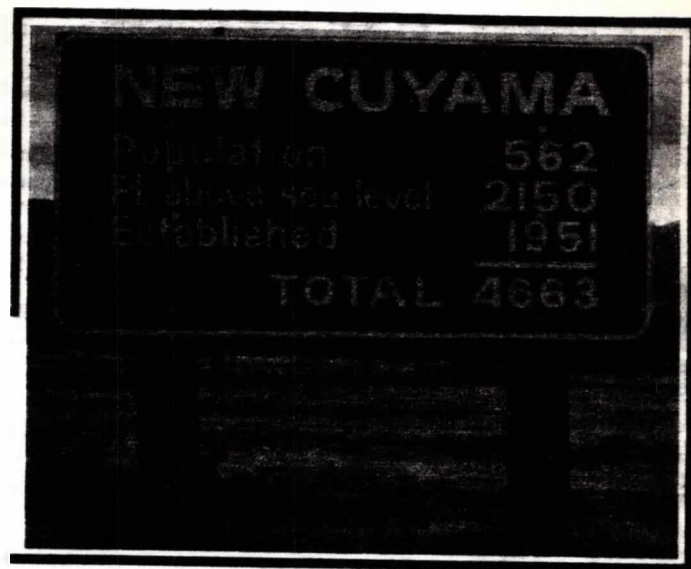


SLOW DJINN #52, for the 52nd mailing of FLAP, comes to you from Dave Locke, 6828 Alpine Avenue #4, Cincinnati, Ohio 45236. Me and the answering machine can be called at 513/984-1447. This is Second Coming Pub #166.

# Slow Djinn



Buck Coulson sent me this New Cuyama clipping, which probably comes from a Sunday Supplement. I checked my atlas and couldn't find a New Cuyama listing for anywhere in the U.S. Anyone know where this place is?

Continuing with signs, I have one in my office that reads:

THE LARGE PRINT GIVETH  
THE SMALL PRINT TAKETH AWAY

Purchased a couple of new toys recently. The first is a Koss 'Kordless' Remote Listening Station. It's a stereophone system with an infrared transmitter. Now I can use a headset with the television (or the radio, or the dual cassette deck, or etc.) without trailing a wire around. Of course, unlike a wire, this works on line-of-sight, so if I go around the corner to fix a drink the sound cuts out. On the other hand, the cat can't chew through infrared.

The other new toy is an answering machine. Both items were purchased through a mail-order liquidator, which is the only way we'd have been able to afford them. Had been looking for an answering machine for some time, but whenever I found one with all the features I wanted it turned out that I didn't want to pay that much for it. This one fits the bill. Interesting drawback to it, though. You can play back the incoming message only once. To get around that you have to remove the cassette and put it on a tape player.

So, if you're phoning here to tell us something, don't worry about whether or not you're calling at an inconvenient time. If it is, the answering machine will give us your message, even if the extent of the message is just to call you back. Of course, if you're Bill Bowers you'll hang up on our answering machine ~~and hurt its feelings~~, but then we'll know it's probably you, anyway.

Al Curry and his guitar were over here last weekend to record for an hour on our stereo cassette. This was Jackie's price for our old 19" color tv set (we just got a tv/monitor, and two people don't need three sets). My job was to keep pouring the Irish and the beer. A good time was had by all, and we even have a tape to remember it by. In fact, we played it last night when Bill Bowers was over, and then gave him a dubbed copy of it.

Mike Glicksohn and Doris B. were down a few weeks back to spend a few days with Al and Lyn. Jackie and I spent a Saturday afternoon and evening there. During this time we all watched three one-hour videotapes: ROBIN WILLIAMS AT THE MET, STEVEN WRIGHT HBO SPECIAL, and BILL COSBY HIMSELF. Everyone's guts ached by the end of the day. My still hurt the next day from that much laughing.

Postage rates are up again. Isn't that a bitch? Beat them with the last mailing, though.

