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Well, hello there. Say, it's June again, isn't it? Well, no, actually it's not. I mean, it's near the end of May, for me. For you it's June, or maybe July. This is all very confusing. Let's not worry about it right now. We'll worry about it later. Maybe August. But not this August.

My son, Brian (as opposed to Jackie's son, Brian, who is a whole different person and we have avoided changing their names to protect the innocent), will graduate from Indian Lake Central High School on June 23rd. The 23rd. This is an auspicious date because it was just 23 years ago that I graduated from the same place. Must have something to do with the Illuminati. At any rate, we're driving up there to take that in, and then will be driving back with Brian in tow (actually, he'll sit in the back seat). He'll spend some time out here, figure out what he wants to do now that he's graduated, and then I suppose he'll go do it. So, he'll be at Midwestcon with us. I don't want to hear any cracks about how come he's 6' tall and I'm only 5'7", or, if I do, they'd better be good. No, his mother is not 6½' tall.

I have a terrible confession to make. You see, I made a mistake. An error in judgment. This happened back in 1961, and I only discovered it earlier this month (er, May). I only became suspicious about it last month. What? Oh, well it concerns a book by Fredric Brown called THE MIND THING. Brown is one of my favorite skiffy and mystery writers, and ever since 1961, whenever a discussion might get around to the subject of Fred Brown's fiction, I would make disparaging noises about this particular title and refer to it as an example of a person writing past their prime. I'd call it a Senile. I'd note that I wasn't even able to finish reading it.

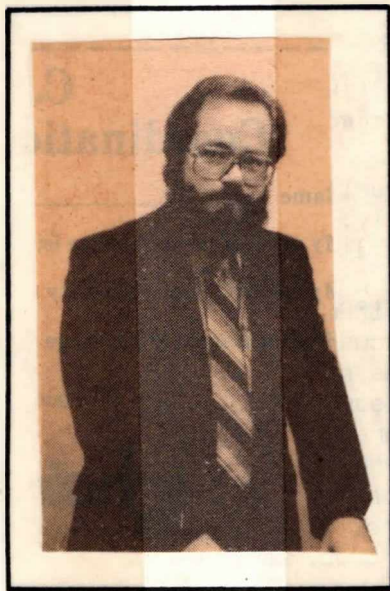
I got suspicious because I raided the library and went through a Brown rereading spree. And while doing that I read mysteries that he'd written around the same time, and later than THE MIND THING. Obviously his age or mental condition wasn't the problem. Maybe it was just the book. Or maybe it was me. Mike Resnick loaned me his copy and I read it. Hell, it's one of his better novels!

Everybody should rush out and buy a copy, if they can find one in some dusty corner of a second-hand bookstore. Paperback. Bantam. Well worth reading. Pure science fiction; remove the skiffy element and there is no story. I haven't read a story quite like this before, though it isn't quite a unique idea (not quite unique; rather like the opposite of being very unique, I imagine...), but it's the best treatment of this concept that I've run across.

Well, the first issue of TIME AND AGAIN is out, as many of you know. You're going to send a letter of comment, right? If you don't, I'll turn blue, pout, and maybe even frump. The letters coming in are very gratifying (especially all the "Welcome back!" comments), but I'd like more FLAPans represented in the lettercol. And now I'm working on GALLIMAUFRY #2 -- just when you thought it was safe to presume this wouldn't happen. Joni and I have a good lineup for it, too (that's a lie; Joni has a good lineup -- one of her jobs is to line up the material). Ah, fanac. I'll finish that just in time for TIME AND AGAIN #2. Ah, fanac.

