

SLOW DJINN #31

... MAY 1985 ... APANAGE #89 ...

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Ah, welcome back to minac city. Spring is officially here, clocks in many locations have sprung forward one hour, and entropy continues in due course.

The other day I received a lovely little publication called COMMANDER TOAD AND THE DIS-ASTEROID, by Jane Yolen, who inserted the message in my copy that "perhaps you'll enjoy this more than COG, or else!" It's a cute and amusing story, well illustrated, interestingly packaged, the dedication was a pleasant surprise, and the personal note raised a big grin. I could stand receiving mail like that every day. Thanx, Jane. Very much.

Let's see -- what's happening? Today is May 4th, tomorrow I turn Jack Benny's age the third time he used it (er, that's got to be too esoteric for most younger people; Jack's age was always 39, and the third time he used it he had turned 41...), and Jackie arranged a little birthday dinner tomorrow night at a local steak house, with Al & Lyn Curry accompanying us (I hope I don't have too big a hangover when I get up for work on Monday).

The new job goes well, if more than somewhat hectic, frenetic, nutso, and excessively busy. The first issue of the ChoiceCare Family News (an HMO newsletter to its subscribers and their families) came out a couple of weeks ago with me as managing editor, and I've likely received as much egoboo for it as I do when I generate a fanzine. Speaking of that, I also generated a genzine, TIME AND AGAIN, and am now in the process of generating another (GALLIMAUFRY #2, with coeditor Joni Stopa). So I'm fannishly busy, too.

In the midst of producing TIME AND AGAIN, the Gestetner crapped out and Jackie bought another one. Used, cheap, but working. It also is newer and has more features, like automatic inking, a jogger receiving tray, and a simple adjustment to handle having typed a crooked stencil (or having crookedly typed a stencil, or ... well, never mind ... this is first draft, after all). \$180, and Bill Bowers is going to buy a half share in it (this is where OUTWORLDS gets published, plus numerous other things). The J. Causgrove Publishing Empire, Ink, lives on.

I'll be travelling to upstate New York for my son's June 23rd high school graduation, and Jackie & I will be coming back with him to spend some time during the summer. He doesn't know what he wants to do from this point -- which isn't too surprising for someone just graduating -- and he'll spend some time mulling over his options. On the trip back we'll be passing through Syracuse and might be able to engineer a stop if things were to work out all the way around. Bruce, Alice? Let me have your phone numbers and we can at least touch base on the possibility (we're talking Monday the 24th, most likely, and by the time we hit Syracuse from Indian Lake I'll be ready to take a break even if it's just to say howdy on the phone).

To anyone who still possesses a sense of wonder, I would recommend the May 6th issue of TIME, and its cover story article on "Did Comets Kill The Dinosaurs -- A Bold New Theory About Mass Extinctions", which is a misnomer because they're discussing more than one bold new theory to account for the mass of evidence that a mass-extinction occurs every 26 million years or so. At the moment there doesn't appear to be any explanation which does not point to a cosmic explanation as opposed to a terrestrial one, and efforts at modelling the possibilities were something I found fascinating. Since IRA, astronomy has become lively once again.

Virtually all of the books I've read in the gaping interim between mailings have been written by Fredric Brown or Donald E. Westlake. I call these binges. The Brown spree was a rereading binge. The Westlakes were mostly reissues that I hadn't caught the first time around or in second-hand shops. Highly recommended to mystery/suspense fans are Brown's THE LENIENT BEAST and KNOCK THREE-ONE-TWO, and Westlake's (writing as "Richard Stark") THE SEVENTH and (writing under his own name) WHY ME (NB David: this is the latest in his Dortmunder series, and is an absolute delight and the best one yet; though it's disconcerting or amusing to others to be riding the morning commuter and see someone cracking up at least every three pages).

Movies? Well, stay away from THE LIQUID SKY at all costs; this is easily the worst movie I have ever seen -- one of those that you see all the way through just to find out how overall bad it's going to turn out. Recommendations: well, none in the last bimonth.

THE PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH

Elinor Busby has joined the Waiting List; now, that's good news. Elinor and Buz aren't old friends of mine, David, but they're old acquaintances and I've always enjoyed talking with or reading either one of them. Will look forward, one of these eons, to seeing her in Apanage.

