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April Fool Pub #165 comes right at you from Dave Locke, who hangs his hat and drops his pants at 6828 Alpine Avenue #4, Cincinnati, Ohio 45236, and answers the phone at 513/984-1447. However, Monday through Friday from 8:30 to 5:00 he answers the phone at 513/734-5217, whenever he's at his desk. When he's not, he calls you back. Really.

All of the following is produced under various stages of sobriety or insobriety, with background music by scotch, rum, or vodka, and the editor takes all credit for typos, strange sentences, and run-on paragraphs. That out of the way, let's immediately flee this colophon.

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Hi. Welcome to my humble apazine, which may be the greatest thing since tax simplification. I just spent a couple of hours figuring out my deductions and came up \$4 short of the standard deduction.

And, for the first time ever, I owe the government instead of them owing me. Uncle Ronnie sticks it to the middle class once again. I was all set to fly to Washington D.C. and pay my tax burden by shoving it one penny at a time up Ronnie's bunghole while standing him on his head, but Jackie convinced me that I wouldn't be able to fight off more than fifteen or twenty secret service agents at best and the other few dozen would be displeased with me. Still, I think it was a good idea. If I took Curry with me, maybe we could do it.

ChoiceCare: The HMO, has moved. To a building built in 1920, though they tore it down to just a shell and then totally re-did the inside. We've been there two weeks now. Today was a typical day. The computer was down in the morning because the air conditioning was out. The phones were down in the afternoon. The elevators were shut down just before everyone went home (last night an employee got stuck in one for an hour; today a friend of mine got on one at the 4th floor, punched for the basement, and at the second floor it stopped and then bounced him up and down for several minutes as though he were in a cocktail shaker -- then the door opened up a couple of feet and he bolted out). This morning we found out the place has rats, which may or may not have anything to do with the garage being built on the former site of the town dump (they had to sink the pylons to 38 feet to find solid ground). We're about the only people in the building thus far, because saner companies aren't moving in until the construction is closer to completion. The garage is misdesigned and has two-way traffic and inadequate width, which has caused one major accident thus far (one of our people was in the hospital for two days). Until the restaurant is completed at the end of March (we moved in 2/29, and today is 3/8), if you want something more than a sandwich you have to drive and if you want to smoke you have to go outside or down to the basement to inhale plaster dust and listen to jackhammers. Other than that the place is great. ChoiceCare has set up a decorating committee to decide what kind of posters and pictures we can hang on the walls, if any, once they've finished painting all the walls. Al calls this the head-up-their-ass committee, but I don't think he has the right attitude. After all, how does he know we won't be conducting paid guided-tours of this showplace, or perhaps some manner of Rat Safari? The impertinent s.o.b.

I'm now the proud owner of a new pair of testicles, my first bifuckals, which amazingly have given me a preference for walking up stairs instead of walking down stairs. I also don't like looking up to read something down below. I'll adapt.

We are now officially videorecording fanatics, unless owning four vcrs does not qualify us. Our only concession to full madness is that the fourth vcr is not hooked up; it is packed away as a spare, freshly repaired & tested unit in the event that Beta totally dies and we run through both of our other two Beta units. The fourth vcr is a ... boo, hiss, but necessary if you rent tapes ... VHS model. If it weren't for occasionally liking to rent a tape or three, we wouldn't even own the one. Despite being a middle-to-high quality Magnavox HQ model VHS, it is far inferior to our cheapest non-Super-Beta Sanyo, and a complete ass-wipe in comparison to either of the two Super-Beta units. But, if you wanna rent tapes... If the VHS/Beta comparison were to be placed in religious terms, the devil won in the apocalypse.

Great things we've captured lately for the permanent vcr library include ROBIN WILLIAMS AT THE MET, LETHAL WEAPON, ROBOCOP, SILVERADO (a great, subtle takeoff on all western classics; don't miss it), Q, and a real sleeper called MANHUNTER. In addition, if you can get past the first half hour, I recommend PREDATOR.

