

TWIXT



No. 4

From: Jackie Franke; Box 51-A RR 2; Beecher, IL 60401. November 1975 for Stobeler 13

Greetings from the Heartland of America, and all that. It's a balmy night in early November (November? Balmy? Well, yes it is. Hit 75° today, and is expected to get at least that high again tomorrow. What happened to that Ice Age?) and I'm trying desperately to think of something to fill up this stencil that won't sound too idiotic and/or chaotic. I'm not really in the mood for apa-writing tonight, but since it takes so blasted long for mail to cross the country third-class, and since I won't be able to work at this at long stretches when Wally's on afternoon shift (the kids turn into Absolute Terrors while he's gone, and when he's on afternoons they don't lay eyes on him for an entire week, making things more than a wee bit hectic for me), I'd best get going on the job while opportunity exists. Which increases the odds that this will be idiotic and chaotic, but what's a fan to do? Go on bravely...

Somewhere in last issue I expressed an expectation of clearing my shelves of unlocced fanzines. Ha! And Ha! again. The darn stack has grown to a good two feet instead of shrinking. My only hope now is to respond to those that have come in since October and Pray For Understanding on the rest. If there weren't quite so many new zines cropping up, it would be a heck of a lot easier to maintain the input/outflow ratio at a tolerable level. Must've received four fmz from total strangers in the past week alone. Who are these people, and where do they come from, and why didn't they find another hobby beside fan publishing? *sigh* I'm beginning to understand why some fans gravitate to the apas and let the genzines rumble on without their participation. Keeping up is simply impossible. Maybe I can figure out some sort of system to use where I can at least respond to every other issue of whatever comes here. There's no way I can manage an every-issue schedule!

As expected, September wasn't as busy a month as the preceeding ones had been, but there still was plenty to do. Besides the wrap-up meeting for Windycon, held at the Stopas, we went up to Wisconsin to pick apples and concoct a sort of one-shot with Jon, Joni, Bob and Anne Passovoy and ourselves. I got started on a drawing for the Heinlein portfolio for MidAmeriCon's Program Book, and managed to comply with a few of the requests for artwork that have been piling up around here. Did three pen & inks for the Windycon show as well, which all sold (thank ghu) and paid for the stuff we bought from other artists. (Keep the economy healthy folks--circulate your cash!) Wally and I cut, folded and taped umpteen jillion sheets of cardboard together to form stands for artwork for Windycon; using an idea cribbed from the Minicon art show. They were very effective, by the way, and I hope we can pry enough cash loose from the chaircouple in the future to make some out of heavy illustration board which would be far more stable and permanent.

Windycon itself was a bit of a let-down. As those of you who have worked on con-coms know, the fans who man the desks and function rooms have the least idea of how a con is doing, or what's doing at a con, for that matter. The function rooms of the Ascot Motel, and more particularly, the hallway areas, were far too small for a convention the size of Windycon (618 registered; 589 attending). As result people tended to stay put more, since circulation was so difficult. I arrived at the motel a bit after noon on Friday, and except for dropping my things off in our room and taking a supper break for an hour and a half, spent the entire day and most of the night in the Art Show room, or directly across the hallway, running the mimeo for the catalog. As soon as the last sheet ran through the machine, I called it quits, shifted over to a table next to the mimeo, and played cards until I couldn't keep my eyes open any longer--from 1:20 in the morning until 4:30. Friday night was a total loss.

Saturday wasn't much better. Except for a couple hours in the afternoon, while getting psyched up for a fan-editing panel I was appearing on with Bill Bowers, Buck and Juanita Coulson, Mike Glicksohn and Ben Solon, I spent most of the time in the art show room, and after dinner worked the auction cashier's desk with Carol Resnick and Phyllis Eisenstein. Afterwards, I finally got to party, but didn't do much "cruising", staying put instead in Leigh Couch's room until she closed down for the night, and then moving to Midge Reitan's (a new Chgo area fan who's fit in quite well with our group since first encounter at last year's Windycon) until the wee hours of the morning. I understand that Mike Glicksohn threw a party in his room in the name of the Fan Fair excess funds "plan", but I was happy where I was at and never made it there as I'd promised.

Sunday the brunch was a near-total disaster. The hotel reneged on their contract and didn't serve enough food for everyone to eat all they wanted, in fact, they didn't serve enough for everyone to have full first servings--some fen got stuck with half a serving of scrambled eggs, a slice of cold toast and no bacon, juice or rolls at all. The committee griped when it came time to pay the hotel, and got a discount of 50¢ per plate (which will be "refunded" to the attendees by knocking off a buck a ticket on next year's con--not the most ideal way of doing it, but the most practical they could think of), but that didn't help matters then at all. Joni Stopa and Tucker gave their speeches--a change from the year before I didn't think worked out well (the GoH speeches were made on Saturday night. Too many people have to leave early on Sunday, and those who are there aren't necessarily the most wide-awake, alert bunch of people you could find), and which hopefully will be changed again for next year. In any case, we went back to our room, packed up and checked out afterwards, moved our things down to Tucker's room, since he was spending another night, and I grabbed a couple of hours sleep while Wally went to the wind-up auction. A bunch of us went out to dinner at an Indonesian restaurant (where non-adventurous me ordered Moo Gai Pan and was disappointed by its utter blandness) and then returned in time for the Dead Dog party. Dead Dogism must be growing, as the party was about as crowded as I've ever seen on of its type get. A largish group split off and started an offshoot in the Stopa's room, where we were much more comfortable. Since we wanted to get an early start Monday, Wally came around and collected me a bit after midnight, and we left after gathering our belongs from Tucker. All in all, the con wasn't a success for me, but I saw so little of it, I don't know how it came off for the people who attended. Working for a con ruins it, as far as I'm concerned.

Monday morning, just before noon, we left for south-central Kentucky, where we were to check out some land we were thinking of buying. The car acted up all the way down, with poor acceleration and a marked stubbornness about starting once we turned the ignition off. The expected nine-to-ten hour drive took us over twelve, and we couldn't find the place in the dark. The engine couldn't handle the Ky hills, and we spent the night in someone's drive, stuck halfway up a hill. As it turned out, it was the rear drive of the place we were to inspect, which made us feel more than a trifle silly in the morning, but, believe me, when it's night there, you can't see a blasted thing! After wasting the day trying to locate the owner, who wasn't home (turned out he'd broken down in his truck the afternoon before in another town, and couldn't get back until about an hour after we'd given up the search for him), we turned northward to Haldeman and visited the Offutt's house.

Andy and Jodie were terrific hosts; we glommed onto some scrumptious chicken and rice (Jodie makes an ersatz version of fried rice that's as unauthentic, but tastier, than mine), swilled some Strohs and watched andy freak out over the Cincinnati Reds (now I ask; is it fannish?). Sat and talked till 2:30 or so, before the fireplace, and had a pleasant, relaxing evening after the hectic days and nights that came before. An oasis for the psyche, which I sorely needed at the time. The next day we got the two-dollar tour after breakfast, though we couldn't go on the Mail Walk because of rain, sat and rapped for awhile, and got back on the road for home a bit before 3:00. A nice visit with nice people, and one we hope to repeat some day.