00 Even though she wasn't here all that often, I was sorry to see Becky go. I have good memories of corresponding with her, attending two conventions together, and receiving her letters of comment on the occasional general-distribution zine. I hope I'm wrong in thinking that she may have faded away altogether into the glades of gafia. Definitely I'd like to hear from and see her again.

JODIE OFFUTT Sorry, Luv, that your zine got sat on by the Pest Awful. They do things like that sometimes, and now they're charging us more for it. Let's investigate sending fanzines via computer connection...

My ex & I were on a sightseeing tour when we first went out to Califunny. We were up on Angeles Crest Highway, pulling off at almost every rest stop to see the world falling away on either side of us, and at mid-point on the trip she closed the car door on her thumb. Sure did ruin the magic of the moment. From mid-point back to home took only a fraction of the time that we'd already invested. I think you have to be right that the experience is "much more mentally than physically traumatic". Any experience that makes you feel like a damn fool hurts more mentally. We've all been there.

I fainted once, but didn't quite go unconscious. Pinched a nerve in my back when I was crossing a catwalk while carrying a 90-lb. bag of sand. I've told that story here before. This, of course, is different than passing out while staying up late and drinking...

Our place of business having moved, Al and I don't wander around downtown Cincy anymore. When we did, occasionally we would eat. More frequently we wouldn't. These days Al more frequently eats, as do I, but Al more frequently than I. An evening meal is generally enough for me. Al seems to have settled himself into a hearty early-afternoon meal and something lighter in the evening. On weekends I play catch and eat if and when I feel hungry. Not much for regimen.

You're right about religion. In the family or in an established circle we all know where we stand, so what's to discuss? Anything said at this point amounts to games-playing. To hell with it. Most of the time...

Yes, THE PRINCESS BRIDE was great. Book or movie. Cavin called the other night asking if we were interested in a copy dubbed from a rental tape. Thanks but no thanks. We'll wait till it comes on HBO and get a copy at Super Beta II...

I agree with you absolutely about the creativity that can abound within a shared-universe story ... and, yet ... wouldn't you have to agree that by definition a shared-universe story imposes boundaries upon creativity? Not that all that many writers could ever be challenged by the difference, but per se wouldn't you concede that there's more potential for creativity in a scenario where there are no imposed boundaries? [I think you do, but I'm commenting strictly upon what you said in #51 without taking a refresher upon the on-going conversation.]

"What's Rule 240?" Bob explained that a few mailings back. If you ever fly, you're subject to screwup, and when screwups happen you should know Rule 240. Go, thou, and look through Bob's past FLAPzines. It would take too long even to synopsise.

I settled for bifocals. Instead of two pair of glasses. No matter which I settled for, I think I'd wind up believing I made the wrong choice. I'm still adapting to wearing these strange things.

During the gaping interim between mailings we wound up speaking ill of the dead, as Lin Carter recently passed away. Now we'll have to find others upon whom to stick the leech label. I never had anything against Lin Carter except his (absence of) quality of writing.

Of all those I know who ~~I/forced/to~~ read THE PRINCESS BRIDE, only Al and Buck disliked it and only Arthur Hlavaty was ambivalent. Everyone else loved it.

"Interesting story about the girl who didn't know she was color blind. Makes me wonder how many of us compensate for shortcomings that we don't even realize we have." It wasn't

until I met Mike Glicksohn for the first time that I stopped trying to compensate for being short.

Say, sorry about that black blob on page 1 thish. Some things don't photocopy too well. At least it can be read, even if it is black and crooked (what's black and crooked and read all over?).

I think the whole electoral college bit is a big joke. A much lesser joke would be: one person, one vote.

A mailing comment to Art Widner. Now cut that out.

Did you see the 60 MINUTES episode on Marge and the Reds? Made her and them seem as interesting as you could possibly make them.

Funny, funny shtick to David on the genetic reasons for supporting the Cincinnati Reds.

It's easy to find an apa in your own home town. Start one...

