

September 1985 ... SLOW DJINN #35 ... Apanage #91
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Yes, just like it says, this is SLOW DJINN #35 (the last SLOW DJINN for Apanage, and only David Hulan has the necessary clues to figure out the silly reason why; but, no, I'll be back next mailing with a new title which is even sillier and, beyond that, even more obscure), my 16th Apanagezine in 16 mailings as a member (closing in on 3 years; does it seem that long to you?; it doesn't to me), and it comes to you courtesy of the J. Causgrove Publishing Empire, Ink, and is almost undoubtedly Second Coming Pub #138. You betchum, Red Ryder. Quick, Mr. Peabody, turn off the colophon machine.

And turn on the natter machine. Here it is the dog days of August and September. We just got out of a short but welcome cool spell which gave our air conditioner a much-needed break, which means we're at the moment back into highs in heat and humidity. Everyone has heard of a 'wind chill' factor, but this is the first place I've run into that boasts a 'humiture' index. And, through this period, a drop or two of rain will fall, and sometimes a few tons. Still, with this humidity sometimes it's hard to tell, unless you notice that the humidity seems to have a downward movement.

I finally went and had a complete physical examination, my first since being required to have one at the age of 18, and I didn't do it because it's the smart thing to do. I did it because, being Member Services Mgr. of a Health Maintenance Organization, I didn't want to be a hypocrite in saying or writing an endorsement of something I was long overdue for myself. I mean, you know.

I was in a position to select a doctor from a position of knowing who was among the best in the city. So I chose a fellow who serves as a consultant for Choice-Care, and who seems to be constantly getting calls from other doctors asking his advice on their problem cases, and who speaks and writes well, has a good sense of humor, and is very likeable. Despite getting run through batteries of tests, he couldn't come up with anything to explain shoulder and elbow aches and sometimes extreme stiffness which sounds like other people describe things like arthritis. He did, though, rule out a number of possibilities, including things like arthritis. So, apparently I'm disgustingly healthy. At least, on paper.

My lungs are clean, despite smoking two to three packs of cigarettes a day, which is news that didn't particularly surprise me. He did, though, advise me to stop smoking, though he admitted that, no, this likely wasn't responsible for things like shoulder aches. I told him he had said the same thing to the patient before me, the one with the broken arm, so I didn't guess his advice was too related to a diagnosis. Of course, it's not too commonplace to encounter your doctor at work once a week, but I do, and occasionally he asks if I've quit smoking. The last time he asked I told him yes. He asked when. I told him that I'd quit smoking as soon as I heard his voice when he walked into the department.

I've been watching a ghodawful amount of tennis with Jackie. First the local ATP tournament, then the U.S. Open. I mean, that's a lot of tennis. Sometimes all day long. The final of the U.S. Open is on today, Sunday the 8th, and with the Apanage deadline being this coming Friday it sure do look like this is going to be another short apazine. I'd be farther ahead on it if Steve Leigh hadn't called this morning and suggested going out on the court to play some tennis ourselves, but of course he did call and of course I said yes, and so we did, and I lost 7/6, 6/4, and we dragged our humitured bodies back here for Old Milwaukee and a lot of deep breathing and sighing, and here it is noon, and the final begins at 4 pm. I just took a cold shower, which may or may not enable me to get through the next four hours. If not, the glass of scotch at my elbow might help.

Well, enough of this incessant blather. It's time to kick in with mailing comments, and commence the terminal idle chitchat.

ANNA VARGO

You say: "Re Taff and Duff: the screen was that one was unable to afford the trip on one's own, and that one was voted for by both the host and donor country. This would eliminate a con-fan like Ben Yelow, who has been over before. And in order to receive votes in the host country, one might have been active as a letter-hack, apa-hack, or fanzine publisher. So I see the limitation to "general fanzine fandom" as a reasonable and inherent part of the structure."

Nonsense. There has never been a "screen" that was not self-imposed by the voter. Hall, a relatively recent TAFF delegate, Kev Smith, was rather well-to-do by UK fan standards. Even Avadon Carol has been in print stating that the basis for choosing among candidates is up to the druthers of the individual voters.

