it. While fans are indeed inclined to literary pursuits (meaning: they read books) and do prone to societally superfluous cogitation (meaning: they're above norm in IQ), these aberrations seem to aid rather than hinder coping in adult society. Most of the fans I know are doing rather well, thank you, in the "real" world. Maybe it's time we threw off the old high-school images (I hated high school) and started to view ourselves as what we are: people. We're pretty impressive people when you look at objectively. We can move in circles where creativity, literacy, intelligence, wide-ranging interests and specialty skills are not stigma. Why does fandom have to apologize for that???

(Thank you, Robert, for an avenue to the soapbox. Now I revert to Clark Kent, mild-mannered MCer to SFPA 100...) ## Good to see Jimmy Buffett fans out there. I'm an old Buffett fanatic, having first seen him in a mouldy little cafe in Mobile, where he was on behind Shoeless Pashley. This was long before the Coral Reefer Band, though I've got to admit that Jimmy was a bit green in those days. The artistic extent of his maturation has both delighted and confounded me. In SFPA 25 I MCed to Gary Brown: "Yes, Buffett has talent, but he's got to stop imitating Julius La Rosa before

he breaks it. Thank ghu he didn't try Harry Belafonte. He ain't got the voice." It was in 1973 when I received, in the mail, an album entitled "A White Sport Coat and a Pink Crustacean" that I knew Jimmy was making it, for sure. Inside was one sheet of pink paper with a scrawled "J", but it was of enough to remind me of those after-hours raps with Jimmy about what was and what wasn't commercial music. Art retained, of course. Never heard from the summtich again -- no free concert tickets. But it was enough to convince me that my big mouth might have had some influence in getting him out of the lounge racket into his own songs. Shoeless and I (yes, I still see Shoeless when he's in Ellay) wonder if success has been too much for Jimmy. He don't remember his old friends no mo'....

APOCALYPTIC LIZARD ZEN (Burke) \* Tricky-good zine. But Buffett does it better in verse. For is it not said, "the master must be unapproachable," and is it not written, "lo! though they search unto the ends of their days never shall they find unless they have MasterCharge," and has not the Hank Itself said, "for all that goes on the earth is going, only those with it are coming," and has not Lon said, "if you ain't got a mirror, go find an MC on your zine." ## Enjoyed!

YOU DON'T HIT A PLANE... (Paris) \* So what is "Pac-man" and how is it played? Being newly into computer games I'm interested in them all. Description, please. ### Never been on Space Mountain, but I tried out The Corkscrew and Montezuma's Revenge and The Parachutes at Knotts Berry Farm a few weeks back. Lotsa fun. They've certainly improved roller-coaster technology since I was a kid. Upside-down loops. Staright up-and-down pauses. Neat stuff. ### I had to take off my glasses, too, but I see well enough without them.

Your Apalympics idea has a lot of merit. There's lots of events just waiting to be organized into contests -- things much of the membership is good at. Pushing deadlines, for instance, is a real test of coordination and timing. Jumping to conclusions demands agility. Running one-shots takes courage and a thick skin. While throwing tantrums is a specialty sport and walking away from a feud is one rarely indulged in. Pressing for activity belongs to the minackers, but hitting mailings is for the hyperactive. Dropping membership, though, will not be a competition event.

Your zine is Wow! nonstop prose flow. Delightful to be swept along in but hard to stop long enough to find comment hooks. A fresh exuberant zine. & I liked your cover illo of Nacy Reagan preparing to remodel the Carter Whitehouse. SFPA needs more such social commentary...

DISGRACE IS BETTER... (Wells) \* I took my car in to have a recall notice honored, only to discover that by policy they only do recall work between 10 AM and 3 PM. You must bring your car in between those hours, UNLESS you are having other work done, in which you're welcome to leave it anytime between 7 AM and 5 PM. Hmmm.....

