

Hi there, and welcome to my humble apazine, which may be the greatest thing since fluffernutter sandwiches Except maybe for this small typeface

Listen, I'm going to zip right straight to the mailing comments. Any comments of a general natter, or even of a general nature, will either be captured along the way, dropped in at the end, or ignored altogether. Sound fair enough? All right, let's press forward. Altogether now.

Dave Wixon

Listen, if your cat won't answer the damn telephone, then what the hell good is it? Eh? Our cat answers the phone sometimes, but that creates its own problem in trying to decipher the "While You Were Out" slips. Well, it's either that or I wrote the slips myself as the result of answering some nighttime call that came in while I was stoned.

MIAMI VICE? I watched the first episode, which obviously isn't a fair sampling, but I've never had the urge to try it again except to watch the last five minutes or so when turning the tv on early to catch whatever show was following that one. As I recall, not 'buying' the lead actors was one of the big problems I had with it. If the show has its charms, I wasn't exposed long enough to glimpse what they might be.

You like long drives a lot more than I like long drives. This is true of anyone who likes long drives at all. I don't like long drives, you see. Yes, I'm sure you see that. Now, unlike MIAMI VICE, I've seen a lot of long drives.

When the Challenger blew up my reaction was sadness that what had to happen sometimes -- tragedy in the new frontier -- had happened again.

The dumbest thing that transiently occurred to me while following the news the day Challenger blew up, was to wonder if I shouldn't tape one or three of those incessant replays of the explosion. What the various cameras recorded was stark, graphically macabre, and totally different than the way I had imagined it might be. It flitted through my mind, or what passed for my mind at the time, that I should record this. Put it on videotape. I mean, if I were there with a camera in hand, wouldn't I lift it to the sky and snap at least one? I wondered if I should use Beta II or Beta III. I wondered if I should add it to the current tape of miscellaneous science programs or use it to start a new tape. If I started a new tape, what would I ever consider to be a suitable second entry on that tape: just more space experiments resulting in death, or just failed space experiments (could have added two recently; and the subject of consistent failure in the U.S. space program intellectually bothers me more than anything), or should I maybe start a tape on natural disasters? I wondered what mood I would have to be in before I would pick such a tape from the shelf and say "I'd like to watch this one!" I wondered what kind of company we might have over here, and what kind of mood might be pervasive, to cause me to pull such a tape off the shelf and say "Let's watch this one!" I wondered all sorts of things, very quickly, after getting the notion that maybe I should tape this disaster. As it happened, I taped nothing. Couldn't come up with a single reason why I should want to. Considered myself vaguely unclean for having had the thought. Even though it zipped by in all of maybe three seconds. An unclean three-second thought. Besides, people might browse our small collection, see the label on such a tape, and wind up staring at me.

Arthur Hlavaty

"What color is a chameleon on a mirror?" Probably depends on what the mirror is reflecting from the chameleon's point of view. I'd guess the rascal would be the color of his own belly.

Now, maybe you can help with some of the questions that have troubled me over the years. Such things as: if a bear shits in the woods, does it stink if there's no one there to smell it? Why does Thanksgiving always fall on a holiday? There is so much to know.

And, perhaps, for the capability of this typewriter to write every whichway except backwards Well, that's okay, I'm just playing with it. You can go back to the top of the page now if you want to.

SLOW DJINN #41 * FLAP #41 * August 1986 * Dave Locke - 6828 A1

I look forward to attending Corflu here in Cincinnati next year. Fanzine fans' convention. Should have representation from the apahacks. Should be a good site to get together to drink beer and whisky and listen to each other. Or whatever we do. Pass the word.

Was very sorry to hear of Bernadette's father passing away when we talked on the blower the other day (from the perspective that I'm writing this page in mid-May).

NY*SFS members are "reduced to meeting huddled in doorways when it rains"? Maybe they should apply for a cash donation from the leftover membership fees at a Worldcon, or start up a fund for umbrellas.

I don't envy ^{you} for surrendering your asshole to a physician. I've heard of the pain associated with such things, and just the mere thought of it makes my ass pucker up right here as I think of it. Makes it even worse to think that my own health plan requires that some of these procedures be covered only if they're done in the doctor's office, which most doctors don't particularly want to do because, after all, they still have to work there afterwards.

I had a minor accident a little while back, too, and like yours there was no visible damage. It was dark, I was on my way home with a box of fried chicken, and there was a car stopped in the lane ahead of me. I pulled up within ten feet of it, stopped, watched the back-up lights come on, and immediately I leaned on the horn. The gap narrowed to five feet and with somebody behind me I wasn't going anywhere, so I flashed the lights on and off and did a Spike Jones number on the horn. My car totally impeded this car's progress, and after the noise of the crash two young women leapt out and came running back. The driver complained to me: "I couldn't see you back there!" Seeing there was no damage, I nodded sympathetically and said: "The flashing lights and the horn must have distracted you", then advised them there was no damage and to forget about it. They thanked me, got back in the car, did a u-turn, and made an oncoming car stand on its nose.

