

TWIXT 3

From: Jackie Franke; Box 51-A RR 2; Beecher, IL 60401. September, 1975 for Stobeler 12

At last writing, the Franke Family was about to set into motion those altered-at-the-last-moment vacation plans. We finally managed to finish the first leg of our trip, at the home of Leigh and Norbert Couch. a mere three hours later than anticipated. After a hot dinner of spaghetti with salad and blackberry cobbler, that Leigh had graciously prepared and held for us, we spent half the night just sitting around in their den, chatting about things fannish, familial, and familiar. The evening set just the right tone for BYOBCon; the relaxed feeling of being among friends.

The drive to KC was uneventful, and we had no difficulty--despite all the warnings received from area fen--in locating the hotel. The Muelbach was nice enough for a mid-city hotel, but dismayingly small for a Worldcon. We shared its facilities with a convention of beer-can collectors: probably the most simpatico pairing we've yet encountered in our con-trips. Alan and Sara Sue Wilde, Bill and Sherry Fesselmeyer, Ken Keller, and all the rest of the KC bunch handled the con well and kept things running smoothly. The various GoHs, Bob Bloch, Ron and Linda Bushyager, and Tim Kirk, as well as Toastmaster Tucker (who was attending his last con before leaving for Australia) circulated and kept themselves available for conversation all weekend. As usual I missed most of the programming, catching only the fanzine publishing seminar (which bogged down a bit towards the end, but produced a fairly decent one-shot that ran about twelve pages), half the SF JEAPORDY game (I'd heard that Phyllis Eisenstein was slaughtering the competition and wanted to watch her in action, but managed to arrive about four minutes before the end of the first section... *sigh*), and the entirety of The Richard Delap Show--a take-off on the various TV-Talk Shows; replete with commercial interruptions. (The ones done by KC fan David Wilson were simply excellent! In one he portrayed a Little Old Lady in Tennis Shoes type who got turned on by reading excerpts from "smutty" SF, and then came back to do an opposite number as a Long-Haired Poet type who got turned on reading about violence. Both bits tied in with those appearing on the "Show", Harlan and Bloch, and were simply hilarious. The other "guests", Tucker and Jim Gunn, had their works treated in lampooning ads that were well-done and funny, but Wilson's work was simply superb.) It was the first time I'd seen Delap, and I thought he handled the format very well. Rumor had gone about the con that he couldn't make the convention because of a flare-up of his diabetes due to nerves, but he mastered his stage fright and turned out a creditable performance. Rumor also had flown about that Joni Stopa wouldn't come because of family illness, but Trufan that she is, Joni flew in, tardy but there. True to form, I missed her costume workshop panel. One of these days they'll schedule it at an hour when I'm alive and functioning...

The parties, highlight of every con, were uniformly excellent. There weren't many room parties for a con that size, but with the three-room set up used for the con-suite, there was little need for many. Tucker initiated scads of fen into Smoothdom, and scads of nubile femmefans into his harem; the Dark Horde/Dorsai/Klingon Diplomatic Corps filksang to the entertainment of all; more serious guitar and singing sessions were held for rock, blues, and folk enthusiasts; an impromptu art orgy went on into the wee hours; the beer and Bhooze flowed fast; and the standard Ghodd Time was had by all.

Sunday evening we left for Mammoth Cave. Not having had the ~~foresight~~ foresight to have checked an up-to-date map first, we found ourselves following I-64, which proved to be far more two-lane country road detours than multi-laned divided highway expressway. We pulled off the road around 4:30 am, in dense fog, and grabbed a couple hours shut-eye before continuing on through Louisville and down I-65 to the national park. Monday was spent mostly in recuperation once the camp was set up. Mammoth has changed greatly in the 22 years I've

been visiting it. When I was 13, it was the first park, state or national, that our family had ever camped at. We slept on the ground, with netting perched on little stakes my Dad pounded in the ground covering us as protection from the mosquitoes. My folks had slept on the picnic tables the first night--until Dad got his toes nibbled on by a prowling raccoon--and then they'd pulled the car seats out and used those. The only piece of equipment we had was a Coleman stove. Ah yes, Mammoth Cave brings back memories...

We took two tours through the cave; the Historic section which is now self-guided and has lost half the enchantment for me because of that switch in policy; and the Scenic tour, which is the closest contemporary offering they have for the much-beloved All-Day tour. For the first time we hiked the various above-ground trails scattered about the park, and enjoyed the lovely Kentucky landscape. Returning from one such hike on Wednesday, we found that three of the Crazy Minneapolis Fans--Chuck Holst, Jennie Brown, and Bev Swanson--had pitched camp across the road from us. Paula Lieberman from the East Coast had attached herself to them when they left Kansas City, and the less I say about her the better. Anyway, ConCave was born, with room parties and crashers and all. GoH for the festivities was George, last name unknown, who brought along some of his buddies later on and woke the Mpls group by rummaging through the garbage cans. For a raccoon, George was a Neat Person, but his friends lacked couth.

Thursday Chuck, Jennie, and Bev headed east to visit the Offutts; Paula headed northeast to visit friends in Dayton; and we packed up to travel north to Rivercon a day early. I have a bad back, and my air mattress had sprung a leak we couldn't locate. Two mornings of popping pain pills in order to face the day was enough: I wanted a nice, comfortable bed to sleep on! We had a minimum of hassle in locating the hotel--the roads the committee had suggested to use were closed for repairs--and found ourselves checking into the ONLY available room left in the place. As we were unlocking our door, the phone began ringing; Caz was calling from Louisiana (?), and we were the only ones who had signed in for Rivercon at that time. It gave me quite a start, since I'd heard of, but never met, Caz, but I took the call and dutifully trotted back downstairs to reserve a room for him for the following night. It was close, but I managed to get one, again, according to the tales of woe and frustration heard from later arrivals, the last available room. Gee, I must have a knack for that!

Except for Muhammed Ali and entourage, we had this hotel to ourselves. Rivercon was more sedate than BYOBCon, but just as enjoyable in its own way. We had far more opportunity to talk with friends for more than a moment or two, and I got to meet Karen and Poul Anderson who are just as nice and fun to be with as I'd been led to expect. Sam Long, who was also making July a two-con month, entertained us with his outrageous puns, and Murray ??, one of the SCA Darke Horde I'd met in Champaign-Urbana, regaled us with song and story. The bar parties, with Lou Tabakow and Bill Cavin from Cincy, Karen and Poul from California, Phil Farmer and myself from Illinois, Andy and Jodie from Kentucky, and various comers-and-goers who'd drift in and out during the day, were the best and most relaxed I've ever been included in. The con-suite was sumptuously appointed--no kidding!--and no matter what time of day or night you dropped in, the chairman Cliff Amos was up and about, keeping an eye on things and helping everyone to introduce themselves and have a good time. Someone brought in a hot-dog heater, and for a quarter donation, you could find hot food at any hour.

Bob Roehm, perhaps in retaliation for my leaving of Slanapa, invited me to sit on the fan panel. He must've caught me in a weak moment, since I agreed, but I'll get back at him somehow in the future. Public speaking scares me stiff, and despite two Valiums and two *stiff* drinks thoughtfully prepared by my husband Wally, I still quivered in terror. Thanks to Juanita Coulson, I found some sensible topic--I was termed the Veteran Neo of the panel--to expound on, though Ghod alone knows what I said. I did find out what snogging meant though; Buck, from the audience, suggested that I explain my success at that form of fan-ac, and since I couldn't see any tactful way out of displaying my ignorance, I simply asked him to describe it. *Oh well* Every day you should add at least one bit of knowledge to

your memory banks, and I suppose fanterms are included in that category. Jodie Offutt had a confrontation with nerves too; she gave the keynote address Friday evening and did splendidly! Andy got irked on her behalf--some klutz in the hucksters room next door was showing the bootleg STrek blooper film, and wouldn't turn it off, delaying the activities in the function room next door. The closing time for the Huckster Room had been prominently displayed and mentioned, so there was no excuse for the guy's thoughtlessness. I do believe that was the only unpleasantness that occurred during the con, though. The Committee did themselves proud in keeping things under control. The Masquerade came out fine, the banquet was good (is it my imagination, or have the eatables been improving in quality in recent months? Haven't encountered rubberized chicken in ages!), and the speechifying interesting. We hope to visit Louisville again next year.

