From under a 30 WATT LAMP

Si, Senors, Senoras, and Senorita. We are across ze border. Poncho will take you to ze saloon. We will all have margaritas, and then siesta when we fall off our stools.

One or two or ten things have happened since the last time we crossed the border, but I would have no interesting perspective to add to what Jackie has already mentioned in her zine this mailing. And, since I already know this, you get spared a retelling. I tell you, this is your lucky day.

How can you be so lucky?

Just lucky, I guess.

It's one in a recent series of Cincinnati days which are bleah and at best uninspiring. Forty to fifty degree temperature, the ground bare, and a heavy overcast which probably extends back to Mercury. The Cincinnati weather forecasters (a local joke, pill all of them; the nature of Cincinnati makes the weather virtually unforecastable) are predicting a change of pace to snap us out of the doldruns. They have the answer, which they say will appear tonight in the shape of snow. However, as they have forecasted eight out of the last two snows, I really don't pay any attention to them. But if it does snow tonight, I will mourn for the bleah days.

STEVE LEIGH

Hi, ya. Welcome. Let me introduce you around to the crew.

I'm not sure you know Bruce Arthurs, but he knew you. He called one day, the day of the last deadline, in fact, and when I mentioned to him you were joining that mailing he said "isn't that Denise Parsley Leigh's husband?" Bruce works for the Post Office in Phoenix. Many years ago he decided to fight the system from within, and his objective is to manipulate policy to obtain a postage waiver for fanzines.

Lon Atkins is the sharp looking guy with the mustache. He's nobody you want to play chess with, any more than you would want to play tennis with Bjorn Borg or get in the ring with Tommy Hearn. He mixes a mean drink and has been known to sit in on a game of Hearts. Likes to go over to France and get slapped on wine and food, writes faan fiction that gets past my prejudices against faan fiction, and goes berserk when you put a Polaroid in his hands.

You know Bowers. He drinks your whiskey, and eats slow.

Becky Cartwright is cute as a button and tough as nails. She could shoot marbles out of the air from twenty yards while you juggle them. Lives in Texas, near Houston, and stands 4'11" in shitkickers. Becky's husband Kent slept in our catbox one night. Becky rode in a U-Haul with her feet in a catbox when she and Kent moved from California. They have a stuffed unicorn's head in their home.

You remember Jackie. She's the one that drinks Southern Comfort mixed with a proportion of diet Cherry Berry and diet Pepsi-Cola. Likes to travel to conventions and stay up all night to watch the sunrise, and has been known to win real money at midwest poker.

Dean Grennell has his own style of writing, totally on a different plane, and nothing I've partaken has ever gotten me up that high. Mixes a wicked margarita, tries to get you drunk by sampling all the drinks he makes for himself: things like Cherry Bombs (half vodka and half Cucamonga cherry wine), Ginger Snaps (half ginger beer and half ginger brandy), and other strange combinations which are mildly deadly. The Spayed Gerbil, if it wandered into his house, would be just another animal in the zoo of drinks to be encountered.

Marty Helgesen is a serious fellow when he isn't dropping puns in his wake or quoting from strange manuscripts. Works at a library, where he inhales books.

Arthur Hlavaty is developing a body of written material toward a PhD thesis on the various reasons why people should fuck. He's into Libertarianism and the Human Potential Movement, and writes a lot of good shit. We argue philosophy on occasion, but he stopped being paranoid about me when he learned that I thought ILLUMINATUS! was boring. No visible means of support. Possibly a CIA agent with an inventive cover identity.

David Hulan lives in California with a beautiful woman and wins arguments by calmly trotting over you with facts and logic. Has an incredible capacity for books and liquor and a consistant high level of play in card games. Strokes his chin-wiskers a lot, and is OE of Apanage which has such a high percentage of young women as members that Bill Bowers' tongue would drop to his knees if I talked about it.

You know Eric Lindsay. Drinks tequila, then gives you the empty pint bottle and asks you to "get another one just like this."

Pauline Palmer lives up near that volcano that keeps belching, and a while back she put glassine bags of Mt. St. Helens ash through the apa. She publishes a very interesting and offbeat genzine, and used to write raunchy articles under an obscene pseudonym.

Mike Shoemaker likes life in the fast lane. He's into running. Also likes hiking to otherwise inaccessible areas where he feels and pinches the ground to try and determine if anyone ever lived there before. Talks about literature a lot, and likes all-night card games.