After nearly a week of traveling and con activity and visiting, I felt pretty spaced out for the next few days. While I seldom get disoriented during a trip away from home, I do get that not-really-here sensation once home is reached. Guess you'd call it a sort of homecoming lag since it seems to be akin to the jet lag I've read about. In any case, I'm usually good for nothing for at least a day after a con, sometimes two, and the period of disorientation lasts in proportion to the length of the con trip, so I expected this period of dislocation even while being dismayed at its tenacity. It's one of the reasons why there is a marked decrease in my by-mail fanac when the convention season begins in earnest (though nowadays it's getting more and more difficult to perceive such a "season"; cons keep cropping up the whole year long), but being so thoroughly hooked on cons, I don't see any way of avoiding the conflict.

The next Sunday we drove up to the Stopa's for a gathering of dissatisfied members of the Windycon committee. Though a couple of the people present seemed to consider the meeting as a "get Lynne Aronson" session, I felt it afforded an excellent opportunity for the bunch of us disgruntled fen to air our gripes, find out what areas in the handling of the con there was the most discontent, and possibly formulate some way of presenting our complaints to the chaircouple of the con in hopes of easing tensions. As to be expected there was quite a bit of bitterness expressed; Lynne--who has headed Windycon since its inception and managed to nudge our apathetic group into positive action--is not the world's most tactful person and has problems in maintaining good relations because of this lack of tact. But after the initial blood-letting, a necessary catharsis in such a situation, some concrete plans evolved.

First, and most basic to the problem, was the fact that no one was willing to, nor knew of anyone else who would, act as chairman of the con except the Aronsons. We were all willing to work for someone, but not willing to do the actual leading. It boiled down to an either-or situation. We found some way of cooperating with the two chairmen we now had, or forget about future Windycons, since no one else was willing to offer themselves as candidate for the position. The ways in which we thought we could act with more comfort with the Aronsons were distilled into suggestions which were to be brought forward at the post-con wrap-up session scheduled for the 25th of the month. We wanted more sub-committees, for one thing. Reasoning that perhaps one cause of the tensions that apparently led Lynne and Mark to behave in less diplomatic ways was sheer overwork, it was decided to try to pry them loose from some of their duties: namely handling the registration desk at the convention; dealing with the go-fers at the con; handling advertisements for the program book; and final selection of the site for the con. All of these things, besides the other duties which are assumed by chairmen of conventions, had been in the nads of the Aronsons, and there had been little or no consultation with the group in decisions affecting those areas. For instance, an ad from the New Orleans group had been sent for inclusion in the program book notifying people of their plans for a bid for the 1979 Worldcon. Mark refused to run it, telling various committee members of that negative decision after the fact rather than before. I was told by Lynne that it would "conflict with plans they may have for such a bid themselves", though they concocted other reasons for turning down the ad for public dispersal. This irked many of us; myself in particular, as it had been made pretty clear by then that Chicago simply wasn't interested in running a Worldcon in '79, and even if it did, to turn down a paid ad from another fan group was unfannish behavior. Another example of our dissatisfaction was in the way the site for Windycon II had been selected: we were told that the Ascot was it, and that was the sum total of discussion about the matter. The hotel was a disaster--small, shoddy rooms, cramped function areas, poor service, arrogant and/or inept personell. There is surely no way a con committee can guarantee a hassle-free con hotel, but at least if there are more points of view expressed in the selection, perhaps the chances of hitting on an absolute bummer are lessened.

Anyway, at day's end a plan of action had been formulated, several people were nursing sore feeling towards several other people, and two of our group weren't speaking to each other at all. A typical fan-group situation.

The next weekend, Wally, the kids and I drove back up to Wisconsin for an apple-picking and picture-taking session at Jon and Joni's with the Stopas and Bob and Anne Passovoy. Joni has quite a reputation for her cooking skills; which include her ability to turn out simply fantastic jellies, relishes and jams. As a means of raising more cash for the Tucker Fund, she had donated several kinds of canned goodies to be auctioned off at various conventions. I dubbed her "factory" as Mother Joni's Jams and Jellies, and we'd gotten quite a bit of mileage out of the concept and used (or abused, depending on your viewpoint) the name so much it had become a sort of Institution. As a gag, Joni decided to get together a group for a publicity sheet on the "company", and we all came up with odd items for costumes, poses, and characters for photographs to adorn this brochure. We had a riot doing our antics that afternoon, and whether or not any tangible results come out of it, the laughs we had made it all worthwhile. (At this date, we still waiting to see the results from the photo developers--slowest people I've seen yet!) The kids picked close to a bushel of apples, and we scrounged around for windfall hickory nuts, getting a share of fresh air and the great outdoors as well as smoke-filled rooms. We talked a bit about the upcoming Windycon meet, but nothing new was brought out except our curiosity as to how things would work out. (I expressed my doubts that Lynne would cooperate; and decided that if she didn't, I'd resign from the committee since the constant in-fighting and strain was getting to be more than my limited tolerances could stand.)

I really was nervous going up to the north side of Chicago for the meeting. Wally, who is one of those serene folk I envy so much, couldn't understand my nervousness, but patted me on the head and popped a couple Valium tablets into my mouth as I left. His credo has always been: if something bugs you, get out of it, and he's more or less been urging me to quit committee work all along. I feel it's a duty I have, to even up things for all the enjoyment I get out of going to conventions. To me, if you get a kick out of conventions, it's only fair that you reciprocate by putting on the best convention you can for others. As long as no cons were going on in Chicago I didn't feel that obligation, but once we began a regional, I thought that working for the committee was axiomatic; a debt of honor that must be paid off. (I've since altered that view somewhat; there are times that price is just too much to assume.) But if a group is not permitted to act as a group, but are relegated to being the mere flunkies of others who want to keep a con their personal domain, then I don't feel the same compelling urge to participate. I was prepared quit my position as art show chairman (it hadn't been made official yet, but after two years as co-chairman, I was slated for the job and we all knew it) if the proposals we'd worked out at the meeting two weeks earlier were denied or vetoed by the chaircouple.

But my fears were for naught, as it turned out. The meeting went beautifully! Motions were brought up orderly and lucidly, voted on and passed or rejected by the thirty or so people there, and the spirit of fannish cooperation ran amuck. The committee was expanded; an advertising chairman, ^{an at-the-con registration chairman, and} a gorer chairman being added and a sub-committee of the heads of all the committees actually concerned with the hotel facilities was formed to check out possible con site hotels after the Aronsons had winnowed down the alternatives to three or four. A couple of matters I personally endorsed were voted down--I wanted hotel sites outside the city proper to be considered, and in a two-sided proposal made by George R.R. Martin (that panel participants get their membership fees refunded and that committee members be excused from paying registration) the second portion was resoundingly voted down by something like 26 to 3. I still see no need to require people who are so damned busy working at a con that they literally miss the convention to pay for the privilege, and suburban motels would seem to be as good a location as the downtown area (if not better) for the convention, but all committee decisions are compromises of a sort, and I was willing to go along with the majority. A feeling of cohesiveness was developed at the meeting, and I figured it was a case where "Everybody wins". Lynne still had her chairmanship, but we on the committee had a greater voice in how things were to be run. I practically floated out of the apartment, I felt so good after the meeting.

The feeling that all's well with fannish affairs continued through the next weekend. Jim Hansen, Midge Reitan, Lynn Christopher and I drove together to Iowa City for Icon-- a first-ever convention put on by the fan group developed by the presence of Joe and Gay Haldeman at the University there. Since Midge and Lynn both worked in downtown Chicago, we got a fairly late start, picking them up at a suburban train station at 5:45 in the eveing. We stopped for dinner on the road, laughed and wise-cracked our way into Iowa (a more unlikely a e for a con I can't imagine--unless it's Highmore South Dakota) and reached the hotel, the Ironmen Inn, about 11:30. Our rooms were really nice, the hotel a lovely thing of concrete, wood and stone and brickwork, and the initial good impressions helped put everyone into the right frame of mind for a fun weekend.