Our youngest, Brian, managed to carry through on the threat he makes each and every vacation trip, and actually maimed himself in Louisville. In trying to leap from the ladder to the side of the pool, he crunched his chin; breaking a tooth and requiring five stitches. The hotel staff, nervous about the possibility of us suing them for neglect (since the Life Guard on duty decided to leave the pool area for awhile when the accident happened), were over-zealous in their hospitality. It was Brian's fault, of course, and I had no intention of bringing legal action against them, but I'm rather tempted to encourage another such mishap--getting that sort of attention from the hotel staff was damn nice!

On coming home, we found that our weeding job had held up, and the garden wasn't in the sorry shape I'd feared. Corn, tomatoes, broccoli and green peppers, along with the ever-bearing green and wax beans--which are threatening to take over our freezer!--were ready to harvest, and the squash and melons were doing nicely. The cucumbers were unbelievably profligate, and we're up to our ears in them. Even now, with my vining plants being attacked by some weird fungus and hordes of insects, they're producing fruit faster than we can pick. I wish the other plants were as determined to bear--my canteloupe crop looks as if it'll be close to a total loss. Somehow I'm beginning to get the message that Mother Nature has a contract out against our garden...

The first weekend in August we held our family party for the kids' birthdays. The next day we drove into Chicago for the wedding of Mike Wills and Helen Huemann--a pair of semi-active con fans--at the Palmer House. It was the first Jewish wedding I'd attended, and though it was a mixed Judaic-Christian marriage and therefore not entirely according to ritual, I found it lovely. The dinner afterwards was simply fantastic! Prime rib, mixed fresh fruit, asparagus, spinach-souffle-stuffed crepes with white sauce, romaine-cucumber-tomato salad, two kinds of wine, a lemon mousse with chocolate-leaf garnish, plus the traditional wedding cake--we were gorged on good food and drink! The fans were all at one table: Bob and Anne Passovoy, Doug Rice and Marty ??, Mike Blake and his girlfriend, and Wally and I. Naturally, we turned it into a con--what else?--and named it Tablecon IV, in honor of our table number. Doug Rice embellished a napkin with a cartoon that will head the con report in Dilemma, and we expect to auction it off at Windycon for TAFF. It was an enjoyable night.

The next weekend (just assume that I'd been gardening like mad during the week...) Martha Beck, Karen Anderson (a former Wilmot, Wisc. fan who now lives in Wheaton, Ill.), and I drove up to Minneapolis to spend the weekend at Margie and Joel Lessinger's for the first NocresCon. Nocres, a social club headed by Chuck Holst, Bev Swanson, Madman Mark Riley, and a few others, is made up of MinnStfers who seek more conversation and partying than is found at the regular MinnStf meetings. About thirty fans showed up, and we had a great weekend of talk, bridge games, picnicking, and smoking and drinking. Almost another Wilcon in spirit. The starter on my car went out, so our departure was delayed Monday, but with all the compatible company about, it didn't bother us any.

The following Friday, I drove up to the Detroit area with my Mom and step-father, and my daughter, Sandy, for the wedding of a cousin. While at one of my Aunts' house, after the reception, I managed to break my right hand, hitting it against, of all things, a door knob! Being prone to cracking my limbs against objects, I didn't realize it was broken

until the aching it was doing on the drive homeward the next day clued me in that more than just a mere bruise was involved. A Windycon meeting/party at Resnick's was scheduled for that night, but by the time we got back from the Emergency Room at the hospital, it was far too late to get there. Wally drove over to my Mom's house to take me home (and lend me some of his pain killers, since it was already Sunday morning and there was nowhere I could get the prescription the MD at the hospital had given me filled), and I've been trying to cope with a grenade splint and ace bandaged right hand ever since. Next week I return for X-Rays to insure that the new bone growth didn't displace the metacarpal alignment, and this clumsy get-up should be removed on the 13th. I only hope my sense of frustration will allow me to keep sane until then! The aching I can cope with, but being unable to write or draw or do half the things I normally do in the course of my daily life, especially not being able to drive!, is bugging the dickens outta me. At least I can manage to type, don't know what I'd do if I couldn't!

The next day, Sunday, Wally drove me to the Loop for a Windycon check-out of the facilities of the new site for the con. I rather like them; better than those at the Blackstone last year at least, though not as good as most large Holiday Inns offer. Stu (?) Brownstein, who was visiting the Resnicks en route to San Francisco from Boston, opined that the motel could handle the con with little trouble as long as registration didn't pass 550 or so. At last word, preregistration was 132, so there is a distinct possibility we may hit 600 or more. *Gulp* We can but hold our breaths and pray.

The following weekend (should I change the name of this zine to the Weekend News?) the bulk of Chicago fandom ran to earth and cowered in their various cubbyholes while the Trekkies took over. Reports on attendance range from 15,000 to 18,000 (at \$20 a head!) and except for the fen who are part of the Klingon Diplomatic Corps, sensible fannish souls stayed clear of the mob scene. If you saw the report in TIME, you can imagine what it was like. Those of you who received fliers from the SF-EXPO-76 can take warning...

The 13th Wilcon wrapped up the activities for August. The Stopas had feared an attendance of 100 or more (88 showed up last year!), but thankfully less than sixty arrived. For a house with two bathrooms, even that was stretching things a bit, but with some fen staying at other fen homes and a cottage Joni had rented for those with cat allergies or other difficulties, the usual morning rush wasn't bad at all. Except for a collating session for the Windycon committee (and allied children who were pressed into duty), there was no planned activities. Everyone simply partied for four days--some even for up to six--and had a good, though hardly relaxing, time. Wilcons are invitational--out of necessity, not cliqueishness--but still manage to attract attendees from all over the country, and are always a Must on our schedule. This year was an aberration, in that the July 4th weekend is its usual date, but I'll bet we had thrice the fun than those who attended NASFIC did!

Well, that should bring you pretty well up to date on my doings since last issue. I've been busy drafting Dilemma's lettercol, and hope to have the next issue out by the 15th, but if I run into hassles with my hand and am unable to cut illoes, it might be delayed. Those of you who don't already get my zine will receive #8 and #9, but I'd appreciate it if you'd let me know whether you want to continue getting it or not. I ran off more copies lastish than usual, and have enough spares to cover the roster, but I'd rather keep the copy-count as low as possible. I'm a dreadfully lazy person!

The kids began school the 26th of August, so I'm back to a more normal routine again. The stack of unlocced fanzines is back up to 18", but Hope springs eternal. If nothing else happens, I should see clean shelves by month's end. Only one Windycon meeting is scheduled during September, otherwise no fanac at all is coming up. October's a different story, with Windycon 2, the remote possibility of Octocon, and Icon over Halloween weekend tentatively circled on the calendar. Hope health, strength and finances hold up!

And now for something completely different.....

'AILING 'OMMENTS

SZNIVTIG 11--*The O-O--Dave the Dictator*: Well, I see you've moved my position. While I have no objection to Don and Ed, I rather liked it between you and the Other Dave. If you feel it's necessary to shuffle us about (undoubtedly into the order in which you received our zines), I won't cause a hassle--merely sit back in my corner and whimper a bit.//Suggestion received: if I still recall it at stapling time, I'll add another to the lower edge. Sheesh, but you Dictators sure get huffy!!//I vote FOR stapling the entire mailing. It makes it much easier to keep track of in the general messiness of my surroundings. As long as you have a stapler capable of handling the thickness of the thing, and it's no additional burden on you, why then by all means; instate it as a regular practice.//I momentarily gasped at the deadline, since it's only a few days after Windycon, and I don't expect to have gotten my wind back by then, but then I recalled that--since I mail third class--that translates as September 8th and, instead of fretting over the future, went into an immediate state of panic! Wilcon is this coming weekend, so I'd better get this thing done in the next three days or miss the mailing. Fortunately my kids begin school tomorrw (the 26th), so I should have ample time, barring yet another catastrophe...//I've been trying for several issues to get Wally to write (or even dictate) something for my perszine, but no go. Just knowing that his words will be Committed To Print, albeit lowly mimeo, and he freezes up. Tis a shame; he has some lovely ~~blatney~~ tales to tell. He's doomed to be a fringe-fan forever...

