



Well, hiya there. This is old Northwoods Dave coming to you bright and early this damp & dreary Saturday morning on day 025 of the Julian calender. I'm the only one in this household who can be counted on to get up before noon. Getting up at noon on weekends and 6:20 weekdays would kill me. So at 8:20 I awoke, made morning coffee, turned off the timer on the vcr, rewound the tape, and watched the finals of the Grand Masters tournament. Ken Rosewall won it for the 5th straight time, this time against newly-qualified Grand Master Cliff Drysdale. Good to see someone my size & shape, at 51, beat the pants off someone who is over a decade younger than he is. Hell, Rosewall was still playing the finals at Wimbledon at my age. The Domsday Stroking Machine. End tennis alert. Anyway, the match is over, and here we are just a week away from the old deadline, and howdy, howdy, howdy.

My son, Brian, came out over the year-end holidays on a one-way ticket and we haven't purchased a return-flight ticket yet. We've not done or discussed anything seminal, but just having him around is a delight, and incidentally serves as my latest good excuse for not getting serious about the next issue of TIME AND AGAIN. Besides, who knows when I might get to see him again now that he's out of school and treading water prior to pointing himself in one direction or another. A rhetorical question, for sure. At any rate, he has grown to be a fine gentleman who speaks with excellent tact, a reader, and a writer. He spends much of his time here working on a novel, and has gotten farther with it in a month than I have ever gotten whenever I had a wild hair to write such a thing.

Things a father notes about his son as both grow older: 1• I'm still physically stronger than he is; 2• He now has the edge on me when playing table tennis on our miniature table; 3• We have an easy demeanor around each other and Saying Something, just for the sake of conversation, doesn't seem to be a factor of any importance. I suppose one of these days he'll have to take off, and I'm going to miss him terribly. At the moment I'm sharing the same roof with the two people I really love in this world, and I'm a happy clam. The year is starting off Great.

Been watching a godawful lot of tv, for someone who doesn't care all that much about tv, but that wouldn't be the case except for two factors: 1• The '85-'86 season is one of the best I've seen on network television (Golden Girls, Alfred Hitchcock, Murder She Wrote, Cagney & Lacey, Spenser For Hire, Crazy Like A Fox, The Equalizer, Cheers, Hill Street Blues, Family Ties, The Cosby Show, and The Twilight Zone); 2• the networks are now airing more tennis and we now have access to tennis on cable channels; (make

that three factors) 3• With the vcr we now have movies & specials that we didn't have access to before or didn't conveniently have access to before (for example, the Rosewall/Drysdale match aired at 4:30 am and no way in hell would I have watched it at that time; for example, we can now deal with the problem of seeing programs which air at the same time; for example, we have access to friends or vcr stores for things we wouldn't otherwise be able to see). So, a lot of tv. After a while it may pall, but right now it's an enjoyable situation. So is the scenario of building a tape library of Old Favorites.

Books. You know, I haven't read a single book since the last SLOW DJINN. I've bought a few, but haven't read any of them. Got a lot of good things lined up for when I do get back to reading books, though.

Excuse me, I think I hear the mailman. Ah, the first contribution from new Flappan D. Gary Grady. I'm personally very pleased to see Gary in here. I've always enjoyed his writing. Short and fat, eh? Join the club. Well, actually I'm not fat. I'm just a little short for my width. This has been an illegal mailing comment. Sue me. Write Ted White for the name of his fictitious lawyer.

Things at work, at the HMO, are still just a little bit ~~stained~~ strange, but that's nothing new. One positive note is that they just hired a new director (they've hired a lot of new directors, but that's another story) who turns out to be somewhat of a soul-brother, mindset-wise, of course. Except for the fact that Al Curry works second shift, I was beginning to get accustomed to not having any fellow mavericks there (the fellow who hired me, who more than somewhat qualifies in that regard, has been given the title of V.P. Special Projects and is either on the road or out of state virtually all of the time). Nice to have someone with the same askew viewpoint to work with. I think the reason I find such people to be scarce is that one doesn't normally encounter them in the business world...

Like, what am I doing there, right? Or what are any of us doing there? Possibly we all got started off on the wrong foot and followed the line of least resistance. It's a workable theory.

Does anyone else out there share the guilty pleasure of watching bad grade-B skiffy/horror movies and Talking Back to the screen? We've been doing that a bit lately. REPTILICUS, THE CLONE MASTER, WAR GODS OF THE DEEP, etc. etc. etc. Seems to be one of those things that many fans have in common. Quick, what movie showed a fellow running into a drive-in movie theater to scream "Run! There's a herd of Killer Rabbits on the way!!" All winning entries receive a box of stale popcorn.

