

Oh yes, this is SLOW DJINN #50 for FLAP 50 of February 1988. It wings its way to you by turtle mail from Dave Locke, who lives at 6828 Alpine Avenue #4, Cincinnati, Ohio 45236 and answers the phone at 513/984-1447. This is Second Coming Pub #164, which is a whole bunch, you betchum.

Wow! 50 mailings! Who would have thought we'd have the stamina to OE this many mailings? Who would have thought we'd live this long?

Most of us have been here for the full eight years, starting with the 1st or 2nd mailing. A couple of us started early, left, and came back. Four of us are neos, except that you can't call Grady, Hickman, Offutt, and Tucker "neos", so we'll call them welcome late guests. No, not guests; they belong here. Late residents, perhaps.

The stability of FLAP has amazed me. It must be a habit with most of us. How else could we explain why we have nothing better to do?

Well, a few things have happened in the gaping interim between issues (not between mailings, as I did my last issue early). David and Marcia Hulan came out to visit over Octocon weekend, so of course they attended Octocon. This doubtlessly will be my best memory of a year which otherwise was one of the biggest truckloads of horseshit to ever come off the farm and a solid excuse to tape off the 1987 button on my time machine so that I never press it by mistake. Well, it wasn't all that bad, but it certainly was almost that bad, and seeing the Hulans again for the first time since we left Los Angeles in 1980 had to be the high point in a year which held few pleasant surprises. And, from what I gather, they not only enjoyed the visit, they enjoyed Octocon.

As did I. This was the year it was moved from way the fuck up north to Cincinnati. If there's a con in my back yard, I'll go to it (it's the ones in Nanook's back yard that I'm unwilling to travel to). It was a success from the standpoints of attendance, quality of attendees, quality of hotel, and quality of what the convention did for the attendees. The latter means that the hotel was good, the booze was good, and the food was good. There ain't no program. Of course, being a success, the CFG Dictator decided that maybe next year we should move it half-way between Cinsanity and Nanook's back yard just to find a compromise which satisfies tradition. When he told me that I beat him up verbally, ending with the argument that if 1987 was a great success even in his own estimation, moving the con in 1988 would be some kind of indication that the

change from our traditional Nanook's north had been some kind of failure, when in fact it had been a great success. He wound up agreeing with me, but as he often winds up agreeing with the last person he talked to, this may mean nothing. Others in Cinsanity fandom may have to verbally beat him up before he accepts that success is better than rapidly ailing tradition. Certainly I would like to attend Octocon again next year if it's right in my own back yard. Certainly, if what they said was so, I would like to see the Hulans again there next year.

1987 was the year that THE PRINCESS BRIDE got turned into film, scripted by the author, and with production by Rob Reiner (STAND BY ME). THE PRINCESS BRIDE is one of my favorite novels, and now it's one of my favorite movies.

1987 was the year that I read such excellent books as MEMOIRS OF AN INVISIBLE MAN by H.F. Saint, THE BONES OF GOD by ex-FLAPpan Stephen Leigh (his best work, and surprisingly overlooked by the reviewers and the SF community in general), PALE KINGS AND PRINCES and WILDERNESS by Robert B. Parker (the first a Spenser novel and the latter not), the best of year mystery novel BILLINGSGATE SHOAL by Rick Boyer, its sequel THE PENNY FERRY, and two of the collections of unreprinted Fredric Brown stories entitled SEX LIFE ON THE PLANET MARS and RED IS THE HUE OF HELL (Brown wrote both mysteries and science fiction, and these collections are primarily mysteries but also a blend of both). Unfortunately, July 1987 marks the last book I read. Totally my fault. My eyes have crapped out on

me, I now need either two pair or bifocals, and I dawdle in getting a round tuit. The focal point for reading with my present set of glasses is so far away that only large print is visible at that distance, but I can read just fine if I take off my glasses and perch a book on the tip of my nose. This vision change happened almost overnight. Damndest thing I've never seen.

I have a number of potentially excellent books on hand to be read, which is motivation, but I dither because I can't make up my mind to go for two pair of glasses or bifocals. At first I thought, fuck bifocals, most people have a nightmare trying to get used to them. Then, because I have to take my glasses off to read most things these days, I got a taste of what a hassle it would be to constantly switch from one pair of glasses to another, and have large second thoughts about bifocals. So I dither. At the moment I'm leaning toward bifocals, and I never thought that would happen. Guess I want to be sure of my own need before I spend that much money, or I'll have to spend that much money twice.