WAFFLE PAPERS #1--*George Inzer*--So nice to have made contact with you, no matter how brief, before reading your zine! It makes it easier somehow; at least I'm not reading/relating to material by a total stranger. Nice LoC on Dilemma: you'll see it shortly as I'm just roughing out the lettercol.//It was, indeed, your second choice--Rodeway.//I had no idea that you Conservative Southern Fen indulged in weed. Ken Moore had scared everyone from this area so thoroughly with his tales of horror, that Paranoia reigned supreme. At Midwestern cons, it's difficult to see the elevator lights for the aromatic haze, but perhaps you abstain at such functions and reserve your smoking for more homey places, like the back stoop. To each their own, I suppose.//I don't make a good toker. Gives me feelings of real paranoia. Not as acute as it once did; now I only think that each laugh, chuckle or snicker is directed toward me, but I know, at the same time, it's only an illusion and that everyone's not really plotting against me. Or at least I hope they're not...//I don't know what to say about the purse-snatching incident. As far as I'm concerned, you acted properly. You weren't a witness to the snatching itself, and you didn't get a good look at the alleged culprit (see how fast I pick up the lingo?) so there was nothing you could contribute to help the police or the victim. By those criteria, you weren't even a witness at all, so there's no need to sweat about failing your civic duty, or whatever. You did what was necessary--nothing.

AT THE SIGN OF THE BLUE UNICORN--*Len and June Moffatt*--Though I have a snapshot of the two of you--courtesy of Dave Locke--we've never met. Glad to be "meeting" you at last! Sorry our vacation plans conflicted with the Bouchercon. It sounded neat, and I really would have liked to attend if it hadn't been for Other Things being slated for the same time.//Of course there's always the hybrid version--Fandom Is Just A Goddam Way Of Life--but it's too middle-of-the-roadish to attract many adherents; true though it may be.//I've accidentally tasted milkweed sap, while yanking the miserable things from the cucumber patch, and feel it would make a superb substitute for bitters in any drink that called for them. If the plant is indeed poisonous, then perhaps we have come up with yet another Neat Way to do away with one's enemies?//Field-stripping M-16s in a turkish bath is only a means of keeping one's hands and mind occupied. It's too humid to read, the ink tends to run on the pages; and ditto for playing cards, they stick together. So what else is left?//*Len (suppose I should indicate to which of you I'm referring)*//I can't say tha fandom altered my thinking on anything, but it sure made it easier to live with the thoughts I already had. I'd gone for years, convinced I was the only odd-fellow (figuratively speaking) in the area. With fandom around, you're never alone, regardless of what your personal beliefs/philosophy/dreams are. There's kooks aplenty to join in with.//Tucker was the first pro I ever met, at the PeCon I'd mentioned last issue. The first night I ended the evening at a room party with him, Gordy, Buck Coulson and Leigh Couch; getting drunk and singing (badly). Totally removed any awe I might

have had or developed toward meeting BNFs or writers. Couldn't think of any group that could immunize one from such silly notions more quickly. Rusty I didn't meet until a year or two later--can't recall just when--but he fit into my idea of Neat People right off. From the cards that have been coming in, I gather he and Tucker are having a grand old time Down Under. From the LOCUS report, you'd think they took over the entire Aussiecon...//Ah, Pinochle! Great as a socializing game, one you can play while still carrying on a conversation. That and bridge are my favorites, though I do play Hearts, Crazy Eights, and Gin Rummy. Tripoley, a version of Michigan Rummy, used to be a favorite, but I haven't played in so long that when the kids came across our old playing board, I couldn't recall the rules!//Box companies are nice places. Wally and I had to contact a (reasonably) local firm to pick up some corrugated board to construct forms on which to hang artwork at WindyCon--prior arrangements having been made by Mark Aronson, one of the co-chairmen, who worked for the company that did their advertising. I couldn't get over the cleanliness of the place, it was as neat as a pin, and the workers were as helpful and friendly as could be. We needed something like 30 sheets of board and took home 94; plus a couple dozen ^{sheets of} white-coated stock that the foreman ^{said} was terrific for doing pen-and-ink drawings on (his wife was an artist). The stuff was used to make Miller's six-pack cartons.//I agree, i.e. Star Trek. It caught me fancy because it was so much like the SF I'd been weaned on! Pure Space Opera, with a bit of modern Relevancy stuck in for flavor. It literally captivated me...until that ghodawful third season. I think too many of the show's detractors forgot that important fact: it was meant to be FUN, and it damn well was.//*sigh** I, too, "directed" the C&I games played at our house, or the vacant lot (we called them "prairies") next door. Had a ball, I did, until, after interest began waning among the neighborhood kids--due to simply being older I'd guessed--and I then overheard some kid's mother telling my Mom that the kids disliked playing such games at our place because I was "too bossy". And here I'd felt that everyone had been having as wonderful a time as I was! So much for "plot" and childhood games. I don't think I've ever played games like that since...

SLOW DJINN #5--*Dave Locke*--Quit showing off, Dave. I knew that sloe gin wasn't a true gin, and if I knew it then it's Common Knowledge, at least among tipplers.//We keep hoping for a forest in our yard, but at the rate the trees we've planted are growing, it'll be respectable scrubland in another century or so: never a forest! I envy you your childhood years. That type of country is what Wally and I yearn for, but ex-soybean fields is the closest we could get to it. Darn it all, anyway!//*"Interesting crossbreed"* Yes, I do like that description of SHAMBLES...//*"overwhelming response"*? Gee, you really are getting a swelled head, aren't you? Boasting and bragging all over the place. (I don't blame you a bit, but keep it within reason for the sake of us Lesser Mortals and our fragile egos, will ya?)//You people and your lengthy lists of fanzine titles: mine is much more sensible--DILEMMA, THE GARDEN PATH (for Slan-apa, now retired), and TWIXT. Keep 'em short, keep 'em simple I always say. Lists, not titles...//Reading Robert Moore Williams' name reminded me of a gripe Mike Resnick has made several times--why aren't the old-time writers among us honored at cons instead of repeating the Big Names like Heinlein so often. He suggested Jack Williamson or Don Wollheim as being long over-due for a Worldcon GoHship, and I agree. Sure, some of them cranked out tripe, but damn it all, it was our kind of tripe, and it helped keep the genre going through some mighty lean years. Those guys paid their dues, and they should be acknowledged for it. Leave the Hugos for honoring the "Best", and let the GoH "award" go to those who made SF what it was and is.//ConFusion, chaired at Ann Arbor, Michigan by Ro Nagy each January, uses the numbering system you devised in a drunken moment. I think the first one was 15 or 14, and they've been counting downwards ever since. I can't help but wonder--should the boom period we're enjoying last so long--what'll happen when zero is reached? Does the world simply dissolve, or what?//I was taken to the piano teacher as a wee child, and for some odd reason thought I wanted to learn to play for quite some time before my utter lack of talent dawned on me. Tried accordian in 7th or 8th grade, but wasn't good at that instrument either. My latest wishful thinking exercise is wanting to take up guitar. Considering my manual dexterity, I'd flop at that as well. Maybe numbers are what I really need. What was the brand-name of that organ you have?//Now, while admitting that Coors is definitely an over-rated beer, and that there are others I'd take in preference, I coggle at your labeling it "undrink-