For your information, and the information of any others who might be interested, here is a reduced photocopy of the explanation&rules side of the most recent TAFF form (the other side contains candidate's platforms and the ballot itself), so that you can see precisely what TAFF rules are presented when your vote and your money are solicited. I've boxed some particularly salient wordage. As you can see, there is no mention of a "screen", and there is more than sufficient mention about necessary requirements to disprove that TAFF presented itself as having any "limitation to 'general fanzine fandom' as a reasonable and inherent part of the structure." However, let's not worry about it right now. You haven't been around long enough to be doing more than passing along second-hand disinformation on the subject, and I'll bet you'd even be surprised to know that this business about a "limitation to 'general fanzine fandom'" has been an on&off controversy for three decades. You'd think by now things would either be worked out or at least the TAFF form would represent TAFF as TAFF actually is. Obviously such is not the case. As British fanzine fan Paul Skelton points out: "If TAFF is just for the benefit of fanzine fans then we must say so quite clearly. Then, if on that basis convention fans are still mugs enough to give to our 'charity', then fair enough, though I suspect far less of them will be so ready." Begin to get the picture? Oh sure, people like Skel take a lot of flak for wanting to see to it that TAFF says what TAFF is. Oddly enough, this flak comes from some fellow fanzine fans. Hard to believe, I know. They want to take the money and run. Nothing wrong with that, just so long as you're up front about it. Fanzine fans who want to be up front about it are receiving a lot of incredible bullshit from fanzine fans who want to maintain a front for the benefit of fanzine fandom. It doesn't take any great insight to see into the mindset of each of these viewpoints, and thus it will be no surprise to learn that in certain quarters of fanzine fandom my viewpoint brands me "the Devil Incarnate".

What is TAFF? The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund was created in 1953 for the purpose of providing funds to bring well-known and popular fans across the Atlantic. Since that time, TAFF has regularly sent North American fans to European conventions and European fans to North American conventions. TAFF exists solely through the support of London. The candidates are voted for by interested fans all over the world, and each vote is accompanied by a donation of not less than 50p or \$1.00. These votes, and the continued interest and generosity of London, are what make TAFF possible.

Who may vote? Voting is open to anyone who was active in London (clubs, fanzines, conventions, etc.) prior to April 1981, and who contributes at least \$1.00 or 50p to the Fund. Contributions in excess of the minimum will be gratefully accepted. Only one vote per person is allowed -- no proxy votes -- and you must sign your ballot. Details of voting will be kept secret. 'Write-in' candidates are permitted. Postal orders, money orders, and checks should be made payable to the appropriate administrator, not to TAFF.

Deadline Votes must reach the administrators by 31 December, 1984.

Voting details TAFF uses the Australian ballot system, which guarantees an automatic run-off and a majority win. You rank the candidates in the exact order you wish to vote. If the leading first-place candidate does not get a majority, the first-place votes of the lowest ranking candidate are dropped and the second-place votes on these ballots are counted. This process goes on until one candidate has a majority. It is therefore important to vote for second and third place and onwards on your ballot. It is also a waste of time to put any name in more than one place.

Hold Over Funds This choice, similar to 'No Award' in Hugo balloting, gives the voter the chance to vote for no TAFF trip should the candidates not appeal to her/him, or if she/he feels that TAFF should slow down its trip frequency. 'Hold Over Funds' may be voted for in any position you wish.

Donations TAFF needs continuous donations of money, and material to be auctioned, in order to exist. If you are ineligible to vote, or do not feel qualified to vote, why not donate anyway? Just as important as donations in publicity -- in fanzines, letters, convention booklets, and by word of mouth -- to increase voter participation.

Candidates Each candidate has provided -- barring Acts of God -- to travel to the 1985 Eastercon in Leeds if elected, and has posted bond and provided signed nominations and a platform, which are reproduced overleaf along with the ballot.

Send ballots and contributions to:

North American Administrator

Avadon Carol
4409 Woodfield Road
Kensington, MD 20895
USA

European Administrator

Rob Hansen
9A Greenleaf Road
East Ham
London E6 1DX
UK

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This version produced by Jackie Causgrove/Dave Look

JANE YOLEN

Putting a parent in a nursing home is one of those moments of mixed emotions that obviously a lot of people go through. Yet there's probably much less than a whole wing in the library devoted to treatises on the subject. Emotional transitions. We know from the lives of others what our own lives may be, which only serves to complicate matters. Let me extend a hand across the sea of words, in acknowledgement of the transition. Personally, I escaped it. My father died quickly in middle-age, and my mother made arrangements allowing her to stay at home for all but the final stage of her bout with cancer which ended in her mid-sixties (the arrangement included my ex-wife, but that's a long story...). Ah, those transitions, they do keep coming along. Some are easier than others, but it seems that none are easily averted. That's why they call them transitions, I suppose.

