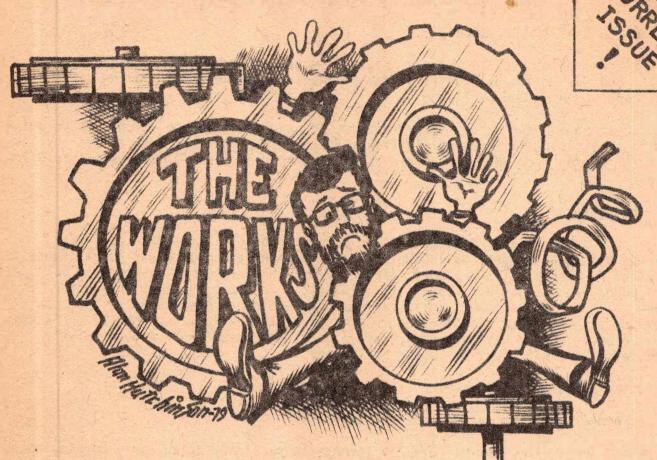
# SOON TO BE A MINOR MOTION PICTURE!



Well, here we are.

You're right. I said I wouldn't do this again.

Okay, so I'm fickle.

What do we do now? Same old shit. I'll continue to write about anything that stays in my mind long enough, and you might continue to trade and send me letters that say something interesting (or interestingly, or hopefully both). While I am aware that this policy lacks majesty and scope and is not heartthumpingly colorful in detail, there is something about its basic simplicity which I find devilishly appealing: it fails to confuse me.

We are now in Lou-uh-vull; Kentucky, you know. Jackie and I are. We know this because the buses out here all have "Lou-uh-vull" printed on the side (would I kid you? Well, yes, but I'm not). Churchill Downs. The Louis-ville Slugger. Falls of the Ohio. In many ways a border city between the Midwest and the South. It is the setting for what follows.

Let's get on with it, then.

Maestro, the typewriter, please.

EDITOR:

Dave Locke

ON CHRIST.)

PUBLISHER:

Jackie Causgrove

EDITORIAL ADDRESS: 2813 #2 De Mel Avenue Louisville KY 40214

Welcome to this humble personalzine, which is nothing more than my ego in a clever twiltone disguise. It is also THE WORKS #3, stuffed into the postal maw in time for All Hallow E'en, 1980. A distribution of 50 copies is based solely upon editorial whim, and extra copies are not available.

#### THE REDNECKS AT TIMBER RIDGE

"Don't look for a place in Shively. Well, I wouldn't look there. It's a redneck area," Bob Roehm told us, our first day in the area, as we stood looking down at a gas-company map of Louisville.

With this map and the Sunday "for rent" ads in hand, we chose to unload our voluminous possessions at an apartment in Timber Ridge. Timber Ridge is three quarters of an inch removed from Shively, as viewed on our map. An inch is "approximately 0.7 miles."

We were close.

"Don't go walking the streets at night," our neighbor Bill Levy told us. "The natives all seem to carry ball-peen hammers, just in case they might get a chance to use them." Thoughtfully he added: "Even if only on each other." Neighbor Bill, a comic book fan who attends FOSFA (the local club) and an occasional convention, is 6'10" tall, built reasonably solid, and upon demand can produce a voice that would intimidate a fog horn. In other parts of Louisville, he told us, "people don't mess with me because they have a normal sense of self-preservation." Around Shively, Bill said, "I can't count on people having any sense."

Where there's smoke there's fire.

The harbingers and vanguards appeared early.

There was the fellow who fell off his second-floor balcony at an early morning hour. We didn't see this, but heard about it. He laid there, on his back, moaning fiercely until his roommate leaned over the balcony and suggested calling for medical assistance. At this point the moaner became silent for a time and then, as the story goes, suggested this would not be a practical idea. "The cops will come and arrest us," he speculated, amidst his pain. "Yeah, right," agreed the roommate, who wandered off the balcony and back to the apartment.

There was the discussion between two females, each returning from the laundry room with a basket of folded clothing, which I overheard on a day I opened the living room window to air the place out. It was an uninspiring discussion, conducted in monotones from both sides, and would never be quoted by either side in a forum on racial equality. As I stood there, somewhat captivated by the mesmerizing quality of it all, I listened to one matron telling the other that Blacks aren't so bad. "They're people just like us," said the one as her contribution to great truths of the Western World. The other, however, did little more than waver a trifle. "Well, I just find it hard to believe," was the way she summed it up as they passed beyond my hearing.