PRODUCTION & DECAY... (Ryder) \* Glad you made the mlg. Went to the La Brea Tar Pits with Dawn last wkend and saw (in the new museum) the skeleton of an Imperial Mammoth. 12 feet tall at the shoulder. 12 feet of tusk. Would be a hell of a lot more impressive than mere elephants in the scene you portray. Doesn't "Mammoth Man" have a more euphonious ring than "Elephant Man"??



UTGARD (Hulan) \* Astute comments on the waitlist situation. The size of the wl isn't bothering me yet, as the wl turnover has been quite high over the past couple of years. And while the wl seems to be stabilizing in the past few mlg's, I don't see the five and six year waits of FAPA in the late sixties. Nor are the contributions so bad as long as the copy requirement doesn't increase. The "dilution" effect seems minimal, the wl appears genuinely interested in the parent apa (overall), and the contributions are mostly segregated into Shadow where the membership can simply choose to notice or ignore. I see a whole new generation of SFPAns growing, and I'm happy about that. They'll find places in the ole apa without expansion being needed.

The Ruskin quote is quite true in its own way, but glancing at your comments on Japanese goods I realize that it's also possible, if you're clever enough, to build something a bit better and a bit cheaper, also, than the competition. That's constantly happening in the world of technology, and it's what got both CMC and REXON going. Trick is, it's hard to maintain.

French beer is something I've never had, mostly because I drink wine or cidre when in France, but also because no Frenchman I've ever been drinking with selected French beer. On my first trip to a beer bar with Frank Sere I suggested that he recommend a good beer brewed in France. He looked at me in silence for several seconds, then called for a beer. "This is a good Belgian beer," he told me. "There are no good beers brewed in France." But I may well have encountered reverse prejudice, just as there are Americans who will tell you there are no good American beers...

Back to your Japanese observations, I think that the Japanese style of "all for one; one for all" with loyalty and pride emanating both ways, occurs in the US of A primarily as an attribute of small innovation companies. My experience with two such (so far) has brought me to believe that America can have such worker-management relationships. I've never seen a "big" American company with this spirit, though. CMC was losing some of it as the company grew, but even at the end (the acquisition by Pertec) there was a tremendous spirit. CMC still has annual reunions (at the Oar House in Santa Monica) and people come from all over. Two or three hundred of us, from every labor grade, packed in there once a year. That's tradition...

OK, after due consideration I withdraw my "knock" of Malavasi for the regular-season Dallas game romp. He had no choice. But I don't withdraw my belief that it was partly that game which sparked the Cowboys later -- and left the Rams a bit too cozy going in...

Interesting that thirty years ago it wasn't uncommon to hear marathon Coke drinkers refer to themselves as "dope fiends". I've heard it many times in my early youth. But as the presence of dope began to penetrate deeper into the moral heartland of society, the vicarious thrill, the jolly joke, in that phrase began to go sour. Insight into the human mind. When evil is far away we can make light-hearted jokes about it. When it is around, known to be there, but not immediately present, we ignore it. As it gets terribly close, terribly imminent, the jokes start again. But they are different jokes.

Good zine & I've more comments, but time is running out. I need to be on to the rest of the mlg. Frags: I get sent out of town on VERY short notice. ## I'd like to read TICKETS TO THE DEVIL. ## There already is a "wide-screen" TV. ## "Stupid" is a relative term.

THIN ICE (Verheiden) \* Your screenplay is well done. I'd think it would go well on film. Luck. ## By now you should certainly be aware that you're highly thot of in the group. Your second page is perhaps one of the finest tributes a Southern apa could get -- that we are good enough to have captured an isolated Yankee (I mean, Oregon is isolated, isn't it?) and brought him to join us. You are, you realize, very much a member of that "gestalt" you cite...

GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGIE (Burke & Clark) \* Or is it "Burk & Clarke"? Or "Curk and Blarke"? Let's see if the fanfic itself offers any clues.... Great stuff!!! Superlative cover!! Fantastic descriptive adjectives!! Horrible dialect!! I loved it!!!! ... So it mus be "Rusty & Vern". (Or is that "Rust and Verny"?)