I've read one book since last July, now that I have bifocals. THE NIGHT PEOPLE, part of a three-book QPBC collection called THREE BY FINNEY. Jack Finney is one of my top favorite authors, the collection includes his fairly well known THE WOODROW WILSON DIME, and the other two novels (which I'd never heard of and assumed were earlier, little-known items) are apparently two of his latest works. THE NIGHT PEOPLE, like TIME AND AGAIN, sucks you in even if, like me, you don't like the people or the story or the setting. Takes a helluva writer to overcome that many problems on the part of a reader. So what has he got? Style, and one hell of a storytelling ability, and the talent to raise the trivial/ridiculous to a fascinating height. I'd almost bet that I could enjoy reading his grocery list.

Al Curry and I, because we like something vaguely alcoholic to accompany a meal, have been travelling on our lunch hour to explore eateries within driving distance of the new ChoiceCare location. We've found two interesting places, one of which is quite nice on all counts (food and beverage and general comfort). We both think it would serve well as the site for the occasional ChoiceCare A.R. Committee Meeting (A.R. = Attitude Readjustment), which usually takes place on Friday evenings and is attended regularly only by those sturdy enough to handle it. We'll see, soon enough. Sure does serve a mean Italian Sausage Hoagie and vodka & grapefruit. Ummmm, hmmm.

Sometime before this natter is over, but no doubt before the end of the zine, former FLAppan Mike Glicksohn and Significant Other Doris (legally married in Ohio, though they hail from Canada, hahahahaha; another ingroup joke which four people here will understand) will have visited Cinsanity for a few days, staying with Al & Lyn. We plan to go up this Saturday, bringing a lot of drinkables, some eatables, a vcr, and a bunch of tapes, and spend the day. Eat in, watch in, drink in, talk in, laze in. Sounds great. I can hardly wait.

I think I've run the course on terminal idle chitchat. Time for the heart and guts stuff.

MAILING COMMENTS taTataTataTaetc

#### FLAP #50 • Cover & ToC

The computer-designed cover is quite fascinating, even if I didn't know the effort and learning curve that went into doing it. Of course, if you'd spent that much time into drawing something by hand, it would probably be a top-ten money winner at auction...

Re the ToC, sincere apologies to Dean Grennell whose zine was overlooked due to a unique foulup on the part of the OEs. At our expense we postmailed it, and most

I think the 50th mailing was one of our best yet. All we need now is to recruit one more member to bring us up to a membership of 21.

Jackie, being an artist, uses far more color terms than people of either sex. Fuchsia. Muckleshit brown. Dog-vomit yellow. Terms like that, though perhaps not precisely those. You're right: unless it's critical to make a perfect match, I don't think it's worth dividing the color chart all that finely.

Cute bit about the great company benefits if you die while traveling on company business, and how Rachel encourages you to take Marcia on your business trips... Perhaps you could tell her that you'd rather take her along, just to avoid potential legal hassles...

I have no idea how many pages I've generated in the 165 pub numbers I've done since 1968. I could count, but I won't. And everything pre-1968 -- back to 1961 -- is lost. But it ain't nowhere near 8000 pages.

Re your baiting of Jodie about the Cincinnati Reds, here's a joke: The judge asks the little girl if she'd like to live with her Mommy. "No," sobs the child, "Mommy beats me." He asks if she'd like to live with her daddy. "No," she sobs, "he beats me, too." The judge asks if there's anyone she'd like to live with, and she answers: "The Reds; they never beat nobody." This, at least in Cinti, was originally about the Bengals, but it fits the Reds as well...

Glad you enjoyed Octocon. We did, too, and we hope we can convince Cavin to keep it here in Cinsanity. If so, we'll ensure you get a flyer for your consideration.



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I'm sure I mentioned this last time, but I'll repeat it: You might like Midwest-con even better. It would draw more people you know of, yet still would be relatively small. Again, we'll send you a flyer... Plan to spend an extra day or two, I'll take some vacation, and we'll tour the area like you wanted to do.

I, too, was under the impression that you had something stronger than a preference toward being called David rather than Dave, but I just checked your first FLAPzine and saw that I was definitely wrong. With me, as you know, I have more than just a preference to being called Dave. It's been a zillion years since I recognized "David" as being a name which had any relationship to me. Today, "David" means you or some other people I know, but I don't recognize it as me any more than I would "Charlie" or "Englebert".

Having owned a ditto at one point, I was surprised at how relatively odorless the fluid was when Jackie bought some for her new, used ditto. I figured that state-of-the-art had prevailed, or my sense of smell had deteriorated more than I imagined. When I noted that, Jackie (who has a good sense of smell) confirmed that the spirit fluid was relatively odorless. What she bought was Quill Duplicator Fluid.