1987 was the year that my company went bugshyte and decided to blurge members, doctors, hospitals, and client companies into generic "customers". They are creating a new department, Customer Service, into which all the other departments can dump their problems together with enough power & authority to make things happen. An abrogation of teamwork and responsibility. I don't yet know what it means in terms of reorganization. I only know that the Task Force to design this department has so far designed a ninehump camel, which overall will be less effective than what we already have. Another shining example of management finally recognizing some problems and reacting with ignorance because they don't think they have to know the operation in order to manage it. The V.P. who will be in charge of it was chosen on the sole basis of who has the most time on their hands, as opposed to who is best suited (the same person who was promoted to V.P. on the basis that they thought they needed another one, and this person was complaining that they didn't have enough to do). Entropy runs backwards at ChoiceCare, as does the braintrust. The right way, the wrong way, the ChoiceCare way.

1987 was the year that I gained so much weight I had to go out and buy new clothes. Don't know what I weigh now, but I reapproaching my mid-70's weight.

1987 was the year that Jackie got messed up again by the medical profession.

1987 was the year that our liquor bills went up... It was also the year where we really got into vcrs and the taping of movies and specials. Never thought, when we got the first vcr, that we'd build a library this big. There are movie houses that show nothing but well-known or little-known movies, and here we have this setup in our own home. "Say, we haven't seen THE ONION FIELD since it first came out in 1979.

How about I fix a couple of drinks and we watch it tonight?" I'm 43 years old. Until I blew past 30, this was science fiction unless you were rich. I love it.

What else is happening or has happened? Not all that much. Time to mosey over to the mailing comments.



"I knew we had a lot in common. We belong to the same narrow special interest group!"

D. GARY GRADY

You have a medical plan that pays 100% of expenses? No deductibles, no copayments, no excluded services? Well, yes, I guess it would be "expensive". Hell, you must be rich.

You briefly corresponded with Richard Shaver? Was this back in the period when he was doing material for Donn Brazier's TITLE? Pray tell, say something about this.

Hummumm. Sounds like someone in Cincinnati took that "public policy" course to teach city government how to deal with the populace. Already they've run through the entire course you described, including a complete re-do on the convention center.

"I don't understand your view of the Fandata directory. Seems to me the guy performs a useful service, creating a sort of worldwide fannish phone book." Etc. The entirety of what I said was: "Yeah, I got the Fandata Computer Services flyer, too. Like you, I'll abstain. Don't have nothin' to do with my being a fan..." (From a comment to Marty.) I have no objection to the guy doing it. I just have no interest in either being listed or in having a copy. The list covers specialty interests which are even beyond the catholic bounds of what I would consider as being vaguely related to skiffy, because I have other sources I have no interest in a list which is outdated before I could even receive it, I can't imagine using it as a reference for anything, and I can't see any purpose to having my name in it.

"So what's uncool or unfamnish about what he's doing?" Didn't say that or mean that. All I'm saying is that it don't have nothin' to do with my being a fan.

There's a fair amount of Beta tapes in the rental stores out here, but not nearly enough. That's why we have both Beta and VHS. And every time I rent some tapes the clerk points out to me that I have a Beta or two in the stack of VHS tapes. "Yes, I have both formats." Occasionally I then get told that most people who check out both have merely screwed up, and then come back to plead for refunds, so they have made it a policy to point out when someone is checking out tapes in both formats.

Thank for reprinting the letter from God. I thought He made a lot of sense. One of the first intelligent things I've read by Him.

Onward to your second zine. Knew you'd love THE PRINCESS BRIDE movie, because you have such good taste, of course. Have you read the book? A gift copy is available upon request. That's my shtick: I give away copies of THE PRINCESS BRIDE to those folk of presumedly good taste who haven't yet encountered it. The offer stands for anyone in FLAP. Have only encountered two people who actively disliked it. Buck Coulson was one. Al Curry was the other, but I think he read some other book, forgot the title, and merely thinks he read THE PRINCESS BRIDE. Nothing else could explain why someone like Al Curry could dislike THE PRINCESS BRIDE. I may have to force him, at Jameson-point, to read it in front of me just to prove my thesis.