THE GOLDEN LAMPREY (Clark) \* Welcome to SFPA! (Though I feel like you've been "in" for a couple of mailings now.) This is a herculean effort on your part, but you didn't finish your MC's. (If you don't finish your MC's next mlg, you'll be sent to bed without supper.) A nice introduction, though, and one which calls out a lot of the real virtues of SFPA. I view the new group now joining in such tumultuous joy as a new generation of SFPA, bringing their own legends and ingroup jokes to add to the treasure trove already in SFPA. It's great to be there at such an historic juncture, even if one is viewing it from the geriatric ward as I am.

Never saw the Disney version of Robin Hood. ### Really funny piece on Lovecraftian porno. In a redirected way, y'all may be a lot closer than you thought. ### But Finn's "The Demon of Townsend Rood" seems to share much with de Sade's "Philosophy in the Bedroom". ### Agreed, Hugos have become jokes. For more than a decade, now. The value is still there -- as popularity amongst the voting base. But all pretensions to "nod for quality" have long since vanished. Fandom's gotten rather large -- and you don't refer to the Neilsen ratings when searching for Art. ### Ahhh... Buffalo Springfield. Takes me back.

FUNNY ANIMAL PAIN (Sadists) \* Soon to follow: "Funny Artist Pain"...

TIN SOLDIER (Rogers) \* There's no question but that the Prior Year Box Scores will be appearing again. The point is not to wear them out, as the reg Box Scores run every mlg. I figure about twice a year is right. Next appearance: 20th Anniversary mlg. ### It's Don Markstein you should really be asking about the Coffin Scores... ### It's true: I'm a two finger typist. But a verrrry fast one. And everything I do is first draft. So I manage to spend 12% minutes a week on non-fannish activities. Drives my boss crazy. He thinks I should work 40 hours a week, not just 12% minutes...

A problem with most liberal arts curricula is the "survey" courses that are supposed to convey the "liberal arts" status. While it's certainly a challenge to put together an interesting survey course, most of those I've experienced were a far cry from useful. Boring, generally taught by a combo of the greenest profs and grad students, skimming rapidly over vast amounts of material, the courses are typically poorly designed to capture the interest of a mass of students whose primary interest is "to get it over with". I fled the survey courses as rapidly as I could, fulfilling my credit requirements with more specific higher-level classes whenever possible. Methinks we need a radical change in the survey philosophy.



One idea might be to forget trying to teach All and go for a good smattering. There's too damn much information around these days anyhow. All freshmen would get one survey course. It would deal with concepts, branches of knowledge, methods of learning/searching. The best profs from all departments would be called, one at a time, to lecture. To avoid total patchwork, the course would be well planned & coordinated in advance. The idea would be to put the breadth of human scholarship on display -- and to try to generate genuine interest in one or more branches.

Freshmen course work would also include two other Basics: Practical Math and Communicating Via the Written Word. These courses could be bypassed by those passing a rigorous test in these areas. The teaching mode would be inculcation. Escape would be granted only via passage of the same rigorous tests.

In the sophomore year students would enjoy selection of any two of three higher-level survey courses: The Human Animal (retitled "The Human God-Image" for religious schools), Yesterday's Miracles, or Equations of Life.

The Human Animal: a study of historic interrelationships and fundamental motivations - physiological and transactional psychology - historic profile of prejudice - division and bonding - body signals - the need for expression - art in cinema, painting, prose, poetry - some political history & theory - debate techniques; fragments of symbolic logic - human expectations - workshop - expression via music - how to set goals - selections from history - what is ecology - the nature of teams - the individual - what games fail - multi-media festival - class project.

Yesterday's Miracles: concepts in science and economics - developed much as above. Equations of Life: the mathematical structure inside our institutions - structured, again, with much interleave.

