

TWIXT 2

*You wanted more "personal writing", so
here's copies of my apn zone. Hope the
mailing comments aren't too murky to
understand*
JF.

From : Jackie Franke; Box 51-A RR 2; Beecher, IL 60401. July, 1975 for STOBCLER

In four more days we'll be starting our fannish vacation. Thursday we're heading over to Jacksonville, Illinois, for a small houseparty at Tucker's, then we'll mover on to Kansas City for BYOBCon. After that bash we intend to traipse over to Kentucky for a brief respite at Mammoth Cave National Park, and then back up North a trifle to Louisville, for RiverCon. Should be a fun trip, and the whole family is really all-fired up with enthusiasm waiting for it to begin.

I've taken brush to hand again, and finished three acrylic paintings for BYOBCon (in hopes of selling them for enough in KC to offset at least a portion of our hotel bills). Color work is not my strong point when it comes to artwork. I'm far more comfortable in B&W, and like scratchboard as a strong second to pen-and-ink, but it was a simple matter of economics that convinced me that I should give painting another try. Paintings sell for more than inks, and since ideas come to me few and far between, I'd be wiser to use those few I did manage to sweat out for items which should bring in more \$\$\$. Money-grubbing femmefan, that's me all right. Anyway, I was mildly surprised by the results this time, and have hopes that no one will actively retch at the sight of the paintings at least.

I did one influenced by DAHLGREN, that weird book by Delaney, one came from the novelette by C. L. Moore, "Shambleau", and the last is a scene from MOTE IN GOD'S EYE--the evacuation of the MacArthur, where Bury discovers that the space-suited figure behind him is packed with miniature moties trying to escape the ship as well. I also drew a cartoon of a slimey, goopy-looking critter slithering out of a bathtub, colored with green acrylic-wash, and bearing a half-formed propellor beanie atop his head (well upper lump...?). That one is entitled: FAMOUS MOMENTS IN FANHISTORY...JELLO FANDOM ARISES! OPERATON PARK HOTEL, DISCON II. (I have no idea how it's faring on the West Coast, but LJF is definitely a thriving schtik in the Midwest...)

As a rule, selling artwork is what makes possible my attendance at the cons I go to. I price my material rather low--in the eight-to-fifteen-dollar range generally--for two reasons: I intend for it to sell, not languish on the auction block, since I can use the money then, at the con, not later in some dim far-off future time: and I don't see the sense in doing something that is intended to belong to someone else, and then price it so high no one can afford it. Paintings cost more, of course. The materials cost me more, and it takes more time to finish the item, but even so, I can't bring myself to charge more than \$35 to \$45 for an average sized acrylic. I'm not in the same league with the Big Beings, like Kirk, or Austin, or Hill, or you-name-just-about-anyone, and charge accordingly.

One of my gripes about the growing commercialization at conventions is the attitude of some fanartists that they should milk (or bilk, depending on your point of view) the public for whatever they can. I saw some work at Minicon that was incerdibly crude. Really inferior pen and inks, done on plain old typing paper, somewhat in the style of a badly-done underground comic, with prices starting at \$25. At least the fans at the auction boosted my spirits somewhat by refusing to

enter even minimum bids on such trash, but I still felt somewhat indignant at the nerve of the jerk who figured fans as easy marks. Those who create genuine magic with pen or brush do deserve to be paid accordingly, but those fanartists who are but middle-of-the-road klutzes, like myself, should know better. I haven't been in fandom all that long, but the abrupt rise in prices of lesser artwork is a most distressing change. I hope it comes to a halt, and soon. Perhaps the increasing resistance of the bidders to purchase mediocre material at gilded-lily prices will turn the tide. Midwestcon decided not to hold an auction this year at all, because of the sluggish sales at last year's gathering. Out of perhaps eighty items, only two dozen or so attracted any interest whatsoever. Inwardly I winced for the artists, but I also had to agree with the spirit being expressed. NO MORE RIP-OFFS! Only time will tell if the message has been heeded.