Fascinating to read some of your religious knowledge and expertise commenting to Marty (you know more about various religions than ministers and priests I have known), and though I think you're being overly impatient with him I know you have a low threshold for pedantic religious dogma. Lower than most, even. Even lower than me. I moved from atheist to very skeptical agnostic some time ago. Shit, I don't know -- I just doubt it, and I see nothing even vaguely convincing. When you moved to Judaism I was puzzled at first until I researched it a bit and found out that much of what I 'knew' about it was in error, and beyond that discovered that it stimulated intellectualism and free thought instead of blind obedience. There is no other 'organized religion' which I have any appreciable respect for. Individualistic theism, which obviously isn't organized, is the only other religious concept for which I have any appreciable respect. Which isn't to say that I don't respect people who have any religious belief; it's just that I don't have much respect for the belief. The only heartening news in any part of the religious community is that the obvious fuckwads -- the tv ministers -- are finally beginning to get a taste of what most of them deserved all along.

JEAN WEBER My childhood was the total opposite of yours. My father made sense, was personable, and was his own person. My mother was an intelligent pedant, but because she was a pedant she wasn't intelligent enough. My mother was anti-authority, regardless, and my father was the type that authority listened to because of his personal style (he was anti-authority, too, but he'd turn them around instead of kicking them in the groin or sulking).

It's easy to define good management. You work for your people, paving the way for them to do their jobs. If you have to sit on someone's shoulder to get them to do their job, you fire them and hire somebody else. You never lie to them or feed them bullshit. You may withhold something from them for whatever reason, but if confronted you tell them you have to withhold it. You let them run with their strengths, you help them with their weaknesses, and you never let them bullshit you. You let them argue with you but, if you disagree, you're the boss and your way supercedes. You never take the position that you can manage something that you don't understand, and if you're middle management you never take the position that you can manage something that you can't do yourself. You keep things light, you create an environment where if one person learns something then everyone else also learns it, you immediately squelch any internal bickering or rivalry, and you let people know that the definition of teamwork is the effective interaction of people to accomplish the job that they're being paid for. There

are other factors, but those are enough for openers. I've been in management for about 2½ decades, and along the road I learned it the hard way; which, by the way, is the best way. Reporting to good and bad and mediocre management is good experience, but practicing management at the same time is even better experience. The one thing I learned to do well over the course of many years was to promote a team that was on my side without compromising the quality of the team per se. The one thing I did not learn to do over the course of the years was to get in close with my 'superiors' when they didn't have my utmost respect; I'm not much into gamesplaying or politics. It takes someone who can lay it on the line with subordinates and play politics with peers and play headgames with superiors to make it all the way. I'm good at the first, mediocre at the second, and lousy at the third. Long ago I realised that I should never have joined the business world in the first place, but at that point it was too late to turn back without going through hell before making equal wages elsewhere.

LYNN HICKMAN      You have a double-barrel handgun, where "One barrel makes a loud noise and will shoot a cork" and the "other barrel will shoot a stream of water"? Must be great at drunken parties where you can fool people into believing that you've just opened a bottle of champagne.

I, too, "enjoyed life so much as a kid", but for me it was much later than for most. I didn't attend school full time until the 5th grade. Prior to that I pretty much lived in the hospital. Loved it when I found myself in an environment where those around me were the same age, even though I wasn't anywhere near as healthy as they were -- which caused a few complications. Three years later I found myself more healthy than all of them, which caused a few complications in the opposite direction at first, but finally I got on an even keel and everything worked out okay. Amongst children my childhood was relatively brief, but memorable.

D. GARY GRADY      Son Of Personnel Departments Strikes Again, Revisited. My company has just moved to an old building which has been totally renovated or, at least, is expected to be totally renovated sometime this year. Do they focus upon getting exterminators for the rats which are running about? Do they focus upon getting additional security or building maintenance attention to the auto breakins or auto vandalisms or broken-bottle flat-tires which run rampant? No. They issue a memo that posters or pictures cannot be hung on the walls or push-pinned to the fabric of partitions until a Decorating Committee has been formed and has ruled on such weighty matters. We have about 140 or so personnel and I've heard the opinion of about a third of them. Many speak of "misplaced priorities" or a "head-up-the-ass Committee", and none felt anything less than a bit of gorge rising. There must be something about Personnel Departments which turns those few ordinary people who join them into utter assholes, but I can't quite figure out what it is. If there's a late-breaking development, I'll let you know.