The sophomore year would also feature a mandatory course in governmental theory, emphasis on the theory behind the American system; illustrative rather inculcative. All these survey, etc., courses would of course be supplemented with classes of specific focus. At the end of the sophomore year an exam of two parts would be administered: written and verbal interview. This exam would determine those qualified to pass forward to the intense and specific courses of the junior year and above.

But too much natter. Good, even superb, zine here, Mike. I liked your analysis of the economic situation in Chattanooga. Perhaps you have submitted it to the local paper?

125 MEXICAN MUMMIES (Davis) \* Delightful fan serial. I see we're restoking that old art this mailing. Carry on!

THE BEST LAID PLANS (Raub) \* Heal quickly, Mike...

TALISMAN (Biggers) \* We should get Tom McGovern's opinion on this, but I too have found recent Dylan to be inferior stuff. When he was creative he was superb; now that he subsists on twisted derivatives from his earlier material he's sad. I've no idea why the creative block, but getting "born again" sure didn't help it. Dylan built such high walls around him that he perhaps has shut out meaningful creative input/experience. He knows how to communicate -- when he has something to say. I keep hoping he'll wake up.

I've got a typewriter in my office at work. Very few of my memos see final typing by a secretary. From time to time I get funny looks and sarcastic enquiries. But the truth is I compose onto master well enough to do almost all of my professional writing in that mode. My weekly output at work averages about twenty pages. That's high now because I'm specifying a system in addition to my administrative duties. But the typer means that my stuff is out and on the street quickly. And I set my own formats. That's important to me, as I use layout for emphasis and impact. The typer is enormously valuable.

Maybe the reason I don't understand this uproar about kissing girls who smoke is because the first time that I kissed a girl who smoked I was too busy enjoying the kiss to critique other aspects of the experience. I didn't smoke then. But I was focused on the girl, and what she was in so many marvelous aspects that the trivia of life never interfered. While I must confess to being more than casually interested in the lady, I've found that even my more casual interludes of emotional involvement were enough to make the interaction itself primary.

Still looks the same in the South today as it was when I was there: newcomers are very welcome. "Neofan" was no barrier at all when I lived there. "Neofan" was a real barrier at the Eastern Seaboard cons -- though not with all, I hasten to add. But the South opens its arms....

STARJAZZER (Hammer-Johnson) \* I was beginning to think you weren't in the mlg, Deb. Thank goodness I was wrong. A good zine, but calmer on the surface than the SJ's of yore. A more reflective and deeper-running zine. We set ourselves different paces at different points on the road. The more leisurely paces are often, in paradox, the most productive stretches. These days I'm dissatisfied with my life and my achievements, yet I seem to get no closer to my goals in this time of turmoil. When the moment comes that I walk quietly and slowly in a single direction, then I will have realization. I wish you well on your road.

Con reports are fun things. I've never tried to wound or hurt with mine, though embarrassing people in innocent glee has been a SFPA tradition. I think a good con report captures the festivity of the occasion in tone and the special happening in narrative. Ego-centered reports are a hard mode with which to achieve such simple goals. Yet such is the typical conrep. Always a pleasure to find the contrary.

Careful about judging the attitude of men toward housework. It's dull stuff, yes, but it's a big task. That recognition made (as it must be) the valuation can be carried out realistically. Yard work excepted, I was carrying more than half of the housework (and had been for more than two years) when I split. This point wasn't even raised in the Ending Arguments. But the Court makes its generalizations, and that's it. Takes going through it to understand the phrase "Blind Justice"...

You were at the '77 DSC? Gee wilikers! I missed meeting a bunch of former SFPAs didn't I. People just never introduce themselves at cons... Let's hope that's corrected at the '81 DSC. ### Enjoyed your comments on the old mlg -- took me on a nostalgia trip. I'm flattered that you pulled those issues of Wilderness. If I get another SFPA Diplomacy game going I want to continue that tradition. ## No, the core membership of SFPA is older but I doubt much wiser. We just go in cycles. This year its brotherhood; next year its fratricide. That's what keeps SFPA so unique and interesting, year after year.....