"I finally found out that my x-rays, like the famous ones of Dizzy Dean's head, revealed nothing." What! You have no asshole? Arthur, you're fulla shit.

Good news on the test results, and I'll bet you've learned one of the same things I've learned: get a second opinion. Meanwhile, back at the ~~FLAP~~ ~~face~~ office we're moving toward a mandated second opinion program on 9 over-ordered surgical procedures, where the member gets to decide whether or not to go through with it. If the second opinion differs, we pop for a voluntary third-opinion.

Lynn Hickman

Well, welcome there, finally. Heart-wrenching to watch someone trying to make a machine work. You whipped it at the end, I see. Looks good.

I've always thought of you as a multilith publisher, but I guess that's not too economical a machine to use for short-run stuff. I'm curious, though, why you didn't use your spirit duplicator for FLAP, as a ditto is limited to short runs. Maybe you say in here, and I just haven't gotten to it yet (ah, the joys of first-draft publishing). Why buy a mimeo and use it for short runs when a mimeo is geared for long runs? Personally, I'm fond of xerox. Dump the zine in, adjust a few settings, push a button, and presto: a fanzine. Can't beat it with a stick.

What? Is it possible you're not a 'gentleman'? Have you ever considered that there's room in the language for the word 'roughman' just to fit those adult males who don't qualify as gentlemen?

36 years of fanac. With fans like you and Roy and Dean, my 25 years of crifanac makes me look like a neo. Listen, if everyone here declared the length of their tenure with fandom, we could add it all up and on the cover of the next anniversary FLAP mailing I could tip in something like: "FLAP - the apa with two billion and thirty-four years of fannish experience". We could divide that number by the total roster and find out who comes closest

to having average tenure. I recall once or twice that I added everyone's zip codes together to determine where the average member lived. Maybe it's time to do that again. Let's see, the average zip code (ignoring Eric and Jean, whose 4-digit number would pull the average further East) is 54288, which means the average FLAP member lives somewhere near Green Bay, Wisconsin. And, right here on this page, you were talking about meeting Dean in Green Bay. What a coincidence. Of course, if Dean moved back there the average would move further south, perhaps to Cincinnati. We could make a game of this, and award prizes for the best answers to such questions as: What are the fewest number of moves necessary to change the average zip code to, say, Jackson Hole, Wyoming? We could resolve a tie score with a killer question like: What are the fewest roster adjustments (moves, exits, additions of fans) necessary to move the average zip to Pompeys Pillar in Montana (59064)?

Maumee River Mud Pie? You ask who wants the recipe? What the hell is it, Lynn?

Glad you have you here, Lynn. Don't wait till you find work to write.

Beady Arthurs

Nice issue of *UNDULANT FEVER*. I was quite taken with the cover illo.

Yes, goshwow, and congrats on the degree of success with *UNICORN'S BLOOD*.

Harry Warner astonishes me. "Some people claim my prose is sleep-inducing and as dull as dishwater." I have never heard anyone make such a claim, or if I did I've forgotten. Maybe someone said that just before Harry retired, back when he was on a kick of telling everyone how old he felt. Now that he's retired he's getting younger again.

Precisely so on King's *THE STAND*. The first half is the best thing he's done. In the last half the writing stayed up but the plot fell over.

Milt Stevens reporting that there was no beer in the consuite. Sad news. Is nothing sacred?

Good letter from Joy Hibbert, but my eyes dawdled over the line: "now I'm a holistic fan." I think I must have missed a discussion somewhere.

Holism - n. Philos. the theory that a being has an identity other than and exceeding the total or sum of its parts. holist, n. holistic, a., holistically, adv. Hmmm. Explain this to me, will you, Bruce?

I thought my eyes were going bad, or the light was fading. But, no, it was just the black pen in this Silver Reed PenGraph. Starting to run out of ink. Fooled me. Sorry about your eyes.

Mike Shoemaker

So, "Ook" is the noise made by a young Sasquatch. I've always thought so.

I, too, did not care for *HILL STREET BLUES* or *SPENSER FOR HIRE* based on watching a couple of episodes. Tried them again later and instantly liked the latter and gradually came to like the former. Strange how that works out, sometimes.

Fan Norm Hochberg works on *THE EQUALIZER*, did you know that? Didn't tell me what he did, and I haven't remembered to check the credits for his name; speaking of which, I just overlooked that his name is Hollyn now.

You make some interesting points about humor, and I tend to agree with them based on my own observation. I don't agree that humor, "in large part, (is) headed for extinction." Lack of education won't kill it, it will only change it. A lack of IQ can kill it, but a lack of knowledge only moves it to new ground.