DAVID HULAN

You wonder why I care about the TAFF subject, and suggest it may be because I'm living with Jackie. No. I've had a fair amount of past involvement in TAFF races -- voting, campaigning for others, contributing, or sometimes not having any involvement for lack of interest -- but the prime thing that bothers me is this scam being perpetrated by a relatively small circle jerk of general fanzine fans who think that fandom is a big Burger King and that they can have it their way. At any cost, using any ethics that suit their purposes at the moment, and attempting to cow anyone who might even appear to disagree with them. They're finding that not only are there a lot of fans who won't be cowed, but that there are a few who eat their type for breakfast. But then, I've had my say, and I'm done with it and with them (or, at least, I hope so... I'd much rather fix my drink and sit down with -- for example -- an Apanage mailing than have any further dealings with people who might best be described as the piranha of fandom [that ultimately I'm willing to get involved at all is because I have the capacity to be an even bigger piranha and try to reserve it just for eating other piranha...]).

I'll raise a drink to the happy possibility that the world and civilization will survive at least until you're 55. If it comes to pass, and through some mental quirk you happen to remember this paragraph, I hope you'll think a kind thought and raise a toast in my general direction. And plant a big kiss on Marcia just for me.

Standards of household cleanliness: "High tolerance for dust and clutter, moderate for sticky, low for smelly". Mine are high tolerance for dust (dust is a friend; when you pick up a knickknack from a shelf, you can always tell exactly where and how to put it back...), moderate for sticky, low for clutter and smelly. I don't particularly care how much dust is on something, but I'm like a blind person: I want to count on knowing where everything is, and get decidedly irritated if something has been picked up and set down in some other place. I can tolerate rearrangements, but not no arrangements at all...

MARY FRANCES ZAMBRENO

"Hi, there, Apanage! This is Mary Frances Zambreno, for those of you who like to have things clearly identified." Hi there, Mary Frances! And thank you for catering to my weird and perverted sense of order... You're okay. I don't care what Bruce says.

Very interesting about the publication party for the Hubbard anthology, and how they sprung for airfare from Chi to LA. But ... no time to see Apanagers?

Fascinating about your charged responsibilities in dealing with student discipline. Absolutely fascinating. If you get the time, now that you've given an overview, a specific horror story or two would be welcomed if you can bring yourself to writing about it.

Yeah, I'm with you. "I have always found it difficult to donate to a charity, however worthy, that won't open its books to me".

DEBRA DOYLE

Aha, a Clint Eastwood fan. One of the local stations is rerunning the old RAWHIDE series, which I catch only when I manage to get up that early on a Saturday morning. That and the early half-hour GUNSMOKE (which has been retitled MARSHALL DILLON; the GUNSMOKE title they reserved for the full-hour episodes), and HAVE GUN WILL TRAVEL. What a bunch of memory floggers.

If you want all the dirt on the TAFF issue, read TIME AND AGAIN #1 and HOLIER THAN THOU #20 and #21. Then take two aspirin and go do something interesting. Like, maybe, betting on raindrops sliding down a windowpane.

Entry fees for a masquerade sound like a good idea to me. They'll draw a financial line between serious and casual entrants, and will have a tendency to weed out the purchased costumes and the mimeographed tee-shirts.

I have trouble with the FOR BETTER OR WORSE comic strip, though I always read it. Sometimes it can be quite good, but too often I find it irritating (totally undisciplined kids frustrating their parents) or excessively saccharin and cutesy-poo.

I still remember the Galaxy Novel series of skiffy dosed up with soft-porn, and the one book where the authors' names were not adequately separated from the cover blurb ("Randall Garrett and Larry M. Harris forced to make love to beautiful women!"). Also the Phil Dick Ace novel which Don Wollheim retitled while editor Terry Carr was out of the office (THE CRACK IN SPACE) (Terry came back and said "Oh, Don...").

The Harrison Ford WITNESS movie was quite good. I didn't find it as good as the written and televised reviews led me to believe, but it was definitely enjoyable.