Speaking of fanac, Midwestcon approaches the end of June. Joni, we've got a dinner date Friday or Sunday night at Garcia's of Scottsdale (hey, Bruce, thanx for the recommendation. This is a super Mexican restaurant!), and we'll placate Jon with something from their "Yankee" menu, as well as something from their excellent bar. Jodie, looking forward to seeing you and Andy again, especially as we didn't have that pleasure at Midwestcon last year. And, the year before, we didn't really get a chance to talk. We'll do it right this time, okay? Al, I know you and Lyn are gonna be there, because I'm driving you from the con to the airport to catch a 7:00 pm flight, which is the first leg of your journey to Ireland. Sunday, the last day of the con, is gonna be the last day I see you guys for ... who knows? Cincinnati suddenly becomes much less interesting, even just thinking about it.

Suzi, you gonna be there? Yale? Marty? Arthur, when the hell are you and Bernadette gonna make it up this way? Wixon, you coming down? Becky, you ever going to carry through on your threat to take in a Midwestcon? Anybody who wants info or who needs a runner for hotel reservations or airport pickup (Yale?), my phone number is right up above.



Yes, that's my handsome, semi-smiling face over there. I clipped it from the ChoiceCare Family News, which is a Health Maintenance Organization's newsletter to its subscribers. I've been writing much of it for some time, and now I'm the 'Managing Editor', which means that I write as much of it as needs be to fill up one of its quarterly issues. I'm uncertain which is easier -- beating on the staff to write material, or writing it all myself. At any rate, don't be scared; I don't dress like that except when I'm at work.

I'd be mildly tempted to put an issue through FLAP if it weren't for two things. The newsletter is in newsprint, which means we couldn't staple it in. I could copy it on reduction xerox, but that seems like too much effort to deliberately bore you. My anti-drinking article in the last issue might amuse you, but...

I see from my last FLAPzine that I was bitching about work. A predictable pasttime. Things are going better. I think my new boss recognizes that, while I may be a redneck and a pain in the neck, I'm an effective pain. Guess who's getting the tough, firefighting projects now? That's okay. Even

though my days are frenetic because we presently don't have the room for the people I need to hire, they're boring from repetition. Anything that's a challenge is welcome. Though, some days, I walk in there believing it's going to be a challenge just to hold down the number of screwups and keep from falling too much further behind. Ah, but the end of June we move to new quarters. Ah, but already we've outgrown them. Such was the case when we moved to where we presently are, so history only repeats itself. We've doubled our membership since last December, and will likely double it again by this December. My company is lunging toward a market ceiling before all the competition gets in place and they have to worry about struggling to capture their market share. A typical story. Hi, Lon.

Well, enough of this natter bullshit. Onwards with the mailing comment bullshit. Let us begin, then, with ...

oooooooooooooooooooo LIFELOOD OF THE APA, AND ALL THAT ROT ooooooooooooooooooooo

SHMOOZE ... Leah A. Zeldes

Hey, a resume! A fannish resume. "Entered fandom: 1973. First convention: Torcon II. First fanzine received: YANDRO. First letter published: AMAZING. Cons attended: 100+." Entered fandom: 1961. First convention: Chicon III, 1962. First fanzine received: probably an N3F fanzine back in 1958; first fmz received that moved me to enter fandom: CILN #5, by Midwest fan Ed Gorman, 1961. First letter published: AMAZING, though I was quoted in a fanzine lettercol back in '58 or '59. Cons attended: 18½.

My list of fanzines would exceed the space I'm going to use for this zine. Same with the list of apas and cons and clubs. Aren't introzines wonderful?

Actually, introzines are now easy, now that I've seen how Mike Shoemaker goes about doing one. I happily steal from his good example. A quotezine, mixing good and bad and indifferent quotes from fans and pros and whomever. Adds up to a puzzling and interesting and incomplete but intriguing picture of the fan doing the intro.

Glad to have you here. Will look forward to when you feel comfortable enough to go "plunging right in with mailing comments".