THE SFPA BOX SCORES: MAILING 100

NAME	AB	HITS	PCT	P( 98)	P( 99)	P(100)	TOTAL	PPM
ATKINS, L	86	86	1.000	39.	54.	156.	2359.	27.43
BARGER, B	7	7	1.000	5.5	17.5	51.	106.	15.14
BIGGERS, C	41	29	.707	8.	5.	28.	315.5	7.70
BROOKS, N	78	78	1.000	6.	4.	6.	1138.5	14.60
BROWN, I	6	4	.667	0.	12.	12.	32.	5.33
CARLBERG, S	59	59	1.000	19.	35.	43.	1248.	21.15
CARUTHERS, P	33	30	.909	5.	6.5	8.	156.	4.73
CELKO, J	19	14	.737	12.	0.	9.	167.	8.79
CLARK, V	7	7	1.000	1.5	11.5	77.5	138.5	19.79
DAVIS, H	30	24	.800	1.	3.	10.	163.5	5.45
FLORES, P	8	8	1.000	12.	10.	7.	88.5	11.06
FRIERSON, M	67	64	.955	2.	18.	75.	1587.5	23.69
HAMMER-JOHNSON, D	10	9	.900	16.	15.	28.	138.	13.80
HICKMAN, L	19	10	.526	0.	14.	40.	260.	13.68
HULAN, D	78	74	.949	32.	37.	68.	2291.	29.37
HUTCHINSON, A	49	49	1.000	13.	14.	56.	1529.	31.20
HYDE, C	9	9	1.000	14.	13.	65.	162.	18.00
JENNINGS, B	39	26	.667	0.	6.5	13.	532.5	13.65
LILLIAN, G	62	62	1.000	72.	44.	173.	3011.5	48.57
LYNCH, D	4	4	1.000	5.	4.	25.	38.	9.50
LYNCH, N	17	17	1.000	14.	6.	55.	277.	16.29
MARKSTEIN, D	71	71	1.000	7.	8.	36.	2252.	31.72
MORRISSEY, R	18	11	.611	0.	6.5	1.	90.5	5.03
MOUDRY, J	30	30	1.000	4.	1.	15.	213.5	7.12
PHILLIPS, S	13	8	.615	15.	0.	22.	83.	6.39
ROGERS, M	11	11	1.000	28.	12.	37.	147.	13.36
RYDER, S	18	17	.944	2.	13.	11.	122.	6.78
SCHWARZIN, L	19	17	.895	5.	0.	7.	115.5	6.08
VERHEIDEN, M	50	48	.960	16.	4.	17.	630.5	12.61
WEBER, M	34	32	.941	30.	18.	56.	609.5	17.93
WELLS, G	45	36	.800	3.	5.	1.	173.5	3.86
BATES, D	3	3	1.000	2.	4.	4.	10.	3.33
BATES, S	3	3	1.000	2.	4.5	4.	10.5	3.50
BATTY, W	3	3	1.000	4.	8.	24.	36.	12.00
BURKE, R	5	5	1.000	1.5	23.5	28.5	72.5	14.50
CALDWELL, R	1	1	1.000	--	--	2.	2.	2.00
COBB, J	3	3	1.000	13.	12.	23.	48.	16.00
COLLINS, J	3	3	1.000	1.	7.	16.	24.	8.00
COLLINS, N	2	2	1.000	--	26.	6.	32.	16.00
DOLBEAR, D	16	13	.813	22.	16.	42.5	195.5	12.22
FONTENAY, G	1	1	1.000	--	--	10.	10.	10.00
GATEWOOD, T	1	1	1.000	--	--	16.	16.	16.00
KARRH, L	11	9	.818	2.	2.	14.	57.	5.18
LUSK, C	1	1	1.000	--	--	12.	12.	12.00
MCGOVERN, T	4	4	1.000	10.	13.	24.	51.	12.75
PARIS, S	4	4	1.000	15.	14.5	18.	58.5	14.63
POWELL, D	3	3	1.000	5.	10.	10.	25.	8.33
RALPH, I	4	4	1.000	4.	10.5	3.	25.5	6.38
RAUB, M	15	12	.800	21.	2.	7.	110.	7.33
ROGERS, T	1	1	1.000	--	--	1.	1.	1.00
RYAN, D	5	5	1.000	8.	6.5	13.	35.5	7.10
STEWART, L	5	5	1.000	5.	12.	8.	40.5	8.10
UNION, D	1	1	1.000	--	--	6.	6.	6.00