It's almost impossible to report on the con itself. Often nothing special happens; you meet friends, meet new people, talk, drink, laugh and play, the sort of things you do at any convention, but something about the mixture at a particular con will make it all seem more brilliant, more enjoyable, better all over than another convention. So it was with Icon. The Minneapolis people were there, the Kansas City people were there, the Chicago people were there, just about everyone I knew was there, and all in the mood for a good time. The Friday night parties were uniformly excellent (though with more drinking and/or smoking than I've seen in quite some time--by morning's light I don't think there was a sober or unstoned face left), the programming of solid quality (though, as usual, I attended virtually none of it and am going by other's reactions as stated to me), the Saturday parties were quieter (which would seem logical, the whole damn day was subdued after the revels of the night before) but still fun, the vibes were all right and functioning smoothly. On Sunday, as the crowd began to thin out and people started leaving for the homeward journey, plans were jokingly laid to keep quiet about Icon lest the World find out what a good con it had been and triple its size next year. All sorts of negative reports could be made. The lack of good elevator service, the dreadfulness of the art show, the ghastliness of the banquet food, the amatuerishness of the skit on Gonad the Barbarian put on Saturday afternoon. All such gripes were legitimate, only not really honest. There was no art show nor banquet, the hotel was a low-lying, spread out building without elevators, and as far as we could judge, there were no professional actors in the skit--though they could have passed as pros, they were so good. Coming up with negative-sounding, but literally true statements occupied quite a few of us for several hours as we went about saying our farewells.

During the con I was asked by the Minicon committee to act as co-Toastmaster with Rusty Hevelin at next year's Minneapolis gathering. Now Minicon banquets aren't exactly well-known for the excellence of their food, but for a free meal I'm apt to most anything, so I cheerfully accepted. For some reason, standing up before a group and talking about someone else--namely in this case, Ed Hamilton and Leigh Brackett, the Pro GoHs and Leigh and Norbert Couch, the fan GoHs--doesn't bother me, where the thought of the upcoming Chambanacon and speaking after dinner there fills me with dread. I can't help but shake my head at the reasoning of the committee in choosing me to act with Rusty as M.C.s, but I'm so blasted tickled at being asked that I wouldn't dream of refusing. They'll learn what a rotten speaker they're getting soon enough...

We also learned that the Haldeman's will be moving nearer to Chicago soon. Joe has gotten the job of Editor for ASTRONOMY magazine, and they will be shifting to Milwaukee in the near future. Fandom's take-over of the publishing field marches on!!!

And time marches on as well. I've been working at this fanac report for nearly two weeks. Last weekend something new came up regarding the Windycon Committee. The sub-committee was to go downtown on the 15th and check out a strong possibility for next year's con; the date having been set at the meeting in October, though a time and point of departure hadn't been mentioned. When I hadn't heard anything by Friday, I called Yale Eidekin--who had called me after the meeting to confirm the date--and he said

he was meeting the Aronsons at their place at 9:00 (a ghastly time for a night owl like me, who seldom goes to bed before three in the morning!), and suggested I call Mark to get the address of the Holiday Inn we were to check out and meet them there. Well, when I called, Lynne answered the phone, and to make a long story short, denied any knowledge of a group trek to the site, any agreement that the committee heads were to have a role in site-selection, and stated flatly that Yale had had no business in contacting me about the day (he hadn't; that had been done at the meeting, and it was I who had set the day, as it was the first Saturday my kids didn't have a dental appointment, so I would have the whole day free). I was furious. Yale called me a few minutes later--Lynne had apparently called him after speaking to me--and was just as baffled by the reaction as she was apparently denying any agreement or accord that had been arrived at during that oh-so-wonderful Windycon meeting. He said he was going to go along to the hotel anyway, and that he'd try to find out what was going on. In parting, he mentioned that Lynne had apparently learned of the meeting held at the Stopas before the Windycon meeting, and was Not Pleased (which would stand to reason), and that maybe this action was being taken because of that knowledge.

Whatever the reason for the abrupt turn-about, I was pissed. Wally had given up the first chance he'd had to go hunting this season because one of Sandy's dental appointments had been postponed (the dentist was called out of town for a death in the family or something equally morbid) and since I wasn't going to be home, he'd have to take her. And to have Lynn treat the whole thing as if it were a figment of my imagination really iced the whole thing. I stewed about it the whole weekend, and decided that resigning from the committee was the best solution, for my own peace of mind and gut, if nothing else. I got so far as to type out a letter to Lynne, when Yale asked me to reconsider, and at least wait until this weekend before making it final. (Joni is having a pre-ski-season party at her house, since it looks as though she won't be able to make it to Chambanaccon, and Yale wants to argue me out of quitting. Wish I were strong-willed enough to say I won't even listen, but I'm not. *sigh*). Then Lynne herself called yesterday to give me a run-down on what they'd found at the hotel-sites they'd looked at--acting just as sweet as pie on the phone--and asked me to go downtown to check on their semi-definite choice, a Sheraton hotel on the near North side. I was really at a loss for words. I wanted to tell her what she could do with the hotel and with the whole idea of Windycon, but my usual let's-get-along-if-at-all-possible trait took over. As it turned out, there was no way I could make it for the same time and day Bob Passovoy could, so I left the decision regarding size and lighting of the Art Show room to him. (He's been our auctioneer for two years, and knows our requirements as well as I do)

The whole situation has passed the point of being merely uncomfortable, and has become well-nigh intolerable. I had always admired Chicago fandom for its lack of intersquabbling and feeling of family. Apparently it was due to the lack of rigid structuring, because ever since the inception of Windycon, fueding and fussing has become a way of life. (Now I know what you LAFans go through!) Friends of several years standing no longer speak to one another, and strife and discord emerge at every gathering. Smoffing has become a way of life, and I don't like it one bit. This isn't the fandom I came into, and it's not the sort I want to remain allied with. I could retreat and stick more to fanzines and outside-this-area cons and just may end up doing so. With "friends" like these, who needs enemies to give one ulcers?

And on that happy note, I now turn to the meat of any apazine, the.....

ailing comments

SZNIVTIG 12--Dave the Dictator: I know why you place this last in the mailing, Dave, but I hope you don't object to my commenting on it first since it's the place where mailing-on-the-whole comments can be made. I really approve of the size Stobcler has; like you, I find 150 pp to be well-nigh ideal for combined reading pleasure and commenting ease. Though I do have to say that your phrase regarding being able to do so in "a couple of evenings" indicates either a faster mind or quicker typing speed than I possess. Last mlg took me three days to comment on, and I would imagine it'll run about the same for this one.//I vote for stapling the mailing together. Loose zines are too easy to misplace around this house, where there are apt to be anywhere from a dozen to fifty or so fanzines lying about.