JANE YOLEN

I like what you "decided", and I sympathize with both you and Jym for having basically similar problems. In the final analysis, pay absolutely no attention to any critic unless you basically agree with their mindset when they're criticizing the works of others. Pay no attention to an awards process unless you're honored by it, and then -- as you say -- focus on those of merit who have not been honored by it. Write for yourself and for your readers and somehow tolerate the fact that you also have to write for editors, and let anything else skid on by your consciousness. If you like writing something, and if enough others like reading it, and if "I make such a good living doing what I love to do", then nothing else is worthy of interrupting your good feeling over that triumvirate of circumstances.



**Dave
Barry**

Pull A Job And Never Work Again

Each year at this time, I make a special effort to write a few words especially for you college seniors who are about to undertake the difficult and often very frustrating task of finding career employment:

NYAH NYAH, NYAH NYAH NYAH!
I have a job and YOU DON'T!! HA HA HA!

I'm sorry, young people, but I just had to get that out of my system, because I am so very grateful to be in the position of giving useless job-hunting advice, rather than having to take it. Of all the truly awful, traumatic experiences in my life, including everything that occurred in the birth canal, the worst by far involved trying to get jobs, starting with the time George Auer and I, at age 18, persuaded an unfortunate furniture store owner to try us out as furniture deliverers.

We performed with flawless efficiency for I would estimate an hour and 20 minutes, which is when the top of the delivery truck, which we had neglected to attach to the rest of the delivery truck, came off in a gust of wind in the middle of the Tappan Zee Bridge, which spans the Hudson River just above New York City, offering a spectacular view, especially when a large and, it turns out, expensive, piece of truck is soaring off, like a giant Frisbee, into the sunset. This was only one episode in my lengthy, and ultimately futile, struggle to find gainful employment, which is how I got into journalism.

But enough about me; this column is about getting jobs for you young people. Step one is to decide on your career objectives. First, I want each of you to sit down with a stack of three-by-five cards, and on each card I want you to write down something you'd like your ideal job to involve, such as "working with people."

Now I want you to arrange the cards in order of importance, with the most important objective on top, and set them on fire, because as a young college senior you are of course ludicrously unqualified to do anything, especially something as important as choosing your career objectives.

I'll tell you what your career objectives should be. First off, forget about working with people. In my experience, the more you work with people, the more you hate them. Exhibit A are the clerks at any big city post office or motor vehicles bureau, who work with people constantly, which is why they behave as though they're hoping that if they make you stand there long enough before they wait on you, you'll suffer some kind of excruciatingly painful and ultimately fatal seizure, and they'll get to watch.

No, young people: Your career objective should be to get the job that offers you the maximum potential for achieving personal satisfaction and fulfillment, as measured in U.S. dollars. I think we can all agree with the words of Thomas Jefferson, or perhaps it was Babe Ruth, who said, "Life is a race for money. The person who has the most when he dies is the winner."

Fortunately for you, in today's fast-changing economy, there are new openings every day in high-paying jobs such as: Computer Geek; Drug Overlord; Industrial Robot; Person Who Sells Staples to the Defense Department for What It Cost to Liberate France; Fugitive Financier; Vigilante; and Pip, whose responsibilities include standing behind Gladys Knight and going "Whoo-whoo" at exactly the right moment in the song "Midnight Train to Georgia."

So there are plenty of good jobs out there; the question is, how do you find them? You're holding the answer in your hands! That's right: every day, hundreds of employers pay good money to advertise jobs in the classified-ad section of your newspaper, apparently unaware that practically nobody reads it. So I want you to turn to the help-wanted section right now and locate all the ads that look promising. The way to spot these is to count the adjectives. For example, take this ad:

"WELDER WANTED—To weld certain pieces of metal together."

This ad contains only one adjective, and thus represents a poor career opportunity. The following ad, on the other hand, clearly offers a very exciting opportunity:

"ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT—Young-thinking, fast-moving, forward-looking emerging growth company with dynamic, plant-filled lobby featuring modernistic, incomprehensible sculpture and old, heavily thumbled issues of 'Pork Buyer Weekly' seeks eager, ambitious, personable, aggressive, can-do, confident, hard-driving, detail-oriented, highly motivated self-starter to clean scum off coffee pots."