Gary means "hard spear"? Say, I'll bet you were proud when you heard the news.

I agree with you and David that we should stick with what science says about smoking. Last year the National Academy of Sciences came out with the statement that "Available scientific evidence does not show that smoking on the job or in public places, such as restaurants, jeopardizes the health of non-smokers." I think the assholes who are legislating localized smoking bans on the basis of the supposed, but not science-endorsed dangers of second-hand smoke, should be jabbed in the eyes with two fingers. What do you think?

You might also want to reread the extensive quotations on smoking which I published in the 46th mailing, from nobodies like past Surgeon Generals, the former head of the government's smoking and health research program, the chief statistician of the American Cancer Society, and a few others, before telling me again that "the Tobacco Institute and a few front outfits" are the only unconvinced on the subject of the dangers of smoking...

Shit, first they go for our liquor, and now they're trying to take away our tobacco... And, with AIDS, even fucking is getting unpopular. Well, hell, damned if I'll give up cussing...

By the way, I just realized that your comment to David Hulan was actually mislabelled. You were commenting to me throughout. I didn't realize that until you got to the comment about serial numbers on condoms... ("Wait a minute, that was me. David wouldn't talk about serial numbers on condoms...")

The joke about serial numbers on condoms goes like this: Did you know that condoms have serial numbers? No, I didn't. Well, you just didn't unroll them far enough. No, that wasn't it; the print was so stretched out I just couldn't read it.

Okay, you're on. You can sing your 'Ballad of John Carter" to me. Hell, I've almost always "been drinking enough to appreciate it".

Bradbury novels. He ain't written many. Many presumed novels were only interconnected short stories, like THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES and THE ILLUSTRATED MAN, both of which I recommend. For short story collections, I recommend THE OCTOBER COUNTRY. Outside of those three, nothing much else impressed me.

Saw a BLACKADDER episode the other night, tuning it in by accident. Was so amusing we stayed with that channel. Great stuff. Totally off the wall.

Well, I certainly agree. Suzi is easy to feel comfortable around. Even when she's sitting in your lap. I also agree that I'm not sure I'd let her tie me up. Definitely I'm leery about getting in a canoe with her.

You said the same thing to Al about the neo-Nazi nuts as I did, and we were the only two who said that. That means something, but I'm uncertain what. Let's worry about it later.

Love your Lower Case photocopies. Purchased RED TAPE HOLDS UP BRIDGE and laughed myself catatonic. Haven't yet located the first collection: POLICE HELP DOG BITE VICTIM. Not listed in the reference materials in the stores which carry the second volume. Probably should write directly to the COLUMBIA REVIEW OF JOURNALISM.

Enjoyed both your zines, hugely. Keep doing this, whatever it is.

ROY TACKETT

HORT. Another "Herman" fan. I just purchased the latest "Treasury" and photocopied a dozen or so 'medical' cartoons to hang on one of my office walls. I put two types of things on my office walls: furny shit and reference materials. The furny shit includes Herman, Far Side, and The Neighborhood. The reference materials are boring but handy.

Hey, we've now got one of those "neat little plastic gadget(s) which cuts neat little pills into two neat little half pills". Hell of a lot easier than a chopping board and a cleaver, but it wasn't as easy to find. Sure is easier to use, though.

Yes, you're right in how to deal with the bureaucracy. Many of my company's members use that

squeaky-wheel method, too. Doesn't work for them at ChoiceCare unless they manage to get the matter escalated past me. As member services manager my major rule to the representatives is that they deal with problems based on the priority of the problem and not based upon the presentation. We'll get nice, quiet, almost apologetic calls from people who have major problems due to a company fuckup, and we'll get HORT type calls from people who have encountered a minor screwup. All get handled. Garnishee problems get handled first, subpoena problems second, collection agency problems third, threats fourth, veiled threats fifth, mumbled grumblings sixth, etc. Of course, we're not the government. With the government, only HORT methods are likely to work. I use HORT methods with the government, banks, and anything else. After all, it can't hurt and it often helps.

Okay, let's go see if we can find Planet X. Can you arrange to borrow Carl Sagan's spaceship? I like its speed and the big picture window. Plus the chairs look comfortable.