Now what on earth got me going on that topic? Believe me, I'm not faunching to nudge Linda Bushyager off her white charger. Fannish ethics generally disinterest me. But once in a while, I suppose, even the best of us must succumb to temptation and rap off about something or the other that's beginning to become an irritation in our normally enjoyably cosmos. Ripoffs bug me at any time; when it's fan-ripping-off-fan, I find it even more galling.

Midwestcon was a good'un this year, as usual. I haven't the foggiest how many people attended, but we took over the hotel, except for a few brave souls to come there for a wedding party, and a handful of teeny-bopper drum majorettes. Leigh and Norbert Couch opened their room Friday night for a party to celebrate their 25th Wedding Anniversary (a number that croggled me until I realized that Wally and I will pass the three-fifths mark towards that momentous anniversary in just a few more months. Age is a-creepin' up on us all!), and that served as the focus for the night's partying. The DisCon III bidding party managed to locate some liquor in time to open up for awhile, but reserved themselves for a larger gathering the next evening. (The Pavlats had forgotten that in Ohio, where liquor is sold through state-owned facilities, purchasing alcoholic beverages is impossible after six PM)

Saturday night, besides the con-suite and the DisCon room, Orlando had their usual popcorn-and-lemonade soiree, with their usual no-smoking rule in force. To my knowledge, they had only one gripe, but even one surprised me. I'm a nicotine addict, but I try to respect the rights of those who don't smoke. I certainly see no harm in having one tiny room out of an entire con-site set aside for those who don't smoke. In fact, I think it would be a neat idea for every con to establish one public function room for fans who'd like to sit around and rap during the day or early evening hours without having to suffer the discomfort of a continually-building, choking haze of smoke. If a smoker wants to enter, let him endure the agony of going a short while without a cigarette or (*blech*) cigar or pipe; it surely won't kill anyone. And for someone unenured to taking in lungfulls of pollution with each breath, it would be a haven indeed. As long as matters don't get entirely out of control, and the smokers find themselves restricted to one room, why I'm big-hearted enough to say "Why not?". Should the shoe be set firmly and pinchingly on the other foot, however, I'd howl louder than most anyone...

Enough nattering. Even though the bulk of us had difficulty coping with first-zine-itis, I can see that there's going to be more than a few mailing comments, so I'd better attend to those important and weighty matters that keep an apa alive...

ailing comments...

DEAD DOG MONTHLY _ Alan Hutchinson: Not much reaction to your zine, I'm afraid. One of the things that drove me screaming from STrekfandom was the sort of tedious listings and discussions of fictional creations as if they were real. The relatives of Donald Duck interest me even less than the relatives of Spock. Tolkien and Holmes fandoms disinterest me for similar reasons. Gads, but there's enough real stuff to study in this world (not that I do, but if my inclinations ran in that direction, delving into the dynasties of Ancient China or Egypt would attract me far more than any imaginary ones...), to waste one's time on stuff like this seems even more pointless than the usual fannish preoccupations.//I appreciated your agonizing over what to say in an apazine without a mailing in front of you. Hope I'll find more in the next mailing to relate to, but if not, guess it doesn't make all that much difference.//27 ain't so old. Ask Father Frank for insight on how to carry one's years with grace...