CENOTAPH 1--Tim Marion: Hi, and welcome, and all that jazz. Regarding your first interlin , at the top of the page under the colophon, all I have to say is, how the dickens were you able to read my mind? You don't even know me yet!//Another apa-freak joins our ranks. Well, if you don't do much else but write apa-zines, I can understand it, but otherwise I don't see how anyone can find all that spare time. I'm strictly a one-apa-at-a-time-person myself...//You know-of or heard-of more people in this apa than I had when I first joined. Congratulations, I guess.//Why do you consider the "Timsie Marion" schtik that the "obnoxious sonovabitch" used as slander? It certainly got your name spread through fandom quickly, if nothing else, and I think fen are able to draw their own conclusions about you rather than rely on jesting references from someone else. I certainly will honor your wishes if you don't wish to called that name, but I don't understand your reaction to it; seems a mite too strong for what it's worth.//By the way, I first heard of you through Lynn Hickman, to make a fannish coincidence. He sent me a couple issues of your early apa efforts that he ran off for you. I wasn't into apazines at all at that time.//Also by the way, howcum no mention of T.H.U.M.B. or the Crimson Chronicles? Did you blot it from your memory?//You didn't hear from me because I had no reaction to a listing of apas. And I seldom LoC a single issue of a personalzine that comes from out of the blue. Two issues and I think "maybe" (and if the material warrants it), but otherwise I've got too many zines to tend to as it is without adding more. Perhaps it sounds crass, but it's the way things are.//Was it the caffeine in Pepsi that was fucking up your system or just an aversion to cola? Since no one "needs" soft drinks, and fruit juices are far more healthful to drink, why bother with soda pop at all?//Your comments about the alternative high school sound awfully close to my feelings about fandom; I can see how/why you'd consider them as "alternate realities". Good concept.//If I think of it after I type/run off this I'll mail you a copy of T#2, but don't depend on my rotten memory.

TWIXT 3--Jackie Franke: Noted.

APRICOT #3--Stven Carlberg: *Urk* Don't think I've locced your FLADNAG yet! Many apologies, sirruh. But if I don't get to it this week, I probably never will. Can appreciative comments in an apa do in stead? If so, consider this as egoboo: I enjoyed the whole damned thing.//How come you inferred that science fiction could be taken to be a childhood nostalgia ride? SF isn't put out for children, as comic books are, though there have been juvenile books written aimed for young readers. Carl Barks may be as good at graphic arts as Lewis Carrol was at writing, but I somehow doubt it. Comics are aimed for children from their inception as separate books, and to pretend otherwise is a denial of reality. There has been a lot of crap written in SF, and I would never attempt to equate Doc Savage or Conan books with good literature, but I see even less grounds for defending comics as a genre. Name me one comic that even approaches good SF in its depth of characterization, ability to put across new concepts and knack of making you think. If you want to claim that there are literary and intellectual values in Scrooge McDuck, go ahead, but it says far more about your standards than you'll ever realize. Appreciation is not only in the eye of the beholder, but in the mind as well. Comics are aimed for the mind of twelve year

olds, and I consider myself a trifle more advanced than that.//I puzzled a bit over that reference to "her" you made when speaking about people who ask if you object to their smoking until it occurred to me that, yes, females would be more likely to ask such a question than males (at least to other males). It's a pity that manners are one of those facets that society seems to feel must be assigned to only one gender. And even more pitiful that with increased diffusion of sex "roles", manners have been regarded as irrelevant to either sex and are slowly disappearing from view. However, I do agree that when a person requests permission to do something, he/she had best be prepared to receive a negative reply. Otherwise, why ask? Politeness isn't shown by asking rhetorical or hypocritical questions.//No one burns you in effigy in Slan-apa, in fact they don't even acknowledge your existence. I belonged to that group for a year and a half or so, and never knew you had been in it. How fleeting fame; even the notorious sort.//If you get OUTWORLDS, Jerry Pournelle did a version of the Lime Jello story in an issue put out earlier this year (forget which number). It has to do with a fantasy-wish expressed by Joe Haldeman about making it in a tubful of lime jello, and the alleged fulfillment of that fantasy by some compliant females. The event has touched off all sort of allied discussions; like is lime-jello better than raspberry for the purpose, and should it be jello instead of cool whip in the first place?//I used to buy Trix for my kids, and never ran across any shaped as you described that "new improved version" to be. Maybe your area was being used as a test market or something. Right now I usually buy Life, Buc-Wheats, Apple Jacks and Cheerios for the kids. Cereals are another item I pretty well gave up on as I got past twelve years of age.//No, the Pavlats I was referring to are from the DC area. Bob and Peggy were on the Discon II committee, and she headed up the recent Worldcon bid that lost out to Orlando. They've been active for years and years and years, though considering the schism that's developed between fanzine fans and con-going fans, I can't blame you for not having heard of them before. Bob used to be active in pubbing, but doesn't do much in the field any more, or least that I know of.//You don't think that some of the "research" done by folk like the Baker Street Irregulars is done in a spirit of parody? It makes no difference whether it's straight or in jest; as far as I'm concerned (and I wish you'd realize that I'm expressing an opinion, not Sacred Law), writing or reading them is an utter waste of time and talent. I read Donald Duck, and recall when Scrooge was introduced into the Disney Universe. I simply feel it's silly to use up X number of pages in an apa discussing the characters. I'd feel the same if you tried to do a genealogy, fake or based on writ, on Tarzan or Doc Savage or any of the more legitimate SF characters. If you find it "amusing and appropriate, fine and dandy, just don't require me to do the same.//I can't offer any explanations about why Potts is running into difficulty getting his membership for MidAmeriCon, but I know quite a few on the committee, and they're all level fellows, though dreadfully pressured right now. I assume that Potts did the logical thing and sent a money order or check, didn't he? Something that he can use to prove he was entitled to the lower rate? Ken Keller was telling me of some fellow who tried to get a lower membership rate by claiming he'd sent a money order in two months earlier than the date stamped on the damned thing. I paid my dues at the time of the site balloting at Discon, and converted to attending the same day they won. Sent in registrations for my kids about four months later and didn't find out for sure they'd gotten the check and registered them properly until the Progress report came out awhile ago. With over 2,000 members already, no committee could afford to send out individual replies. To my knowledge, no committee ever has (in fact the card I received this past week from the Orlando bunch, informing me of the rates for conversion to attending for their con was the first time I'd been contacted by a Worldcon committee except for receiving progress reports).//I didn't read Dr. Suess until I bought books for my own children, and read very few children's books at all as a kid. Most of my reading was either animal stories or fantasy-fairy tales or non-fiction. I'd read "Dick and Jane" in school, then go home and curl up with a copy of AMAZING when I got one pried loose from Dad's hands. Never even heard of the Space Cat stories until I got into fandom, and just saw my first one last spring, when one of my boys brought one home from the school library.//George Carlin's one of my favorite comedian/commentators too.//Bottom line on p 13 is missing...