Yes, acting weird can be a good defense. Remember, the Indians always left the crazy white-eyes alone.

"Don't forget the math honors student who lacked 90% of his brain. See New Scientist (c. 1980), "Do we really need a brain?" I've heard several times that a person uses only 10% of their brain. Guess that means the honors student is in good shape, but has no potential.

Dean Grennell

The non-history of a fiction writer who didn't. I found this interesting. Deja vu, even -- not just because I'd heard much of it before, but because it paralleled a number of things that I haven't done, either... To the best of my knowledge, or at least to the best of my ability to tap it at the moment, I have only ever finished two pieces of fiction. One was skiffy and was done as a high school project; it was submitted to a fanzine which accepted it, folded, forwarded it to another fanzine where it was accepted and then lost after that zine folded. I have fond memories of that story, which means I hope to hell it never turns up so it can disillusion me...

The other story was a mystery, which has twice been rewritten at multi-year intervals, each rewrite bringing it closer to readability. Lloyd Biggle, who has several mystery sales among his credits, gave me extensive and excellent advice which generated the last rewrite, but it still wasn't quite up to snuff. He then gave more advice, which in another couple of years may generate yet another rewrite... It's an Alfred Hitchcock 'gimmick' story, I think the gimmick is original and superb, and I think it's beyond my capacity to do it justice. Maybe one of these days. As it's short, I've often been tempted to run it thru the apa for feedback, like Lon sometimes does with his fiction. What holds me back is that Lon can write fiction.

Along the way, there have been a number of uncompleted projects. There were a couple with David, one with EdCo, one with Al, and then the skiffy novel that I got bogged-down in somewhere past the half-way point (the last couple of chapters embarrassed me with my ineptitude).

My problem is that I have no real affinity for writing fiction, but would like to have done so once -- but not enough to keep at it. If I were truly serious about it I would follow Lloyd's advice (because he's right): my fanac gets in the way.

Jean Weber

Well, you got my vote for GUFF. If you winning the trip to England means a follow-on trip by you and Eric to the States, you betcha you got my vote. I hope other FLAPans will take this opportunity to possibly get to visit with you two. Those of us who know Eric from past trips had kind of given up on seeing him again anytime soon. With new hope dangled before us, plus (now that we've come to appreciate your typeface) the fact that this is a dual trip, I think we should be able to drum up a few U.S. fans interested in casting a vote for you. Getting you two over here would be something to look forward to. Besides, I owe the both of you a drink, and such things are difficult to mail.

What!? Halley's Comet wasn't really in color like on tv? I'm disillusioned all to hell and back. No, wait a minute, what you said is that it wasn't "in colour".

Yeah, the reporter's microphone shoved in the face of the grief-stricken is something that gets to me, too. And -- if I read you right -- like you, I'm not real sure how I might react if it were me in that situation. Whatever, I don't think it would appear on tv.

"...woe betide a white person who says "nigger" to a black!" Oh, foo, a number of us use that word in conversation with local black DJ & fan Frank Johnson. Of course, we don't use it with another local black fan, who is a nigger (many people are niggers, and some of the worst of them are White), but it's okay to use it with Frank, though we haven't found out yet whether it's okay to use it with his new, white girlfriend...

I gave Frank one of his favorite jokes: What did George Washington and Thomas Jefferson have in common? Answer: they were the last two white guys to use those names.

"Cheap red plonk." Is that a generic brand?

16 days riding in a car? Wait a minute, I missed something here. Where in Australia does it take 16 days to get to by car? This is very confusing, Jean.

Good on Ken Ozanne for helping Eric get a job so he can save up money for another gadabout trip.

D. Gary Grady

Small world. We subscribe to *THE SKEPTICAL INQUIRER*, *FREE INQUIRY*, and *SECULAR HUMANIST BULLETIN*. Excellent publications, all. And here you are hobnobbing with these people as they wander about Australia. Small world. I already said that.

I think Eric spends his time running between Faulconbridge and Lyneham and, now, Sydney. It was hard to find him when he was visiting the States, too. An elusive fellow, Eric.

Well, if every few years Sydney is overrun by poisonous spiders who take over the city, definitely I will never visit there. Even if there's only a 1% likelihood of any truth to the story. I'm an uncertified arachniphobe. Even if Sydney were overrun only by non-poisonous spiders, I'll pass. The mere sight of a wave of spiders descending on the city would make my heart blow up.

Worldcon. No. Have lost all interest in such big production numbers. Sincerely doubt I'll ever go to one again.

I can't handle Celsius, either. I take that back: I don't know whether I can or not, and don't intend to find out. As I can see neither advantage nor purpose to Celsius over Fahrenheit, I have no interest in it. May it go somewhere and die in pain.

You sure do get a lot of mileage from 'driving on the other side' stories and lines. I loved all of them.