APRICOT #1 - Stven Carlberg: Since you natter about the sort of image you wished to convey about yourself in the opening sequences of your zine, and since the bulk of the remainder concerns apazines and titles for them, I then assume that you want to be thought of as a Publishing Jiant; Apatype. Okay, I'll buy that. Doesn't give me all that much to go on, but I'm hopeful that time will fill in details that are currently concealed behind the mists of corflu.//Liked your opening paragraphs; that's what's always welcome in an apa--fuggheaded comments to get the bile flowing. Of course we all know that Tolkien eschewed both peyote and hash, The magic mushroom was his choice for insightful highs, and those who would deny it are but blind or fools or both.// "DNQ" Yes, I've used the phrase on occasion when writing letters, not often but once in awhile. Type of information? Just about anything, but generally, it's semi-personal in nature, or about someone else and I'm not certain about just how widely it should be spread. Obviously I feel some people should know, or I wouldn't repeat it to begin with, but figure it's not meant for fandom-wide dispersal. Say that a friend is ill; if it hasn't been run in a newszine or general-circulation zine, I assume the ill person considers it none of fandom's business, but I might tell a reasonably close correspondent about it, and mark it DNQ. I'll also label so any rumors which I've heard third or fourth hand and can't assume responsibility for being accurate. Generally the DNQs that I've received are in a similar vein. To write DNQ in an apazine, though, seems ridiculous to me. I can't see each and every member physically restraining any friends from scanning their zines. Anything labelled such in an apa seems marked that way in order to guarantee its spread.//Enjoy your style of writing, even if I couldn't glean any solid hints for devising titles when you're the unimaginative sort of dolt I am. Title-concocting ranks with thinking up opening comments in my book. Shher torture. Took me three days to come up with the one I'm using now...talk about laboring elephants!!!

A TALENT TO AMUSE, Rev A - HERR DICTATOR: My difficulty in establishing relationships with others was in trying to figure out a reason that they should pay any attention to me in the first place. A lovely talent to amuse would have been greatly appreciated back when I was a struggling teen, but as far as I could see, I had nothing to contribute to a social atmosphere, so I kept to myself. With fandom's reliance on written rather than oral activity, I found enough self-confidence in letter and other fan-writing communications to reach out and establish contact with people in person. I still haven't any talent worth mentioning, except that I'm a heck of a good listener, but it doesn't bother me as much as it did in former years. I am what I am, and if others accept me, for whatever reason, then it's great. If they don't, well, so it goes.//So STOBCLER is a rat-like thing that will infest fandom, eh? Hmph! Don't know as if I want to be associated with rodentia, but being only a meek follower, rather than a hot-shot Dictator, I won't quibble. I had hoped for a more stirring saga behind our apa's name, but life is full of minor disappointments. May yours be all so trivial.//After that encouragement, do I dare

ask what the heck SZNIVTIG means?//Being a bit of a tippler myself (getting bombed at the first Midwestcon I attended nearly drove me from fandom through sheer embarrassment, but enough kind souls took the trouble to explain Things As They Are to convince me to stick around. Ghod knows I'm not the only one it's happened to), I enjoyed your bit on booze. My favorite drink is one that makes strong men blanche: Southern Comfort and Sugar-Free RC cola. I live on the stuff here at home, and bathe in it during cons. If pressed, when my usual runs out or is unavailable, I'll take rum and cola or bourbon and cola, or even beer, but I don't actively seek them out. Favorite cocktails are Southern Comfort manhattans (and the less dry vermouth the better), brandy alexanders and grasshoppers. Bristol Cream on ice ain't bad either. Obviously, I prefer sticky-sweet drinks, being an ex-sugarolic who only manages to keep her weight down by avoiding the stuff like the plague. But, common sense to the contrary, the so-called "Drinking Man's Diet" works for my body chemistry. Alcohol doesn't affect my weight, but let me use regular pop instead of diet versions, and I gain 5-7 lbs a week. I'd used the diet to drop myself twenty pounds or so of excess weight, and when I couldn't stabilize at the level I wanted, I dropped the sugared pop from my daily intake, and that did it. It's worked for over three years now, so I'm satisfied. Anyway, I find that imbibing in two vices, drinking sweets, at one sitting is a good, workable compromise. But enough blather, I'll list my preferred brands as you did, but bear that I seldom deviate from my usual drinks.

BEERS: Best: haven't found one yet.

Excellent: Heineken light, Millers, Hamms, Lowenbrau light.

Good: Coors, Bud, Strohs.