*I think it was serendipity that the Government published script of 432 pages with every word crossed out happened to sell 1800 copies at \$17 a pop. Had to be. Didn't it? Still, I hope so. On the other hand, maybe the first person who bought it said "hey, this is a trip!" and everything that followed was word of mouth. I think of what a conversation piece such a coffee-table book would prove.*

George Carlin, in a recent HBO special, did a shtick on how to enliven some of the more popular sports. For football he suggested that the injured be left on the field, so that it more closely resembled War, and that everyone go in rather than have people sitting on the bench.

Regarding the origination of the term 'science fiction', our comments to Mike are remarkably similar. Great minds, etc.

The proof against tobacco is almost as good as the proof against marijuana, which is the most-studied drug in all of history. The proof against marijuana has turned up one overwhelming problem: it is illegal to smoke it. The proof against tobacco is thus far turning up one overwhelming problem: it is becoming socially unacceptable to smoke it. No other problems are being turned up, unless you count the ones where science is being fucked in the ass.

Fascists sounding chillingly rational. "I once talked to a DC cab driver who seemed like a very pleasant, well-educated, good-spirited fellow. Until he started talking about the Jews and how the establishment media had smeared poor Hitler, that is. Gave me the willies." I once invited my neighbor to a Petard Meeting (the Other fan group in Los Angeles) where, at one point in conversation with someone I like, he announced that he was anti-Semitic. My friend smiled at me, smiled at my neighbor, and handled the situation perfectly. Later the neighbor got overly drunk and caused further trouble. I had to tell him to leave. The next day I had to tell him a lot more.

The hell you say. No one who is keeping up with me will ever see me "drink myself silly"... Glicksohn tried it twice and doesn't remember either time. One of the V.P.s at work said to three hearty drinkers: "don't challenge him..." Alcohol is to me what DDT was to flies in the last decade...

BOB TUCKER    My sense of fanhistory is waning. Was it Charles Burbee who popularized the phrase "that's not too many"? For some reason I thought it was one of the VOID boys. Maybe they just stole it and ran with it.

The Tucker Big Mail Story is a great delight, per se, and if it were me I'd add it to my repertoire. It is a good story, whether you do it or someone else does it, but I'd rather hear you do it. I'd rather hear you do it because, even with embellishments, there wouldn't be a hard edge to it. And it doesn't deserve a hard edge -- the story tells itself, and editorializing puts a taint on it. How about it, Bob: tell it yourself?

Okay, your room at Midwestcon for the FLAP party. Let's hold it sometime before I go to bed, just so I'll enjoy it more.

I can get you THE GENERAL, but I need to know if your vcr is Beta or VHS. Doesn't matter which, but I need to know... As for the cheap tapes, xerox the front and back of the box and I'll check it out.



ARTHUR HLAVATY      Never did like Taral's artwork. He has a fair amount of technical competence, but I rarely see him draw anything worth looking at -- except occasionally when I stare in amazement.

The Charlotte Fedders court case in Virginia is amazing, and I certainly hope it gets turned around on appeal (woman writes book about being beaten and divorce court rules that ex-hubby gets 25% because she couldn't have written the book without him). I sometimes wonder how much shit becomes established court precedent because there's not enough money involved (or available) to appeal it.

If Ghod had meant us to look at our fingers when we type, It would have given us one of them instead of ten. I remember the time that Tina Hensel brought out her secretary's typewriter (no labelling on the keys) for a oneshot, and she and I were the only ones there who could type on it. And I didn't even notice...

Serving on panels is an imposition unless I'm asked in advance and say I'm interested in the subject matter. Talking to groups of people is old hat with me and per se I'm not interested unless the subject is interesting -- with the sole exception that I might accept if the other panelists were an interesting mix despite the subject not being anything too exciting. Of course, I'm talking ancient history, because for years I haven't gone to any conventions where there was a program (except Bill's CORFLU), and even back then I rarely said no even if it seemed an imposition -- unless the panel were too early in the con (I figured that if it occurred later in the con, I might welcome the respite just because it was a change of pace).

MARTY HELGESEN      Of course a blotter is a lazy dog. Most dogs will lick their  
ass. A lazy dog will blot it on your carpet. Yet another  
proof that a blotter is a lazy dog. I knew it all the time.