"Wonder if Andy and Dave would get along so well? Somehow, I think not." Neither of us have enough of a picture to say for sure, but oddly enough I suspect that we would. Why? Because each time we get together we have a better time than the last time we got together. Hard to sneeze at that. A budding relationship, with gaping interims that can be measured by a solar clock.

THE RECORDS are strictly a mathematic exercise, something I mildly enjoy, plus a mild shtick. In the past I have objected to their use when combined with a rah-rah effort to promote pagecount; pagecount isn't a significant criteria to judging value. Two who have been very much into records of this sort, on an every-mailing basis, are my friends David Hulan and Lon Atkins (in APANAGE and SFPA), and we have openly discussed our disagreements as to the meaning of such records in shaping the mindset of the membership. So, in doing THE RECORDS twice for FLAP in 50 mailings, I enjoyed the exercise and I dedicated it both times to Lon and David. Now you know the whole story. Probably I'll do something like this again in mailing #75 or #100, if we live so long.

BILL BOWERS I suppose we really should explain what the "Greg-Express" is, although two mailings from now someone could mention it and another someone would ask "whathell is the 'Greg-Express'?" This is the way of casual fanaticism and esotericism. Greg Jordan is Jackie's son-in-law, who works where Al Curry and I work: at ChoiceCare. Jackie and I live on the East side of town. Greg and Jackie's daughter Sandra live on the West side of town, as does Mr. Bill Bowers. 'Things' sent between Sandra and Jackie or between Bill and either Jackie or I, are conveyed via Greg and myself because our services are considerably cheaper than the kind you have to pay for. Your reference to this being "a semi-reliable, if not always swift, Cincinnati Fan Service" refers to the fact that I perform my duties with all the conscientiousness of a Mafia Runner, while Greg does not. Greg is getting better, but I would never ask him to deposit my check.

Talk about the "Incentive" of a copy-center sale, I busted ass to get FLAP mailed two days early to avoid the recent postal rate increase. I also cleared out my backlog of correspondence. Not that any of this amounted to a significant handful of change, but it was the principle of the thing...

You know, I did compose a list of past members. I just didn't publish it. After doing it I didn't think anyone would be interested. Guess I was wrong. Maybe I was wrong more than once but, even if only once, I'll publish the list. Jodie, avert your eyes.

Well, don't avert your eyes just yet; no sense starting the list until I get to the next page.

Which will be real soon now.

Any second now.

Okay. Coming up. "Past FLAP Members", sequenced by pagecount, based upon inactive status as of the 50th mailing. Bill, only you and Al are "Returnees".

## PAST FLAP MEMBERS

	Pages	Mlgs Hit	1st Mlg	Last Mlg		Pages	Mlgs Hit	1st Mlg	Last Mlg
Dave Wixon	311	33	1	48	Jerry Kaufman	20	3	1	5
Kaj Stevens	271	36	2	49	Meade Frierson	18	7	1	11
Steve Leigh*	188	3	14	17	Tina Hensel Jones	13	2	3	5
Dave Langford	66	9	13	25	(Al Curry)	(10)	(1)	(2)	(2)
(Bill Bowers)	(65)	(11)	(12)	(24)	Joyce Scrivner	10	3	19	23
Pauline Palmer	51	17	2	28	Dave Piper	9	3	1	3
John Bangsund	37	6	1	9	Hilarie Staton	9	1	2	2
Don Fitch	34	4	1	5	Gil Gaier	8	2	1	2
Mike Horvat	31	6	13	24	Marcia Hulan	7	2	1	3
Yale Edelken	30	6	28	37	Ed Cox	6	2	1	3
Mike Glicksohn	29	5	2	8	Leah Zeldes Smith	4	2	33	37
Joe Nicholas	28	5	1	9	Mike Harper	2	1	2	2
Ed Cagle	28	5	1	9	Frank Denton	2	1	1	1
Gary Mattingly	28	4	1	7	Charles Burbee	2	1	1	1
					Joe Staton	1	1	2	2

\* Steve Leigh contributed 23 pages of apazines plus his paperback novel SLOW FALL TO DAWN for a total of 188 pages.