Suzi Stefl. You know Suzi like I know Suzi. Conservative woman. Refused to go out with me in a canoe and screw while standing up.

Remember Becky, and her husband Kent who sleeps in cat litter? Kent is the brother of Judy Stevens, who lives way down at the southern border of Texas in La Feria. Judy, or Jutz, now has her own ceramics shop and likes to fashion obscene things in clay. Makes a mean Boob Cup. Kent says she really gets off on Dean Grennell's homemade sangria. Draws cartoons about an androgynous character who lives in the future, and rumors have it that she is threatening to cure the eccentricities of her new ditto by baking it in the kiln.

You know Joni. Makes jams and jellies. Tends a garden. Hooks rugs. Writes travel pieces. Sedate woman. Plays a mean game of hearts, especially if she's sitting in your lap.

Roy Tackett is 156 years old and lost his fingers in a geisha house in Japan. Types by striking the typewriter with his foot. Actually, Harlan Ellison is right: Roy looks like a Kansas City hitman. Created the expression "Ed Cox Doodle Here," and actually has the personality that Buck Coulson carries around as a shtick. Lives on a sand dune near Albuquerque, and says arresting things.

Dave Wixon I think you might know. He plays Archie Goodwin to Gordy Dickson's Nero Wolfe. Is so behind on doing mailing comments and dedicated to catching up that he spends pages addressing people who aren't in FLAP anymore. Lives in Minneapolis and talks about snow a lot.

Mike Horvat joined the mailing before you did. He's heavy into amateur press and makes his living with his own printing business. Dropped out of fandom for a few years because starting your own business isn't an 8:00 to 5:00 job. Feuds with the Post Office a lot, and steam comes out of his ears when he talks about it.

Dave Langford lives over in the mother country and also joined FLAP with the last mailing. Dave is tall, talks fast, and joins Dean Grennell and I as representing Deaf Fandom within this apa. Does strange things while drinking, and then writes about them before anyone else can. Earns his living as a freelance writer so he can write-off his convention expenses and flirt with publishers' assistants. What he says about other U.M. fans isn't true, but should be.

Okay, that's the crew. I'd introduce myself, but I note from your zine that you've already met my backhand drop shots on the tennis court. "There's no possible way I can respect a man who drop-shots as often as he does." I don't blame you. I've long felt the same way about your second serve. And the way you run into the backboard when I lob over your head.

For someone who hates phones, you sure love doing shticks on your answering machine.

I knew there was something I liked about you. I can't stand mailing comment abbreviations, either. As with cliches, I avoid them like the plague, and when others use them my eyes stumble. Basically I don't find them too useful, either. RAEBNC means "read and enjoyed but no comment." "Enjoyed" would be more than adequate, as the fact that one has no comment is apparent. "ct Eric" means "comment to Eric" and is supposed to present a reference point so you will understand the remark that follows, provided your memory is excellent or you're willing to go back and look up the comment you made to Eric. It's lip-service toward giving a mailing comment that can be understood out of context. HHOK is "ho ho only kidding," and gets tossed in in lieu of something more clever when you realize that what you said might be interpreted too literally. It's apa shorthand, it's been around a while and is likely ingrained to the point where stamping it out would require a major campaign. I just grumble about it on occasion and tell people they're better writers than to use such a shallow gimmick. The older ones have used it so long I don't think they can write without it, and the younger ones pick it up because they think it's the thing to do. I once used IHMCA, and then waited until someone asked me what it meant. I told them it stood for "I hate mailing comment abbreviations."

Denise said 'Boy, Dave sure likes strange stuff''? Well, I do, but I wonder what she meant? Hmm...

What do I mean by "interesting" when I say a book has to be interesting to me on one or (hopefully) more levels if I'm going to get through it? Well, as in the dictionary definition, I guess. To cause to become concerned with. Actually, I think that's one of the clearest things I've ever said (ranks right up there with "let's screw" and "I want another drink"). No more Dark Special for you today.

Sounds like we operate the same when it comes to anger. I never received the gift of anger. Frequently enough I'm pissy or irr tated, but that's usually as far as it go. On the rare occasion when matters escalate beyond that, I skip anger and go right straight to fury. "It's not a trait I'm particularly fond of." Me, neither. Perhaps we should start up an organization called Rage Anonymous, or Fury Anonymous. We could charge \$1000 to join. Anyone willing to pay that would automatically be rejected from joining.