FIVE WHITE ROSES ... Lon Atkins

Ah, yes, paying for two places and inhabiting but one. Sounds familiar. Reminds me of an apartment in LA and an apartment in Chicago in 1977-78. Of course, that was back when such things were affordable, though still a pain. Listen, if you've now got the price on your condo down low enough, maybe we can do business. The both of us are suffering from the not-unusual problem of Cinsanity Flem. In fact, I think we've had it for years now. I'm about ready to move most anywhere but North. That, plus Cincinnati being one of the major Allergy Capitols of the world, makes me feel that if I stay here much longer I'll die here much younger. Coff, croup croup, coff coff.

Your relationship with Julie sounds like a good dream. How lucky can you get?

Amusing stuff about trying to sell your condo. Especially the bit about the open-house flyer with the wrong address. Time to try a multiple listing?

Brian's graduation and a couple of other things are very likely going to prevent our getting back to Ellay for a visit this year. I want to specifically target my 1986 vacation for spending some time out there. Don't imagine you have any upcoming Southern cons in mind during the gaping interim? I've never been to a DeepSouthCon, forinstance, and would like to try one -- now that I can afford to -- if I can whip up the motivation. If you folks and/or the Hulans were planning on one, that would be motivation enough.

FANNISHLY INCORRECT #30 ... Arthur D. Hlavaty

Like your title...

Well, I always thought the Road Runner was a little too smug in making a fool out of the coyote, or too blasé. When I first saw that poster of Wile E. Coyote cornholing the Roadrunner, with the "Beep Beep Yurass" caption (the one where he's wringing the Road Runner's neck was a muchly scrubbed version), I cracked up.

DILLINGER RELIC #39 ... Arthur D. Hlavaty

When DUNE comes on cable, likely I'll watch it. Having been unable to get sufficiently interested in the novel to finish reading it, and having read/seen a number of reviews and talked with fans who've watched the movie (whether they cared for it or not), I don't think it will hold all that much appeal for me.

I remember Liz Schwarzin. Met her in print in SFPA, and in person at the Robert E. Lee Birthday Party in Pasadena (any excuse for a party).

I liked the domino cartoon. Is there significance in the spots adding up to 21? Of course not.

Yes, both of us liked AIRPLANE, but it took a long while before we saw it. Too many people 'talked up' the movie and, despite their enthusiasm, didn't put it across. So we had no urge to take it in at a theatre. Have you seen the sequel? It's almost as good.

Had the same feeling about BUCKAROO BANZAI that you did. Had definitely expected a bit more. If I'd known what I was going to get, I don't think I'd have bothered with it.

Society of the Unbroken Name. Okay. Back when I was asked if I wanted to join APA DAVID, I responded: "What has it got to do with me?" One of these days I might even get around to doing something which will only cost a few bucks and a bit of time: getting my name legally changed to the name that I use. Unless I'm paying acute attention, someone calling out "David" would elicit as much response and recognition from me as they would by calling out "Ralph" or "Dundershaft". Only "Dave" or "Locke" can cut through a preoccupation on my part, though "do you want another drink" can usually get my attention, too.

KAJ • TIEL • PLU ... Kaj Stevens

Esperanto. Ah, yes. Dean Grennell speaks it like a native.

"Still doing ceramics, though I've cut it back to a hobby and abandoned (for the most part) the 'hobby side' of it, like I wanted to do." Run that by me one more time. Slowly.

I think the electric chair is a "sideshow" death penalty. The same with strapping someone down in a room and then releasing poison gas into the room. The same with hanging, and using a firing squad, and chopping someone's head off. I think society has progressed far enough that we can come up with better methods. Less outre, certainly.

I know how Becky got her stuffed unicorn head. I was there, and then helped wrap it. Quite a piece of carry-on luggage for her airplane trip.

Yeah, I agree. FAR SIDE and BLOOM COUNTY are pretty consistantly funny, though FAR SIDE takes some getting used to. DOONESBURY, in this incarnation, is off more often than it's on. But then, I was never a big DOONESBURY fan to begin with. But it used to be more consistently good.