THE SFPA STATS: MAILING 100

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TOTAL MEMBERSHIP AT-BATS = 1037

TOTAL MEMBERSHIP HITS = 931

TOTAL MEMBERSHIP BATTING AVERAGE = .917

TOTAL MEMBERSHIP PAGES = 20176.

AVERAGE MEMBERSHIP PPM = 19.46

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SFPA TOP TEN: PAGES PER MAILING

1.	48.57	GUY LILLIAN
2.	31.72	DON MARKSTEIN
3.	31.20	ALAN HUTCHINSON
4.	29.37	DAVE HULAN
5.	27.43	LON ATKINS
6.	23.69	MEADE FRIERSON
7.	21.15	STVEN CARLBERG
8.	19.79	VERN CLARK
9.	18.00	CLINT HYDE
10.	17.93	MIKE WEBER

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SFPA TOP TEN: BATTING AVERAGE (TOTAL HITS)

1.	1.000	( 86)	LON ATKINS
1.	1.000	( 78)	NED BROOKS
1.	1.000	( 71)	DON MARKSTEIN
1.	1.000	( 62)	GUY LILLIAN
1.	1.000	( 59)	STVEN CARLBERG
1.	1.000	( 49)	ALAN HUTCHINSON
1.	1.000	( 30)	JOE MOUDRY
1.	1.000	( 17)	NICKI LYNCH
1.	1.000	( 11)	MIKE ROGERS
1.	1.000	( 9)	CLINT HYDE
1.	1.000	( 8)	PAUL FLORES
1.	1.000	( 7)	BOB BARGER
1.	1.000	( 7)	VERN CLARK
1.	1.000	( 4)	DICK LYNCH

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SFPA TOP TEN: TOTAL PAGES

1.	3011.5	GUY LILLIAN
2.	2359.	LON ATKINS
3.	2291.	DAVE HULAN
4.	2252.	DON MARKSTEIN
5.	1587.5	MEADE FRIERSON
6.	1529.	ALAN HUTCHINSON
7.	1248.	STVEN CARLBERG
8.	1138.5	NED BROOKS
9.	630.5	MARK VERHEIDEN
10.	609.5	MIKE WEBER



# COLD DAY IN APRIL-----

A sea of crumpled paper was growing on the stone floor around Wilson. If you asked Wilson, the sea was fed by the rivers of perspiration flooding down his burrowed brow. It was hot here. When he was sure he was alone with his assignment, Wilson had loosened his tie and opened the collar button. He knew it was bad for the image, but there were times when exceptional measures were demanded.

He looked down at Form 9977F, distraught that he was forced to rely on his memory. He'd been told that an audit often concentrated on missing or mistated items in this area. It was hardly fair that they expected a soul to keep track of these things in such detail. Life was hectic enough, with nitpicking harrassment...

A cough, deliberately loud. That creature called Wenzel was standing in the doorway to the cell-like working room.

"Are you finished yet?" Wenzel's voice was a strident whine. Entirely a grating, nerve-twitching noise. But although Wilson realized full well that Wenzel was merely a boot-licking lackey in the Organization, he also understood the power that Wenzel held in his, Wilson's, individual case. Wenzel was the reviewer.