able". If you can drink Pabst, then Coors should be a cinch! And to equate Benchmark with Wild Turkey...! Well, words fail me. Even Tucker, maybe he didn't blanch when he drank it, but he came blasted close to it, downgraded it, and we all know that he'll drink 'most anything. It could be that having stored it in the cabinet above our range had something to do with its inferior flavor, but I've tried other fifths elsewhere, and I still found it mediocre at best. Maybe Southern California has a different distillery than ours...I'd hate to suggest that your taste buds have degenerated. The after-taste of (dry) wines is what I find objectionable too. Sweet wines don't have the same effect on me, though.//Now you're showing off again! Your memory is a hell of a lot better than mine: you know, I'd forgotten all about that Kay Anderson/MCP thingee in YANDRO. I thought I'd written to compliment you on the (dare I say it?) boil-on-balls story you had related. But you're undoubtedly correct, my brain is getting more into that pickled state as years go by. Funny, but my reaction was "Only three years?" Seems like I've known you well-nigh forever, fannishly speaking, of course.//Gee, Phil Dick's VULCAN'S HAMMER (Aside: I typed Vulvan Hammer, but decided to corflu it, don't want you spraining your back, falling off chairs) brings back memories. If only he'd still write stories and not the persecution-complex stuff you get nowadays. VH wasn't great SF, but, bighod, it was SF!//Oh there are quite a few of us Converted Trekkers (I've always bleched at the term "trekkies") around, but most keep it secret, like hiding the fact that you were an SS member is done in Germany. Some Things Are Better Left Unknown...but being a scrupulously (hah!) honest person, I could not, in good conscience, keep it hidden. I DID, at one time, BELONG TO STAR TREK FANDOM! Odd how it hurts to even type the words.//And you're rather astute for a guy... Actually, said FIAWOL remark branched off from an argument/discussion (one in the same, considering it was joined with Alex Eisenstein) at last year's Wilcon. Alex took the usual sneering stance in regard to FIAWOL, and yet he does little else outside of fandom than earn a living. While I realize that some people can create a lifestyle around the happenstance of their employment, such personalities are not usually encountered in fandom. Virtually all of my fannish friends (which are 99% of my friends) are FIAWOLers, and most would suffer the rack before admitting it. I can't understand why...//I've said this before in letters, but it bears repeating: what you have Out West are Mob Scenes, not cons. Come to the Midlands for a taste of Trufanning, convention-style at least. I realize you make do with frequent social contact, while we're too widely dispersed to get together all that often, but still and all, from nearly every person I've talked with who has attended a Midwest con and who hail from other regions, I've heard nothing but exclamations about how different, how friendly, how much fun, our cons are to attend. They are small, personal, and definitely not frenetic. This year has been an exception, what with the Worldcon being overseas and all, but generally sizes range from 100 to 350 or so. You don't have to crane your neck during a conversation, lest you miss seeing Joe Phan who probably, once missed, would never be seen again, because you're bound to meet everyone you want to meet sometime over the weekend. Big cons are circuses, and I do at times like circuses, but only once a year or so. Our cons are more like large, rather structured, parties, and a helluva a lot of fun. End of proselytizing; like a True Believer, I KNOW I'm right, and feel vague sympathy for you heathen.//Ah, those blue, blue Western skies! Yes, indeedy. I recall that throat-aching reaction during our Grand Canyon trip in 1970 (whoops! '71), and it still hurts. As soon as Wally retires we're heading for central New Mexico or Arizona as fast as his pension will take us there. Considering he's got 18 years in, and belongs to an outfit that allows one to retire after 30 years, it ain't that far-off a dream...//Define "Faaan" fiction for me, willya? I would normally consider that as being fiction written for/about fans, as opposed to SF/Fantasy written by fans in fanzines. But I've been called down on that, and had nothing to defend my position with. It galls be to be in such a situation, tho lord knows it happens frequently enough.//Dew? Me? Na-a-a-w, you've got it all wrong! The others were quite good though...even yours (heh-heh)//I felt bad, as a kid, that I didn't have an imaginary playmate, so I concocted one, but it just wouldn't jell properly. *sigh* Another story of deprived childhood.//Dull issue, Dave. Too bad I couldn't find enough comment hooks. Better luck next time. (Now that was mean, and I apolo-gize. Loved each and every word, and sorry there's not enough room to comment more!)

ZYLPHING THE RAULT #4--*Don Markenstein*--Excellent first issue. Your ability at nattering makes me envious...more than offsetting the vague umbrage I took at seeing your colophon: "Occupied CSA", indeed! Won't you people ever accept reassimilation?//I read your relating of the encounter with bureaucratic politics with deep interest. For a decidedly non-political person, at least in the conventional sense, I've always had a gnawing curiosity about the behavior of people in socially political (for lack of the proper terminology) situations. Intrigues the dickens outta me, and I hope you give other examples in the future.//You really must be hard up. I never could bring myself to work for Nixon, or at least under no possible circumstances; conceivable, maybe; but probable, no. And if by some wild-blue-yonder chance I was employed for his outfit, I'd do my damndest to get myself out of a job as quick as the proper sabatouge could be accomplished. Loathe that man...excuse the latter word, it was a slip of the typer//Just went to my fanzine file to check, and sure nuff, postmarked May something-or-the-other, 1973 was an issue of TANDSTIKKERZEITUNG. Considering that back then my zine had a mailing list of about 60, that I didn't know Southern Fandom even existed (I did meet John Guidry at Torcon later that year; ate with him at the banquet, as a matter of fact, but I doubt if he recalls me) much less anyone in it, and that I found your zine almost incomprehensible then (not now; I just reread it and it's good, entertaining nattering), it's no wonder you never heard from me. Now of you had sent that next issue, I would have felt duty-bound to reply. So it goes...//My being in Joe Green's living room was a farce. I'd driven down to watch the final moon launch with Jim and (at the time, tho they're divorced now and she's remarried) Penny Hansen and Don Blyly. Don, who's a great guy at making big-mouthed plans with little results to show for them, said he'd arranged with Green for us all to get Press Passes for the launch. Since he hadn't known until twenty hours or so before we left that the trip was going to occur, and no one can get passes that quickly for non-VIPs, I should've known better, and subconsciously I guess I did, because I was squirming with discomfort in Joe's home while Don ahd and ummed his clumsy way through an introduction to Nita, who obviously knew zilch about us or our reasons for being there. Jim spotted "Doc" Clark (who was at the time, though I'm not sure if he still is, married to Joe and Nita's daughter, Rosie) and struck up a conversation with him and Rosie that soon encompassed the three of us, leaving Don to try to talk his way out of an embarrassing (to us at least; I doubt if Don has the sense to be embarrassed) situation. We wound up watching the launch from the same place our family had for #11--the causeway East of Titusville--and spent the night at the Clark's apartment. Except for Poul Anderson, who I recognized but had never met, I didn't know a soul at the Greens save the people I came with.//As a note to illustrate how quickly things move in fandom; I now know Joe and Nita reasonably well, Poul and Karen were met and acquainted with at Rivercon, and I guess I'm at least familiar with two-thirds of the fannish guests that attended those pre- and post-launch parties. At thattime I had never even heard of Joe Green! As far as I knew he was a fan who just happened to work for NASA.//I wonder if Don Walsh is the same fellow who supposedly was wandering about KKK with a gun. Someone got into an argument with this fellow in the bar, and he pulled a pistol, but was talked out of using it by on-lookers. Martha Beck said the guy was a notorious nut, and dangerous when angered, but she couldn't recall his name, only that he was from down south somewhere. She suspected it might have been Joe Bob Williams from Texas, but was admittedly foggy on names. From your description, it sounds more like Walsh...//Say "Hi" to Caz for me, and tell him I was disappointed not to have met him at Rivercon. He'd called the day before the convention began, just as we unlocked our room after registering at the desk, and asked me to reserve a room for him, his wife, and another couple. I dashed downstairs (at the time, we were the only people at the hotel who had indicated we were attending Rivercon, which is why the operator put him through to our room in the first place) and by dint of my forceful personality, got him a room in a supposedly "fully booked" motel. Nary a word of thanks did I receive--unless it came so late into the parties that memory dims. Polite Southerners, indeed! Hmph!//Enjoyed the con report. Bjo's Neat People, isn't she? I don't know her well, but Juanita raves about her almost every chance she gets. Wish New Orleans were closer, I'd like to attend a con there. Well, if you ever manage to cop a Worldcon bid...//Rivercon passed out a batch of those Laser books too; we wound up with 6.//Glad to "meet" you.