Passable: Blatz, Schlitz, just about all the rest. (I really haven't found any beer I could not drink. Comes from drinking to stuff at too tender an age. In our Irish family, you moved from milk to beer around age two or so. You end up having no criteria other than wetness and a beer-like taste...)

SCOTCH WHISKEY: Uniformly undrinkable. I HATE scotch!

BOURBON WHISKEY: Best: Canadian Club, Beam's Choice

Excellent: Seagram's Seven Crown, Jim Beam

Good: All the rest. No taste whatsoever for the better things in life, as I said...

GIN: Makes me nauseated to even think about it.

BRANDY: Excellent: Almost any kind. I prefer Hennessy's among the cognacs.

RUM: Meyer's Plantation Rum is my favorite, though I prefer just about any dark rum to the lights. Since I don't buy the stuff however, I usually have to settle for the light, dry rums, which everyone else in the world seems to like but me.

VODKA: No preference, I seldom see the need to drink the stuff.

TEQUILA: Ditto

LIQUEURS: Cherry Heering, Grand Marnier, Galliano (in some mixed drinks, not straight); but if it's sweet, I'll probably drink it.

WINE: Just about anything full-bodied and, yes, sweet. SHERRIES: Straight, cream or Bristol or Livingston Cream. I'll drink champagne at ceremonial occasions, out of a sense of duty, but otherwise avoid dry or white wines.

Now that I've revealed my crassness in the area of alcoholic beverages, you should realize that I'm the perfect guest for a person who values his drinking stock. I'll generally bring my own rather than touch your sacred scotch or precious imported

wines. Perhaps that could be considered as a "talent", if the term could tolerate being stretched to the utmost...//Don't go on for so long next issue; you're hogging too much of the space I've allotted for M.C.s

TWIXT - Jackie Franke: Noted.

SLOW DJINN # 4 - Dave Locke: As always, I enjoyed your natterings. Comment hooks weren't particularly easy to find, but let's see if I can whip up something about playing Hearts. My buddy, Martha Beck, is surely one of fandom's truly Gentle People. She's sweet, kind, never has a bad word to say about anyone. She's generous practically to a fault, the word "No" being alien to her vocabulary I guess. Anyway, she's a soft-souled, deferential person in all areas save one: playing Hearts. It turns her into a veritable monster, thirsting for blood of innocent victims. She'll dump the Queen of Spades on her best friend with utter aplomb. She'll smile, sweetly, as she deftly draws a single heart onto her trick, and then dumps all the rest and the Black Lady as well on some poor schnook who'd idly entertained thoughts of shooting for the moon. Give me a rabid skunk any day, they're safer to be around. I'd advise you to reconsider your challenge. Should Martha get wind of it, and accept, you're apt to rue the day you learned to tell a Club from a Spade.//What does "snogging" mean? I'd heard of smoffing and smopping at cons, but that's a new one to me. Has weird sound to it...//Do yourself justice: you do not draw "very badly". Bruce Townley and Brad Parks draw very badly. You draw "badly", but you draw funny, which alleviates any technical incompetence. Put yourself in the proper category or don't even try. I'm hurt that you didn't even mention your Ben Fan strip in Dilemma. That feature draws a good deal of comment, and none of it negative. Ken Keller got a particularly large charge from the latest one.//Dave, was it really necessary to bring up our few and far between, minor disagreements, and label the as "fierce arguments"? I realize that you strive for light-hearted humor, but distorting the truth so completely strains your credibility. You know I'm mild mannered and meek, and would never step out of my proper place to do something so uncouth as arguing. Quit trying to stir me into retaliation, it's doomed to failure.//I'm kinda anxious to see a contribution from Good Ole Ed, though I don't expect to until camping season is over and done with. His situation is the reverse of the Stopa's. They drop out of sight between November and April; he's not seen of during the summer months. Could be all for the best, doubt if my psyche could tolerate both groups at once, and Ed is definitely a "group", once you view all his facets; it would overload my circuits, or something.//Liked your categorizing of fan-writers. I fall into one or three, with two tossed in on occasion, depending on what it is I'm doing. Certain LoCs and the portions of my zine that I write are definitely section three, but apa activity is usually first and sometimes second. Letters are virtually always first, except at times when the urge to be utterly concise whops me on the head. (I try to ignore the sensation, but at times, can't) I've heard that some fans, like Sandra Meissel, first- and second-draft all LoCs, something I find mind-boggling, but I guess they're after a different effect than I am. I treat letters like a conversation at a con. Once the words are spoken, they can't be retracted; the same goes for setting them on paper. But regardless of which category I'm in at the moment, time taken per word is practically the same. Do you realize I've been typing just M.C.s for nearly four hours? Now that's ridiculous!!!