Each time you find a promising ad like this, circle it with a standard black felt-tipped marker or equivalent, and then, using the embers from your three-by-five cards, set the entire classified ad section on fire, because if these jobs are in fact any good, they have already been taken by relatives and friends of people in the company's personnel department.

Okay. Now it's time to have professional printers print up 80,000 copies of your resume, on which you should list all your hobbies and achievements since the birth canal in the following format:

"SOPHOMORE YEAR, HIGH SCHOOL—Treasurer, Future Airline Passengers Club."

You should send these off via bulk mail to top major corporation executives such as Lee Iacocca, who are always looking to hire bright young people as executive vice presidents through the mail. If I were you, I'd go out and buy a set of golf clubs right this instant.

Dave Barry is a humor writer for Knight Ridder Newspapers.

AMY FALKOWITZ

The exploding creampuff contest? Well, Jackie has made a habit of bringing creampuffs to the Cinsanity New Year's Parties. They're delicious and they disappear quickly, but they're somewhat messy and you might find telltale signs of them on the floor, on people's faces and shirts, on the backs of people who happened to be standing in front of someone who bit into one, etc. etc. Though many must be retrained on a year-to-year basis, some are beginning to remember the dangers and take precautions accordingly.

BRUCE COVILLE

You're in love! Run with it!

A vanity plate with 8 letters for your batmobile Cadillac? How about BATCADDY or BATILLAC?

Say, you've got your phone number right here in your zine. Belay that request I made earlier. Excuse me while I go reflect on the hazards of first-draft writing.

JOYCE CORRINE PETERSON

Yes, indeed, there are "some NASTY germs and viruses circling the Midwest" these days. And they don't want to go away. And even antibiotics don't seem to phase some of them.

ALICE MORIGI

Yar, this machine will switch from Pica to Elite to Micron with just the slide of a switch. It's called "The Electronic Communicator 2" and Sears sells it. We bought it based on one recommendation, a CONSUMER REPORTS rating, and a failing IBM Selectric that already had too much repair money sunk into it.

For years and years ad nauseum I have faunched for a typer with microelite (these days called micron) typeface. Pica is 10 characters per inch, Elite is 12 cpi, and Micron is 15. Almost bought a golden oldie one time but it wasn't in good enough shape, though I was highly intrigued by the skull & crossbones key (really: microelite, I've heard many times, was originally created for use by pharmacists). Then microelite all but disappeared for a while, and now the new electronic typers have it along with Pica and Elite (though some have only the latter). Saves a lot on paper and stencils and ink and time.

DONYA HAZARD WHITE

There are 54 cards in a deck with two jokers. Actually, these days there seem to be 55 cards in a deck, including one that explains or advertises something.

Allen's CORFLU speech was amusing. So were the translations. Especially so was your being declared an official vice. I'm sure some of us here would have seconded that if only we had been there.

Actually, I'm not too much on worshipping from afar but in a family apa it sounds better than drooling from afar or lusting from afar. Wait a minute, what is this family apa business? Are there any two people here related to each other except Jim and Debra?

BEV CLARK

Your Japanese acquaintance was sure right about Japanese not being able to handle liquor well. Did he also mention that so many of them love to drink it? I worked with them for some ten years and have some amazing stories, but ... but they're also quite lengthy.

I didn't know we were in a discussion on the ecclesiastical court topic. I just did a riff, taking off on John's thoughts. Quite an interesting subject. Fun, actually.

JOHN HOPFNER

We bought a 1981 Dodge Aries K. Yup, still running, though it did break down the instant it was driven off the dealer's lot... (And was fixed at no charge.)

The interruption by Harriet the Horrible just goes to show that you can't leave a keyboard alone for a minute if it has a sheet of paper in it. More than a couple of times I've wound up with inserts in something I was typing, including once when the cat ran across the keyboard. However, the \$2 and the SASE were well worth it to get Harriet's "the entire story" about you. I was mind-bobbled. Especially the part about you and the dwarves and the trampoline. Please recruit Harriet to the waiting list.