THE LOWER CASE! It's back! Thank you. Christ, I missed it.

Seems I have much less comment than my appreciation of this zine should allow. My fault, not yours. Definitely glad to see another person who can generate this high a volume of good wordshipping.

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Time for a natter break here on Memorial Day, while I watch early-round play in the French Open. Right now Lendl is serving for the second set again a pretty good, but muchly outclassed, West German named Westphal. Ah, the slow, red clay of Paris; makes it harder to encounter a good, watchable match. It'll be two weeks before the finals, with five hours of televised coverage each morning at 9:00 am. Too much to plow through. The vcr will be selective in what it renders back for deferred viewing. But, then, you don't care about this, right? By the time this sees print the French Open will be ancient history, and I may be hard-pressed to remember who won.

Yesterday we went grazing. Two days each year they run what's called A Taste Of Cincinnati. They reserve a few blocks along a downtown main street and local restaurants set up booths to sell samples of their two or three best dishes for \$1-\$1.50 each. Beer booths are frequently encountered down the stretch, and are heavily frequented; each booth sells a particular brew and sells it for tickets which you must purchase at other frequently encountered booths. At the food booths, you pay cash.

This year the place was mobbed more than ever, but at least this year it was overcast and no one got sunburned. Jackie and I drank a lot of beer and munched a lot of samples, as usual at this event, and once again we didn't recognize a single soul among the horde. Perhaps no one we know is willing to wend their way through the masses.

Ballantine Books/Del Rey is reissuing a number of books by Eric Frank Russell, which explains what I've been reading lately. Just finished *NEXT OF KIN* and *THREE TO CONQUER*, both of which I recommend everyone rush out and buy, along with all the others they're reissuing.

Someone is mowing the lawn, someone else is converting a porch into a new room, and it's noisy around here. No peace and quiet on a holiday.

End of natter break.

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Son of Natter Break, and now I know who won at the French Open. But I'll bet you still don't care, right? Ivan Lendl and Chris Evert Lloyd. Not much of a surprise, I betcha.

ROY TACKETT

Hey, old shoe.

I resent the idea that I should pay a fee for the privilege of paying my taxes. I resent the idea that I should pay income taxes. Say, when is this 'temporary' thing about paying taxes on your income going to be phased out. How many years has it been, now?

Ever try a Midori Margarita? It's green and good.

I remember, from back a decade or two of moons ago, a cartoon showing a rocket on the launch pad but the rocket's nose was pointed downward. One fellow was talking to another as they looked at it: "No, of course it won't work, but it sure has the Red Chinese worried."

An igloo tunnel to the South Pole. From where, Cincinnati?

Congratulations on giving up working and getting away with it. I've begun to get the impression that I'll have to keep doing it forever.

KAJ STEVENS

Aha, your age is The Answer, too.

Tricia has an extra vertebrae? A spare?

Haven't gotten hold of GODBODY by Sturgeon yet, but plan to.

MARTY HELGESEN

The violent act of dismissal peculiar to particular trades or professions. I like that. Ghost--Disappeared; Vampire--Defanged; Writer--Dispensed; Bald Person--Dissipated; Lawyer--Distorted; Fantasy Writer--Disenchanted; Drinker--Dispirited; Tennis Player--Disadvantaged; Poker Player--Discarded; Insurance Adjuster--Disclaimed. Say, this is fun.

DAVID HULAN

Aha -- you forgot to change "Apanage" to "Flap" at the end of the first paragraph.

12th Anniversary. Holy mackerel. Has it been that long already? Well, you've already equalled my record... And it sounds like the honeymoon went just fine in Hawaii. I never got around to having a honeymoon when I got married, either. Work Friday, get married Saturday, honeymoon Sunday, back to work Monday. It's that way for a number of people, I hear.

"Freeze-dried alcohol? Surely you jest. The only things that can be free-dried are things that are solid at room temperature when they're dehydrated, and alcohol doesn't fit that bill." Clever, these Japanese.

Bad traffic. New York City and Chicago seemed a bit worse than LA. The difference in driving habits seem to me to be more of a hazard than the differences in volume of traffic. Here in Cinsanity the habit that drives me up the wall (figuratively) is that hardly anyone has been made aware that cars contain directional signals. I get the impression that Cincinnatians must think me perverse for letting them know, for example, when I plan to turn left.

We saw a tv special about The Little Big Horn which reconstructed the nature of the battle from techniques of archeology and forensic criminology and the use of computers. It also showed interviews with Indians. Must have been kicked off by the same work that generated the article in NATURAL HISTORY that you mention here. Was quite interesting.

AL CURRY

Hey, listen, if you're going to run off your zine at the office I'll have to explain the back-to-back copying feature for you. Beyond that, it will even collate the sucker for you if you hit the right button. Of course, don't expect me to stay over until 7:00 just to show you this.