"Errrr, not quite yet." Wilson tried a sickly smile. "These forms ask so much, you see. I'm trying very hard to be accurate, because I understand how important that is to me. But if I'm to be accurate, I must take the time to remember...."

"You know, Wenzel, if I could work from my dossier it would speed things up. I'm sure your outfit has maintained accurate records and all I'd need to do would be confirm them..."

It was a hopeless try on Wilson's part, as he knew from his own background. They'd tell him nothing.

"Not allowed," screeched Wenzel. "You've had plenty of time. Lots of time. We set a very fair deadline. You're not very efficient." And a baleful look fixed in Wenzel's eye. "...Or you're obstructing. If you don't hurry up I may enter a conclusion of Obstruction."

Wilson paled. "No, please! I should have almost four hours! If you go away, I can work! Go away! Leave me alone!"

"Excuses! Lies!" spat Wenzel. "You crawl with fear of what will be assessed! You run away from the truths... Yes... And I will be there to watch when you are assessed. I get 10%."

But he went away. And he slammed the door. The door was a solid slab of stone. It made quite a noise.

With a weary summoning of energy, Wilson turned back to Form 9977F. What was the full accounting of venal sins he had committed before the age of 30? It hardly seemed possible to list them all, but he noticed with an offhand appraisal that there was adequate room provided on the form. It was 400 pages long.

He had gotten as far as Line 9638: Undetected Thefts of Value Under \$5. He noted that if any such thefts were of goods, as opposed to cash or currency, he had to provide an attachment listing his method of obtaining value and listing the nature of Goods Stolen, the location of the theft and any legal tender subsequently obtained. If he'd sold for under fair market value, he had to report the Theft at a discounted value to be found in Table ZZTOP. Thus far, he had failed to locate Table ZZTOP.

Wilson sighed. If he'd been a bit more moral he'd qualify for Standard Deduction, but as Life would have it he'd been highly successful in his field and his Gross Adjusted Moral Liability was forcing him to itemize.

He straightened his shoulders, a keen store of inner strength finally tapped. If these Devils thought they could whipsaw him, let them know the full ingenuity of Jason P. Wilson!

He possessed, after all, some expertise in forms manipulation!

The hours passed in near-silence. A few groans and curses from Wilson, yes, but no noise of note. Wilson was too immersed in the challenge of flim-flam. He was desperate. What they threatened to take from him was precious. He was not a religious man in practice, but even had he been prayer would have seemed thin in the face of this legion of colf forms.

And so it was that his four hours passed unnoticed, and Wenzel peeked in the door and retreated on tip-toe, without word. So that when six unrelenting hours had passed and Wilson was still deluged with unfinished forms, it is not strange that he would fail to detect the soft entrance of a new figure. A tall and lean figure, wrapped in capes of scarlet, with gleaming black horns springing from its forehead.

"You are the soul, Wilson!" boomed a mighty bass. "You are accused of Obstruction. I am Beelzebub, Chief of Examiners. I shall decide your fate."

Wilson whirled in sudden apprehension. He struggled to control his fear. "Lord Beelzebub," he quavered, "Claim not I am an Obstructor. It is the forms themselves that entrap. In proof, I must offer my professional opinion."

"Little man," sneered the towering arch-Demon, "what can you opine of consequence?" The devil's pointed teeth gleamed in wry twist of mouth.

Squaring himself, as if aware of the final irony he was about to state, Wilson came to his feet and faced the Demon. "In life, I was an IRS auditor."

Beelzebub smiled. The highlights on his teeth fascinated Wilson. "You should have spoken earlier," spoke the Devil. "I would have given you the Short Form...."

"Even here in Hell, we have professional courtesy for our colleagues..."



I'll have that human in the corner of the tank,  
waiter. The plump one with the silly mustache.