Well, okay, fly on out for Midwestcon, then. I'll pick you up at the airport. And, as Cincinnati's airport isn't in Cincinnati or even in Ohio, we'll spend as much time driving to the hotel as you spent flying out here. Well, not really. Would definitely like to see you out here one of these eons, though.

Syntality. The personality of a group. Just one of those weird words that I found in MRS. BYRNE'S DICTIONARY OF UNUSUAL, OBSCURE, AND PREPOSTEROUS WORDS, by Josefa Heifetz Byrne. It's the only dictionary I've actually sat down and read...

Yes, George Railroad Martin is a nice fellow, and has written some very good things. I passed on reading THE ARMAGEDDON RAG solely because the subject matter is of no interest to me (I was a child of the '50s, which was a silly but upbeat period; the '60s struck me as antagonistic and downbeat -- among other things... -- and I was pleased that for the most part my lifestyle allowed me to relegate the youth problems of that decade to reading or listening to the news...).

NITROMORON ... Dean Grennell

Oh, brother... Okay, here we go: TMBC=That's My Biggest Concern. BNOW=Barkeep, 'Nother Ounce of Whisky. KPBF=I can't say this in a family apa; 2nd choice: Keelhaul Punsters Before Firing. FYTU=For You To Use. PRCU=Please Remove Chronic Unicorns. FMBY=F.M. Busby, and how's he doing these days? KLRA=A radio station in Rangoon. Backtrack: PRCU could mean Please Remove Customary Unicorn. JFPN=Just For Playful Nitpicking. KWOT=Kitsch WithOut Taste, Kindness With Our Thanks, or Key Will Open This. SFYU=Science Fiction Yarns University, an unaccredited educational institution. HBWC=Have Blade Will Cut, or Home Built Water Closet, or Have Briefcase Work Constantly. IOTA=I Object To Anchovies. PWLC=Published With Little Concern. RTPB=Rotten Trade PaperBack, or Really The Place to Be, or Reading Tiresome Political Blather.

Mailboxes could be built with shelves inside for 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th class mail. The shelf for 2nd class mail could be asbestos-lined and contain burners which automatically turn on when the door is shut with the flag down.

Both ONE MORE SUNDAY and THE LONELY SILVER RAIN are well worth reading. The latter is a bit different for McGee, but good. ONE MORE SUNDAY is one of the best things JDM has written; every word counts, and it could be used as a superb example of how to tell a story.

MISSED MAILINGS ... Eric Lindsay and Jean Weber

FLAP, FAPA, APPLESAUCE, ANZAPA, GOLDEN APA, and GEGENSCHEIN four times a year. Say, that is a bit of fanac, Eric. And I consider myself overprogrammed with FLAP, APANAGE, TIME AND AGAIN, GALLIMAUFY, and arkle writing. FIAWOTUAYFT. Fanac is a way of taking up all your free time.

Don't avoid Trivial Pursuit. I did, but finally tried it when my son Brian was out here last time. It can be fun, though I wouldn't want to play it very often.

Good to hear you're "getting along fine financially", Eric. Certainly it's no fun for anyone when they're not. In fact, it can be a real pain. Fascinating how far along you've come in the computer field strictly on your own initiative, by digging and scratching and figuring things out for yourself. And how quickly.

Okay, Jean, you caught me. "This looks suspiciously like photocopying to me, Dave". For short-run apazines I'd just as soon run these off on xerox. Unless I'm crowding the deadline.

"Sneezing underwater can be an exciting prelude to drowning, I suspect". Well, yes. I love to swim, and have done quite a lot of it. Never sneezed underwater, to my recollection. Probably not a good thing to do if you're swimming very deep, unless you're scuba diving.