Good luck with FREE LUNCH CHRONICLES. Will I get to see it in manuscript form?

Hey, listen, I'll blame Brian for holding up the second issue of TIME AND AGAIN if I want to. I mean, it's my excuse, after all. Of course, now that he's gone back I'll have to think up other ones.

Bone-o-phone. Hello, hello?

Well, no, the second issue of TIME AND AGAIN has not come out yet. The guilt is astonishing. Not, however -- as Curry would have it -- for blaming my son while he stayed with us for several months. Just simply for not getting it out. There always seems to be a higher priority, and the few times there isn't I fall back upon your "theory about the vanishment of time"...

One of these days, real soon now. Promise, promise.

I like that line: "Fandom is kinda like Zen -- if you have to insist that you're a fan (or that somebody else isn't), then you're not." 1/20/80!

I think the only way Jackie is going to get to the dentist is if I hogtie her and carry her down there. However, I'm sure if I did this that she'd be pissy about for at least two or three weeks afterwards.

"I don't understand this recent xenophobic crankiness in British fandom. All my earlier contacts were superb ones, and then we got Linda Pickersgill going paranoid in SFPA and worse to follow. National brain damage." Tell us about Linda going paranoid in SFPA. She has plenty of reason to be paranoid, seeing as how the only reason Greg (her hubby) ran for TAFF (since he despises it, and American fandom, and the one con over here that he attended he spent most of his time in his room) was because she asked him to so she could afford to come over and visit her relatives. I hadn't heard about the SFPA business, but I'd like to.

Novels reread. I don't reread many, but I do reread some old favorites. I reread Eric Frank Russell and Fred Brown novels (particularly the former, and with some regularity.

You write good fiction. Are you sending any of it out, or are you just running it in fanzines? You should send your stuff out.

SUZI STEFL

A new job, a new typer, and a lot of balls. You've got everything.

Skipping school isn't a good idea unless 1] you can get away with it, and 2] you can get good grades anyway. But then, from your apparent dismay, I gather that's probably the way you feel about it. Ah, kids.

Okay, we have lunch at Midwestcon. It's a date. I think now that I'm all scheduled up for food functions there (the official one I will pass on).

I don't read the prozines any more, except for an occasional story in F&SF, which is the only prozine Jackie currently subscribes to. In fact, I don't read much sf, and haven't for years. But, then, they haven't been writing much sf for years.

Headaches. Don't want to hear about them. I have my own, and they're not figurative, either. They're migraine and cluster and literal. No fun, right? It idly crosses my aching mind that I should move up to Canada so I can afford to get codeine easily and regularly.

You bring fanzine fanac to Midwestcon and then don't get any of it done? Hard to believe. Maybe that's what I should do. Certainly, at cons, I have a great number of extended moments where life is at a total lull. ~~Not when you're around, but!!!~~ I could throw some batteries into my new penwriter (which I've abandoned at the end here for reasons of speed) and peck away at it in a loungechair. Might make a good conversation piece. On the other hand, I probably won't. I don't like carrying things around at conventions. Except drinks.

JONI STOPA

Part II of the Trip Report. You sure do get around. Sounds like a nice vacation. One of these days you'll have to drive down to Cinsanity for more than Midwestcon, and tour the humiture.

I don't know which Audi it was that Jackie & I rode in back in ... '78? ... but I must admit that at the time it registered permanently in my brain that the Audi is one of the best cars I've ever ridden in.

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Here it is the day after the deadline for the last mailing and I definitely have the first zine for the next mailing. First time that's happened since October of 1984 (and prior to that, October of 1983). I've been overdue, and commenting on zines as they come in is the only way to guarantee being first in the mailing without cheating... You all stay cool over the Summer months. See some of you at Midwestcon; otherwise, August.

NIGHT OF THE LEPUS. That's the one! A fellow runs into a drive-in movie, shouts "Run! A herd of killer rabbits is on the way!", and everyone leaves. I just looked it up in the Maltin guide: "NIGHT OF THE LEPUS (1972) C-88m. *½ D: William F. Claston. Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh, Rory Calhoun, DeForest Kelley, Paul Fix, Melanie Fullerton. Rabbits weighing 150 pounds and standing four feet high terrorize the countryside. National Guard, not Elmer Fudd, comes to the rescue."

Well, yes, my mother got a straw broom with an electric cord taped to it as a gag gift, but the real electric broom was hidden in another room and brought in after the gag gift was opened. I mean, I didn't live with folks who were cruel to each other...