Then there was the fight during Autoclave. No one at Autoclave heard about it, except Jackie, and Jodie Offutt, when they returned from the convention and inquired politely as to what excitement I had endured during their absence. I regaled them with the story of how the stereo had been overpowered by thumping noises which disturbed what had previously been a peaceful moment devoted to reading. Puzzled by intermittent but serious noises overwhelming the taped music, I had gone outside to get a radar fix on the source of this disturbance. It emanated from the hallway of the floor above me. Someone was occasionally walking out of their apartment and pounding on a fellow who was trying to get up. Occasionally a female would go out-

side and ask "are you alright?" and receive a reply in the manner of "yeah, I just gotta catch my breath." More usually, what I would hear was as a consequence of a male going outside, which was frequently. What I would hear was a blend of dialog and sound effects, and it would go like this: "Nigger!" Whap. "Nigger!" Whap. And so on.

Then there was the fellow who chased another fellow down the stairs and around the parking lot. They lived together. "I hope you put me in the hospital again," said the one who was being chased, but he never stood still long enough to assist in such wish-fulfillment.

And then there was the night I went over to neighbor Bill & Cindy's to watch an episode of Saturday Night Live. For lack of interest, Jackie stayed home to contend with excessive noise from a party being thrown next door. About forty-five minutes into the show, while watching Strother Martin in a skit about a rich old fart who does his last will & testament on videotape, Jackie called to advise me that "they're fighting in the hallway. I thought somebody was knocking, but looking through the peephole I saw that someone was getting his head pounded against our door. Would you mind coming back?" I came back. Bill came with me.

The only harbinger of this disturbance, as we walked across the parking lot and approached this building, was a fellow standing outside his second-floor apartment and casually holding a shotgun. I guess he thought the party might get upwardly mobile. We watched him, and he watched us, as we entered one end of the slightly sub-floor hallway.

No one was in there. Just beyond the other end, however, were several males having serious words with each other. As I pushed my key into the doorlock I kept an eye on them. One of them noticed, and said: "What are you lookin' at? Just go on in your fuckin' apartment, Jack." Pushing the door open I stood there and stared at him for a minute (I was a redneck for over half my life, and have trouble not regressing during enchanting moments). Bill walked into me when he saw the door was open. The party off the corridor lost interest in us and returned to raised voices and a bit of shoving, and the two of us went inside.

"I called the cops like you suggested," Jackie told me. We sat around and discussed wild parties and disconcerting situations until, outside, the noise of discontent escalated. We went outside. Something obscure but vociferous was occurring, though no one had moved into the hall except the female half of our next-door neighbors who apologetically walked up to the three of us and explained "it's alright. It's my husband and my brother." Then she

shrugged and walked away.

Later that night, after we freed Bill to return to Saturday Night Live, I phoned the police and told them to cancel the call. "Most everyone has found their automobiles and wandered away" was what I told them. I neglected to add that all the rest were outside with flashlights and going "kitty, here kitty" as the woman next door urged them to recover the cat which had escaped during one of the more critical

Bons Mote

502/368-0589

DAVE LOCKE FAN HUMORIST

"Whatever the opposite of serious is, you're it" -- David Hulan

Pain Stories Wakes

Giggling In Church Intimate Moments

moments, apparently when some of the party had gotten carried away and burst into the hall. We put up with this until they got tired and went home and our neighbors went to bed. Then we went to bed ourselves.

Well, we were warned.

"Last summer, tropical storm Claudette came ashore in Texas, a raining fool. For many years, the Houston-Galveston County area has been withdrawing water from its aquifers at such a rate that the land, low to begin with, has subsided several feet over broad stretches, and as much as six feet in several areas. Claudette flooded that land. One man later reported he didn't know how bad things were until he threw his cat off the bed during the night and heard the splash."

-- William H. MacLeish, SMITHSONIAN, 9/80

#### THE GRADUATE

And then we grundled off to Sandy's graduation, in Beecher, Illinois, and sweated away about fifty pounds each. Jackie's daughter was getting out of high school, which was something we all wanted to do when we discovered the Beecher auditorium has no air conditioning, and had no doors or windows opened for this function. Everyone, including the 81 students graduating, tried weakly to fan a little air with their programs or whatever else might be located in pockets or purses. If anyone had taken over the microphone and suggested we head out to the nearest field and step on cow pies, the place would have emptied like a shot. I've been in saunas that were cooler.

The graduation event was highlighted by the President of the School Board, who gave a lengthy speech which included the reading of an article from some magazine. The article showed that we had turned things around and were now graduating more kids from school, but it neglected to mention that we had accomplished this by lowering the standards. It also included a lot of statistics, and when he came to one about black students going on to college (Beecher has no black students) he tossed in an ad-lib remark that these were probably on football scholarships.

That gave some of the people even more to sweat about.