I know what you mean about getting criticism of your writing from people you know. But I don't think it takes very long to spot who is unwilling to lay it on the line with you. Cagle was always great at giving me input. "You're full of shit again, Dave," was something I could accept from him without having to question it. I think the tendency is to question your own taste when giving an acquaintance or friend the straightforward input they're asking for. You might be the only one who didn't like it. But if somebody asks, I'll give them my reaction. If it turns out that mine is the only negative reaction, at least hopefully they know it's an honest reaction. If not ... then, as Vonnegut says, "so it goes."

"This spring marks the arrival of the Compleat Tennis Player." Who are you talking about? Are you bringing someone in to give us lessons?

JACKIE CAUSGROVE

"I feel more comfortable addressing the same 'person' each mailing, and I get disconcerted when titles change continually." I feel more comfortable addressing the person than the zine, too, which is why my comments are addressed to a person and not to the name of their zine. I figure the medium is subject to as much experimentation as a member wants to diddle around with, but in reality it's the person I'm talking

to as opposed to a product. In the last mailing I rumbled around for a couple of pages on some of the various approaches to doing mailing comments. It comes down to whatever works best. You and some others like to keep a single apazine title, because you view an apazine as an extension of personality and changes in title or format are disconcerting. Others change title and format at will, and think only in terms of contributing and participating.

You were speaking of conventions. "There is a feeling present that one -- meaning each individual, every person there -- must actively do something to 'make it happen', turn an ordinary weekend into something special." It's the same everywhere.

"I enjoy cons for things that cannot happen elsewhere; the sense of camraderie---" I find more camraderie elsewhere, especially in places where it doesn't have to contend with billyuns and billyuns of people I have no camraderie with. As I don't like compacted travel, hotels, and conventions for what could be interpreted as a steady diet, I can agree with you that the camraderie is great but disagree that it's a great place to seek it out. Different strokes. There were a lot of people I liked at LASIS, too, but I attended five times in twelve years for pretty much the same reasons I don't attend conventions more often. To boil it right down to its essence, I don't like conventions as a social structure or social setting (too much compacted travel to get there, the surroundings of a hotel or motel don't interest me, it goes on too long, and the people I would come to see are relatively few in proportion to the attendance, and the attendance is milling around like a Times Square scene on New Year's Eve). You either feel differently on the specifics, or can selectively apply tunnel vision to tune out the specifics that you don't like, and as a consequence can enjoy things that I would like to but can't enjoy nearly so well.

BILL BOWERS

"...my ability to cater to the hints I receive (even the ones I notice) is one of my lesser developed attributes." Same here. Amen, brother.

You quasi quote Lesson #1 as: "There are simply too many people in the world to love, to restrict yourself to just one." The meaning of that is open to much interpretation, based on how one defines words like "love" and "restrict." However, it's a negative statement because of the word "restrict." You know the semantic game. Right to choice/pro abortion/baby killers. Labels and statements are often loaded to presuppose choice. To make somebody look like an ass if they try to disagree.

My own tendency would be to phrase it this way: There are too many people in the world to close yourself off to a small, atrophying circle of friends and acquaintances and subsequently get lonlier as you get older. Make that "lonelier." And there are many different levels to relationships. One of the higher levels is the creative intimacy that two people can strive to share, and when things are working on that level it's neither positive nor neutral description to throw on words like "restrictive." The word is apt in many instances, of course, and might even be useful for betting purposes, but it is certainly a dogmatic negative and I would hesitate to use it as part of "an essential foundation for my personal philosophy of dealing with others."

You think of women as members of a totally alien race? Hmm. Hmm. I can't quite squint my eyes enough to bring that one into focus. I'd be interested to hear an elaboration.

"Part of the beauty of fandom is that age simply doesn't matter." It matters less,

but in a positive way it has to matter. We put up with things or at least treat them more kindly when the person saying them is 16 years old instead of 30. And if Harry Warner were 30 instead of the 480 that he sometimes sounds like, we wouldn't react the same. Age often has to "matter," it's just that we don't pay undue attention to it.

"Cliches are generally cliches because they have considerable basis in fact." Right. Like, "you can lead a horse to drink, but you can't make him water." That was always one of my favorites...

"I haven't stopped looking for that primary relationship; what I have done is I've stopped looking for it in everyone I become involved with." There you go. "It's made my life considerably simpler." I believe it. It's amazing how much less intense we become as we grow older. By the time I'm one hundred and fifty I'll be so phlegmatic I won't be able to move.