Amusing 1982 newspaper arkle. "Ben Bova, editor of Science Fiction, Science Fact Magazine". "Roy Tackett, Sci-fi fan since 1935". I remember David getting pissed at a newspaper treatment of Westercon 25 which degraded his job title by several levels. Don't think I've ever read a newspaper article about skiffy or cons which didn't make my ass pucker up.

ARTHUR HLAVATY

Not a single damm checkmark in your zine, and I did enjoy it. Ain't that a bitch? Well, I think so. One or both of us must be mellowing if I don't find something at least vaguely contentious, or at least sparking a 'that reminds me of/about' type of comment.

Well, hell, I enjoyed it anyway.

KAJ

I'd probably feel better about Kaj leaving if I knew why. No reason is given, and the best clue is that she felt it "time ... to relinquish my space on the roster." A very teasing exit-zine. I hope she didn't feel that she was wasting a roster-position that could be better filled by someone more active. One of the very deliberate reasons that we don't have a waiting list in FLAP is so that no one will feel that way. If that was her reason for leaving, I don't think she was laid-back enough to realize that it's a non-reason. If her reason was something else, then all I can say is good luck and we'll miss her.

Becky, if Kaj expresses any second thoughts about leaving, get her cheeks back in here.

ERIC LINDSAY

Ahoy, mate. What the fuck is a billabong (sp?),

anyway, a marijuana bong with a splayed mouthpiece?

Well, actually, I don't want to talk about pens any more than I want to talk about typewriters or computers. I was Purchasing Agent for a pen company for three years (Pentel Of America, the largest division of a Japanese company), and I got talked out on the subject. I know more about pens than I really ever wanted to know. Including that certain water-based ink pens will explode at certain altitudes, and that you needn't sue: the companies involved will be happy to generously settle out of court. But don't ever settle for their first offer unless it's really too generous.

JEAN WEBER

"I think I sent a stack of my fanzine WeberWoman's Wrevenge to Jackie for inclusion in FLAP." If you did, or even if you sent it to me or to the both of us, it never got here. We did receive a personal copy, however. But just the one (which is more than satisfactory for the both of us, unless one of us has material in the issue...).

"Your comments about computers have certainly (sic) similarities to mine, as expressed earlier. The funny thing is, once (for whatever reason) one gets interested in the subject, as I recently have, one rapidly begins to sound like all the others on the subject."

Fortunately, I refrain anyway. I've been doing a fairly large amount of programming on the computer at work, for my own department (it's one way of making things happen when MIS doesn't). I've been a team member or leader on four computer conversions (computer to computer or manual to computer). I'm interested enough to the point where I learn what I need to know in order to make the necessary happen. Probably I know more about computers at my company than anyone who doesn't work in MIS, except possibly Al. They are interesting, but I don't at present have any off-work personal use for anything they can do. And they don't, per se, hold any fascination for me. To me they're a tool that I need at work, and a toy that I don't need at home. Jackie has a per se interest in them, which is fine. I don't. I have an interest in them which is strictly pragmatic. That may change in the future if I get more active in something which a computer can assist me with, but at present that seems unlikely. And, like Al, I know enough about computers to know that they can't interest me for other than pragmatic reasons.

However, from the looks of your zine, you do good computer...

DEAN A. GRENNELL

Goldernit, or even goddamnit, David and Marcia were just out here visiting and it made me even more cognizant of how much I miss seeing folk like you and Jean and Lon (and haven't even met Julie once) and so on amongst the Califurny folk.

If I don't get fucked up by an upcoming revised personnel policy, or by other circumstances, I'd like to make it back to the LArea in the near future. I've said that before. Something has always come up, and maybe something always will, but I still want to do it. Would like to take you two out to dinner one night. Deal?

Ball-bearing mousetrap. Bob Tucker had an arkle about that in AWRY #3, October 1972, but it didn't pinpoint the issue of ASTOUNDING that the story appeared in. He figured it was between '51 & '61. I figure earlier than '58, because that's when I got into ASTOUNDING, or maybe I got into it one or two years earlier. Also, I seem to remember hearing about the story back in '58. Anyone here got knowledge or access to references which will tell us when George O. Smith got past Catherine Tarrant with a story about a ball-bearing mousetrap whose name was Tom?