THE PAGE AT HAND

6th Anniversary Mailing. My, how time does fly. And what a helluva good crew we have here. Listen, if we make it to a 10th Anniversary Mailing I'm going to shit corncocks if we don't have 100% participation. In fact, I may shit corncocks if that doesn't happen for our 50th mailing, which is just around a couple of corners in February of 1988, only two years away. As you can see, I shit corncocks at almost the slightest provocation. I will, however, refrain from pulling a Don Markstein (in SFPA, when Don was OE, he made attendance mandatory for the 100th mailing, which meant that 100% participation was guaranteed). I'll just ply, wheedle, and cajole. And shit corncocks.

LEAH ZELDES SMITH

"There just doesn't seem to be enough time to get everything done." Tell me about it.

Well, it turned out that we aren't moving, either. Not until Cincinnati makes up its mind what it wants to do about the exciting issue of smoking. The thrust to make the entire city a no-smoking zone got sandbagged at the last minute, making the issue up for grabs as of 7/1/86. At work now I have to diddle with a smokeless ashtray. First they went after our booze, now they're after our tobacco. Rally 'round the flag!

Late, short apazines are just fine. Hang in there.

MICHAEL T. SHOEMAKER

Ghod, you're fickle. Thirty issues of a title and you up and change it. At just about the same time as I decide to stick with a single title after footfing around for years with a different one almost every mailing. Yin and yang, must be.

I agree that the Coke fiasco was a publicity stunt, but I don't think they really planned to bring back the old Coke -- that is, I think they felt it a good idea to generate more sales, and I think bringing back the old Coke (Classic Coke) and retaining the new formula did result in a sales increase, but I don't believe things went as planned. You might be right, though. Doesn't matter to me. I avoided cola for years because I thought it all tasted as bad as Coca-Cola, until I tried Pepsi-Cola and found out I really liked the stuff. Nowadays I drink diet cola, and there's not all that much difference between all the brands.

When I took the Pepsi Challenge I didn't even need to try both cups. I took a sip from the first cup, said "yuck", and used the other to rinse the taste out of my mouth...

More than interesting about the satanism & cult murders, if interesting is the right word. Or even if it isn't.

My shakey knowledge of the field tells me that 10K copies being standard paperback volume is too low a number. Got to be. Doesn't it?

Creative Dreaming. Hmmm.

ERIC LINDSAY

Traditional conservatives are heavily into law enforcement on 'victimless crimes' because they see them as a threat to the cohesiveness of society in general, which is why conservatives traditionally turn up their noses at the concept of a pluralistic society. To them, pluralism is cancer.

I'm in favor of free enterprise, but not where it concerns the mails (for one thing). You and Mike are right: it would immediately eliminate all chance of mail communication with sparsely settled areas of the country. Bad news.

Swimming around coral all day. One of these days I've got to get down to Australia while I'm still healthy enough to swim. Maybe I could swim there. Knowing me, I'd probably get halfway there, become too tired, and then turn around and swim back. I've got to stop drinking this scotch immediately.

That's a real bitch to have back problems, though the ones I've encountered aren't in the same league as with Jean or Jackie. Every once in a while, though, mine 'goes out' and I'm in deep shit for a few days. Hasn't happened in a long while and every time I think about it I shudder because I know I'm Overdue.

There's Jean! Didn't see you there at the end of the zine. Howdy. Get well soon. Don't forget to write.

ARTHUR D. HLAVATY

You're right about "overpaid, unfirable civil 'servants.'" At the other end, unless you're part of a union, in industry you can be fired with only lip-service to 'cause'. Of course, don't let anybody tell you that a civil service employee can't be fired. David Hulan managed to fire one of them. It's an interesting story, and maybe he'll even tell it here.

Yes, there are a number of fannish circles where heterosexual monogamists "are sneered at by other heteros", too. Everybody's got their own hangup. Personally, I don't believe in sex. I believe in cloning.

British fandom. I'm discovering that it's bigger and more diverse than I would have imagined. Certainly it's bigger, a lot bigger, than the few noisy fans who traditionally send their zines over. We're starting to get Britzines from some interesting people we'd never heard of before. John D. Owen's CRYSTAL SHIP is one of the best fanzines I've ever seen, and I've only encountered it recently. Plus there's a large group of confans we rarely even hear of. There are a lot of zines floating around over there, though.

Very excellent comments on DUFF, and why it's worth supporting.

Excellent comments on Vonnegut's GALAPAGOS, too. Fortunately the last half picked up, as I wasn't sure I really wanted to bother finishing it at the half-way point.