JACKDAV #2--*Frank Denton*--I'll be looking forward to that trip report! Enjoyed the last one so very much, even if I did wear my teeth down to nubs from gnashing them so hard.// Odd how the circles-overlapping-circles show up in fandom. I just got Carlson's zine, JAWBONE, two days before this mailing, wherein he reports on his visit with you. Next I fully expect to read Susan's meeting with Michael (and you too?) in AMOR. If I was only so lucky as to be on Berry's list, I'd probably get yet another version of the various twists and turns that result from one fan's trip across country. Certainly makes everything feel cozy; like the doings of one far-flung family rather than a bunch of non-related individuals.//Yeah, if for no other reason than the number of conventions, I'm pleased to live in the Midwest. (Can't say that I'm overly enchanted with the seasons though; Winter's too cold, summer's too hot, but spring and fall aren't too bad) Wish we had the wherewithall to afford flying, then I could make the ones that are currently unreachable, like MileHiCon. Congrats on your GoHhood, I'll join you in that rank this November. Jim Hansen knocked me over by inviting me to serve in that position at Champanacon. Are you as nervous about it as I am?//Say hello to the Denver gang for me, willya? I'm so far behind in correspondence, don't know when I'll get a chance to write to the Elder Ghodess or Don.//Same here; I haven't lost any of my school friends to the Big Sleep (I generally don't care for such euphemistic expressions, but since it was initiated by Dean, who am I to quarrel?), but I have lost them due to diversion of interests and location. Our 1st reunion was in 1968, and I'm mildly curious about when the next one will be. Oddly enough, or perhaps not--when you consider the normal dating patterns in high schools--I know more of Wally's class, and he of mine, than we both do of our own.//I've always wanted to participate in a rallye, but never knew anyone with a sports car. *sigh*//The name Darrell Sweet rings a bell, but nothing concrete comes to mind. Can you enlighten me?

APRICOT #2--*Stven Carlberg*--SNIT is what I mentally call our O-O, though I guess a hearty sneeze would come closer to duplicating its true sound. It would roll all right, but not melodiously, by any means!//I'd never thought of that mirror-image thing regarding the title of my zine; is there a name (similar to palidrome for reversable words) for that sort of word?//New Orleans in December--wish you guys would quit tantalizing us Northerners! Have fun at HalfaCon...*grunch*//I avoid "disaster" movies too. Never saw "The Posiedon Adventure" for instance, never want to. "Jaws" is another that doesn't tempt me in the least. Maybe for free on the TV, if there's nothing better to do, but otherwise I wouldn't waste the time/energy/cash. Now "Lion in Winter" I liked (though I liked "Beckett"--one of my all-time Favorite Films--better. I read Arthurian books only once in awhile, but couldn't finish "Once and Future King". The anachronisms bugged me too much. I prefer period novels that fit the period, regardless of the writer's rationalizations.//According to a rumor I picked up in Minneapolis, Coors has to go National. Some fannish contact, or perhaps a fan, works for the ad company that handles Coors, and the campaign for introducing it is all laid out. Invest in Coors stock, but be prepared to dump it in four months or so. (Wish I had the dough to invest in any stock!)//My reading has been really terrible lately. After fanzines and magazines, I scarcely have time to write letters and breathe, much less read books. Since last mailing I have (finished) THE BEST OF HENRY KUTTNER, read ANCIENT, MY ENEMY (anthology) by Dickson, and have begun (roughly in order) LOVECRAFT: A BIOGRAPHY by deCamp, FUTURE SHOCK by Toffler, and THE 1975 WORLD'S BEST SF by Wollhiem (anthology--no kidding, he says). Began but could not finish because of nausea, SEEDS OF CHANGE by Monteleone (that blasted Laser book). A shameful record. Of your list, I've read the Chandler, MacDonald and Niven/Pournelle books. Enjoyed them all, though it's been a long, LONG time since I've read the first two, and I agree with your assessment of MOTE overall, though I'd rate it higher than merely "readable". I was relieved that it didn't win the Hugo, as I considered the LeGuin book superior in every way except pacing. Neither really pulled me through by my eyeballs//I happen to have a spare mimeo around: a 1929 Speed-O-Print with a fannish past. Owned by Vic Ryan and then Bob Tucker before it was passed on to me. It has no part that functions properly, except the drum goes around if you crank it, but it does print legibly if you nurse it along. If you're really desperate.... You have to feed each sheet in by hand, and brush ink on the pad every 25 impressions or so, and...but I don't want to bore you. It is free though, as long as it remains in trufannish hands. Tucker has to approve its passing on, of course. That uppity, I'm not!

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TWIXT---Jackie Franke--Thank ghod; a zine I can skip: I do note, though, that this zine is not in the same order as listed in the ToC. Sloppy collating, Dave. (heh-heh)

CHOMIZAR 10--Ed Cox--Gee, EdCo the Historian. Is that similar to Kaymar's role in the N3F? Does that mean you're equating Stobeler with the N3F in importance? Dunno if I'd want to belong to a group like that. Even being a rat-like thing would be better...// I saw Jean Berman the first part of August, at the Lessinger's. She's doing well, and didn't seem to be overly bitter about her dissolved marriage from (with?) Larry Nichols. She can't find work in her field (city planning) in London any longer, so is back in the States for awhile at least. She's really a rabid Anglophile now, even sounds British when she speaks, and wants to return to England a.s.a.p.//Is Fred Hollander the same as Flieg? I've met Flieg a few times, mostly as Midwestcons and Minicons.//Except for Wolford, all the names on the original roster are familiar to me from fanzine reading (between Tucker and Hickman, I've gotten a sizable number of Ancient fmz) or con-attending.//Masochist that I am, I enjoyed reading the History and assume I'll have no trouble whatsoever in managing to gulp down more, as long as it's parceled out in such convenient size.//I await the mutual biographies with breathless anticipation.// Ned Brooks is alive and well in Slan-apa. He sends out his mail-diary, IT COMES IN THE MAIL, approximately every third month (write and ask for a copy; it's good and filled with all sorts of info), and attends cons, mostly in the East, but occasionally more westward, every so often.//While I don't recall that six-page rule being a limitation, quite the reverse, actually, if you have a mind to, you could pattern your zine after the practice our State Legislature uses when they've reached the end of their legal term and still have bills to pass: they freeze the clock at midnight and sometimes continue debating for days until all business is completed. So simply number the pages as "Six" until you've had your say...even if it takes a dozen sheets to do it in.//I must remember that Wild Turkey and Orange soda drink. Lynn Hickman, a bourbon purist if ever there was one, refuses to fix me a mixed drink if it contains whiskey. It has to be Neat, or it's blasphemy, as far as he's concerned. I finally got a lever on him, by some means or the other, and at one Midwestcon requested my usual S.C. & R.C. as his means of lifting the obligation. Never saw anyone squirm so much in trying to avoid a just debt, but he finally bowed to the inevitable and mixed the drink. He turned green! I'd love to see what color he changes to if I asked for your concoction!!!//I think a certain measure of grime is necessary for the proper function of manual typers. My old Olympia, currently retired though not abandoned (that was just to show I can spell that word when I'm paying attention), operated faithfully for over 20 years with nary a cleaning, except for the typefaces. This blasted IBM froze up on me last week because a *single hair* (albeit a twenty-some-odd inch one) got wound around the bar that carries the typing element carriage. A machine that sensitive irks me. The Olympia was trustworthy and loyal, and really didn't require strenuous effort to cut stencils. I love that old beast...//I, too, found that if you read labels, you can find eminently drinkable "cheap" bourbons. I watch the percentage of aged whiskies in a blend, as well as the age, and find some good booze for \$3.49 a fifth. Of course, if you don't care for blended whiskey in the first place, you wouldn't care for brands like "Philadelphia", or "PM", or "Guggenheim", but I will accept them, when I'm broke enough.//As far as I know, you can't get such a thing as "supermarket brand" booze in Illinois.//I gather from the little pricing I do when traveling (we usually bring our own along) that booze is cheap in Illinois, despite all the screaming we do about outrageous taxation. Whenever the Offutts, for example, drive in, they leave with a trunkful of various kinds of booze to tide them over till the next trip. Prices for Southern Comfort range from \$4.59 (our local drugstore) to \$5.69 (Chicago liquor stores). Most name brands of bourbon range from \$4.98 to \$5.98, and a bottle of Tullamore Dew will lay you back \$6.70 to \$7.98, depending on where you buy it. Except for exotic liquors or really Prestigious Brands (bought for status-value alone), I doubt if you'd ever pay more than \$8 for your booze, regardless of how high your tastes were refined. Vodka goes for under \$3 a fifth, if you're not fussy about brand-name.//I sent you a cover? Really? Gee, I have no recollection of doing so at all. When? What the dickens was it? Man, my failing memory banks are getting worse than I thought...//TV GUIDE says you're right, re: Cosell's name. Don't that make you glad though?//Bumper stickers are getting

down-right raunchy around here lately. The grossest I've seen was "Happiness is a tight pussy", which I prayed the kids wouldn't see. They did, naturally, and asked why anyone would think a drunk cat was a ghod thing. Bless their innocence.//Reluctantly, I'll have to agree that I found AWRY better than SHAMBLES. But I'm willing to bide my time until a few more issues come out before telling Dave. Shhh. Keep it under your hat, won't you?//I'm really pleased that you've reactivated yourself again. Keep it up!