Don't ask me why I included Marcia as a past member and didn't include Bernadette, except that Marcia hit two mailings and Bernadette keeps popping up. Activity for both, of course, was credited as a joint membership.

Having spent well over a decade as a 'Materials Manager' I am well acquainted with 'Engineers'. They are indeed a unique breed, almost certifiable as a group. As are, as we 'non computer people' call them, 'computer people'. There are numerous good exceptions, but the breed are strange. To promote a segue, they are even more strange than the breed you call "women"...

You aren't "shy". Maybe you were, once, and I don't doubt that you were (I hear all these stories...), but you aren't now. Now, you are no more "shy" or "lost" in a strange situation than are all us 'non-shy' people... So cut that shit out...

Are short people more easily jaded, you ask? Well, you could prove it by me.

Your "Remote auto starter" ad. I saw this advertised in late 1964, just after I left upstate New York where such a thing would likely have tweaked me as a justified impulse purchase. No one I know ever bought one.

I'm getting a lot of eyestrain with my bifocals. Dislike having to hold my head up that high to read what's before me. I went through too much agonizing as to whether I'd be better off with two pair of glasses or bifocals, and here I am wondering if it wouldn't seem like the wrong decision no matter which way I went.

Mysteries. I am very, very certain that you would go apeshit over the Robert Parker "Spenser" series. May I turn you on to that?

Fuck dot-matrix. 27 years in fandom, publish one obviously dot-matrix fanzine, and look at all the shit you catch. It was like nothing you did before, or nothing you could ever do again, could ever compensate for your incredible effrontery of doing one issue of OUT-WORLDS in standard dot-matrix. Well, only Bill Rotsler flipped out, but his LoC made my eyes bug out. Your response was a model of restraint. We were all proud of you...

The main reason I would publish a third issue of TIME AND AGAIN is that I already have a pre-printed multi-color cover, and a damn good one. While it's nice that you would "certainly like dibs on what material you've collected...", what use would you have for a titled cover...? Publish that and you can have all the rest; but if you're not interested, then I'll have to publish a 3rd issue. I'm not unwilling to do it; it's just that I don't feel the pressure of any deadline...

Apparently the Curry DIALOG drew Just As Much commentary in FLAP as it did via OUTWORLDS.



In fact, come to think of it, most of my stuff in OUTWORLDS draws very little comment unless I deliberately aim at being outrageous (as opposed to undeliberately being outrageous). Unless, of course, you're editing out a lot of missing comments, which you probably are not. So, I guess I'm a poor draw as a contributor. Am I off the hook now?

ROY TACKETT      And how are you, Mr. Roytac?

I's just fine, thanx. Cigarettes to one side of me and a drink to the other and a typewriter in front of me. Just fine.

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Little ragamuffin finds an extra check in his pay envelope and has visions of a bonus that will buy him all manner of things. Looks at amount on bonus check and sees that it is \$20.00. Grabs a pen, endorses check "pay to bearer", writes a quick note to accompany it, and mails it back to Personnel in an inter-office envelope. The note reads: "Here, this is what I usually pay when I get fucked."

Semi-quoted, without the original dialect, from FAIRLY OBVIOUS, by Elvin Sprig

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The CINCINNATI ENQUIRER runs those reader polls on its comic strips, too, and does drop and add strips based on the results. I find it amusing that BLOOM COUNTY is prominent on both the Best and Worst lists. An obvious polarization of opinion.

When I was taught typing, in 1958, I too was taught that one always double spaces at the end of a sentence. I wonder when the shift occurred? Well, let's poll the crew here. When were you all taught typing, and were to taught to single or double space at the end of a sentence? So far it's 1940 and 1957 for double-spacing.