PALINDROME EMORDNILAP - Dean Grennell: Ah, the old punster is still in fine fettle! It's so nice to see you in print again, but even though I found your zine to be the most entertaining in the mailing, I've few comments to make about it. Will an appreciative smile suffice? It's a sincere one!//I see I should revise my rankings, I'd thought that Father Frank was our Elder, but see that the honor is yours. Are there any special obsequies you expect to be performed? Not that we'll do them, but it would be nice to know what's being ignored.//My memory may be freaking out once again, but it seems to me I recently (within the past three-four months) read something about the world's longest palidrome being recognized. Have you heard/read

anything about it? I would think that such a momentous event would be celebrated world-wide by word buffs such as yourself...

PELF #12 - D. Hulan & D. Locke: I'm not really up on apa-etiquette. Is one supposed to acknowledge the existence of one-shots, or merely curl one's lip in a genteel sneer? Does continuation of a previously-used title allow you to label it a one-shot in the first place? Well, I suspect that since one of the editors is our Great Leader, it must be legal--ipso facto, and all that.//I bow my head in humble respect at the truly awesome response-rate you received on PELF #11. That the last ish was read only by the respondents, all three of 'em, has nothing to do with the matter. Take pride in what you can, and 100% is 100%, regardless.//Great section from EdCo. Long may the fumes give him inspiration!//Are you certain that the Sheryl Smith letter wasn't in response to SHAMBLES rather than to PELF? Sounds/reads familiar, for some odd reason...//Lovely WAHF column, though I suspect that some, at least one or two, of those letters were a mite spurious. It read quite a bit like the one in lastish of Dilemma; are you certain Tucker didn't write yours too?

JACKDAW #1 - Frank Denton: Golly Gee Whiz! I passed the eye-check! Now I can take those dollars I was saving for the optometrist as spend them, sensibly, at a con instead. A great public service you performed, sirrah, and I thank you most enthusiastically!//Yes, I read some things (jam jars, cereal boxes, cents-off coupons...), and once in a great while sfanal material crosses my eyescan range. Latest read: DAHLGREN, MOTE IN GOD'S EYE, FOREVER WAR, and am just getting into THE BEST OF HENRY KUTTNER. Considering that pre-fandom, I read an average of four books a week, and that's my total for the past three months (if not longer) you can see how fandom can be accused of rotings one's brain.//I hope that your student assistant who "played around a bit with the pyramid thing" is aware that the entire thing was a hoax, perpetuated by some mathametician from the East (I think...an article appeared about him in one of the national-circulation zines awhile back, but I don't recall his name nor that of the zine. So It Goes), who has a droll sense of humor. Bet he'd make a dandy asset to fandom, but, come to think of it, since I don't know who he is, he just might be One Of Us already.// I, again, envy you England. *Gnash*

1ST VATCH _ Jan Snyder: Good Ghod, another trekkie! I can't escape them; they're everywhere! HELP!//Surely you are joking; expecting "scientific accuracy" in a movie? No such animule, m'dear.//I've never considered LORD OF THE FLIES as SF, even minimally. The impression I got was that it was set in the early portion of WW II, and the kids were stranded on the island by the shooting -down of their air-plane. Nothing cataclysmatic about that, except to the characters involved, of course. I found it mildly revolting, but also appealing to my sometime sense of futility when it comes to hoping for the best from that creature we call human.//If said Trek-flyer comes through the apa, you can darn well bank on it that I'll choose (b). //Busy gal, aren't you?