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN MELLOW?--*Various Drunken Stobclerites*--Yes, frequently.//I was amazed at the visibility of your progress into the inebriated state. Nice place to visit, ain't it? Its popularity as a tourist spot is to be marvelled at, considering they put out no publicity in the form of brochures or advertising: it's all done by word of mouth...//Despite several checkmarks in the margins, I won't comment, except to say I found this one of the most entertaining one-shots I've ever read.

HONEY DO VINE WATER ISSUE NUMBER TWO--*Gary Brown*--Ha-ha. Being absolutely blind to style, I couldn't tell who did this, but I also couldn't care less....

DEAD DOG MONTHLY NO. 2--*Alan Hutchinson*--Needless to say, but I will anyway, I agree with you about preferring an apa to be stapled together as a unit. It's much easier to handle and keep track of than when it's composed of loose zines.//The presence or absence of a cover makes no difference to me at all. Whatever's the best as far as our Illustrious Dictator decides...//Hmmm, I was gonna ask Don for a spot on his mailing list, but if intends to run articles like Comic Character's Lineage, I'd druther he forgot I existed. I hope you don't take any of this personally; they're not meant that way. It's just that certain material has no relevance to me or my interests, and I feel the faned would rather send his efforts to people who would appreciate them.//Is it a usual practice to list as one's own zine, one in which you are something else than editor or publisher? In that case, I guess I get credit for a couple issues of AWRY. Hey! I like that; what a groovy, easy way to get egoboo. And here I thought all the credit belonged to Dave...//Many thanks for the bumper crop--maybe I can store the harvest in the garage. Are the fruits susceptible to damage from freezing? It gets more than a mite cold in our garage.//This year I did get some potatoes; the mushrooms deciding to come up at the end of the row instead. Must be some sort of mystical association between potatoes and mushrooms. I never get the one unless I plant the toehr, and I've only set out spuds twice now.//I thought from previous mentions that Hearts was the Championship Game played at DSCs. Have you really been paying attention?//To write "first-draft" means that your finished copy is your original copy. To write second draft means you make up a version of your material on separate paper than your submit-version (whether it's eventually done on more paper, ditto master, or stencil), and that first copy is either revised, corrected or simply adjusted in layout. Sometimes I type out things before setting them on stencil when I'm afraid they won't fit on the one or two I've been allotted. If, by chance, they do fit, I consider the stencil that is cut from that copy as "first-draft" as long as no changes take place. In short, First Draft can be taken to mean "Off the top of your head: not thought-out or revised." Apa-writing is all done first draft, in my case, as I gather it is for you.//I don't know about Frank, but my kids itch to get into the zines I do. Kurt (now 13) keeps drawing cartoons of space monsters and stuff, trying to meet my *ahem* strict editorial standards, but he hasn't made it yet. Sandy (14) loves to help with mimeing and collating (doesn't say much for her tastes or ideas of fun, but then Juanita Coulson is utterly turned out by the physical production of fanzines, so there is precedent for her abnormal likes), and Brian (12) just likes to read the things when I'm done. It wouldn't take much to turn them all into fanzine freaks, I guess, but I'd rather they stay the sweet, innocent naifs that they are.//Nothing difficult about reading several books simultaneously. Do you have difficulty in keeping the plot-lines separate in the different Super Hero comics, or various serials on TV? Same sort of thinking is used.//If there's anything that's apt to get my dander up, it's males who make pontifical statements about female thinking/feeling. Isn't it a well-known fact that all men like FRANKENSTEIN-type tales because they have this subconscious urge to be crushed to death. Yaasss.//What's going on here? Is the Superdome the latest "in"

topic? First TIME, then Markenstein, and now you mention an edifice I'd never heard of until last week. Must be a virus going around.//Our electric bill this month (for 59 days service) was *gasp* \$141.26. I damn-near fainted! Highest previous bill was \$85. We aren't using any new appliances, or the ones we have any differently, but the kilowatts keep on climbing, and I can't figure out why. Something Will Have To Be Done, and SOON, since I can't afford bills like that, no way, no how. Think I just resolved our problem (didn't solve it, merely pin-pointed the problem). Turned off everything I could yank the plug on, and check the rate of draw on our meter. The airconditioner spun it around like crazy. We've been experiencing power problems with it (it only operates in HI, for example, but increased fan speed shouldn't make that much of a difference. Not on the magnitude of four times as much!!!), so it's gonna be yanked out and trotted to the repair shop a.s.a.p.//Okay. Was it you or Gary who did the hoax issues in this mailing? Come on nwo, 'fess up!

WAFFLE PAPERS II--George Inzer--The suspense you put into this issue concerning the fate of your employment plans was terrific. Sorry things didn't turn out exactly the way you wanted them to, but I hear that Arkansas is a lovely part of the country. Don't know about Jonesboro, but the Hot Springs/Northern areas of the state are beautiful.//Just checked the ole atlas, and see you've approached considerably nearer to Chicago. Maybe we'll see you at some up-coming Windycons? Or even Chambanaccon (in Champaign-Urbana, Ill.) this November. You're practically a neighbor now!//You like Donovan too? Darn it, wish you'd printed those comments to Steven, even if they'd be repeats. Can't you pretend you never have contact with those fellows who share other apas with you? For the benefit of the rest of us, if for no other reason.//Interruption there. Jodie Offutt just called outta the clear blue, to extend sympathy on my woes with my hand. That's one of the things that makes her number among my Best Friends in fandom, she cares about people, and unless you're a cold clod, you can't help but care right back. Jodie, and Andy too, and Ken Moore are the main reason I think so highly of Southern fan in general. With three examples like them, you must have something going for y'all Down Thar.//Don't let the distance to the nearest liquor store frighten you. We get most of our booze in town, a 5-1/2 mile drive, now. But before the drugstore was built, we had to drive 18 miles. For the Really Important Things, a long trek pales to insignificance.//That was an odd dream. Do you often incorporate fannish faces into your dreams?//Until Rivercon, I'd only seen Meade and Penny, but Andy and Jodie had a Let's-get-away-from-the-crowd respite in their room one evening, and I got a chance to meet them. Just idle chatter, mostly between the Offutts and Friersons, since I'm always awkward with "strangers", even fannish ones, but they came across like nice people. Steve and Binker sent me a copy of PAN, which I located a few days ago, so bit by bit I'm getting acquainted with some of Southern fandom. Maybe by next year's KKK I'll know more than the miniscule percentage of attendees I generally can "Hi" to.//By "breast beating" (a term I usually take to mean sorrow or regret), I guess you mean "Chest pounding" (or making boasts and/or warlike/threatening gestures). Or do I interpret your gist wrong? There were some points on which I couldn't agree with Andy in his speech--his approval of Ford for instance--but the general tone; that it was past time to take stock of our country and discover for oneself that the US has its merits, that we are trying to rectify our problems, and that it's not Evisu to be proud of one's national heritage, those points I couldn't agree with more. The ills we inflicted on other countries, other peoples as well as our own, are still wrong, but other nations, other peoples have done as much and even worse. An individual can get so bound up by guilt that it becomes an obsession; a nation can hamstring itself by that feeling too. Only by accepting ourselves as we truly are, warts and beauties equally, can we find peace and contentment and make progress into the future. We can change the things that are wrong, but only if we will admit to ourselves that we are worth salvaging. To me Andy was making almost a confession at KKK; he had once doubted his own country's value, but now he thinks that the Old Gal might not be so badly off as he'd feared. With those thoughts, I couldn't agree more.//I used to have that effect on zines too: subscribe and it would fold. I solved it by contributing whatever I could except money--artwork, LoCs, a smattering of articles, and even trade. So far that practice has worked just fine.//Good, meaty issue. Look forward to more.