I always figured that mummification was an early, crude version of taxidermy. If the old Egyptian culture had extended into relatively recent days they wouldn't both ~~be~~ wrapping them anymore. They'd just mount them with the arms in funny positions.

Read one Doc Smith novel in my mid teens and decided I never wanted to read one again. This wasn't all that long after leaving juvvies behind me, and reading Doc Smith seemed like Going Backwards.

How many books in a fantasy trilogy? The answer is: Ulysses S. Grant.

Mind-bobbling: "Prof Solomon Katz of the University of Pennsylvania says there is more evidence concerning the opinion that our hunter-gatherer ancestors took up farming to grow grain to make beer. There was translated last year a Sumerian tablet which contained the world's oldest recipe--how to make beer. Think of it, Arthur, our whole civilization is based on beer." Schlitz, the beer that made Mesopotamia famous.

Re the authorities objecting when the bible was translated into the vernacular. I recall reading that when Will Durant wrote THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY, which brought philosophy to the total grasp of any intelligent person and removed it from jargon, the philosophy authorities weren't too happy with it. Job security is threatened when the esoteric becomes understandable. Also, someone outside the circle may have intelligent input that the circle didn't think of.

Having never used a unisex toilet I can't say whether the sudden appearance of a woman would cut me off at mid-stream. I do recall being at a public urinal with over a dozen guys in line behind me and discovering that, having woken up with a hangover, I had my shorts on backwards.

Just listened to a news report about the state of ignorance of high school graduates which makes me wonder what they're being taught and what they retain out of all that. The kids didn't know the name of the country to the north of us, didn't know where Viet Nam was ("near Cuba?"), and kids in Texas couldn't name the country immediately to the south of us. In an international study such as this, U.S.A. kids ranked next to last on geography. I blame it on combining history and current events and geography into one course called "social studies". Too much ground to cover in one course.

Sometimes I have luck with the 'sleep on it and the answer will come to you' method and sometimes I don't. Getting high or getting a buzz on often helps, too. Gets the neurons bouncing off each other in patterns that a sober mind wouldn't consider; just like what happens when you're sleeping. Revelations occur in all mind-states. Bugged down in one -- try another.

Hell no, torture isn't a waste of time. Great method for extracting information. Works on SPENSER: FOR HIRE all the time.

Curry is into Interdental Stimulators, too. Told me about them. Maybe I just didn't get enough detail. Sounded like he was talking about over-priced toothpicks. I don't use toothpicks. I take my teeth out and scrub them under the faucet. When I need dental work I can mail them in.

ERIC LINDSAY      There are other things in the cosmos than fantasy and "hard science fiction". I enjoy some of each of those two categories, but there are others I like better. For example, I always liked GALAXY better than ASTOUNDING...

Of all of Mike Resnick's books, the only one I couldn't finish was SANTIAGO. I kept falling asleep, and after 70 or so pages and 30 or so naps, I gave up. Nothing clicked.

I find earthquakes far less disturbing to me personally than tornados or hurricanes. If I were really worried about earthquakes I'd rather live in California than here, which is too near to the New Madrid Fault, site of the largest earthquake this country has known (changed the course of the Mississippi and created Reelfoot Lake).

ARTHUR HLAVATY      The Chesbro books sound interesting. I've made a note to look for them.

"How many of you are old enough to remember 'Hi-ho, Steverino'?" One hand up. I think the only survivor of that show appears on NEWHART; except, of course, for Steverino.

Here we are early in April (well, here I am, anyway) and it does fortunately appear that Pat Robertson has his walking papers and a permit to go fuck himself. Jesse Jackson, on the other hand, is just a smidgeon behind Michael Whatshisface on the Democratic side, and was ahead of him for a while. This year, at this stage, the Democrats scare me more than do the Republicans. Been a while since I felt like that...

Avedon makes a query as to "what the benefits of democracy are supposed to be?" No, it's not because democracy "is supposed to be the reason we pay all these taxes to maintain a military to protect us from people who might take over and not be democratic." I guess if she doesn't remember, now being in England, then likely she never knew.