DAVID HULAN

Don't like this elite typeface in a micro-elite pitch, eh? Well, just for you, this time I'm using 'Cubic Pica' in an elite pitch. No promises next time, you understand, but this Bud's for you.

The 'consultant' route sounds like a good way to go for Marcia, and as she gets more experience she can command higher fees without waiting on a boss to grant a salary increase. One question, though: what time is necessary for keeping up with changes and advances in the computer field, and does that change and become broader as a result of going the consultant route?

BEV CLARK

Ain't it a kick? Fans like us can make ourselves heroes by taking on a company newsletter, or member newsletter, or even just by demonstrating the ability to communicate on paper. I have moved through a fair number of companies and hundreds and thousands of "professional" people, and that ability is rare out there. We do it as a part of us, but they view it as a talent or a specialized skill not expected of most professional business people.

I consider that I've "been reading SF" since 1956, at the age of 12 which as everyone knows is the Golden Age of Science Fiction.

DONYA HAZARD WHITE

Pulled a boner there, did you? No, my name is not Dave Hulan. There was a fan named Dave Hulan who used to look like me from a certain position except that he was taller and had less hair, and there was a fellow named Dave Hulan who wrote like me according to Harry Warner, Jr., but there is no one named Dave Hulan who is me. Sorry, that's just the way it is. Well, no, that's okay, don't worry about it.

No, I'm sorry, David and I are not twins, either. I was worried about it for a moment there when the possibility first occurred, but it was just a false alarm. Both of our mothers firmly denied it.

ANDREW SIGEL

This is beginning to get expensive, what with \$2 to Harriet and now \$2 to you, but it's worth it just for the story about John and Ginger, the bear that got loose from the circus. The one about John and the bearded lady and the balloons wasn't half-bad, either, though that ending where she becomes a stripper who comes down the runway and shaves was a bit too labored. All very interesting, though.

AMY FALKOWITZ

birdbirdbirdbirdietheword, ohhothebirdbirdbird ... no, nevermind, that's all right. I was just waxing nostalgic for a moment.

"Hmm. Interesting juxtaposition. Both Davids (Daves?) do minac and end up one after the other in the Mailing." It must be some kind of perverted justice. There we were, sort of like Ace Double Daves.

JOHN HOPFNER

No, I took over an existing newsletter. It was wounded and dying. I nursed it through to what it is today, which is healthy but basically boring.

Well, you know, I'm not sure that there are any "similarities between publishing a fanzine and an HMO newsletter." There are a lot of differences, though...

ALICE MORIGI

"warm and gummy Dave". Gummy? Gummy? I don't recall your once being in a position to see me when I removed my teeth. Unless ... that unusual mirror ... no, it can't be. I must have been a bit sticky from the long drive, perhaps. Or maybe ... no, no, it wouldn't be that. Gummy. Hmm. I may have another quote to add to the collection for the next time I have to write an introductory fanzine.

"warm and gummy" ... Alice Morigi.. Pretty soon I'll have enough that I can do the entire intro using quotes that describe me from other people's viewpoints. This is a shtick I shamelessly copied from Mike Shoemaker. It amused me when he did it, and I have enjoyed stolen pleasure from it. "warm and gummy". Bagged another one.

It was a most enjoyable visit we had at your home. Youse is good guys, as they say in the old movies. Or even right here in Apanage.

JYMN MAGON

Hi, Culbreth. What's shakin'? Saw you on the evening news just the other day, big as life and twice as ugly, blithering on about this cartoon thingy that would be drawn in Japan using short people. It was quite a surprise, mind you, because I had been thinking about Apanage at the time and your face fit right in with my thoughts for a moment before I realized I should be disconcerted. Scotch does that to you sometimes.

Sigh Well, if you or anyone reading this plea ever runs across videotape of the old Richard Bradford series MAN IN A SUITCASE, remember me.

All good stuff here, Boethius. But, there's really a book called NIGHT OF 400 RABBITS? What, er, genre?

DEBRA DOYLE

Hi there, Panama lady.

The Japanese? No, no affronts suffered on my part. I just found Japanese businessmen to be stereotypeable. For the most part I disliked their attitude toward women (their wives were expected to sit at home while they went out most every night to drink and try and get laid; in the office, they would stand around sniggering and in their own tongue discuss the physical attributes of any female office worker present), though there are a few other areas where I view the Japanese businessman as having problems, as well... What? Well, for one thing, they are very race conscious, and where their employees are not Japanese they utilize a different outlook in the interpretation of personnel policies. They move fast, and have a tendency to put in long hours, but in half-again the time they accomplish half as much as someone else who puts in just a full day. Basically, I just didn't much take to most of them. Some, of course, were quite fine.