You quasi-quote "several" people as saying "those whom I'm most affectionate with in public...are not necessarily those that I am most affectionate with in private." Why is there such a difference in image, do you suppose? "Do not judge everything by appearances." Okay. Tell me how you judge this difference between public and private reaction. I'd be interested to see how you view it.

"A few of us haven't proven to be bi...yet." Is it only a matter of time for us all, do you suppose?

"...until April, I remain Bill Bowers". At which point you turn into Mike Glicksohn or someone else?

Ah yes, the infamous Bill Cavin. Shall we invite Frank Johnson to the oneshot next time...?

DAVE WIXON

Half of this is a Minneapolis snow story, and the other half is a mailing comment to Joe Nicholas, who left four mailings ago. What are you smoking up there, Dave? Send some of that down here.

Yeah, I'm familiar with the concept of cutting channels in the ice to keep water from backing up under the roofing and causing leaks. Use a heat tape under the eaves. Keeps the ice dams from forming. If your roof has a steep enough incline, it's also a bit disconcerting when the snow and ice splits at the peak of the roof and comes sliding off with a big rumble. Come to think of it, though, you have shingles. Might not work. Works with galvanized roofing.

'Why do you 'have to resolve the question' of who you are, in the mornings, before you can put your slippers on? Do cold feet help you think?" Sometimes. Like a bucket of cold water in the face. Usually it's because action presupposes intelligence. Jackie once told me "you fake it well, but you have <u>no brain</u> in there in the morning," while pointing at my head.

You say kids don't rebel, "they live in a subculture and they desire nothing more than to religiously conform to it." Good line. Applies to a lot of people in most any subculture.

You talk of rock being "a driving beat that stirs up young juices." All it does

is hurt my ears unless played at a subdued level. So does any other music, actually. As I am apparently not susceptible to music whipping me into a sexual frenzy, not even Jinmy Buffett's LET'S GET DRUNK AND SCREW, I guess I can't add anything to a discussion on "driving beat."

PAULINE PALMER

Screwups in newspapers. Love it, love it. Keep running this stuff.

Real sorry to hear of Jack's heart attack. Hope things have continued to improve in leaps and bounds.

MARTY HELGESEN

I've heard the same thing, that it's less hassle afterwards if you kill the burglar than if you just wound him. The same applies to hitting a person with an automobile. Chauffeurs are sometimes instructed that if it's unavoidable to hit a person who's on foot, they should kill the sonufabitch and not just maim him. The reason involves the difference between a one-shot settlement and ongoing repair and compensatory bills.

I wonder if that researcher who found a face reflected in the cornea in the portrait of Our Lady of Guadalupe used computer enhancement?

You have some good comment on the consequences of ratifying ERA, but I don't know as I view some of those consequences as being a bad thing. However, I question that ratifying ERA "would eliminate present lower life insurance and auto insurance rates which now are calculated from separate actuarial tables." Shit, insurance companies use the damndest factors to set rates, and I don't think ERA would change anything. For example, young drivers pay through the nose to get auto insurance, and often get thrown into an insurance 'pool'. They don't consider that age discrimination. Using separate actuarial tables for men and women probably wouldn't be considered sex discrimination.

I don't agree with your definition of "worship." You say "Worship is acknowledging reality. It means recognizing that we were created by God and are held in existence at every moment by God. Seeing the implications of this situation and expressing the thoughts and sentiments which are appropriate to creatures addressing their Creator is worship." No, what you described is what I would call "believing." "Worship" is, according to my dictionary, "the reverent love accorded a deity, idol, or sacred object. Ardent devotion." All the other dictionaries lying around this apartment say the same thing with other words. Worship is a helluva lot more than just acknowledging the existence of something.

MIKE HORVAT

Really enjoyed this. Good stuff. As long as we're comparing graduation dates, I was in the class of '62. Gave the salutatorian address, but don't be unduly impressed as the class had only 18 graduates.

Bill Donohue? Wasn't that Bill Donaho? Or, since you were talking to Bowers, maybe you mean Bill Mallardi...

You talk about doing for the Indians, and mention "imagined guilt." Their suffering is still with us, but I don't know as the reaction to that would be called "guilt." Exactly... As to whether or not you're concerned (ie: basically give a shit) about their poor circumstances (in a number of cases, not all), that might depend on whether or not you feel any sense of community with the society that you're a part of; the society which stepped on the Indians and then kept pushing them around to less and less worthwhile parcels of 1.nd. Not that you're responsible for what happened in the past, at least not as an individual. But do you feel any share of responsibility for what is happening in the present, other than as an individual?