#### POK POK POK POK POK POK

The week before Rivercon, Mike Glicksohn and neighbor Bill and I drove down to the local pinball and electronic games parlor. Neighbor Bill is six feet ten, remember? Mike and I looked like paperback bookends on each side of a WARHOON #28. I remember the incident well. Bill established high-score on one of the Asteroids machines. I

watched him key in his initials. Mike achieved high score on each of the two Breakout machines. I achieved the record for most number of tokens lost both by a single patron and for an overall given day. I suggested that since the parlor did not serve alcoholic refreshments perhaps we should adjourn to the apartment where I knew there was a bottle of scotch. Mike thought this was a good idea, spent another hour in beating the record scores he had already established, and then we pulled Bill away from the Asteroids game and left.

On the way back, Mike explained that he has a Breakout game on his Atari "video entertainment center." I negotiated our entrance onto the expressway.

"You remember," he said. "I bought it that time I visited you guys in California."

"Oh yeah."

"Breakout is a great game," Mike told me. "I really like that one."

"I used to be quite fond of it myself," I confessed.

From the back seat, Bill piped in with: "I dig that Asteroids game. It's really a trip."

"Yeah, that one, too," I said.

"To describe ... relations with fandom is, essentially, to describe ... relations with people. ... The question of emphasis ... is decisively resolved in favor of fandom as a group of individuals with whom he interacts rather than fandom as a collective entity toward which he might act."

-- Peter Graham, INSIDE THE HARP STATESIDE

#### DOGS AND PEACH PITS

I really have nothing to say here. I just like that title, and wanted to use it. Cagle says this is "a phrase used to denote tremendous physical strain; struggling to the point of trembling violently with effort. Thus: 'Shaking like a dog shitting peach pits."

David and Marcia Hulan have not been enjoying their neighbor's barking and yowling dog, and have even considered archery as a method of potential relief from the problem. Have you guys tried peach pits? It would at least give the dog something legitimate to yowl about.

My father was on jury duty once. Got on a trial where some grocer was being prosecuted for shooting a dog that kept pissing on his outdoor fruit and vegetable display. This was a small town, of course. He'd given the owner plenty of warning,

#### DECEMBER, 1977/EXTRA! (25

# Toilet Stops Atom Tests

Gamesville, Fig.—The nuclear reactor at the University of Florida has a problem—the cooling syrtem malfunctions when someone flushes the bathroom toilet.

"Please don't flush the toile while the reactor is running," reads the sign on the building's lavatory door.

A spokesman for the Nuclear Regulatory Commission says no safety violation is involved.

The reactor, which uses 7.5 pounds of uranism, has a powerful water-fed cooling system fed by a well for risky experiments. But low-risk experiments run on a secondary cooling system tied in by a city water main to the rollet.

and finally just shot the dog while it was standing there on three legs. His guilt, mainly for discharging a firearm within city limits, wasn't in question. The heart and guts of the matter was in how much damages should be awarded to the dog's owner. My father tied up the jury by insisting that the grocer should be turned free and given a medal. For some reason my father never got called to another jury.

Dogs and peach pits. I like that.

#### 

"Why do they live like this?" Conan wondered. "What do they get from their lives but toil -- for the good of their overlords, not themselves -- and want and an overseer's lash across their backs if they flaq?"

"It is the only life they know," Otanis replied.

"But can they not even imagine something better? The only life I knew as a boy was that of my barbarian homeland. It was paradise set beside this, but nonetheless it grew wearisome to me, and I started out to see the greater world beyond." Conan reflected. "Oh, a single man or a single family who tried to run away from here would doubtless come to grief. But if enough of them gathered together, sworn to be free or else dead, they could cast that monstrous load of the state off themselves."

Otanis was shocked. "Why, that would bring the end of civilization!" "So it would," Concn agreed cheerfully.

"The heritage of the ages -- learning, art, refinement -- abolished for the

sake of -- of those beasts of burden?"

"I have been in many civilized realms, and it is true they had much to offer; but always the price was having a state, and always that price was too high."

-- Poul Anderson, CONAN THE REBEL

# EIGHTEEN HOURS IN CINCY (A TRIP REPORT, DONE LIKE THIS)

Having discovered and explored Louisville fandom in almost as little time as it would take to tell you about it (no drinking, no smoking, monthly club meetings conducted 1:00-5:00 pm Sundays over a gavel in a room at the university library), on an overly warm September 13th we flogged our golden chariot (a tan '71 Dodge Dart which looks so innocuous I sometimes have trouble finding it in a parking lot) over interstate 71 through pleasant wooded hills, finally crossing the Ohio River and emerging from Kentucky into Ohio, albeit Cincinnati. Before hitting the bridge we marvelled at the clump of grey smog we knew to be Cincy (it was in the right place), I felt a touch of nostalgia for Lcs Angeles, and once over the bridge we found ourselves in the thick of it.