I have an original copy of your zine. It bears a Post-It note speech-balloon on the Rotsler cartoon which says "Stapled but not collated, right?"

For twenty years I've seen you write "QX?", and don't think I've ever asked you before what the fuck that means. Dean, what the fuck does that mean?

Woman hit by privy

CADIZ, Ky. - A Trigg County woman ended up with cuts and bruises after she was hit by an out-of-control privy during an outhouse race.

"This would be the top of the list, as far as freak accidents," said Police Chief Clarence Choate. "That's just one of those things that could never happen again."

Choate said four men were pushing a wooden outhouse mounted on four wheels when they lost control of it during the Outhouse Race, a featured event of the Trigg County Ham Festival on Saturday.

BOB TUCKER

I don't believe in using 4-digit suffixes to 5digit zip codes. That adds up to nine digits. Nine digits is the equivalent to a social security number, which is sufficient to identify a specific individual. I can envision the postal employee who encounters the additional four digits: "Goddamn! Do I forget this shit or do I go look up another reference?" Your mail arrives at the usual time or four days later.

"Father of the Year Award". I sired in 1967. His middle name was Quits. Don't I deserve an award, even if not from the ZPG?

Enjoyed all of it. It's a great pleasure to have you here, even if you turned out to be a computer freak after first appearing to be a soul brother.

JODIE OFFUTT

On the subject of flagging tv shows to tape or to watch, my current method involves the use of a diary that I didn't want to receive. It was my Xmas present from ChoiceCare. The word-processed cover letter noted that this gift might serve to keep me from being late for meetings. I'm the only fucking person in the company who is never late for a meeting.

The diary was of no use at work. I have my own system. I have a pocket calender which serves for bookings, and each night I transfer the next day's listings to my daily calender -- which is a two-page spread that stares at me.

The diary was brought home. What use did we have for it? Wait a minute. The Discovery Channel magazine lists all shows for the next five weeks. Then there's a PBS magazine, and a TV Guide, and a Sunday tv supplement. Instead of trying to remember things further ahead than a week, wouldn't the diary prove useful? Damn betcha. All sources get logged to the diary. The diary is my guide to what I want to see and tape.

Compared to what is on television, my diary would make a miniscule insert in a video magazine. However, no one goes to the trouble of preparing this for me, so I have to do it. It's eclectic. Catholic, even. Never mind, Marty.

"Anything published without profit by a fan qualifies as a fanzine." Dead-nuts on. Bugs the crap out of me when someone, in some manner, refers to doing an apazine and also a fanzine. They mean that they do an apazine and either a genzine or a perzine, usually. A fanzine they do if they do any of those.

JACKIE CAUSGROVE

Hi, Hon.

Agree wholeheartedly on the smoking issue. Too much smoke about it. Do we blindly accept the 'common wisdom' and support it without scientific validation -- indeed, with scientific invalidation -- or do we keep more of a skeptical and open mind on the subject? I'm for the latter. I see too much smoke. Too much bullshit. Too much acceptance on what has become a social issue rather than a scientific one.

Also agree with you about Bork. He was a bad idea, but not for the false reasons being touted by so many of our liberal friends. He was overplayed by the conservatives and lied about by the liberals. His strength was that he was willing to evolve and change his mind. His weakness was that he was willing to change his mind too often to call it evolving.

Right again: the 'Pit Bull' issue is bogged down in semantics and jargon and variations in breed. I think the term 'Pit Bull' came about because no standard jargon existed to acknowledge the mutt in question. It's a case of "that's what I mean when I point to it", because no other term exists. I think

the mutt in question should become extinct in the next three minutes. Regardless of what the fuck anyone wants to label it as. It's deadly to any human being or any other pet, it serves no food chain purpose or any other natural purpose, it has no redeeming characteristics or even any vaguely positive characteristics, and I think they should be wiped out of existence. No doubt if the alien in ALIENS really existed, someone would want to defend keeping one as a pet. I view 'Pit Bulls' on exactly the same level. They're a hazard to society on the baldest level, have nothing in their favor, and should be viewed on about the same level as germ warfare.

However, the 'Pit Bull' is a human idiocy, not a fault of the animal. It was bred for a specific purpose, not for a household pet. People who keep a Pit Bull in today's civilization are like children playing with loaded gums.