"democracy (or even representative "democracy") isn't all that efficient to begin with." You might like this Fredric Brown quote, Jean, from WE ALL KILLED GRANDMA: "I don't see that the system matters; it's how well the system's run. If I've got any bias in favor of democracy it's simply because that's the system we've got and it makes more sense to go ahead and make it work than to go through the throes of switching to something else that can go wrong just as easily."

Good comment, Eric: "as long as we regard fandom as a selection device to find sympatico friends, we can be happy in it and with it ... and ignore the fuggheads." Makes good sense to me.

NIHIL NEQUAM #3 ... YaleF Edeiken

I didn't see the fight between Holmes and Bey, but heard enough about it to sense that you've captured the nature of it. Did you see the fight between Holmes and Tex Cobb? Holmes appeared puzzled that the referee wasn't stepping in to stop it, and so he supplied the humane element in the match -- by putting Cobb away without destroying him.



Actually, I tend to agree with everything you say here until your conclusion (which you stated at the beginning of your riff): "While I enjoy boxing such bouts serve only as an illustration of why the sport should be banned (a subject I intend to discourse on at length Real Soon Now)." I don't think the circumstances add up to that conclusion, which is fine because it will give us a subject to kick around... Actually, we've kicked this around before in FLAP, but not in length or depth. My position is that boxing is no worse than football, and that half my argument would be gone if someone proposed banning both...

For that matter, let's ban softball. My bus seatmate's husband has had three knee operations as a consequence of the sport, and the husband of a coworker is presently in the hospital with a concussion and with dicey chances of pulling through because of catching a softball right between the eyes.

If I were to suggest banning any sport, which isn't something I'd do, it would be auto racing, stock-car racing, demolition derbies, and demonstrations of weirdly constructed vehicles (funnycars? -- is that what they call them) which run around berserk and endanger everyone. And professional wrestling, which is really an abomination. I think prizefighting is a legitimate sport, with obvious dangers (though statistically less than football), which you either like or you don't.

Er, yes, you're correct. One danger from marijuana is getting the munchies. Or, let's look at that positively: perhaps marijuana could be part of the treatment for anorexia...

ILLUMINATI PINE (33 FZ) ... Marty Helgesen

Love those button breaks.

You've got some good points about anti-Catholicism, but don't overlook the yin and yang that being pro-anything generates an anti faction. For example, I'm anti organized religion in general, though I recognize (as Will Durant phrased it) "the utility of those myths in checking the unsocial nature of the trousered ape ... in dulling the edge of economic discontent and political revolt." Personally, with Catholicism, I think the utility is more than balanced by such things as the Pope's/the church's appalling disregard for the problems of birth control and women's rights (among others). Given a choice of labels which consists of pro, neutral, or anti, I'd have to consider myself anti-Catholicism, too, more so than I am anti most other organized religions, on the basis that I think the Catholic Church does more harm than good. Just on the subject of birth control alone, I think the church is Dangerous in a world with so many overpopulated regions; in the past this wasn't much of an issue, now it is, and in the future it will be an even more pressing problem for humanity. The Pope lacks much in his grasp of Spaceship Earth.

As for your "statement that if there is no God the universe is meaningless", you presume to know more than it is possible to know. If there is no God, that means only that we don't understand the meaning of the universe, if indeed there is one. If there is a God, and I don't think there's anyone who knows whether there is or not (many believe or disbelieve, but they don't know; they either have faith or they don't), we still can't presume to know what meaning that God has imposed on the universe. If there is a God, or Gods, then one or none of the Earth's many religions is/are correct, and at the moment we don't know about that, either.

But everyone in this apa already has his or her own set of beliefs/opinions on the subject of religion, we've all trod this ground many times since the apa began in January of 1980 and now it's so solidly packed that it's hard to even scratch it anymore, and you seem to be the only one left who appears tireless in patrolling the ground. Perhaps we should invite in a Southern Baptist, or a Jehovah's Witness, or someone else with enough missionary zeal to walk the ground with you. Well, it's a thought.