Tell Bernadette's sister, Marie, that wrapping tinfoil around your crotch does nothing to boost your well-being. As she notes, though, raises are unlikely.

JEAN WEBER      My apologies for saying this (he said, his honesty and true feelings hanging out all over), but the cover on WEBERWOMAN'S WREVENGE #28 is likely the most puerile cover I have ever seen on a fanzine.

"For a very large proportion of Con goers, the drinking of just one glass [...] of alcohol seems to promote the belief that conversation is enhanced by breathing affectionately into the conversational partner's face. Oddly enough, prior to that drink, the very same people will inconvenience me by standing above me so that I get a stiff neck trying not to hold a conversation with waistcoat buttons." Is Pamela Boal a fucking joke, or are Britfans a whole bunch different than anyone else?

Despite these two comments, I enjoyed both zines. Sorry that the only two instances where I was provoked to comment that I was actually 'provoked'...

MARTY HELGESEN      It's difficult to defend an asshole like Judge Bork. He wasn't as bad as some of the liberals made him out to be, but if the theory of evolution were parallel to the evolution of Bork's beliefs, we'd all be butterflies.

"Feminists who claim that the teachings of the Catholic Church degrade women are mistaken." It hardly takes a feminist to recognize that. It takes only a blind person to not

recognize that the Catholic Church has been biased against women since the Catholic Church began, and that the Catholic Church is far behind all other mental evolution of mankind in recognizing and acknowledging the equality of women. The hierarchy alone attests to this, let alone the dig-in adamancy to avoid granting women any position of authority which they haven't already held. I am actually surprised at your remark that "They [women] have a right, which is guaranteed by the First Amendment, to hold and to express that position ["that the teachings of the Catholic Church degrade women"], but they have no right to be taken seriously. For a position to be taken seriously it must be proven to be true, and that position cannot be proven to be true because it is false." It is true on a face apparent basis and continues to be proven true on almost a daily basis by the pronouncements of the Church. That you support Catholic ideology and defend it to the best of your intellectual abilities is something that I understand. That you cast aside the obvious in a dog-legged defense of the Word is something I would have thought beyond you. I could see you trying to rationalize it, but I can't see you trying to deny it altogether. Are you, intellectually, really sure that you want to take the position that the Catholic Church doesn't have a problem in dealing with women?

Thank you. "I wondered about standing a round of drinks in a consuite, but I've seen cash bars at some con functions, so I didn't mention it." I've seen cash bars in consuites, too, Enough so that I didn't mention it, either. That Bob Tucker, accusing us of having no sense of humor...

Hell, Marty, we always "read lots of con reports full of complaints about the hotel", whether the con is run by rank amateurs or by so-called smofs. I don't think either are worth a shit. Having been in charge of hotel relations for only two conventions, Westercon 25 and Corflu 4, both of which were successful conventions even from the hotel relations standpoint, I think it takes a ~~bullshitter~~ business type person to make things come off. Rank neos and smofs have not, so far, impressed me as good business types despite how much bullshit they wave about. I tend to agree with Bob: JANE'S FIGHTING SHIPS strikes me the wrong way, because neither the editors nor any of the smofs I'm acquainted with strike me as competent to do any better than a rank amateur. The rank amateur, at least, has a chance to be intelligently successful.

Memory flogging. Hamlin's IMAGINATION. Or, the one I got into, IMAGINATIVE TALES. Ah, the good old days. Wouldn't want to read that shit now, though.

Enjoyed your STRAIGHT FROM THE FISH'S MOUTH and, if it's not inconvenient, would like to continue enjoying it when you mail in your FLAPzines. I trade apazines with a number of people, but unfortunately now I don't have an apazine to trade with you that you don't already get. Will it be acceptable that you place some manner of Ob on this to us? (Esoteric Eric Frank Russell reference, but I think a fairly obvious one...)

Oh, that's a long story about MZB first meeting me and saying "hello, you bastard". The short version is that, yes, she must have been perceptive; although my mother and father would disagree.