Well, Pickersgill did win TAFF, and I feel guilty that I didn't get out the second issue of TIME AND AGAIN before the TAFF deadline to help people become more acquainted with his fanwriting. At least I'll be able to do it before he gets over here. I always believe in letting a person speak for themselves on where they stand, and I'm sure people will be interested to learn where Greg says he stands on subjects such as TAFF and U.S. fans and U.S. conventions. Not to mention where his wife stands on reaching out to grab an opportunity to come visit her relatives in the states. He must have had to swallow hard several times to be talked into running. Wish I could meet him on his trip over here, ~~but then I doubt that many people will~~.

COSMIC MINDBOGGLE. Well, let me get at least three issues of TIME AND AGAIN out of the way to get genzine pubbing out of my system again ... and maybe then I'll go back to working on the novel. Except for working myself into a corner it wasn't too bad up until a couple or three chapters before I stopped...

"Chicken/Country-fried steak". I like that shit. It's one/two of those items I order out because you don't care for it.

Mild difference of opinion. Agree that voting against someone is a valid reason to vote when one choice is repellant to you, but disagree about a moral obligation to participate and would cite as example a situation where you feel equally apathetic or repulsed or uninterested or _____ between the choices offered. Voting is a right to be exercised when you're moved to exercise it, and not a moral obligation to observe even when you don't give a fuck. IMHO....

You're not going to have anything further to do with TAFF now that I-Hate-TAFF-Fuck-Americans-U.S.-Cons-Are-Unbearable Pickersgill has won? Ah, you give up so easy. TAFF was a good idea and still is, but any good idea gets bent out of shape from time to time. I still want to give TAFF back to fandom...

"in the fullness of time." Is time full? Well, yes, of course it is. Let us not forget about Lon's "theory about the vanishment of time". On the other hand, I've spent days at work where each day seemed to be a week long, despite the theory that time passes more quickly when you're occupied (I guess it just doesn't apply when people are screaming at you and threatening your face, even though they're occupying your attention).

Yes, the Midwestcon banquet "is well within the ballpark for a Night Out meal", but the latter is cooked just for me and the former is mass-produced for everyone in attendance, and you can taste the difference while resenting the similarity in price...

I'm not so certain that the entirety of our problem is a need for larger quarters. What is needed is a scenario where you're surrounded by shelving on three sides and a table surface on the fourth. Then you could get most anything you would look at on at least a monthly basis merely by swiveling in your chair. One shelving unit, of course, would have to hold a small refrigerator/freezer and the coffeepot.

A wise-ass rejoinder to your comments re abortion: I know some people walking about on two legs who I wouldn't classify as human. I'm not even sure they're sentient.

If infanticide up to age 5 is okay in some societies, I wouldn't have survived there. I didn't much get out of the hospital until age 10. Then again, I lived in a very polluted city and, after my parents followed the doctor's advice that I be raised in the country, I turned husky and hearty and healthy. I don't imagine there's too much pollution in societies where infanticide is considered okay...

You inquire about the "D" in D. Gary Grady. Many, I know, are turned-off by the use of a first initial and a full middle name. Doesn't bother me. It bothered me the time Buck Coulson printed one of my letters in YANDRO and used my nickname and middle initial: Dave G. Locke... No. Nicknames and middle initials don't go together...

Hey, wait a minute, I can't quit this zine yet. I made one of those faux pas -- a mistake, even. I didn't comment on Jackie's ~~two~~ one and a half zines.

There's a reason for that.

We have an alpha sorter which has 21 compartments (yes, I know there are 26 letters in the alphabet, but the sorter doubles up on some of them), and I have an Accogrip binder which holds the 22nd copy of a FLAP mailing-in-progress: my copy. However, Jackie's 1½ zines weren't in either of those, because they were on stencil until deadline day. And, because her zines weren't in my Accogrip binder, they didn't get commented on. Palm of hand slams into forehead. Fresh sheet of paper gets rolled into typewriter.

JACKIE CAUSGROVE

Depressions are depressing. Avoid them at all cost. I get depressed once in a while, but find the episodes too depressing to maintain them. Bring on a manic phase, I always say. When depressed, follow Vonnegut's advice in HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WANDA JUNE: go find someone who hates you and beat the fuck out of them. Immensely cheering.

People never learn to not call you before noon. [ATTENTION ALL OF FLAP -- NEVER CALL JACKIE BEFORE NOON -- TO HAVE AN INTELLIGIBLE CONVERSATION NEVER CALL BEFORE ONE P.M.] I remember that three Sundays running your daughter called here around 10 a.m. Each time she made a joke about how quickly I picked up the phone -- after the first ring, in fact. The first two times I explained about not calling before noon, but the third time I figuratively left a Post-It Note affixed to her nose so that this information would always be right in front of her (of course, it wasn't much after this that she called before noon, in a panic, wanting you to brave icy roads so you could drive her to the hospital, but that's another story...). Come to think of it, calling before noon is a subject that depresses both of us. Maybe we should turn the ringer off when we go to bed and then leave ourselves a Post-It Note to turn it back on at Noon.