No, I don't find your talk on "private press papers" to be boring at all. Keep it up, or wherever it feels most comfortable.

LON ATKINS

If you know what Pitch is, you can figure out Partnership Pitch without undue explanation. Instead of four scores, there are two scores. That's all the difference there is, at least the way I used to play it. Spider is a solitaire game where luck of the draw is not the overriding determinant for winning. It involves a lot of card manipulation. It's the best solitaire game I've played. It would take a while to explain it, so if you're interested let me refer you to most any rule book on card games. If one isn't handy to you, just say so and I'll xerox the rules for you out of one of the books here.

Well, I do have an easy tag to refer to my apazines here. I keep them in a binder labeled "FLAPzines." End wiseass remark. I just like to play around with different titles and formats. It keeps me amused. I have nothing against people using the same apazine title in perpetuity, but I don't see any purpose in it that I could use. Anything I do for FLAP will bear my name, which is as much continuity as I require.

I have nothing against Heinlein. It's just that when I asked you for examples of people who/writing the good shit anymore, I figured he'd be too obvious an example. Your examples are good. You list good novels by Sturgeon, Clarke, Simak, Vance (whom I rarely liked, except for BIG PLANET), Van Vogt (I didn't care for SLAN, but did very much enjoy some other of his earlier novels), Clement (I liked about everything he wrote except MISSION OF GRAVITY ...), and Asimov. You also mention EARTH ABIDES, which I haven't read, and GLADIATOR-AT-LAW, but Kornbluth is dead and it's hard to fault him for not writing good stuff anymore (however, co-author Pohl is still going strong, and the relatively recent GATEWAY is, imho, much better than GLADIATOR-AT-LAW. But not as good as SPACE MERCHANTS). Sturgeon isn't writing novels anymore, or at least not recently, Clarke is an excellent example of someone who lost the spark as they got older (CITY AND THE STARS and CHILDHOOD'S END are two of the best novels I've read in science fiction), Simak has been on a long run of mediocrity (and I'd list TIME AND AGAIN together with CITY as examples of excellent early work), Van Vogt was always erratic, and Asimov never did write any novels which were especially seminal other than the FOUNDATION Trilogy. Let's see -- who would I list in this exercise? Phil Dick comes to mind. I enjoyed his stuff for years and years, but with the last few he's lost the touch. Chad Oliver tumbled down to merely "good" with his last two novels. Wilson Tucker. And don't forget G. Peyton Wertenbaker and Dwight V. Swain. (That was a joke, Arthur.)

That's right, you can do running commentary while jogging. And you can write stream of consciousness stuff while trout fishing.

Hey, that's heavy shit, Mokus: "The one big vote in my Box Scores was DaveL's downthumb." Hey, I'm not Chairman Of The Eoard here. Not in this fanzine. The only time I put on my engineer's hat and direct the train is on the cover page. It's sort of like serving the first round of drinks when the main crew arrives for the party, and then dropping the bartender shtick so you can get into the party. On another level, you could conceivably detect broad concern in my voice if somebody is causing a disturbance or looking like they may be about to. You might have scen signals of mildly-concerned-hostism when I went over to talk with Joe Nicholas, but other than for something like that you won't see me do anything except be myself and enjoy being a part of what's going on. But I don't throw weight. You've heard from various people about their reaction to your Box Score statistics, and you can use that as much or as little as you want in deciding whether to run them again. If I were in your place, I'd run them. But I'm not, so it's up to you. If it means anything, I don't dislike the box scores. I just don't find them particularly interesting to me. There are many things I don't find particularly interesting to me. Nobody else pays attention, why should you? Please don't. No more than you would anywhere else, shall we say. Okay?

Ckay.

I like the story and the idea about selling futures in postage stamps. When will I see your name in a magazine I have to pay money for?

POY TACKETT

Hi, there. Instead of retiring, why don't you become a real Kansas City Hitman and go retire other people?

Just a thought.

"I don't have any solution, but I ce tainly admire the problem." Me, too. There's a lot of money in the evil-defining business, though. Millions have cleaned up. Let's come up with another plausible definition for evil, then fly to California and set up a new church. We can call ourselves by some inspiring name and rake in enough quick cash to bribe off all the deprogrammers. When we get it all set up we'll bring Arthur in to run it and then we can both retire.