HORT

Definitely General Fanzine Fandom has evolved into a whole different ball of wax. I'm not displeased with

it, except for the factor that genzines cost more than they should to produce, but of course I enjoyed it more in the days when it was all new to me, or at least newer than it is after 25 years of it. I still intend to have fun with TIME AND AGAIN, but not like I did with AWRY or PELF or SHAMBLES. More than I did with THE WORKS, though, because it was too much of a drain to write it all myself. Probably at least as much of a drain as it was for anyone to read it all.

For me, word processing is a possible, but I can't figure out any possible significant use I might have for a computer. If I bought one it would be a toy that sooner or later would wind up sitting in the basement (no room in the closet).

Now that you mention it, I suppose GOLDEN GIRLS really is "a sitcom about old women in Florida". Never thought of it that way. Let's describe some other shows using that same approach. CHEERS is a sitcom about a bunch of losers talking in a bar. NIGHT COURT is about a judge who acts like he smokes joints in his chambers. THE COSBY SHOW is a plastic, black sitcom with actors who orbit around Bill Cosby. MACGYVER is Mr. Wizard as a secret agent. THE EQUALIZER is an absurd story which lets Edward Woodward draw a regular paycheck. No, I haven't quite got the hang of it. Yours have more punch. Here, you do it.

What turns you off about Brad Foster's artwork?

A blue margarita? Is nothing sacred?

DAGdurnit

What do you mean "Did anyone ever say life was supposed to be simple?" Life is simple. Every once in a while I think it's complicated, but when I stop to think about it it gets all simple on me again. Absurdly simple, usually. My typical problem is that sometimes I forget to take the time to think about it. It just rolls along and I seem to roll along with it.

As a Certified Lowlife who doesn't demonstrate the capacity to appreciate poetry, Truth In Absurdity forces me to disclose that if someone asked me who my favorite poet was I would have to tell them it was Dean Grennell.

A thought just occurred to me about you supplying a collection of your pomes and my using them either as page headers or as frequent interlinos in TIME AND AGAIN. Yours if it rings any chimes. Otherwise, set your margarita on it.

Motorcycle. "crotchrocket". I like that.

Nice deal on getting a company vehicle! Are you aware that the usual means of imparting that "new-car smell" is to use formaldehyde? It's an old trick with used-car dealers.

MARTY HELGESEN

Well, as official Emergency OE of FLAP, it was only fitting that you were the first to arrive at the Nasfic FLAP party.

A number of fans seem to be getting behind the Bermuda Triangle bid simply because, despite the bid playing by the rules, there's a heavy effort by many

Smofs to get it disqualified. Wait a minute -- that sounds like a familiar story. There was something about that in the last TAFF race as I recall.

Good trip natterings.

All right, fess up. Tell us where Suzi left her lip prints on you.

The I-might-be-wrong-I'm-not-but-I-might-be is definitely a Buck Coulsonism. If I use it in an article I tend to credit him. If I use it in SLOW DJINN I tend to not credit him, which places it in the realm of being a nod in his direction because Buck reads my apazines. Others on my outside distribution list get nods in a similar manner. Occasionally I'll use an esotericism which is so narrowly focused that I'm the only one who could get it but, just as with self-tickling, it's hard to surprise yourself.

I won't disagree with your position that someone doesn't have to be involved to speak out on or try to correct what they perceive as a social wrong. I'll even agree with the aptness of your position in this particular regard, but my comment still stands as also descriptively apt: "What you and I have in common is that neither of us are involved with birth control and abortion, and where we differ is that you would choose to do something with those who are." That's a value-free description, and you're in error if you read into it that I think uninvolved people should stay uninvolved. In fact, reading anything into that comment is, at best, presumptive. Taking into account other things we know about our thoughts on the issue in general, it would be a good presumption if one inferred that I am in favor of leaving this matter to the people involved and that you are not. Beyond that, there's nothing else to infer.

My favorite erratic comedy was the Python series. It was among the best and the worst of comedy for my particular tastes. My initial problem was to develop a tolerance for the skits I considered bad.

ERIC LINDSAY again

Does Terry Frost's illo mean that K-Tel is in Australia?

Enjoyed GEGENSCHWEIN. I like the concept of diary alternating with LoCs. Remember Ned Brooks' IT COMES IN THE MAIL? I don't know why I enjoyed looking through his mail with him, but I did. Probably for much the same reasons I enjoy reading your diary and looking at the letters you get.

LON ATKINS

Kind of astonishing stuff here, Placidus, and you're definitely right that the real secret of life is in finding those positives. They're hiding somewhere behind the negatives, and they can be elusive at times. Sometimes I can't find them, but you've always struck me as the kind of person who can, and I admire that about you. You will overcome, and make the best of things, and, even better, enjoy doing it. Right after you catch your breath.