"Fannish Crying Towels", or even mundane Crying Towels. At irregular intervals I get down on my knees and thank Roscoe that I haven't the personality to be a Crying Towel. Oh, occasionally someone will look at me that way, because I have a full drink and everyone else has gone to the bar, but they never do it a second time. I'm not talking friends (that's different), but rather relatively fannish strangers, when I say that it rarely has worked out. I usually have suggestions and such people don't want suggestions; they want catharsis. For some reason I can handle that with friends, but have little patience with relative strangers who aren't interested in solutions. I guess I'm not a Friend To The World.

Reminds me of the woman on the airplane, eons ago, who bent my ear with the sad story of her sex life. She was 76 and insisted upon telling full details about everything that had transpired in her sex life. That amounted to about sixty years' worth of screwing, as I recall, but fortunately for me she had not incurred an overly full life and I was spared after only ninety minutes of a continuous monolog. As the flight lasted six hours, I was thankful that she wasn't an aged nymphomaniac. When the flight was over and we stood to retrieve belongings from the overhead rack, she retreated back into a private persona and we exchanged polite and reserved goodbyes. Catharsis. Screw it. Reserve it for friends. Otherwise, it's nothing more than an imposition.

But here you disclose that you can only "talk" to friends and can only discuss "problems" with strangers ("The person who acts as a Crying Towel cannot be friends, or even close acquaintances, with the person who is doing the crying"). Yin and Yang, Cheech and Chong.

Okay, Pop Culture Quiz Time, Folks. Obviously people spin off in opposite directions on the subject, to judge by my observations. Question: In general, when you need to discuss your problems, do you 1] do so with friends, 2] do so with strangers, 3] do so with _____. Results will be tabulated in the next mailing, except for Dave Wixon's answer which will be in approximately mailing #48.

And here you are talking about the apa being depressed in pagecount in a mailing which is the largest we've had since 12/83. What a downer... Ensmallled fanac doesn't bother me in an apa where all you have to do is show up every other mailing. Sometimes all I do is show up, because that's all that's in the cards for whatever reason, and I like it that I can get by with that. Better that I can than I can't, in a situation where I don't want to be out. Mailings like the last one are a reaffirmation of interest.

If my full name were, say, Dudley George Locke, I wouldn't refer to myself as D. George Locke. I'd be George Locke. But that's personal preference. In my limited experience (which is considerable; the limitation, that is...), someone who uses a first initial and middle name has the same first name as their father and are making a distinction for recognition purposes. Usually. Some who use a first initial have a first name which strikes them as so unacceptable that, had they a time machine, they would scoot back in time to pound on their parents until it was agreed that something else was more appropriate...

Mighod. 1½ zines to comment on and I couldn't do it in two pages... Well, this may help make up for all the times which came close to being RAEBNC...

"I understand that the Maoris greeted someone of importance, say a chief, by grasping the Lordly One's penis. (Smiling all the while, I'd bet...)." Hi! How do you do! Hell, not much different that The Secret Handgrip Of Fandom. I'll tell you, though -- being as reaction-oriented as I am, someone who grabbed me by the balls or the penis or who pie-faced me would likely wind up in the hospital, ~~because I'm now husky and hearty~~ although I'd probably feel sorry afterwards...

"Human life begins when ... cell division begins". Are you sure? I thought life begins at 40. Certainly I've heard that so often that I've come to believe it. Of course, I didn't believe it myself until after I turned 40, but better late than never.

However, let's pursue this further. Dig you on abortion. How do you feel about birth control (yeah, I know it's academic with us, but...). How do you feel about population growth. How do you feel about the quality of life, in terms of minimalism, in a macro sense, in the relatively sophisticated areas of the world (did I just write this sentence? Bartender, another round, please). Ultimately, do you feel it intelligent to be fruitful and multiply even unto the point where everyone is rubbing bellies and eating each other's elbows, or is there a foresight-oriented point where survival and quality of life trigger intelligence to abandon the be fruitful and multiply concept because of limiting factors?

On this question, I see parallels everywhere. Do we rape the land for the good of industry even past the point of redemption? Do we fuck with nuclear power in the hope that we can master the details before the learning curve becomes too steep and we wind up fucking ourselves? Do we let an asshole like Reagan bellicose us into WWII or do we (in the U.S. sense, or nonsense) decide that his toughness should somehow be integrated with intelligence and eye-to-eye contact? Ah, the weighty ponderables. I have no answers, only opinions. Abortion: yes. Conservation of natural resources: yes. Nuclear power: no (I worked at such a facility for three years, and the anecdotes are scary; let's climb the learning curve and perfect nuclear power on Mars, not Terra.) Reagan: no, he's only half right: toughness without IQ. Please submit your treatise for the salvation of the universe in your next set of mailing comments. In the meantime, let's fix another round.