Now wait a minute, John, you do not have one of the cleanest minds in the apa. Wasn't there something about showering with ... well, never mind. This is a family apa, after all. Besides, you probably do have one of the cleanest minds in the apa. I don't care what Harriet says.

It's anyone's prerogative to change their mind, not just women. It's a byproduct of new data and new thinking, and like Gene Wolfe said "Like every thinking person I am still working out my beliefs". For instance, the last time I changed my mind was just a minute ago when I got up to fix my first drink for this Sunday and opted for fruit juice instead...

LISA COWAN

Not quite 25 years in fandom. 24. That's a bunch. You got it on the Dave Barry columns. I'll run more in future issues. The guy cracks me up, and I'm glad to see he amuses others here, too. So, yes, I'll share.

JYMN MAGON

Dave reporting to Central Apanage Fanzine Control: This is Apanage zine #15. Roger, Wilco, Sidlebaum, over and out, you betchum, Red Ryder.

Well, there is something I'm looking for to add to our Beta library. My favorite series, which I haven't seen being rerun in years & years: MAN IN A SUITCASE, with Richard Bradford. Once they made a movie by gluing two episodes together. Doubt you can help, but if you or anyone runs across access to this material, call me collect. I'm after it.

Liver and tapioca. Well, okay, but I want my dinner served in one of those children's compartmentalized trays, for fear the two dishes might somehow slop together.

Sydney J. Harris

On How To Define A True Intellectual

A YOUNG lady at Harvard was having a heated discussion with her roommates about a certain English professor. Two of the students called him an "intellectual," while the other two insisted that he was a "pseudo-intellectual."

She wrote to ask me if I could help resolve the debate by giving some guidelines to differentiate the true from the false. Of course, as in most matters concerning humans, there is no pure type: Some intellectuals are laced with phoniness, and some pseudos have a hidden core of authenticity. But, broadly speaking, and drawing from the mentors I have known in my own life, I would say that these are the chief distinctions to look for in this rarefied realm:

- **THE INTELLECTUAL** is looking for the right questions to ask; the pseudo is giving what he claims to be the right answers.

- The intellectual is evidently motivated by a disinterested love of the truth; the pseudo is interested in being right, or being thought to be right, whether he is or not.

- The intellectual is willing to admit that what he does not know is far greater than what he knows; the pseudo claims to know as much as can be known about the subject under consideration.

- The intellectual states as good a case for his adversary as can be made out; the pseudo sets up a straw man and beats it to death for the sake of seeming to be superior.

- **THE INTELLECTUAL** is deeply and constantly aware of the limitations of human reason; the pseudo makes a deity of reason and tries to force it into realms it cannot penetrate.

- The intellectual seeks enlightenment from whatever source, realizing that ideas are no respecters of persons

and turn up in the most unexpected places from the most improbable people; the pseudo accepts ideas, when he does, only from experts and specialists and certified authorities.

- The intellectual advances an hypothesis that he hopes may be true; the pseudo propounds a dogma that he insists is true.

- The intellectual recognizes that opposites are not always contradictory, and may indeed reinforce each other; the pseudo paints a picture in black or white, right or wrong, leaving no room for a contrary viewpoint.

- **THE INTELLECTUAL** knows there are no final answers to human questions; the pseudo makes each tentative and provisional answer sound like a finality.

- The intellectual is courageous in opposing majority opinion, even when it jeopardizes his position; the pseudo slavishly follows "the most reliable authorities" in his field, sneering at heresies.

- The intellectual never talks down to his audience, but tries to be as clear as possible; the pseudo talks above his audience to mystify and impress them.

P.S. The English professor flunked out, 4 to 0.



MOTHER GOOSE & GRIMM By Mike Peters



MOTHER GOOSE & GRIMM By Mike Peters



Listen, I forgot to creeb at you for your comments on Alice's & my "social vices" of smoking. Probably I just remembered that I also smoke when I'm alone, which means I could also be categorized as an unsocial smoker. Sometimes I smoke a pipe, but never in a car. Sometimes I smoke a cigar, but never in a canoe. Sometimes I smoke a water pipe, but never at a board meeting.

I resent the truth of your remark about the smell of litter boxes and cigarette smoke in my apartment. Which of them didn't you like, Fumio? One of these days I'll get that damn cat to quit smoking.