MARTY HELGESEN

Yes, I think Goetz got a raw deal, too. I'm just not too certain it can all be charged off to "liberal establishment political views". To me, it should have been obvious to everyone that Goetz did the right thing based on the subsequent actions of the people he reacted against (except for the one who couldn't get out of the hospital bed, they all went on to other crimes and got caught). I think it can be charged off to people who: 1. can't place themselves in the situation that Goetz faced, 2. are fearful that a Goetz-imitator/Death Wish-type could kill innocent people and therefore self-protection shouldn't be encouraged or we'd have a helluva mess to sort out in the courts and would be fearful of anyone who exercises the right to bear arms, 3. saw his adrenalin-surge in shooting the one fellow a second time and stupidly imagined that this invalidated the whole concept of him protecting himself, and 4. feel that responding to threats of violence with the use of violence isn't something that most people would do and therefore it's somehow wrong. I think your label is wrong because it's too simple and doesn't capture the reality, but otherwise I agree with you.

"To comment further on your remarks about know-ledge and faith in God would take us back to a discussion we've been through before." No, it would take us back to a point we reached before, at which point you copped out. It would take us back to a logical point beyond which you can't go. You won't agree, perhaps, but that's the way I see it. Being a pivotal point in any discussion between an agnostic and a religionist, unless we can go "through" it I have no interest in backing up or trying to go around it.

If you get the cleanup to the point of having old apazines ready to mail, one set for this household

is fine (Jackie & I both expressed interest, but I don't want you to think that two sets are requested).

I don't care for the Cosby spinoff, DIFFERENT WORLD, either, but the first one was definitely the worst of the three I've bothered to at least partly watch. I watched the first and one other, and saw some of a third. Not my type of show, but the first was really poor. Not too many disagree here, but many disagree when I say that HOOPERMAN and THE SLAP MAXWELL STORY strike me as the same quality.

Thanx for the weird face.



LON ATKINS

Ah, the mystery novel. Because of crossover writers such as Fredric Brown and John D. MacDonald and Wilson Tucker I developed a taste for mysteries, and the older I got the more taste I had for them and the less I had for skiffy. Today I'd rather pick up a Robert B. Parker, Harry Kemelman, Brian Garfield, Donald E. Westlake, Gregory McDonald, Rick Boyer, or reread a John D. MacDonald or Wilson Tucker or Fredric Brown or Ross MacDonald than pick up a skiffy novel. I'll still reread science fiction by Fred Brown or Eric Frank Russell, but new books that I rush out to buy are written by people like William Goldman, Joseph Wambaugh, Robert B. Parker. The closest to that list among the current producing SF writers is Arthur C. Clarke. (Wilson Tucker isn't doing it any more. I kept hoping there'd be another novel with Gilgamesh -- THE TIME MASTERS and TIME BOMB seemed like two parts of a trilogy...) (Hint, hint.)

The source books you're using in your mystery writing class sound interesting, except that two of them are by John Gardner. John Gardner is to Ian Fleming what Lyn Carter is to Robert E. Howard. Makes my gorge rise. I'd as soon read one of these as I would read a book by Lyn Carter on how to write heroic fantasy...

The class sounds interesting, but the bigger message is between the lines. I take it that work and health are not going well, and I'm sorry to hear that. Being in the same situation adds a touch of adrenalin to the empathy... Hang in there. Don't let the bastards grind you down.

Best to Julie.

The Sweet Please Casserole sounds good. My recipe this mailing is to fly out to Cincimnati and join

us for dimmer at Garcia's of Scottsdale. Scarf up on some excellent Mexican food and margaritas.

MIKE SHOEMAKER

You have found something seminal in turning up a reference to "science fiction" which antedates by 22 years the supposed Gernsback coinage. Time to think seriously about the best place(s) to address a well-written piece detailing this discovery. Fuck the skiffy newszines. You can do better than that with the pro publications. Go for it.

BECKY CARTWRIGHT

You've turned into a convention fan, by golly. That being the case, I hope to see you at the next Midwestcon. For that matter, I think you'd hugely enjoy Octocon. Show up for both. I always enjoy your presence because itsnice to have someone around who's shorter than I am, plus maybe sometime you'll even buy me lunch again.

SUZI STEFL

Well, happy holidays to you, too.