I'm not certain there is a way to "pack properly." I've incurred strange things. When I moved to California with wife and son back in '68, boxes of possessions dribbled in from the post office. One that contained glassware and other easy breakables was very well packed. Right in the middle of it was a kitchen pan. When we opened it, guess what was the only thing damaged? Not only that, the pan locked like it had been stepped on by a brontesaurus.

Never mind that parallel world stuff. I want some kind of time machine so I can entertain the possibilities inherent in the concept of "if I knew then what I know now --". Lots of serious stuff that I'd do differently. For one thing there was a girl on the beach at Lewey Lake when I was 16, and I want another shot at her.

People study law when they're too young, and get caught up in the detail. Can't see the woods for the trees. They should live awhile first, soak up the nature of where things are fucked up, and then go study law and figure out how it got to be that way. No, of course it can't be handled backwards like that. This is why we have a body of law which often doesn't add up to a clear perspective. Sometimes even the good judges aren't allowed to use the good judgement that we're paying them for.

Well, if I had more money than brains that wouldn't necessarily mean that I was wealthy.

On this philosophical point about whether or not society marches on after you die... I may be blind, but I find it hard to discredit reality. I guess I've seen too many people die to entertain the notion of solipcism. When I go, the only part of society that will die is me. Huh? Yeah, I'm sure.

MIKE SHOEMAKER

Pitch, Seven-Up, and Cinch are all members of the All Fours family, but they're each a bit different. I like Pitch best. Booray, or Bouré, combines features of Ecarté and Poker, but requires a page of explanation to run through the rules and the play. If your references don't list it under the alternate spelling, tell me and I'll photocopy the page from OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES, 54th edition, and mail it to you. It's a rousing good game for four-handed social play, and requires a good sense of touch.

"A fast and perfectly fine method of making corrections" on ditto "is to type the correct letter right over the mistake. Then, when the page is finished, you scratch out the mistake portions of the letters." I did that for several years, and it finally drove me grazy. I found it to be much simpler and faster to swipe off the offending error with an exacto blade and then use a homemade "correction tab" to type in the correction. You don't have to mark the error on the front for correction later, you don't have to find the error on the back, and you don't have to figure out which bits of the reverse images are to be scraped away.

I'm familiar with Heinlein's and Simak's shorter works, but not with Varley's. However, I'm not familiar with Varley's longer works, either. Except what I started and decided not to finish. I have enthusiasm for much of what Heinlein and Simak have done in the past, but the larger their output grows the lesser the percentage that I like.

I thought Simak's WAY STATION was mediocre. Enjoyable enough, but mediocre. I liked him best for TIME AND AGAIN and CITY, though many of his other novels were entertaining enough.

I think intelligence aids self-preservation. The creation of a society is for selfpreservation on a larger scale -- a group-scale that exceeds the size of a pack -and charity to the unfortunate is a normal byproduct because the rolls of the unfortunate might bear anyone's name sooner or later. Aid to the unfortunate, or charity, makes sense because the stronger a society is the stronger are the people within it. If you leave the unfortunate to rot, that rot becomes a part of your society, and on the balance your society is the weaker for it. Helping your fellow man is, in a broad societal sense, an act that contributes to self-preservation.

DAVE LANGFORD

Jackie and I spent New Year's Eve in a gay bar with Mike Glickson and Al & Lynn Curry. Lynn, who isn't gay, works there as a bartender. We pulled helium balloons off the ceiling, inhaled them, and talked even funnier than usual. We had a good time, though I wouldn't construe this as an endorsement of going to gay bars to have a good time. But we did.

Enjoyed all this good stuff. Wish I had more to say than just to swap holiday stories with you. No, that's alright, no need to bring up the subject of Joe again. We'll find something else.

JUDY STEVENS

"How come I'm 38 and you're 37 and you sound so much older--" I was born old. By the time I was 13 I had already hit 50, and at the moment I'm working on 132. However, the grey is just now beginning to attack the hair on my head and on my face. Before it just occasionally showed up. Now it's attacking. By the time I'm 40 I'll be 200. Then I'll cycle over again, but this time I think I'll start at 18. What? No, I don't know what I'm talking about. Age does not always bring wisdom. It only guarantees more experience.

"It seemed in no time I was just sitting and 'talking on paper' as if I'd always done so." Right. See how easy it is? Nothing to it. Just walk right up to someone, and type something.