Horilka, eh? I wonder what it was made of? (I collect strange drinks.)

BRUCE COVILLE

Well, we gave Nagers three different renditions of the party at Alice's place. Do you think they got the impression that we all had a good time and liked each other? If we manage to get together again we'll have to come up with some other shtick, but that would likely mean having to remember what it was we talked about so we can recount some of it. Possibly one of us could take notes so we wouldn't have to resort to something drastic, like cutting back on our drinking, to aid in remembering such things.

Yes, great meeting the both of you. Youse is good guys, too.

IRA. Infrared astronomy. I ran some stuff on it a while back while you were in the lav.

RICH MORRISSEY

I've read all of Westlake's 'Richard Stark' novels except THE SOUR LEMON SCORE, which I hope to see on the stands shortly. I keep looking for it. CHILD HEIST never happened. Did you know that an early scene in PLUNDER SQUAD is also in the book DEAD SKIP, by Joe Gores, except of course told from the other fictional character's point of view.

Sticking with Don Westlake, I'm still looking for ANARCHAOS, a book he wrote under the pen name Curt Clark. It's skiffy; Ace F-421. I'd pay postage both ways for first class delivery of a reading copy, if you or anyone else has it. Or buy it if you run across one.

Still sticking with Westlake (and with this humidity, that's easy to do), he's got another winner out. HIGH ADVENTURE. I ran across it in the "New Fiction" section of the library, together with Harry Kemelman's SOMEDAY THE RABBI WILL LEAVE. Both are recommended.

SIGNE LANDON

ct Donya: "My age will exceed my bust size at the same age as yours." Finding comments like this is what being in an apa is all about. I mean, sometimes you can go entire mailings without turning up something this good.

Just didn't want to pass your zine by without saying that I enjoyed reading it.

LISA COWAN

Well, my job is still interesting but I'm beginning to wonder how "rewarding" it is. At least, it's a job. No, it's still going well enough, thank you.

Hiking. The mere thought of it makes me tired. I won't plead age on this one, as I felt the same way much of the time when I was 18. Of course, back then I did it a bit. Hiking up mountains, usually.

PAULA SIGMAN

Well thanx there for the merry unbirthday greeting. May the Muse be with you.

No, no, not even that. "I'm sorry that I mistook for annoyance your surprise at the appropriateness of including in the apa Disney Newreels --". No, I wasn't at all surprised to find interesting material in it. I was just pointing to it as an example of outside enclosures which, in my opinion, made a good fit with the apa. That point was tossed off along the way as I was explaining why my Choice-Care Family News wouldn't be a good outside enclosure even though it contained an amusing thing or two. Perhaps for a one-time look-see I might xerox-reduce an issue and run it through, just so anyone interested can see what it is, but that would be the extent of it. However, my interest in Disney Newsreel stems from two sources: 1. I enjoy seeing references to certain people I know in fandom, published in a source outside fandom, and 2. I have a fondness for the name Walt Disney as a result of things I saw during my childhood, and an interest in news of what's happening now with the company that he set in motion. I can easily see, now, how you could have read these tossed-off comments as having other meanings, and it's my fault not yours. Hey, even us wordwhippers fall down on the job occasionally. Or, fannishly speaking, we fall down on the hobby occasionally. My excuse is that my hobby is really drinking scotch and this fanac stuff is just something to do while I'm drinking. Without Scotch There Is No True Fanac (truth in advertising forces me to disclose that this is only a local motto; in fact, I just made it up).

JIM MACDONALD

No, I would never tell a sailor that he is living in incest. Not that kind of "related", old salt. And, gee, I'm sorry to have inadvertantly reminded you that you don't like Debra's "micro unreadable typeface", either. It wasn't my intention to do that, and if I ever do it again it won't be my intention then, either. I swear it. Listen, would I shit you?

Who is Roger Elwood, you ask? Roger Elwood was a professional Christian who got into anthologizing original science fiction provided it didn't offend Christian sensibilities. His presence seemed fast and furious, with his anthologies popping up all over the place, and then he was gone.

Well, we're coming on down to the spot where you turn the page and get to read Dave Barry. You lucky stiffs.

Everybody have a good Autumn. May it be colorful and crisp. See you around turkey time in November.

Cheeries.