ZYLPHING THE RAULT #5--Don Markenstein--It really depends on how active an apa's members are, when you're talking about Ideal Size. In Slan-apa, with a roster of 16 names, usually, there were perhaps eight to eleven actually writing, with the bulk of each mlg being done by five or six. That's not enough, and a membership of 20-25 would most likely have made it healthier and more interesting. With a membership of 60, if only a low percentage participate in each mailing, you still may not have enough. Now Stobcler appears to have active participants (and with DtD's rules, you have to be active), so I find the total of 17 to be quite comfortable. Any more, and I might have problems in finding time to respond to everyone.//The only drinking law that bothers me in Illinois is the one that bans driving with an opened bottle of liquor in the car. I can see the sense in not permitting a person to swig his booze while tooling down the highway, but here you can get nabbed for having a half-filled bottle stuck in your suitcase, if the fuzz have a mind to get sticky about it. It is a law I observe mainly in the breach, since I can't see the point in leaving a half-full or three-quarters full bottle of good ole Southern Comfort behind when coming home from a BYOB party. But when bumming a ride, sometimes others have been more law-abiding, and I've been forced to abandon a True Friend. (If the line two spaces above looks odd, excuse me. Darn typer returned, but didn't space and I typed half a line before I caught it. The conflu I've got is not noted for its superior qualities, only low price--and worth half that.))//I can imagine going through late adolescence and early adulthood without fandom because I did. It's nothing worth beating one's breast over, but I definitely do regret that I hadn't taken the one or two opportunities (mainly attending the ChiCons in '52 and '62) that were offered by the fates that would have led to earlier involvement. Every so often I even mutter "Darn it all, anyway."//AMEN!! When I first heard of the Maraguay, I really figured that Ford was simply bowing to the will of the hawks and trying to reinvolve us in Indo-China. It was with the greatest relief I welcomed the reports that it truly was a rescue mission and no more. I regret the loss of life the mission entailed, but if it helps prevent future actions by over-confident nations (Tho I gather that incident was more the result of individual notions than governmental decision) who think we won't protect our own people, then it was a sacrifice not made in vain.//I wasn't cheering for "the victory of con fandom over fanzine fandom" when I voiced pleasure over Rusty's win--I am just as much, if not more so, a fanzine fan than a con-fan. What I did feel good about, though, is the apparent revitalization of congoing fandom. You would think, after all, that fan funds like DUFF and TAFF would be primarily their concern, since many fanzine readers can't attend conventions and may never see the person their helping to bring (or send...) over. But many con-fans aren't even aware that DUFF or TAFF exist. This deep division in fandom distresses me, since, while I don't feel every fan should participate in all areas of fanac, I do believe all fans should ^{be} aware of the various traditions or doings of the segments of fannish activity they aren't actually a part of. Con-fans, in particular, are guilty of that; many don't read any type of fanzine, and their ignorance is mind-boggling.//You've pointed out the main reason I doubt if I'll ever try to enter FAPAs ranks: the lack of response. I wrote a LoC to XENIUM a few weeks ago, to an issue at least three months old, and Mike responded that it was the first commentary he'd received. I just couldn't tolerate that sort of a situation.//Agree with everything you said about Harlan. If only he'd stick to non-fiction, he'd be one of my favorite writers; as it is, I can barely stomach him. I do hear that CATMAN (if that's the correct title) is one of his few good stories, and that's coming from people who normally don't like his fiction in the least. I intend to get that anthology as soon as I see it...//Don't praise Lafferty to me. With one exception, "Slow Sculpture", I find his things unreadable.//I'd not encountered Guy Lillian before Rivercon, when I served on the fan panel with him, Juanita Coulson, Cliff Amos and some other fellow, though I had read his name once or twice in fanzines. In person he seems bright, witty, and well-informed, but he's certainly not the first to be different on paper than in the flesh.//One of the faneds I write to --Bruce Arthurs? Damn my lousy memory!--is a super Nut on Dumas. He's got every book the man ever wrote, in the unabridged (which, apparently, most of his works published in English were) versions. Several feet of books, and an eyebrow lifting number of them. Should check back issues of Dilemma; know it's in there somewhere...//Good issue, as almost every one was in this mailing.

HONEY DEW VINE WATER issue number two--*Gary Brown*--Again, a nice cover. (Are you feeling sorry for that statement yet?)//At one con or the other--one does tend to lose track--someone was bemoaning that the Space Program was dead. When I brought up the Space Shuttle segment yet to be started, they pooh-poohed the whole thing as being nothin in comparison with the Moon shots. Well, I beg to disagree. I'm waiting with anxious anticipation for the true beginnings of a practical space program, and that won't be signified until we get what the Space Shuttle promises to deliver: a reusable spacecraft. Who'd be using airplanes if they scrapped those 747s after every flight--or worse yet, plunged them into the ocean so we couldn't even use their metal for scrap? The Mars rockets are interesting for what they intend to do, but I've already planned for a trip down to Florida for the shuttle launch. That's something I don't want to miss!//Isn't it horrid how a substitute carrier can screw up everything? By my number, you can tell I don't live unghodly far from the beginning of the route, and usually we get mail around 10:15 in the morning. When our regular carrier goes on vacation though it comes anywhere from 11:30 to 1:30 in the afternoon. How late others down the line get it, with the tardiness accumulating most likely, I fear to contemplate.//From what I've heard, all first-class mail going further than 400 miles is flown, not merely the stuff going from coast-to-coast.//Don't you dare say things like that, even in jest! 500 pp mailings would drive me up the wall. I refuse to be one of those fen who give up genzine activity because their apac becomes too time-consuming...//There is a perfectly valid term to use for Do Not Print--it's DNP. DNQ implies two things at the same time, as a rule--do not print, and do not attribute to the writer. I've heard of faneds using the definition you suggested; printing an item without naming the source, but it's generally frowned on. Of course, it's always best to avoid them entirely, but then you can't gossip, and that's a handicap no fan can tolerate.//What is "Mr. Pibb"?//I wish someone could explain just why it is that low-proof wine has such a kick? I can get smashed on cream sherry quicker than I can on Southern Comfort. How that occurs, when one is 18% alcohol, and the other 50% is beyond my poor powers of reasoning.//I get more of a sense of frustration from gardening, because I'm basically an impatient person who wants results NOW if not yesterday. When we first moved here, seven years ago, I was filled with the Love of Nature and All Her Growing Things bit until I found that dream also included weeds. It's been full-fledged War ever since. I do, however, admit to a sneaky thrill at seeing the first sprouts of seedlings come through the soil. There's a kick in that that hearkens back to the roots of civilized mankind. Our chickens stayed put all right; it was the pony who hauled ass at first opportunity. Dumb thing cost \$13 to buy, and we spent over \$85 just trying to keep him on our property. Never was so happy to see an animal leave as the day that beast left.//I do M.C.s first and nattering last too. Only way to retain a modicum of control over the zine. This is gonna be a bruiser, I can see that for sure...//When your kids start studying the period in which you grew up as "History", and ask "What were the Olden Times like?"...that's when you feel your bones begin to ache.//Stobcler; the one-shot apa. Looks like we've been infested this mailing...//If you want to go through all the bother, cutting the stencil, typing it sideways, and then cementing it back into proper position should work with an 11" carriage. I certainly wouldn't do it, but someone just might feel it worthwhile.//As long as your living-space has plenty of mice--preferably stupid ones--sure, cats can survive for weeks without being fed.//I'm going to use that "Whole world is but a fanzine..." quote as an interlino. I like that one!

CRUSHED CAT QUARTERLY--*Alan Hutchinsen*--Okay, Hoakster, cut it out! Gary? Alan? Dave?