I watched ST. ELSEWHERE for one season and part of another, but couldn't get into it. It has its moments, but not enough to overcome some very poor plotlines and my own general aversion to medical drama. Now, HOSPITAL with George C. Scott and Diana Rigg was something else again.

I didn't care for HILL STREET BLUES when I first started watching it, but slowly it grew on me and now I won't miss it (and now that I've got a vcr, I don't need to worry about the likelihood of missing it).

Yeah, I get a lot of comments about my "FM DJ" voice. Not too much here in Cinsanity, however, because here we've got a fan (Frank Johnson) who is a bonafide FM DJ. Smoooooooooth. It seems like every time someone puts me on 'hold' I wind up listening to Frank making a pitch for detergent or something (remember when you could tell FM from AM by the absence of commercials?).

Great cartoons and layout, as always. You remain cherished, you pipsqueak.

ANNA VARGO

You're right: "Successful political activity needs continuous involvement." I will never be politically successful. I'm just an old hardass who has little patience with the concept of being political, let alone politically correct, and have a tendency to be a bit baldfaced at times. Despite my beard.

Good on you for getting Elinor potentially interested in Apanage.

CHRISTINE LOWENTROUT

Yes, Donya's voice on the phone does have a "remarkable magic". We call that sleight of tongue. I think.

More illos from Jackie? Well, she's been doing quite a few illos for my genzine, but while I'm doing real or near-minac I'm not using any illos at all. Perhaps in the future. As for her health ... so-so would be the best description. Better than before the operation, but still some problems.

Gee, I enjoyed THE FLYING SORCERERS. Thought it a lot of fun.

I think when porno affects a man he gets a surfeit of it rather quickly.

JENNYPAULA SIGMAN

I was rather disappointed with THE GREY FOX. It wasn't near as enjoyable as I had imagined it to be. Not bad, though, but mediocre.

Good heavens, what gave you the idea I was annoyed at issues of THE DISNEY NEWSREEL being run through the apa? Not in the slightest, and I've found items of interest in the two I've seen. What I was saying was that it was appropriate to run that through, but would be inappropriate for me to run issues of an HMO newsletter (if not for the content, for the format alone).

I drink a ton of coffee throughout the day at work. At home I have a cup in the morning, or a cup of chocolate milk instead, and on weekends usually three cups in a morning. But at work I drown myself in the stuff.

"I still think we saw two different films if you perceived Kate Capshaw's character as more able to cope on her own than a Marion Ravenwood." No, I wouldn't say that, either... I was just noodling on how each character fit into the context of the story, and on each character's dependency and enterprise in a crunch. Each of them worked in their own way. Both movies are top favorites of mine in terms of sheer entertainment value. But neither is more than just a romp.

Likely we could publish an entire "Repository of Fannish Knowledge" as an interlino. Something like, say, Fandom Is Just A Goddam Hobby. Or maybe Yngvi Is A Louise.

Congrats on Pippin, even if I don't like dot-matrix. It's quite readable.

SALLIJAN SNYDER

Hiya! A voice from the waiting list.

If you think apartment living can be a hassle, owning a condo won't be much different and owning a home will be even more of a hassle. It's true you might not encounter many of the same problems, but with a home there's a new set of problems that comes right along with the mortgage. I think it's called repair and maintenance. With an apartment you only need a telephone to handle such matters, but with a home you need tools and knowhow or a bank account flush enough to hire it done.

DEBRA DOYLE (strikes again)

420 mm diameter

X 3.1416

1319.472 mm circumference

+ 10

131.9472 centimeters circumference

+ 2.54

51.947716 inches circumference

As I'm not familiar with Tolkien (it's been years) this is about the only feedback I can supply to you. If David supplies you with different numbers, use his, as he has forgotten more math than I ever learned.

Well, the end of another issue. Not exactly minac this time, but not exactly largesse, either. As long as I have the calculator out, let's translate 1 page of elite and 3 pages of micron into X pages of pica. Uh, let's see here, that would be ... the equivalent of just under 6 pages of pica copy (5.7 to be exact). In other words ... I'm on the last line and we'll see you in July.