ZYLPHING THE RAULT #6--Don Markenstein: Congrats on the new(?) job--I think.//I may be displaying my ability to blend two or more recollections together, but aren't there 2 newspapers from Menominee Falls? One that carries the humor strips and one for the adventure/"straight" ones? Seems that I recall some mention of such a situation being the case in one of Denny Lien's Minniapa zines.//I, too, am a Selectric buff. If there were only some way to minimize the blasted "hummmmmmmmm" that's heard whenever the thing is turned on, it'd be well-nigh perfect. Dave Locke was musing about having a typer that didn't actually turn "on" until you touched its keys, somewhat like a keyboard activated calculator or computer console. Wonder if IBM is doing any research along those lines, as sometimes the noise of an electric is a barrier to thought.//While I'd heard of Coors for years and years, I'd never actually tried any until 1972 or so, and find it to be a vastly over-rated brew. One of the beer's selling points was the mystique that was wrapped about it, and now that they have to go national, I wonder if it'll be so highly regarded anymore. I, too, would rather buy a Heineken or Lowenbrau than virtually any domestic beer.//Well, I don't only not protest over the setting aside of one room for non-smokers, I heartily approve of it. But that also is as far as I think it should go. Some movie theaters in this area permit smoking in the balcony, and have installed more powerful fans in that area to aid in dispelling the haze in those areas. In a well-ventilated room smoking should bother no one but the the ultra-fastidious. Unfortunately, not all public areas are well-ventilated, and the individual rooms at conventions generally are woefully inadequate in that regard. Out here they are beginning to ask people who come into the folksinging room--when it's in a person's room rather than a larger area--to refrain from smoking since most of the singers are non-smokers and cigarette smoke can really irritate their throats. Again, I feel it's a logical request, and comply while I'm in one of those rooms. I simply don't stay there very long.//A die-hard Trekkie would defend the interest in treating Spock as a "real" person with the same vigor you comix fen do your interests. Yet to a person outside both fields, you seem equally silly. Nuff said?//I've only met Guy Lillian once, at this summer's Rivercon, and, while I didn't get to talk to him--just sit on a panel with him--he seemed a nice, articulate fellow. But I also gather that the same impression can be gained from minute contact with Harlan Ellison, so perhaps the same situation applies.//I agree that the things you get for fan-zines are better than money, which is why I don't charge for my zine. To do so would involve more record keeping than I'd care to do, and wouldn't give me the freedom to cease publication, if I wished to do so, at any time I wished to do it. Barter for LoC or another zine is ever so much better.//Speaking of Mike Resnick (who lives about fifty or sixty miles from here and who we visit every so often), he's aiming to hit the SF markets hard in the next year or so. I've read a couple of his manuscripts, and one, in particular, is really good stuff. He's running into difficulties getting it published, however, which is a darned shame. His sex market writing keeps him in a comfortable financial position though, so he's in no big rush.//Yes, I was climbing the wall, and chewing on the rug, frothing at the mouth and performing other actions indicating acute mental agony. ARGH!!!!

SLOW DJINN--Dave Locke: Your game with the zip-code-averages pointed up something that irks me about the system used for area codes in telephone numbers. Why can't Ma Bell set up her system with as much logic as the PO (a place where you'd expect just the opposite) did with zip code numbers? I recall reading an explanation of the phone company's reasoning for assigning numbers that had something to do with giving frequently-called areas an easier-to-dial (i.e. lower-numbered) code, and the less-frequently called areas less-easy-to-dial numbers. Then they go and put out push-button phones, which negated any "advantage" gained by having a lower number. Dumb, dumb, dumb!//Cribbing from other folk again, eh, Dave? I have claim to naming one's pet "Shambleau" (or actually, Mike Resnick does, since she was his dog in the first place). Why not show a little originality?//I know whereof you speak concerning that sometimes feeling of awesome power when playing cards while boozing it up. Though usually I play a bit worse than my usual lousy way, there are times when I feel I could best Omar Sharif in a Bridge duel. I treasure those moments, for they are few.//The

borders you typed out remind me of a sewing notions catalogue. I've seen quite a few samples of rick-rack that look almost identical to all but the first example you cut; only they were in color, and had a bit more "dimension" to them.//All xerox machines may run back to back all right, but not all xerox machines give access to the paper storage area--such as the public ones found in dime stores and such-like places. The only one I have access to (at 15¢ a page, which is why I don't use it much) is such a public-use machine.//Miracle of miracles! We agree on our cola preferences!!! I've been a Pepsi freak all my life (used to hate going to neighborhood bars with my folks as kid, since they never had Pepsi, but served Coke and 7-Up instead, as mixers) and never got to taste RC except on vacation in Kentucky or Tennessee every so often. But since RC spread its distribution area northwards about ten years ago, I drink more of it than Pepsi. I find it not quite as sweet, but with just as good a flavor, and the sugar-free version of RC is much better than (as far as a sugar-free can be called good in the first place) diet-Pepsi. I've never found a store brand of pop that was even remotely drinkable as far as their colas were concerned.//Karen Valentine is to be preferred to Bergman and Hepburn!?! *Gasp* *Croggle*. I've never seen her as anything but the kewpie doll type; simperingly cute. Now Olivia and Michelle I can understand. Stephanie doesn't ring a bell of recognition at all. RE: favorite male actors, mine are Burton and O'Toole tied for top place, with George Peppard, Yul Brynner (that spelling doesn't look right--*oh well*) and Al Pacino running hard behind. For me the point to look for is the eyes, as far as sex appeal goes. Now I also admire Martin Sheen, George Gizzard, and several others for acting ability, but I doubt if that was what you were referring to in Valentine's case. She couldn't act her way out of a speeding ticket doing 26 in a 25 mph zone.//Shoemaker's still working on the issue with your bit on EdCo; in fact I just sent him an illo for it a few weeks ago. Getting a mite incestuous here, ain't we?//OOK OOK regarding your comment to Lon about beer. (I like that use of ook-ook, gleaned from reading Denny Lien's apazine along with phrases like HHOK ((ho-ho, only kidding, with optional initial of person being addressed tacked onto the end)) and GCT_ ((Good comment to whoever the comment was made to)) and would not mind seeing them used in more apas. Certainly take up far less print space than repeating the same phrases over and over again.))//Someone else once said I was good at arguing, but, if so, I wish someone would point out examples to me. Maybe it's because people don't go about waving white flags of surrender or something, because if I've won any arguments, I'm not aware of it.//But I can't boost my output. I'm straining my resources to draw as much as I do. It's the same hang-up as with writing: lack of ideas. Sure I can draw, I'd be lying if I said I couldn't, but it's a draftsman-like talent, not a creative one, and often I wish I couldn't handle a pen or pencil at all rather than doing so without that creative spark I so dearly wish I had. I can't fully express the frustration I feel over that lack, Dave, it's something that causes me a great deal of personal anguish.//Thanks for the info re: bourbon and rye and blends. I'd always wondered what those old detective novels were referring to when they'd say someone ordered "rye" at a bar. Having spent many of my growing up years in bars, I never heard anyone ask for rye, and thought it a drink no longer produced.//My first drunk was done on gin too, as I've told you before, and I find it totally repugnant in taste and smell now. Odd that I've never had a similar reaction from other booze though.//I ask a question, like "What's snogging?", and get answers coming back for months. Lessee, this must be the eighth such explanation I've heard and/or read this year. The first one was at Rivercon, when Buck asked me to define it on a panel, and I, tired of hearing this word I didn't know, turned tables on him and asked him to define it for me. Snogging's fun, I now know.//I told Martha about the heart's dare, and she's got itchy fingertips now. If only you didn't live so blasted far away! Well, she should be on the West Coast at the next Worldcon there. Can you wait with bated breath until 1978?//I, too, tend to come down harder on comix fen than truly they deserve (but not much harder!) since all hobbies are essentially frivolous and therefore essentially equal. But, heck, it's so much fun to watch them quiver with righteous rage that I can't resist. Defending a personal taste, logically, is an impossibility, but comix fen never fail to try, and I find that dreadfully amusing. I'd never defend, say, Heinlein's books like that.