Good point that "when sending something by Express Mail one can sign a line on the form which waives the delivery signature requirement", which is why I repeat it here. It's sad to come home on Friday and find that a last-minute zine made it all the way to our door only to be taken away because there was no one available to sign for it.

You may or may not be the only practicing Catholic in FLAP. Certainly you're the only known one. If there's another, they're keeping mum.

ERIC LINDSAY I had a physical a while back and apparently everything about me is healthy. Later the blood bank told me I can't ever donate blood, and that maybe it was something and maybe it was nothing. I was going to have that checked out, but said to hell with it. At my age people are known to die on the way out of the doctor's office after having had a great physical.

Ah, buying toys and gadgets. I understand the problem. We just got a fourth vcr, wireless headphones, and are awaiting receipt of a telephone answering machine ("please leave your message before the beep").

ROY TACKETT      A visit to Trinity Site, home of the first atomic bomb explosion.  
I guess there's quite a harbinger of history in that. Don't  
think I'd want a round trip of 180 miles to see it, but if I were passing nearby  
I'd likely stop in. Do they sell lead-lined jockstraps at any of the concession  
booths?

Nah, the next election ain't gonna be between the right and left-wing preachers. It'll be between two other twits.

Military personnel are now authorized to wear religious apparel while in uniform? Brings up some amazing images. I wonder what the Satanists will wear? Worshippers of Loki? Members of the Universal Life Church?

JONI STOPA      I think I'll stay away from the Smith Corona Fully Automatic Typewriter.

Even at age 29 I guess it's easy to still be a kid at heart. For some reason one's children almost always seem young, possibly because they manage to stay younger than their parents. That only changes if the parents hit stark raving senility, at which point the kids catch up and become even older.

MIKE SHOEMAKER      Your first paid vacation in years? How come? Well, sounds like you enjoyed it, which is definitely what you're entitled to on a paid vacation. Of course, picking up another hobby (rock collecting) may not have been what you needed. What kind of rock do you collect? Mick Jagger? The Moody Blues?

The rusty shell of a Nike missile standing in the center of town and "no one knows what to do with it"? Haul it out or leave town would be two possibilities. Amusing.

AL CURRY      Christmas shopping will be more difficult this year now that it can't be done while wandering around downtown during the lunch hour. Means a deliberate shopping expedition to, no doubt, some store or mall within easy driving distance of home, while I time could be better spent at home with one's feet up.

Virgins. I'm not much into virgins. Actually, I'd like to consider something more modern in the way of sex. Cloning might be nice, in case I need a liver transplant.

I almost don't believe in paper money anymore. Jackie and I have checking accounts that pay us instead of charging us, and a charge card that pays us for the privilege of using them if we pay it off each month. That's better than cash. Of course, we have old card debts still to pay off from the bad old days, but even those debts are disappearing due to such financial shuffling as paying off old cards using new cards which have lower interest rates (your money goes farther on the principal instead of being used largely for the interest). Now, however, with the New Improved Federal Tax System, using cards isn't as good a deal as it used to be, as writing off personal interest is a disappearing feature.

As it turned out, the bus strike didn't present even one micro-iota of a problem in finding parking spots, to the surprise of many. I got in early the first two days, found myself looking at empty parking lots, and said to hell with it. Never a problem even when I got in late. Car-pooling is the best answer I can suggest as to why this was the case, though I suspect that many used cheap parking at the edges of town and then hoofed it in.

BEEDEE ARTHURS      Your photo is quite a bit different than the way I remember you from 10 years ago. Not sure I would have recognized you. Then again, it may just be the pose or the book by Jack Chalker just above your head. No, it wasn't that you weren't wearing glasses.

I did one issue of AWRY lengthwise on the page and caught all sorts of hell from the letterhacks. Now that I've seen someone else do it, I can see why all the fuss.

You can have your intestines sucked out if you flush while sitting down, but not on a standard toilet. Don't you remember Cagle telling the story of the guy on the Navy ship? And two or three of us here read and noted the story of the fat lady who had that happen to her recently. I never believed that could happen to me as a child, though... (I believed other weird things.)

Enjoyed.



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LON ATKINS      As always, sounds like things are frenetic at work. That's what you-get for being a high-level executive type. Fly here. Fly there. Prepare this report. Perform this miracle.