Scientists are very divided on when life begins, or there would not be equal representation of experts on both sides of the question. This tells me that we're dealing with theory and not hard-core facts. Science is good for facts, but science is also good for theories when facts are not yet discerned. It is my personal opinion that the non-scientific world at large has not as yet found a dividing line between what is fact and what is theory. The experts know, except maybe when they're too personally involved, but too many of the non-experts get science confused with educated theory and cannot discern fact from guess. Hell, too many experts fall into the same trap, sometimes because they presume they're supposed to be authoritative and sometimes because they step beyond the scientific method and become too dogmatic in their pronouncements.

End of riff.

Well, sorry about that. My next issue was more meaty. My subsequent issue was (is) more meaty still. I hope. I can only try...

Well, yes, Lon got too generic in quipping about Orange County residents and their driving and culinary capabilities. I know he momentarily overlooked the fact that the Hulans live in Orange County or he would have immediately qualified his comments... (Lon and David and Marcia are three of the best cooks and drivers that I know, and I dare say that they know, so it was obviously an immediate oversight. And this is not a throwaway

comment with the possible Truth-In-Advertising qualification that perhaps Marcia is not as good a map-reading navigator as might be desirable in the best of all possible worlds... (esoteric joke; all else is true...).

Written before the fact, read after the fact comment: a FLAP oneshot at Midwestcon? You, me, Becky, Suzi, Joni, Jodie, Al, Lynn, DaveW. Nine! We gotta do it! A typer, plain paper, xeroxed afterward. No sweat. Gotta do it. Maybe we can drag in ex-members Yale and Bill. Eleven! Too good an opportunity to miss.

Naturally the results will be terrible, but that's the way with all oneshots. After all, the party is the main thing; the oneshot is the spinoff.

I sense an esoteric comment to Joni about her mapreading ability ~~not/unlike/wine/to~~ ~~Marcia/who/will/see/this/over/David's/shoulder/and/plot/Revenge~~. Let us get Joni a map-pen as a gift for whatever suitable occasion arises. You set the scale on the pen to the scale on the map, trace whatever portion of the route suits the situation, and voila!, you have the distance. I don't use mine much, but when I want it it is invaluable.

Wow. I turned to page 8 and it's blank. Fooled me. End of mailing comments. What do I do now?

Well, three and a third pages is probably enough in the way of mailing comments. Time to move along. Bye, hon.

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A bit of natter. Just a bit.

It is interesting to watch Al, who is new at Work and even newer in management there, begin coming Up To Speed in his awareness of what the fuck might be going on. There is always a learning curve. If anything, he's climbing it faster than I did. Quickly you learn that Soul Brothers become friends, but that the interface with Critically Important Departments promotes Politically Necessary Close Acquaintances. I, as head of Member Services, can live with one highly-placed Marketing contact, and two highly-placed contacts in Medical Services, and The highest contact in Provider Relations, and the two second-highest contacts in Finance, but I need oodles of good contacts in Claims or my department is absolutely fucked in trying to help the Average Person On The Street cut through the shit and get problems corrected. I have Good Contacts in Claims who I would not give the time of day to in other circumstances, but only two who I feel really close to. One is Al, who is trying to whip things into shape within his own area of influence, and the other is his direct supervisor who is not only underappreciated but has also been pegged as a Scapegoat for many of the problems suffered by Claims as a consequence of the screwups of others. It is Great to walk into Medical Services or Marketing and raise hell and not only get away with it but also continue to build an impression. It's better or at least great to walk into Claims and meet a mutual respect which grasps the nature of what you're saying and immediately begins working on the same wavelength. Al's boss is a gem in quantum ways -- a good man who is definitely underappreciated because he is an effective low-key personality who does not assert himself with superiors. The Claims Department is a super-critical department which has received short-shrift from top management, and it pleases the shit outta me to see cream like Al rise to 3rd position despite "slopping into work in black levis, flopping cotton shirt, a beard down to his shirt pocket, long hair, and a gold earring". I've run into the same general prejudice, as did Al when he first applied for work there, but there are people who are capable of seeing beyond the Politically Correct Image and recognizing the talent. We're both Limited, because we don't also play the Image Game, but the one Prime Thing about ChoiceCare is that there are people who can see beyond the image who are high-enough-placed to see beyond it and appreciate the strengths.

So long as we stay solvent, it's nice to know you're appreciated...

If we don't stay solvent, it's all academic...

In the meantime, we enjoy the paychecks...

But there are only two Soul Brothers at ChoiceCare, and maybe (possibly) one soul-sister. Al and Ed Brissie. And, maybe, Vicki Gardner. Everyone else falls below that label. A low percentage in comparison with past experience. Fortunately, the Second Rank of Close Acquaintances is larger than the norm, which almost makes up for it. Almost. Interesting place, right Al? Or, at least, very close to it...