Good to hear that you're working your way out of a high-stress period. I'm right in the middle of one. Went to a management meeting today that gave everyone a case of the galloping fidgets. Afterwards, three of us tested our thumbs on one of those 'stress' credit cards that supposedly change color to indicate (I'm guessing at remembering the specific categories) High Stress, Moderate Stress, Mild Stress, Normal, and Relaxed. The other two were Moderate or High. I came out Relaxed. "Damn card lies" I said. Actually I'm just more phlegmatic...

JONI STOPA

Joni, Joni, Joni... (Read that in my Cary Grant imitation.) If you're going to phony up a FAPAzine to make it look like a FLAPzine, you gotta do more than change FAPA to FLAP in the colophon. Especially when the first four words of the natter are "Hi there, Art Widner". Well, I suppose we could have rushed out and invited Art Widner to membership in FLAP...

I've heard from many that the worldcon in England was the pits, and here you are adding to that. You blame Greg Pickersgill. Wasn't there, so I dumno, but certainly while he was a guest here in the states he made an asshole of himself. For years he has made an asshole of himself. Guess there's no particular reason to change. Change is always so unpleasant.

BEEDEE ARTHURS

Well, that's two people I know who have sold a story to the first issue of MZB'S FANTASY FORUM. You and, if my margin note is to be believed, Mary Frances Zambreno with VAMPIRE AND THE PICKPOCKET STORY. Hope that margin note is right. I made it

some time ago and am now interpreting it...

Congrats on reaching the "3-story threshold". Good luck on attaining the next threshold ("sell to some other editor in the field").

I could only sell to MZB under a pseudonym. The last words she spoke to me, back in the mid '60s, were 'hello, you bastard'. Come to think of it, those are the only words she has said to me.

Aw, come on. Come on out for a Midwestcon. Ask Becky. Travel out here with her. We can introduce you to such exotic specialties as the Cincimnati edition of Garcia's Of Scottsdale.

BILL BOWERS

No, you weren't in the 49th mailing, but I wanted to say howdy in case you really do show up in the 50th. Welcome back. Nice to see your typeface again.

Even with some occasional significant gaps between issues, it's amazing to me that you get out issue after issue of OUTWORLDS. I used to be able to do that, back when I was in my twenties and thirties. Now we're both less than a year apart in age and I can't do that anymore yet you seem to get better at it. Hell, I can't even complete writing assignments within deadlines anymore. And the older I get, the less I find to write about. Are you getting younger or am I aging more rapidly, or both?

Hell, I can't even get motivated to put out the next issue of TIME AND AGAIN. FIAP and a four-way corro with Glicksohn and Curry and Skel, plus your incessant pleas for material, are about all I can handle. Anything more would interfere too much with my drinking. Perhaps it's time to give all this up, join FAPA, and die. Well, that's the way it used to be. Arthur now tells me that FAPA is different. Not this August.

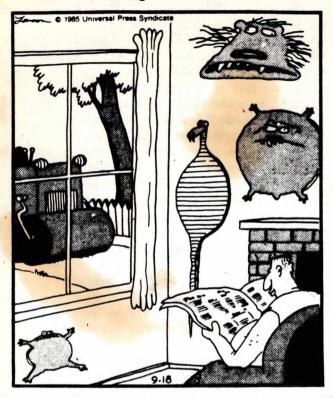
Bye, Bill. Glad you're back. And if you don't show up, no more rum for you.

m

Well, time to wind this down. I've said everything I have to say about the mailing except to express my appreciation for Bob Tucker's enthusiasm to do covers and bacovers. Of course, Bob has disappointed me by turning into just another computer freak, but he's doing his best to make amends. And doing pretty good, too. I figure he'll have balanced the account by our 100th mailing, for which he'll not only contribute covers and his own zine, but write all of ours, as well. This will ensure 100% participation.

The OEs, at their own expense we hasten to add, have sent out poctsards reminding the missing that we really want to see them all in the 50th. Why the OEs have this fixation on perfect attendance for at least one mailing is hard to understand. Maybe because it just never been done. Hope to see you all. Cheeries.

The Far Side



THE REASON WHY DAVE LOCKE WEARS ALPINE HATS





"I knew we had a lot in common. We belong to the same narrow special interest group!"



HERMAN