I've never drank an Orange Julius, but I've seen several outlets in the Chicago area. One's in the Loop, and another at a shopping center not too far from here. (I should explain to the others that when I say "not far from here" I'm referring to distances of under thirty miles, since we live at least eighteen miles from ANYTHING, though only five miles from Beecher, which really is nothing. Country living is nice, but it has its disadvantages, especially during periods of tight fuel supplies.)//I consider nattering to be words set down without any definite aim in mind, except maybe filling pages. Mailing comments may be nattering in style, but their content, replies to specific points, put them into another category for me.//While I'm not wild about eating green bell peppers, I do like their flavor in certain foods. For instance, I make a quasiversion of stuffed peppers, where I lay a ball of meat-and-rice-and-stuff on quartered peppers, rather than using one pepper per serving. I can't eat peppers by themselves, though I can eat them with a bite of something else. Ochra I can do without, and I don't believe I've ever tasted properly-prepared grits (tried fixing them myself once--I like trying out new foods--but I couldn't have done it right since the dish was awful--unless, of course, they really do taste that terrible.)//I like that additional rule for Scrabble. Reminds me of that tale of the lawmakers who, if their legislation wasn't workable, were flung off a cliff for introducing it.//Ah, but Dave, when smoking pot, some people develop a sort of semi-paranoia, where such feelings as George had are perfectly possible and real at the time. I, too, think that the line about the purse-snatcher going to jail not serving justice as bullshit, but I do think that the fear of police portion was due to the pot. (I also didn't catch that bit about feeling that jail sentences don't serve justice, and wish George would enlarge on his reasoning on that point.)//I thought some of the dialogue in "Flesh Gordon" to be funny, but agree that the animation portions were the best part of a somewhat failure of a film. Something else too highly rated.

FAN ORDINAIRE--Lon Atkins: Sorry you were in such a downer of a mood when deadline time came around. Hope you feel like writing more this mailing, and that you don't get so wrapped up in heeding the inner voices (which should be paid attention to every once in awhile) that you forget those of us outside yourself.

SNAFFLE--Dean Grennell: Seems like FAPA is undergoing another of its occasional die-offs (noted I forgot to indent the first line under Dave and Lon's zine titles--sorry 'bout that...) as you must be the sixth or so person I've heard of who is dropping out. I would imagine a bunch of ravenous waitlisters, all-fired up with energy, will now join in the Sacrosant Sixty-Five, revitalize the apa and attract a new eager crowd onto the waitlist, until they, too, die off from ennui and the process can again repeat itself. As the thirteen year locust emergence is considered good for the forests because of the natural trimming they do to the branches where they lay their eggs, I guess these periodic die-offs in apas help keep them healthy--if they don't kill them off first.//Somehow I didn't picture you as the sort who'd go for the guilt-by-association bit. I understand that Nixon preferred Coke, but that has no bearing on my dislike of it (I hated Coke far before I hated Nixon).//Time out to take a quick glance at the lunar eclipse now going on. Our local NBC outlet has a camera set up at Adler Planetarium, and they're cutting in everyso often with progress reports. Nice to look at, but a solar eclipse is far more spectacular a sight. If I were simply driving about, unaware that there was an eclipse going on, I might wonder at the position of the moon's crescent, but nothing more.//Sometimes the explanations of natural phenomena is more fascinating the real-life example.//Personally, I find even your store-brand prices to be ridiculously high compared to booze prices out here. You guys pay through the nose for your vices!//Dick Francis: isn't he the fellow who writes mysteries with horse racing and its world of characters as background? Obviously, I'm not up on the field at all.//No need to thank me, anyone can use my typos (and there are many, many of them) free of charge or credit. Consider it as but a small, partial reimbursement of the Dues I owe to fandom (sound of blaring trumpets accompanied by muted french horns and singing violins...)//1923 seemed to have been a vintage year. Seems to me that Gordy Dickson was born that year

as well, though I'm not positive.//I sometimes feel dreadfully unfannish in that I've never named objects in my possession. The closest I come to that is calling whatever car we own (or in our current state of owning two cars, whichever one I drive most frequently) "the Beast". Wally used to name his cars, but stopped doing that a bit over ten years ago. I fully acknowledge the individuality of mechanical devises, but somehow suspect that bestowing them with names will only encourage their idiosyncrasies, and machinery needs no such encouragement, as far as I'm concerned!//I've heard of "IBM Drift", but never dealt with it. The selectrics at least behave themselves, and stay put wherever you set them.//I'd heard that "curse" before, but in a shorter, less "Irish-sounding" version. I love it!//two Ook-ooks for that misspelled Polack T-shirt inscription.//Apparently you gave up on MAD about the same time that I did. At first I found it delightfully witty, but later it became simply silly.//Poker and hearts are board games?!? Since when?//I've heard Diedre pronounced two ways, either as "Dee-dree" or as "Dee-druh". Don't know which one "our" Dièdre prefers.//It's refreshing to learn that others have these mental blocks about characters' names happen to them too. In my case, such mental blocks strike in most any sort of recollection chore, but characters names are forgotten the most frequently next to authors' names. I got hung up on the name of the fairy character in Shakespeare's THE TEMPEST a few weeks ago. Took me over a week before it occurred to me, out of the blue--Ariel. I find it extremely frustrating when trying to talk semi-intelligently with others about SF. A definite handicap to communication. ("Oh, you know what I mean; that book by whats-his-name, with whats-his-name as the main character? You don't know what I mean? Well, for heaven's sakes; I thought I made it perfectly clear!")

DEAD DOG MONTHLY #3--Alan Hutchinson: Nice cover (oh, I'm going to run that into the ground, I am, I am!)//At first I thought you were going to do a "backwards" zine, but I see DDM consists of only mlg comments this time around. Nothing wrong with that; just so you don't go in the other direction. Nothing turns off my interest quicker or more thoroughly than a lack of MCs.//The only way someone could tell if your Duck article was serious or not was to have read it. I didn't, as I should have implied more strongly. As I think I made clear in my previous comments to others--but there's no harm in repeating them--I see no wrong, ipso facto, in expressing a liking for comic art, but too often comix fen are overly defensive about their quirk (now, really, don't you feel somewhat awkward at explaining your collecting habits to someone outside the field? Be honest!) and have given the entire group a rather odious reputation among "straight" SF fans because of their attempts at rationalizing their hobby. I think comics are a waste of time for an adult, but I think stamp collecting, model railroading, and several other legitimate hobbies are pretty juvenile as well, and obviously others don't agree. I thought apas were a place where one could express one's opinion freely. (Though I do have to say that you, to whom my comments were directed, didn't get as upset as Stven did)//Postal rates are 10¢ a pound now!!!Goshwowboyoboy! Wait'll I run down to our PO and ask for my refund! (HHOKA) The third class rates went up, which you forgot to mention, and I was more than a bit miffed to hear that some people got socked 2¢ postage due on the last issue of Dilemma, which was sent out something like three days before they went up. Though I use first class more frequently, the largest amount of money I spend goes for third class postage, and I mail very few letters that weigh over an ounce, so the net result is only an increase for me, not a decrease. The expected hike in December will only hurt matters more. Darn it.//Hmmm, you expect Dave and I to express no wonderment at 28 year-olds liking comics, but seem to feel amazed that a 40 year old could like Rock music. There's a certain lack of consistency there, as far as I can see.//I'm sure Frank referred to the Denver Thompson, but you should also know that there is yet a third Don Thompson. Fortunately, each one has a different/^{middle}initial, and, coincidentally, they are A, B and C. Odd how things work out, ain't it? (I don't know the third Don, but Buck Coulson has mentioned him YANDRO, most recently when the Denver Don first came on the scene.)//Wally and I seldom go to the touristy-things on vacation,