When I make it out there I expect some demonstrations of your own computer games. Perhaps I

could model for one of the 'players' in a new Hearts piece of software. You could program the other two computer 'players' to always pass it a low heart.

Best to Julie. Stay cool out there.

BERNADETTE BOSKY

Lovely little story. I'm glad you decided to put it through FLAP.

YaleF EDEIKEN

A SHORT SAD STORY, indeed. Thankfully it was so short that you could record a happy ending. And I'm glad you didn't go with your initial reaction and drop FLAP due to the loss of that zine. There's no wait-list here, no pressure to get out if minac is all you can do, and the only requirement of interest is that you show up, and an easy waiver of that if there are extenuating circumstances. I assume that people are here because they like to be, and I want them to assume that if they like to be here they can feel easy about making contact for a hardship waiver. To me, denying a request for a hardship waiver would be like telling a correspondent I didn't want to hear from him because he was late with his last letter. I could be asking for trouble with that approach, but I don't expect to see it. Of course, this isn't the first time I've ever heard that story about the giant apazine that got eaten by a computer... (or, seriously, did your old boss wipe it out on you, or deny access?)

BECKY CARTWRIGHT

A new hairstyle gives you a basic change in attitude? Quick, what's your hairdresser's number?

Okay, you're vested. Did you return to temporary work so you have access to things you want to do? I'll be disappointed if you didn't, and will never listen to you talk about Empire again...

Hang in there, kiddo.

But not at Empire.

JODIE OFFUTT

Wow, a present for each of us! And a reminis about peppermint and orange.

My biggest memory of Christmas past is the sand-bagged gift. There was almost always one held in reserve to be brought out after all gifts had supposedly been opened. The one I remember most fondly was the chord organ. Another good memory was of the electric broom my mother wanted, which she got, but not until she had eagerly unwrapped a package containing a regular broom with an electric cord taped to it.

DAVE WIXON

Interesting comments to Eric about your drop in fanzine interest. Somewhat parallels Roy's. Somewhat parallels mine. Maybe most of us have "become stodgy and conservative". Pass the Delaware Punch and put on another Wayne Newton album.

What, no mailing comment to me!?! You're treading on dangerous ground here, Wixon. "I wouldn't

claim to be a 'native' Californian -- it's more that my parents went to the Coast to spawn, and then went back home." It must have warped you, somehow. That, or your parents just wanted an excuse in case you turned out that way.

Yes, the endearing salutations on junk mail can be quite amusing. Or even on junk phone calls. As the phone is in Jackie's name, my automatic response to "Mr. Causgrove?" is "what are you selling?"

JONI STOPA

Hi, coed.

AMAZING has thus far had three episodes that I found good. The rest were not, I don't think, worth wading through to encounter those three. Yes, you "can safely ignore it." Very safely.

"We drove the scenic route to one of my favorite places on the planet, Yellowstone Park. This will at least give me something to write about other than my cats or garden. Dave Locke will be happy about that but unhappy with a trip report. Too bad Dave." Yellowstone Park is my favorite place on the planet. Good trip report, too. Nyah, nyah...

Good trio of cartoons. I photocopied all of the SHOE cartoons which dealt with the perffesser's inability to cope with the computer/word-processor, and the one you ran is one of my favorites of the bunch.

JACKIE CAUSGROVE

At ChoiceCare, data has been lost in the computer due to electrical surges. Twice, in the two years I've been working there. Maybe in some places that doesn't happen, or hardly ever happens, but I'd buy a surge protector. They're cheap in comparison to the potential loss.

Right, it is common practice for radiologists and anesthesiologists to bill the patient and ignore the insurance company.

Yes, John Hopfner is the heir apparent for the OEs-ship of Apanage when David steps down after the 100th mailing. The only present discussion about the apa per se that's going on concerns possibly increasing the size of the roster and the amount of minac, primarily as a consequence of an enlarged waiting list. I've put in my 2c worth, but there's nothing that could happen which would have any significant impact on my participation (at worst, since I'm already doing more than minac, I'd switch from micron to either elite or pica typesize).

Well, SLOW DJINN has been my travelling apazine since the first issue ran through GESTALT in 1968. As two apas are enough for me, and I can't see dropping either of them, I thought I'd settle down with SLOW DJINN here in FLAP after running it through both apas until the issue number matched the FLAP mailing number. Just silliness and whim.

That bacover illo is one of the best pieces of hand-stencilled artwork I've ever encountered. It's at least as good as the best I've seen by such old experts as Juanita, Bjo, David, or even me. The art of hand-stencilling is still alive! [Bye y'all.]