Many illegal drugs pose less of a 'threat' to society than does alcohol -- marijuana for example -- but become more of a threat to society because they are illegal and anything illegal is trafficked by the underground. When the criminal element gets involved with something, that something becomes a problem. Their way of doing business makes sharp practice look dull.

The post office did their best to mutilate and drown your fanzine, but succeeded in merely drowning it. Anything less well-wrapped probably wouldn't have made it through at all.

Okay, if I don't have to play life by ear, send me a checklist. Let's start with the one on how to do mailing comments.

KENNING #33 ... Jackie Causgrove

Hello, Dear. Been meaning to ask you about this latest Avedon Carol letter which a thoughtful fan forwarded to us the other day. Specifically the line where she says "I am concerned about the way Bergeron has contributed to the complete subversion of TAFF, giving Jackie Causgrove the fuel she has been angling for, for years, to entirely destroy the purpose and meaning of TAFF." I know that sometimes I don't pay attention, but I'm puzzled how I could totally have overlooked this. Apparently I've been fooled by the time and money you've donated to TAFF, which I take it is a complete smokescreen to cover subversive activities so well hidden that even I haven't seen them. By the way, what were they?

This is just to get even with you for telling poodle stories out of school, of course.

Well, yes, I do have a great aversion to mimeos and it only gets worse in my old age. But then, I think the feeling is mutual. Perhaps if I stay away from this newer Gestetner it will live long and prosper.

WHISTLE POST #9 ... Jodie Offutt

Yes, it's a real pain to buy groceries with their carriability in mind. I used to stop at Kroger on my bus ride home during the week, pick up one bag of groceries, and catch the next bus. Did this two-three times a week. A pain.

An upbeat arkle on death by your hubby there... I'll opt for cremation, and they can leave the ashes in the furnace. Silly damn thing to do, requesting that someone spread your ashes somewhere. On second thought, maybe we could mix the ashes up with Gestetner paste ink and...

Talking about death. "Right after dinner is a good time. Certainly there's nothing on worth watching, that early!" We eat dinner late, and if there's anything on worth watching it's usually on at that time. Perhaps during dinner. "Say, Dave, that well-charred steak of yours reminds me that ..."

SIX WHITE ROSES ... Lon Atkins

Great, you're programming Hearts. Wondered when you'd get around to kicking that off. Your example of my dialog at the Hearts table is a base lie, though. Never, never have I used the word "bleep", as in your dialog example: "You bleeping bleep of a bleep bleeping bleep!!!!" The kind of thing I usually say is ... well, never mind. But I never say "bleep"! Let me know if it's a good curse word, though, and maybe I'll add it to my repertoire.

Okay, I'm wishing you luck on the Hearts program. If anybody can do it up brown, you can.

JUXTAPROSE JOURNAL #33 ... Suzi Stefl

Okay, now I've got a better picture of the SF Oral History Association (~~leave it to you to join a group with that title~~). But, after telling us about dues and lifetime memberships, how about giving us a mailing address?

"your traitorous turncoat use of OOKs." Well, yes, that was terrible, wasn't it. I should be ashamed (actually, I think I was drinking). I'll try to be more careful in the future.

Something went over my head in your comment to David. That's all right; most things do unless I'm standing on a chair.

MUGGINS' MUGGLES AND MUBBLEFUBBLES #28 ... Michael T. Shoemaker

Okay, we'll agree to disagree on Grenada. But most of the students there weren't fooled, it was an exercise in senseless killing, the government finally admitted it lied about the date of decision on invasion, and the captured documents showed only that holding students hostage was something that was considered. I still consider it a weak excuse for a field exercise to get the troops warmed up and give them a taste of blood (our boys were the ones generating slaughter; but then I gave you a description of their orders).

THE BIG BRONZE FAKE #25 ... Dave Wixon

Well, yes, that did sound like a busy living arrangement you were getting into there. Good luck with your new, quieter quarters.