SECOND VATCH--*Jan Snyder*--Heck, I thought everybody did their mailing comments first! Oh, I see: you mean run them first in your zine. Naw, that's not new either...//I have a Black Thumb when it comes to houseplants; bring one in and it's bound to die within a month or two. Composting can only be done when you get cooperation from the peons who tote garbage and cut the lawn. I don't get it, so we don't have one. The new site for the garden is the best we've chosen so far though. Good tilth, anyway.//Your first-draft woes sound so-o-o familiar!//I had a crush on Roy Rogers when I was about eight or nine. Gene Autry-phies made me very angry at the time. By the time

Roy made it to TV, I was over the hill (what? 15? 16?) and felt embarrassed to have ever seen anything to him. I now have mellowed recollections of myself.//I've read about that California station that runs the Oldies and Who-Cares-If-They-Were-Goodies?, so its reputation must be nationwide by now. Someone even said they had run "Mr. Peepers", which surprised me, since it was televised live, and reportedly no kinescopes were even made of it. The only things they have left are bits used to advertise the show during its tenure on TV. Anyone know if that's true? Darn shame if it is!//What are your favorite horse stories? I still recall MISTY OF CHINTOGUE and BEYOND ROPE AND FENCE as well as the Thunderhead/My Friend Flicka (oops, these are in reverse order)/Green Hills of Wyoming group with great fondness. Tried interesting my daughter in THE ISLAND STALLION, but the infection wouldn't take hold. *sigh* None of the kids bit on dog books either. At least SF has gotten through to them, a bit anyway.//Amen to your remarks about BAMBI!//Can't you think of anyone but primarily STrek people in a film of LOTR? Gads, but I thought I had the bug bad when I was a trekker. Nowhere near your case though.//I got this mailing, book rate-special handling, in amere 10 days. Maybe (dare we think it?) service is actually improving!?!

A TALENT TO AMUSE REV B--*Dave Hulan, a.k.a. Dave the Dictator*--As long as you work for an outfit that gives cost-of-living boosts, you're not hurting overly much. The place where Wally works makes adjustments every three months, and tacks it on as an hourly bonus, and then roll it into the base pay every August. This year it added up to \$126.00, which we were very happy to see. Makes a whale of a difference when it comes to computing things like Sunday premium, overtime and holiday pay. Works out to lot more that way than to tack on 64¢ for each hour worked. I really feel sorry for those who have to try to make ends meet on a fixed income. They must cry themselves to sleep every night.//Well, I'm interested! MORE PERSONAL NATTERINGS FROM DAVE!!!!// "treat" would be a poor substitute for process, and I can't think of another. A case of displacement that is taking place currently could be exemplified by "Alright" which is evermore becoming a more-wide substitute for "All right", its proper spelling. I guess it's because people forget that the "AL in already, almost, altogether doesn't mean the same thing as "All". I used to foam at the mouth when I saw it, but have given up in recent years. It's simply gone too far to stop now. Darn it.//well, I like light beers, but I still am not wild about Coors. So where does that put me? Yeah, I thought so...//It's unfair of you to even contemplate keeping Box Scores with you original members' totals from the Dead Stobcler included. If you must, tack them alongside your names in brackets, but otherwise, I'll protest most loudly, sirruh!// I've been called a Mean Mother (in both senses of the term) but never a Mean Member. Do I have to growl and snap a lot? I'll do it in any case, but making it a Duty does take some of the fun out of it all.//**Ouch** Yes, I have heard that often enough...// I see your point re: high-schoolers and FIAWOL, but generally it's not that age group that discusses/puts-down the concept. I'd guess that the disparaging tone got to be applied to those who talk nothing but fans, and cons, and zines, and stuff like that there. Most fans I know do mention those things at times, but conversation normally rotates around other topics. Who's been sleeping with who. Who got busted last week. How can the World be saved from itself? Weighty, meaningful things like that.//No, whatever got our chickens wasn't a dog. It killed 13 in one night, and left their bodies untouched except for bite-marks. I guess a weasel, or possibly a skunk.//DtD has already seemed to have evolved into a workable nickname for you. See how things always seem to work themselves out?//I found out what "snogging" meant. Buck tossed it at me during the fan panel at Rivercon, so I took the bit in my teeth and asked him to define the term (As "veteran Neo" of the group, I was entitled). First time I've ever seen Coulson non-plussed; but he did explain it. So that's what I've been enjoying at all these cons!!!!//Buck has/had (it/them is/are on a car he no longer drives much, but still owns) "Mammon Spends" on the rear bumper, with "Yuggoth Saves" on the front. Made a neat pairing...//I'm terribly relieved that you will permit us lowly ones to discuss whatever we want to without fear of censorship from the Most Exalted One. I would be mildly curious to see the reaction if you had decided otherwise though. Riot in the ranks?//Beautiful summation of why-there-won't-be-a-revolution. But it's so close, virtually/perfect match, that all I can do is nod my head. Not much pay...//

JAM...TODAY #1--*Diedre Mathews*--Read your zine perhaps more quickly than any of the others (barring the Hoax-issues); your style just zips one along! Few comments are drawn forth though, which sometimes happens. In fact, none. You almost got one with your Like-Lust paragraph, but on further thought, nothing concrete really formed. If you could stretch out your thoughts, expound on them a mite more, I think I could react, but as it is, it's simply too wispy. Sorry.

FAN ORDINAIRE--*Lon Atkins*--Isn't that the way it always works, though? Whether it's something cropping up at work, or family hassles, or even something as dumb as breaking your hand, the fates seem to ordain that no faan shall be permitted to carry out plans scheduled for periods that would appear to be tailor-made for Getting Things Done. Invariably an upset comes along and you end up rushing through whatever it is you'd anticipated doing, instead of performing your task lovingly and at your leisure. Tell me about it, Lon; I can sympathize.//Your tale of the maddened cat-fleas reminds me of a lengthy vacation we took during my teen-years. We were gone from home about a month, taking our dog along with us. Now Rusty was a scruffy mongrel--spaniel dominated in his appearance; if you can imagine a brindle spaniel, that was him--but he had always seemed to be free of parasites. He was a member of the family, and received an abundance of fondling, and never a flea did we spot. Apparently they had hidden well, because when we arrived home, the creatures who had temporarily left him to ramble about the house on whatever business fleas conduct, had multiplied to the extent that the carpet appeared to *move*--and the beasties were ravenous to boot! It being quite late at night, we foolishly tried to sleep. No go. I'd had various insects alight on me during my life until then--flies, mosquitoes, grasshoppers, even a caterpillar or two--but nothing that hopped, tickled, and bit like those damn fleas! Somewhere around two a.m., we surrendered. Morning light found three of us in the car, cramped, uncomfortable, and my brother on the lawn, taking his chances with the bugs out there rather than the bloodthirsty ones he knew were in the house. Mom went to the hardware store and bought a can of Flit, we sprayed each and every room, flipping back the bed-clothes to insure the destruction the beasties that had driven us from our beds at that unghodly hour, covering the drapes, the blinds, the closets, every nook and cranny we could think of. And then we went to spend the day at Grandma's, leaving the fleas to die in what we hoped would be agony. In the evening we returned to our home, opened all the windows to clear the still-lingering fumes (insecticides sold in those days had to stink to be considered effective: no lemon-fresh smell for the 50's housewife!), and Mom proclaimed the building once again inhabitable. We went to bed. I felt a flea. We'd forgotten to dust the dog, and he brought a full company of the Enemy along with him. I was so tired, so disgusted, that all I did was boot Rusty off my bed, and turn over to sleep. I couldn't face another night in that cramped car. Of course, we did get flea powder for the dog, and Mom did respray the house, but the second invasion really didn't warrant it--Rusty was a small dog, after all. We were just slightly paranoid after that Night of the Fleas, and the memory of it still lingers.//Your remarks about that Dylan album echoe almost precisely the review done in PLAYBOY. The reviewer made it implicitly clear that it wasn't an album for those who weren't into Dylan; it was too self-centered, too narcissistic, to be enjoyed except by true devotees of his music. I'm not Treu, but I do like him. Guess it would be best to forgo that particular item until my acquaintance with his brand of music is deeper.//Your erotic description of the pleasures to be found in imbibing brandy in the Proper Manner impel me to rush out to buy a set of snifter and a pack of stogies. Alas, I have but 8¢ in my wallet. Will next week do?//Generally, the only thing I like on steak is a liberal scattering of mushrooms sauteed in butter. But Joni Stopa introduced me to the glories that are inherent in Sauce Bearnaise a few months ago. Oh the quivering tastebuds! If your version does, indeed, supercede hers, then I just might consider crawling across the Rockies on bloodied hands and knees to sample its delights. Yum!//Battles with the earth describes my situation exactly. My vegetables may not be fit for entering into County Fair competition--they're too scarred and marred--but, bighod, they're true Survivors, and taste hearier than anything I can buy at a market.//I'm out of room, and as with the windmills and power company, there's nothing to be done....