FAN ORDINAIRE _ Lon Atkins: Though you name is familiar (have I read some of your material in Saps, perhaps? Tucker has given me fragments of mailings of various apas, old and new, and I believe that's where I ran across your name), I know little about you. Would you violently object to what's probably yet another rehash of your personal background? I know it might bore the keys off your typer, but it'd be of great help to relative newcomers like myself.//Again, I had little comment to make about your zine, except "How true!" re: Harlan, "Well, sometimes." re: Silverbob, and "Of course fandom tolerates dictatorships. We're smart enough to let the idiots do all the work, if they're mad enough to offer. That way the rest of us get a free ride while the Dictator-types think they're gulling us. That way, everyone is happy". Interesting reading, despite the paucity of comment hooks.

HONEY DEW VINE WATER #1 - Gary Brown: Nice Cover (sorry, I couldn't resist, and it is a nice cover...)//I croggled when i saw the fuel adjustment figure that

appealing. What with the several "permanent" plantings (shallots, strawberries) it most likely would be impossible as well.

But we are getting our share, and more, of fresh air and sunshine--and mosquito bites, fly bites, ingrained and ground-in dirt, and various and sundry stickers, pricklers, and other scratchy things stuck in our hides. No need to mention the state of our muscles; bathetic prose never turned me on and I hope you're similarly inclined. I'd hate to think I'm in an apa composed of sadists.

Vacation plans are in a constant state of flux (this is being typed the day after the previous page). Got a call from Tucker last night, and his plans for a house party have gone blooey. The Passovoy's can't get this weekend off, so won't be going to BYOBCon at all, and Rusty Hevelin's down in Florida and decided not to come up until next week. Rusty did arrange for another ride to K.C. for Tucker, but Larry Propp wants to arrive a day early for the Early-Bird party Thursday night, so they'll be leaving sometime tomorrow afternoon instead of Friday morning. So it goes. I had been trying to figure out a way to drop in at the Couches, near St. Louis anyway, so I'll try to contact Leigh today and see if we can pitch our tent in her yard and stay there Thursday night. Driving straight through to K.C. from here is possible, of course, it's about a ten-hour drive, maybe twelve, but I'd prefer being in a semi-alert state rather than a semi-comatose one when we get there. This is why I prefer keeping a five-hundred mile limit to our con-going trips; any further and you're too burned out from getting there to enjoy the first day. BYOBCon will be the furthest we've gone to get to a regional, normally Nashville and Minneapolis mark our boundries. It galls me to have to pass up excellent conventions just because of distance, especially when they're just a bit too far away, but some sort of limit had to be established, and that one is as good as any other one.

Cons have been sprouting up all over the place in recent years. Chicago, Ann Arbor and Kalamazoo Michigan, now Chattanooga Tennessee and Iowa City Iowa have been added to the calendar of events since 1973, and only one, Pecon in Peoria Illinois, has been dropped. It's been said that a woman is planning a mammoth Star Trek con in Chicago next month. She's visited the Chgo Fantasy Society's meeting at George Price's and announced her intention and reportedly has hired Nimoy to do a TV commercial to be shown in a six-state area to draw attendees. She needs 3,000 people to register just to break even *urk*, with a \$20 at-the-door fee *double urk*. So far the only word we've heard is through the fannish network, and none in the mass media. I'm rather curious as to whether they'll get that many, or twice as much. During our Windycon meeting last weekend the topic was discussed with interest, since the Conrad Hilton is the site for the con and would also be it if Chgo went for a Worldcon bid. We wondered if it was necessary to test the hotel to destruction in order to judge its suitability as a con site. We will be Vatching....

Enough blather. I want to get this run off and in the mail today. See y'all next mailing, in October.....

☺
Jackie