I don't oppose either graphic sex or graphic violence in movies, though sometimes I object to the inclusion of either because it just doesn't fit in with the rest of the story. A good example of where graphic sex (well, close enough for government work) fits in is in the excellent move NAME OF THE ROSE, with Sean Connery. I've seen much less graphic sequences that I objected to, but that's because they weren't either pivotal or at least contributory to the overall story.

"As Frank Sheed pointed out in Theology and Sanity, sanity does not mean living in the same world as everyone else; it means living in the real world. But the real world was created by God, and some important aspects of it can be known only through His revelation." I was with you right up to the word "But". At that point you went down to the corner, took a left turn, and wound up on Mars.

"I'm bringing the set of FLAPzines of Minicon instead of mailing them." But, how many FLAPPans are going to Minicon?

Well, darn, you're right. I did miscount by 5 pages on your pagecount for mlg 1-50.

DEAN GRENNELL Well, now here's a historical piece! I made an extra photocopy of it as an insert for AWRY #3, positioning it right after Bob Tucker's DWARF DANCING IS A MINUET, an article about talking with Kay Tarrant and ending with "... putting together in one glowing recollection Hawk Carse and Catherine Tarrant and Don Wilson and a lovely but aged voice who didn't recognize a ball-bearing mousetrap when she saw one. We call him Tom." The next issue, in the lettercol, various fans wrote in to ask what the hell he was talking about, including Mike Shoemaker and Jackie Franke.

Thanks for this.

JODIE OFFUTT ChoiceCare, that place I work at, decided this year to assign the "Floating Holidays" rather than let employees each choose them for themselves. The first one was April 1st. I asked "I wonder why they chose April Fool's Day for the first floating holiday" and someone commented "I think it's Good Friday they're choosing it for". But, yes, I suppose there may be some religious significance in the two occurring on the same day. I have my own ideas, but...

I commented on the rest of this back when I started doing mailing comments. Just decided I had this one comment left over...

LON ATKINS What a roller-coaster ride you get on at each company you work for... Sounds like this one will be more frantic than most. Since you're keeping your old job while assuming this newly vacated one, what I want to know is whether you're drawing two paychecks?

Good luck with all this. Don't lose your breath while running so fast.

DAVID HULAN I finally went with bifocals, but I'm not all that happy with them. Reading is an exercise in contortion and headaches. Walking down stairs isn't much fun, either.

I read one E. E. Smith novel, as I told Roy, back in my teens, and that was as much as I wanted to put up with. I think you've got to read a number of books in a series before any future slang would stick with you, unless you very much liked a particular story.

Short stories on a common theme, with a framework written to propel one story to another, are what I call connected stories. Maybe there's a better term for such books as THE ILLUSTRATED MAN, THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES, LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS, etc.

Enjoyed all of it, but no particular comments.

JACKIE CAUSGROVE A half hour after the Midwestcon banquet sounds like a good time for the FLAP party in Bob Tucker's room. He should be all wound up and on a roll by then, and can just move his toastmastering from the banquet to the party with just enough time inbetween for a pull or two on some Jim Beam. Sounds perfect.

You mention signs in upstate New York indicating gem-stone mine sites. The gem is garnet. Some of the garnet is actually used for gems, but most of it is mixed with gravel and sold for fill. Mixing garnet with gravel produces an interesting visual effect after a cleansing rain. We used this mix in the parking lot and driveway up at the Lake, but there wasn't much of it left when you were up there.

You ask Al if the cigarette filters are working for him. The answer is no. They're working for the tobacco companies. He now has to smoke three cigarettes in a row to get any satisfaction at all...

Looks like I'm running up on the bottom of the page here. Time to close off another issue of whatever this thing is. An apazine, I guess.

.....  
See you all in August. This August, contrary to what Kornbluth would have had you believe. Everyone who doesn't understand this reference, go to the back of the room.

Later.