**Dave
Barry**

Rude Etude Shows Need For Police

Recently, while I was in the Newark, N.J., airport, I saw a perfect example of why we need the Rudeness Police. A group of innocent civilians was sitting on those molded plastic airport chairs and doing what people do at airports, namely waiting for the airline people to announce, the way they always do about 15 minutes after your flight is supposed to leave only the plane hasn't even arrived yet, that there will be a Slight Delay.

Then, without warning, a rude person arrived on the scene. His particular brand of rudeness was to have one of those stereophonic devices that people can carry around somehow despite the fact that they are larger than many home appliances. And of course he had it turned up to eight trillion decibels, so that the song, which would have been mildly unpleasant at a normal volume, became truly awful, such that if you had to choose between listening to it and listening to baby seals being tortured with garlic presses, you would choose the latter. You get the picture.

This rude person walked up to a pay phone, and, without turning his device off, or even lowering the volume, made a phone call. He had to yell into the receiver because of the noise. He seemed annoyed about this. What I'm saying is, this person had achieved a level of rudeness such that he actually managed to be rude to himself.

And of course we civilians did nothing. We just sat there, waiting for the airplane people to get around to

making an absurdly overdue announcement, which was also rude. Our other option was to attempt to buy food from the snack-bar people, who were very bitter and resentful because we civilians seemed to assume, just because they were standing behind a counter with a great big sign that said "SNACK BAR," that we could walk right up to them, as bold as brass, and ask them to wait on us. If you can imagine.

This kind of situation cries out for the Rudeness Police. We cannot call upon the regular police here, because (a) they are busy catching thieves and murderers and people who parade without permits; and (b) they are too polite. They are always saying "sir" and "ma'am" and reading people their constitutional rights.

The Rudeness Police wouldn't even know how to read. They would never call anybody "sir." Their idea of showing tremendous respect to a person apprehended while committing an act of rudeness would be to refrain from putting out their cigars on the person's forehead. All of the Rudeness Police would smoke cigars, even the women. They would be required to be overweight. They would hardly ever shave. Especially the women. They would be chosen primarily on the basis of their ability to perspire. They would drive 1968 Chrysler Imperials, which would be inspected daily to make sure the mufflers were still gone.

When the Rudeness Police arrived on a scene of rudeness, such as the Newark airport, they would swing into action like a well-greased machine. One of them would place his face extremely close to the stereophonic-device person's face and belch two cubic yards of an unknown gas containing at least 600 parts per million of garlic plasma. (Rudeness Police would be trained, on special target ranges, to belch with tremendous accuracy.)

With the rude person thus neutralized, the crack Rudeness Police Demolition Team would snatch his stereophonic device and, elbowing the snack bar people aside, drop it into the french-fry vat. They would threaten to do the same thing to the airline personnel if they didn't immediately issue a groveling apology and a highly accurate prediction of when the plane would actually leave.

The Rudeness Police would monitor phone conversations, and when they discovered an organization calling

Barry

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people up at dinner time and trying to sell things, they would barge into the home of the organization president and lounge around drinking malt liquor with their feet on the furniture until he agreed to purchase \$2,000 worth of tickets to the Rudeness Police Annual Masked Ball and Tractor Pull.

If a person got into the supermarket express lane with more than 10 items, the cashier would press a hidden alarm button and the largest Rudeness Police officer in the immediate vicinity would come and sit on the person's dairy products. If a male made little repetitive kissing noises at a female on the street, he would be felled instantly by a Rudeness Police Tranquillizing

Dart and regain consciousness wearing high heels, a slinky cocktail dress and far too much rouge.

Sometimes the Rudeness Police would go undercover. They'd put on tuxedos and attend concerts, and if a beeper went off, they'd lean over and yank it off the beeping person's belt and drop it into a concealed milkshake. If the beeping person was in marketing, they would also pour the milkshake into his lap.

The Rudeness Police would have a special unit permanently assigned to follow John McEnroe everywhere and yell intimate personal insults just when he was about to serve.

No maitre d', anywhere, would ever sleep soundly again.

I COULD go on, but you get the picture. This is an idea whose time has come, and unless the government does something, I fear that polite civilians are going to take things into their own hands. We are going to start seeing isolated incidents in which, for example, people who have tossed litter out their car windows come home to discover that rudeness vigilantes have filled their homes or apartments to a depth of several feet with used diapers.

If you are, like me, concerned about this possibility, I urge you to write a letter to your congressperson calling for the creation of the Rudeness Police, so he or she can send you back, at your expense, a letter signed by a machine. Thank you.