as we're generally more interested in the scenic areas of the country. It's mainly the cost that discourages me, since I can't see spending \$500 or \$600 on a trip like some people do (if not more!). And with three kids, now all 12 and over, it doesn't take much visiting to commercial establishments to blow that amount of cash. No, I'd rather hike a mountain trail than see Disneyland, even disregarding the difference in cost.//20¢ a print isn't much, but first of all you have to have a 35 mm camera. And those do cost. I may get some film for our Instamatic someday and try some snapshots, but I don't think that camera will give close enough focussing to work out. I did take a picture of three of my paintings to send to Dave Locke with our SX 70, but copies of those run 45¢ apiece. Hmmm, even that isn't too outrageous--beats the price of yet another new camera at least.//Haven't the foggiest idea if Ken Keller of KC fandom (and MidAmeriCon chairman) is the same Ken Keller or not. The first time I became aware of KC fandom, or their bid for the Worldcon, was at last year's Minni-con. Ken, Jeff May and, I believe, Bill Fesselmeyer came up and asked my advice on what to buy for a room party they were having to announce their bid. They were nice guys and had made a favorable impression on everyone there, so I trotted out to the liquor store and picked out a perfectly ghastly, but different, selection of potables--ranging all the way from Strawberry Hill, Ripple and Boone's Farm wines, to hard and soft ciders and beer (three kinds, I think). The party was the hit of the con, since pop wines were very "In" at that time, but no one else thought to provide any. Since they were on a limited budget, I thought it gave them the most for their money (about \$50 as I recall). Apparently the success of that party led the Muelbach to finance their future parties, and I remember hearing that their party at Discon cost \$700 for just the first night. How strange things accelerate. Personally, I think the Minni-con party was far more fun. Anyway, back to Ken; he's definitely into graphics, being part of the Nickelodeon publishing venture, and one of the partners in the graphic arts services advertised in that fanzine, so he could just possibly be the same person you know of. I simply don't know.//All sorts of explanations have been made about the tendency for adolescent girls to groove on horses, and I've yet to see one that I can agree with. I associated a sense of freedom regarding horses, especially in the literature about them, that appealed to me while at the age where the restrictions society places on people of the female persuasion become most obvious. I wanted to be a horse, fantasized about it, dreamt about it, running free and wild out in some nebulous West that didn't exist in reality. I loved to ride, and grabbed every opportunity to do so, but owning one was out of the question. My most envied friends had horses of their own, or access to one on a regular basis. *sigh* Now, having had a pony for awhile (for our kids, nominally, for myself, actually), I am now acquainted with the hassles inherent in owning one of the beasts, and never would even consider buying one. My admiration for them now is strictly from afar.//I want to yell out that if you guys would stick your noses outside of the apas for awhile, you might see what the hell is going on around you! Certainly, ATom is still active. *Sheesh* But I realize that general fandom is not everyone's cup of tea...with teeth clenched at the thought. And to think that diehard apans consider themselves as fans! Hmph. (HH, ONKA)//I don't know what you mean about Rivercon not advertising itself as "any sort of southern con". I knew it was a DeepSouthCon, and believe me, I'm not more aware than your average fan--far less so, actually.//I puzzle over that comment about your former friend being "too cheap to come over"--and visit you. How much cheaper can you get than make a visit to someone else's house?//There have been reports made about the wearing of flea collars on humans being dangerous to your health. They contain a chemical similar to the one the banned Shell Insect Strips use, and can really cause some nasty problems. Hadn't heard that bit about fleas and their living for two yers without blood and then going bananas before, and I don't believe it, though it makes a good whopper.

CON CONFESSIONS--Gary Brown: A seven page con report that uses three of those pages to describe the trip there and back exemplifies one of my main gripes about con reports. Two or three paragraphs should be enough!//Good beginning, despite my overall reaction; you worded that first page excellently.//

I've met Rosie Green--Jim and Penny Hansen, Don Blyly and myself stayed at her apartment while down for the Apollo 17 shot--and have noticed a few mentions about her lately. Could I ask what could be a stupid question? Is she married to "Doc" Clarke any longer? I saw her at Kubla Khan Clave this year (she was travelling with her folks) and everyone spoke of her as Rosie Green rather than Clarke (not positive if there is an "e" on that or not), and not one word was spoken about her husband. I'm not well-acquainted enough with either Rosie or Joe or Nita to ask them, but I am curious. ??I enjoy watching Kelly sketch, and treasure the one he did of me a couple years ago, but I note that he sometimes misses a resemblance of his subject by a country mile. Often he's right on the money, too, so I'd consider him fairly uneven as a caricaturist. It's still fun to watch him though, and thrilling to get one of his quick sketches for your very own. I figure that in another three years or so, he'll have "done" every person in fandom--or at least the ones who show up at cons.

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU TO THE WPB--Alan Hutchinson: Gads, but that's a long title! Hope you don't put these out too often.//One and a half out of six, at least your ratio of trip report to con report is better than Gary's...but not by much.//I enjoyed comparing your version of things with Gary's, but have little other comment. Sorry.

AT THE SIGN OF THE BLUE UNICORN--The Moffats: Enjoyed your report, and wish that I hadn't been out of town while you were in our area. Alas, so it goes. Appreciated reading a tourist's eye view of Chicago. I like visiting the city, but since I've spent my whole life around here, I don't see it the same way other people do. Some of the things you noticed were simply taken for granted by me. I had no idea that Lake Michigan had a "fresh-water" smell to it; it always reminded me of fish. And I'd thought that all large cities used the double-door system in public buildings--because of air-conditioning, if nothing else.//The only familiar names I saw were those of Lesleigh Luttrell, Bev deWeese and Yale Eidekin...not much overlap between mystery and SF fandom, is there?//A green river was a lime pop that was extremely popular back in the days when soda fountains were everywhere. It pretty well died off when bottled pop took over, and I haven't seen any except at a few downtown spots since I was a teenager. Makes me nostalgic to hear of it again.//The Pick-Congress is the Conrad Hilton (the "flagship" of the Hilton chain) and is reputed to be the world's largest hotel, or maybe just the country's. Hasn't been called the Pick-Congress in over a decade--it's been quite awhile since you were last in Chicago, hasn't it! During the first Windycon, held at the Blackstone, just across the street, more attendees were in the Royal Scot and Tipperary Inn than in the con-site's bars and restaurants. It's a fabulous place, all right; almost a town in itself.//The Point also was/is a notorious passion pit for local kids--or at least it was when I fit in that category. Who looked at the skyline?//I find the bulk of the modern art at the Art Institute to be revolting. Got no taste, I guess.//Thanks for the explanation of snogging, but as I said earlier *sigh* I'm gonna scream if I hear another one!//Your LASFS roots are showing--"disty" indeed. I chuckled when I read it. //Neither one, really. For the past few years first class mail that was going out past 400 miles has been sent by air, but the PO didn't spread it around since they didn't want to lose the extra revenue. Maybe too many people became aware of it, so they're announcing it as a "new policy" to soften the blow of the upcoming increase. I dunno, but it sounds like typical bureaucratic hype to me.//I don't think that ignorance is the requirement for writing porno, but for reading it...

POINT ON YOUR HEAD--Various Stobclerites + Stevens: The credit was longer than the title this time.//Sounded like one hell of a party. Enjoyed; but no comments.

HOW I SAW JAWS--Alan Hutchinson: Cute.

HONEY DEW VINE WATER #3--Gary Brown: Sorry about the illnesses and deadline blues.