I can't wear contacts, either. My reason is that my eyes are too damn sensitive. Or at least that's what I was told. I believe it. Never was able to take the standard eye pressure test. Get anything near my eyes and they shut, whether I give them conscious permission or not. Considering the various troubles I've had with my eyes, I think they're gun-shy. I wear glasses except when I'm in bed or in the shower, and that's been the case since I was about 14. I consider them a necessary burden just like you do. Actually, I'd call them a pain in the ass.

I'm all in favor of cremation. Or perhaps explosion, like George Carlin endorses ("there he goes, God bless him!"). Anything that does/require that I waste space or be put on display for someone who'd rather be doing something else. Actually, when I kick off I'd like to be cremated, the ashes be tossed in the woods somewhere, and have someone send off a mimeographed announcement giving a month's notice for a cneshot party where intoxicating substances would be served and where no one would feel underdressed. I get the first toast. After that I wouldn't want anyone to think about me.

ARTHUR HLAVATY

You're smitten! Enjoy it. Run with it. Give her a kiss for me.

"...reminds me of the discovery I made a while back that one essential thing about friends is that they are people you don't have to impress." What I find, with age, is that after a while you give up trying to impress hardly anyone. What a waste of time. Few people give a shit, anyway. I figure I'm doing good enough if I can impress myself once in a while.

The Bridgetts were in APA 69?!? My mind boggles. Tell me, what did they do in there? And what got them to join?

Yeah, I think we have different tastes in reading material. We do overlap in some areas, though. Now, if we could only figure out why...

"What will determine the fate of FreFanZine will be the great enforcer of apa ethos, mailing comments. That is the feedback system which determines these territorial wars." That's a political view. It exists only in conflict. However, in this case I suspect you're right.

No comments on DR, but I'm glad you decided to run it through so the others could see it. Somewhat sorry you folded it, but onwards to other things. Onwards and upwards, and all that good stuff.

SUZI STEFL

Hi there, Suzi Stefl. Listen, I've cancelled our tickets to that three-legged sack race. I'm going back to the canoe idea. And we'll still be standing up. But I've entered us in the White Water Races at North River, New York, just to make the whole thing more interesting. Might be more interesting for the thousand or so people who come to watch the races, too. There's only one problem. Which of us will steer, and who provides the power?

If you win money at cards when you bring wine, then keep bringing wine. If you claim your winnings and pay taxes on them, then write off the wine as a business expense.

Take Dotti to the library. So far I strongly suspect that any library which isn't just a hole in the wall, and many that are, will bear shelves weighted down with Westlake books. To hell with owning them. Read them and let someone else worry about storing them.

"I'm slow to start, but once warmed up, stay hot until I drop." Me, too. I just drop early, is all. About as soon as I get warmed up, actually. What are we talking about? Oh. Well, actually I start fast in tennis. While I'm not nearly as physically strong as I used to be, I'm still stronger than I need to be. My problem now, as always, is with stamina. There's a period before I catch my second wind where my basic problem is that I'm dragging my ass around the court. To compensate, I play dirty. When the second wind kicks in, I pick up the rest of my game and playing dirty becomes just a part of it... Actually, I've got some garbage shots that would make Bobby Riggs throw up.

I often have a hard core while I'm drinking. At least, I think I do. Maybe not. What is a hard core?

The Tidy Bowl man was ice fishing? Did he hook into a log?

TAKE YOUR BEST ONESHOT

Steve & Denise Parsley Leigh, Bill Bowers, Bill Cavin, Jackie Causgrove, and me

Well, this certainly took some unusual twists and turns, even for a oneshot. Let's invite Frank Johnson next time...

Okay, it's the 15th of March and I is all done, except for this closing. Things seemed to zip right along this time. I just kept throwing stencils into the typewriter and they whipped right on through just like a dose of salts. It all happened so fast I'm not sure what I said back there. Perhaps I'll get a chance to read it when the mailing comes out. Maybe I can write mailing comments on some of it.

Well, the snow never happened. The bleah days regained control after a couple of cold-snap days, but for the last couple of days the skies have been blue as hell and the air has appeared clear when viewed through a window. Actually, it appears clear when you're outdoors, too, but downtown you can smell it and that ruins the image.

"It's getting so you don't dare breathe anything that hasn't been filtered through a cigarette." --Erian Garfield, DEATH WISH.

--- much thanx to Jackie for the mimeography