You mention Fredric Brown in your essay on writing the mystery novel. I think Fred Brown was one of the very best of all mystery writers, and perhaps the best. Every time I see a list of the Top Ten Mysteries, his NIGHT OF THE JABBERWOCK rightly pops up. And who has done better than THE LENIENT BEAST or KNOCK THREE-ONE-TWO, just to name three from a very large output of excellent mystery writing?

And you mention Bob Tucker, though you should be referring to Wilson Tucker. Bob is the fan. Wilson is the writer. It was crossover writers such as Fred Brown and Wilson Tucker and John D. MacDonald that led me from reading some excellent science fiction to reading some excellent mysteries, and if it weren't for them I wouldn't have had nearly so much enjoyment from my leisure reading.

Best of luck on learning the mechanics of writing. You already have style and natural talent. All you really need is to pick up on the nuts & bolts, and you'll be unstoppable. Starting this Autumn I'll be checking the "A" listings in the mystery section at Waldenbooks. Of course, after you write two or three mysteries I expect you to hit the best-seller list with a what-you-know-best novel about corporate america at its most bizarre. Don't disappoint me, now.

BILL BOWERS      Hi there, friend. Glad to see you back in here. Come over on deadline day and the three of us will sit and drink alone together. Might not always have rum, but you know there'll be something to drink other than just Southern Whatsitsface.

Actually ... I've been watching STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION... Sometimes it's quite awful. Sometimes it's very close to being good. Almost always it's quite amusing, and when it isn't it's at least close to being nostalgic... I would hesitate to go so far as to say that it's "superior to the 'Classic' STAR TREK not only in effects, but in plot and dialog", but certainly it isn't much worse...

Michael Harper broke one of your ribs while demonstrating the Heimlich Manuever? I missed hearing about that one. While I'm aware that he's well-known among the women for his stamina, I wouldn't have imagined that the skinny little twit had that much strength. When did this take place?

Any FLAP dialog between you and Jackie should adhere to standard *neep-neepery* rules or Al and I will pound on your skinny little ass. Now that Jackie has Gone Computer, I come home at night to the suspicion that English has become her second language.

"My only personal dogma is that if anyone feels it necessary to tell me they're a 'Christian'...they aren't." Right on, brother. Robin Williams said a bunch in his shtick on Jerry Fallwell and The Second Coming. George Carlin said a bunch more in his recent HBO Special. If Jesus pops up tomorrow, provided his teachings were for real, he's gonna like us a whole lot better than the sanctimonious assholes who profess to have a direct pipeline. What Jesus is quoted as saying is only common sense. After that all we get are twits who are trying to be more royalist than the King.

Thank you for running the DIALOG between Al and I. That was an appropriate thing to do, considering that both of us are in FLAP and now you are, too. I'm pleased that everyone in FLAP will now have the chance to see it. I enjoyed doing it, regardless of how it may be received. I do, however, have the impression that it will not generate a bunch of comment-hooks.

Welcome back, Mr. Bill.

My tenure with a HMO (ryct D. Gary) has taught me that 'preventive medicine' falls into two categories: 1. well-care (physical exams), and 2. run every battery of tests known to medical science so that the sonuvvabitch has no basis upon which to sue.

Listen, if we win the Lotto the first thing we do is Forget Clocks. Appointments will be set by alarm, tv to tape will be handled by vcr Timer, and where time doesn't matter we won't be worried about it. Not that we are now, but we can do away with foreshadowing...

Your "Irish temper" is nothing, relatively speaking. "If I get angry enough (and I do have quite an Irish temper) I can override my reluctance to confront other people, but otherwise I just mutter to myself and feel inadequate." The difference between you and I is that in the same situation I smile and look at the other person and come up with reasons why I shouldn't kill them. So far I've never killed anyone worth knowing.

Yeah, I "bait" Marty, but he knows me too well to be worried about it. We have a very honest relationship, because on the subject of religion he knows that I believe he's a "baitee" and I know that he believes me a Devil's Advocate. Marty is Marty, and I like the Good Parts Version. Marty doesn't trust me a bit, but I sense that he doesn't worry about it...

DEAN GRENNELL      A thousand pardons for leaving your zine out of the mailing.  
                         As a consequence, most members probably received it before  
they got the mailing.

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