It happens to us all at one time or another; at least you got a zine out, some fen would have given up.//I got this October 24th, so you can't blame Dave's PO for slow delivery. The trouble must lie further along the pipeline.//I too would like to see the deadline set at a specific "day" rather than date. It's easier for me to keep "the second Saturday" in mind than a number which could fall on any specific day. Since I only belong to one apa at a time, which day it is makes no difference to me. I've yet to figure out just what Stobcler's schedule is--didn't Dave originally say it would be every eight weeks? Bi-monthly would be easier to remember.//Damn few comments, but then you made few of them yourself.

WAFFLE PAPERS #3--George Inzer: I don't care for SPACE: 1999 at all, but my kids just love it. Wasn't any problem until the TV we'd gotten them a month ago broke down, and now I have to occasionally surrender to them and let them watch it here upstairs. Yuck.//You like to see "my name" in print? Okay--my name, my name, my name, my name, my name. Don't thank me, glad to oblige.//Methinks that Frank Denton is a librarian, not an English professor.// "Clyde" also is/was a common name to call a klutzy person; the fumble-fingered (as well as mind) type. Or so it is/was in this neck of the country.//Haven't watched all that many episodes of WHEN THINGS WERE ROTTEN, but what I've seen I've enjoyed. Not high comedy, but fun--but then most of Brooks's insanities appeal to me. It's odd when you consider that I usually don't care for slapstick. I liked his old GET SMART series too.//Sorry I didn't find more comment hooks, but that's the way it goes.

THIRD VATCH--Jan Snyder: Hmm, your zine seems to be out of order in my bundle. Tsk. Dave should pay closer attention.//Sorry to you too. I read your zine with interest, but nothing occurs to me to say about it.

A TALENT TO AMUSE, REV C--Dave Hulan: But I see I've goofed again. And gone too far to corflu it out. *sigh*. Well, I'll just do yours first, then come back to Marcia's. I really wish that, if you use two different titles for your contributions, that you'd make the zines entirely seperate. Makes it clearer that they are two different entities to the muddle-headed, such as myself.//Excuses, excuses, excuses. When are you going to act like a Dictator and quit making excuses? I didn't really notice the short delay, anyway. Am just pleased you didn't do a 100 page monster for this apa--this thing is getting too long as it is.//In this area, a condominium refers only to the fact that you own, rather than rent, your place of residence, which may be built as a townhouse type of building, or a four or six-flat or a hi-rise. Just about any sort of building where the units normally are rented rather than seperately owned. Generally, when you say "condo", you also state the kind of building it is as well--as in Townhouse Condo. I assume the situation is different in California?//Sorry that we couldn't make connections; on either of your trips to and through Chicago. I would have enjoyed meeting you and Marcia too...or at least I think I would've.//I am a supporter of retributive justice as well as being opposed to capital punishment too. I do feel that there are some circumstances where rehabilitation is possible, and such should be aimed for in those cases, but in general I think that the main deterrent to crime is the fact that something unpleasant is going to happen to you if you break the law. I do wish that more court systems would use the reparations form of punishment though; where a person has to pay back the victim by making regular payments out of his/her salary (which sometimes means that the courts must find employment for the miscreant). It only is applicable in cases where financial loss is involved, but can be paired with incarceration in cases of physical abuse as well. The few reports I've read on its use make it sound very effective indeed.//I enjoyed the King-Riggs match too, but I also watch tennis when it's broadcast on Wide World of Sports and there's nothing else to do. I'm not overly concerned with who is playing who; just find it an enjoyable sport to watch. A lot better than football, golf or bowling. Baseball I've learned to avoid because my Dad watched it constantly during the season (and listened to the away games on the radio too) and I had an OD

of baseball long before age 11. I do occasionally watch basketball, but only when, as with you and tennis, I have some interest in who is playing. To be honest, I will have to say that I haven't felt any such interest in which team is playing which for quite some time--like ten years or so.//What is needed is another word to describe a person who is more than a friendly acquaintance, and yet not a bosom buddy. I find that missing word to be galling when writing, say, a con report, since you're more-or-less forced to lump both categories together. For instance, I find Dave Locke and Bill Bowers to both be fine people, and I certainly like them both and would call them both "friends". Yet Dave is a far closer friend than Bill is, even if I see Bowers more often than Locke. And there's no word to use to differentiate between the two "degrees" of friendship. It's an odd situation, when you consider that the English language is so rich in words that describe similar things, yet differentiate among them by recognizing finely discriminating points of divergence. While it is possible to call one a "close friend" in order to show a greater familiarity or bond, I would prefer an entirely different term to mere modifying adjectives.//Tucker seems to like Jacksonville, though he's been traipsing off to so many cons this year that I don't think he's had all that much of a chance to get really acquainted with it.//One of the reasons, probably the most most influential one when you come right down to it, is that I prefer to eat the foods permitted on the "Drinking Man's Diet". I've always tended to be a meat-and-salad eater, and except for bread with sandwiches, don't eat many carbohydrates at all, even when I'm not trying to pare off a few pounds. One of my big hangups is the insistence that potatoes should be served with all meals. My Dad would never consider a dinner complete without potatoes, even if another starchy dish, like macaroni or noodles, was on the menu. Wally's family felt the same way, and it took me a couple years to gently wean him from the Spud Habit. I consider potatoes to be one of the most fattening foods in the American diet--not because of their caloric value, but because they're mainly starch and usually served with other fattening, unneeded dressings such as gravy. I'm an extremely heavy meat-eater, and could subsist quite happily on roasted meat (beef, pork, ham, chicken or turkey) sandwiches for weeks on end. Toss in an occasional lettuce leaf or dill pickle and it's even relatively balanced.//Well, I consider 4 comix fen out a roster of 17 (18 if you count the Maffats as two members) a fairly high ratio, especially when they're all so positively vocal, figuratively speaking, about their interests. 22% isn't a trifling percentage, you know. Fortunately the four you chose aren't examples of the obnoxious stereotype of comix fen, no more than Jan exemplifies the rabid Trekkie type that has endeared itself to fandom. Overall, you have balanced things reasonably well, even if I do gripe every now and then.//Olivier as Gandalf would be far better than Quinn, imho, but I think Nimoy could handle the part too.

YOU CAN DO SUCH A LOT WITH A STOBCLER--Marcia Hulan: Sorry about the toe. Joni Stopa broke her large toe several weeks ago, and it hasn't mended yet, so she's really being bothered by it. Like you, she's rebroken it many times, and this time, for some reason she doesn't understand, it refuses to knit. After watching her hobble around, I can sympathize with anyone who fractures a toe; they must hurt like the very dickens!//One of the things that gripes me about the currently in vogue "humanism" is the utter put-down of property and the concept of personal possessions (unless, of course, you created them out of raw materials by yourself). Everything you purchase is bought with money that was earned by your efforts and your time, and is therefore a part of you as much as a hand-crafted item is. I choke when someone protests about a criminal being made to spend X number of years in jail for taking something that was "merely" a piece of property. Well, that property represented a portion of the owner's life too, but that is simply dismissed as being unimportant.//I, too, have always looked older than my age--a definite asset (I thought) when in my teens, but something that's getting more and more discouraging the older I do get. Looking 30 at 25 didn't bother me a bit, but looking 40 at 35 is beginning to be another matter entirely!//If there was no booze, then it definitely could not have been like a con. No way can you have the one without the other...even if you personally are a teetotaller.//How'bout "makes strong people