502/368-0589

since 1961

DAVE LOCKE FAN CONTROVERSIALIST (A)

\* guaranteed lettercol response \*

"Dave Locke is a grump" -- Jodie Offutt

Mass Transit roadways, mostly interstates, flicked us through overpasses and underpasses, then spit us out on a main surface street that wound around and over some of the many hills that someone thought it might be a keen idea to build a city on. Overshooting Bill Bowers, who was rocking on his porch swing, we parked our chariot about three quarters of a block away and walked back. Having made it known to Denise Leigh (with a smudged note on the back of an envelope containing an LoC to Graymalkin) that we would be at the first CFG (Cincy Fan Group) meeting after Worldcon, we wound up getting an overnight invite from Bill (I'm sure this isn't like communicating through one link in a gestalt or hive mind, but I'm certain this transient and irrelevant thought on my part could be attributed to reading GALAXY and ANALOG at an impressionable age).

We chatted with Bill awhile, and were introduced to the place he's been at for three years (one third of a structure that was a house with an addition). Bill admitted he now possessed a third the floor space of his previous residence. His books and fanzines and miscellaneous collectables gave new meaning to the old expression "ten pounds of shit in a five pound bag," and we marvelled at the overwhelming qualities of the situation (nostalgia touched again, as I encountered an entire residence that looked like Ed Cox's crifanac room). Two big fans chugged away to push the heat around (not Glyer or Cavin).

The CFG meeting, held every other week, was at Bill Cavin's this time. Bill lived right down the street from Bill (Bowers suggested easing the bill-problem by referring to him as Bill, and to all the other Bills by their last name, but the other Bills protested). We got there about 7:45, Bowers driving, and found ourselves in a modern and well-soundproofed (and, thank and curse modern science, air-conditioned) two-bedroom apartment.

I bring 'em in alive, but screamin' & kickin'

FIJAGH

"ICONOCLASTIC HUMORIST"

-- Bruce Pelz

Report All Icons Immediately to:

502/368-0589

There were a couple of known, and a handful of unknown people inside a place so orderly and well-arranged that my friends and acquaintances will recall (with disgust) similar residences in which they have known me to dwell. Bill (or "Cavin" as Bowers would prefer him to be known) was being only a mildly nervous host to the crew, occasionally making sure there was enough liquor out (I approved) and worrying whether the munchie supply was adequate to cope (it was ample, including ham and roast beef, and was likewise enjoyed).

The meeting part of a CFG meeting consists of everyone handing a dollar to Lou Tabakow whenever he gets there (neither of us knows if this gets distributed to hosts or is used for greater glories, but Cavin mentioned something about "CFG whiskey" as separate and in addition to what he had put up). (Actually he said "cheap CFG booze," but it all looked drinkable to me.) (Most anything does, except gin.)

When we arrived most of the fans present were sitting in regular furniture or folding chairs placed along the walls in the living room, and it gave the impression that anyone who wandered over that way would find themselves on center stage and have to address all these people (indeed, they were all looking at the front door area, as if expectantly hoping someone would do that).

We sat at the dining room table, guarding the ice and munchies. Jackie talked with Bea Mahaffey and I made occasional contributions to a loose three-way conversation with a fellow named Mike Lahler (whom I later was told is a good-hearted fellow who insists he's a CIA agent, that he has a red telephone hotline direct to the President, and gets calls from such people as the heads of AT&T and the Cincinnati police

asking him to solve their problems for them) and another fellow whose name I didn't catch ("I'm into air pollution"). Later the place filled up quickly, conversations bounced around haphazardously, and I saw Denise long enough to give her and Steve (who was off playing bass at a paid engagement somewhere) copies of our last FLAP-zines. (Denise said I had sent her a good LoC and she was surprised. An exploration of this disconcerting statement revealed she was surprised I had sent it, not surprised it was good. Not wanting to push my luck, I avoided delving further and do not know the specific nature of her surprise.)

Bowers (or "Bill" as he likes to be called) had written: "Al [Curry] is supposed to be playing at the Pub again by then, but it'll be on Saturday nites, which will throw him against the meetings but/Al/s/hadlly/better... but one could do both, since Cavin's meetings run all night..."

So we did both. Leaving the party about 9:45, with Bill showing all the verve and abandon of a New York City taxicab driver, we got to "Hap's" about 10:00. We were

INTERPRETATIONS 502/368-0589
Gillespie \* Dick \* Cagle

#### DAVE LOCKE SLAN

"That's Dave Locke for you: Genius upon request" -- June Moffatt

INSPIRATIONAL CRITIQUES \* WITTICISMS \*
SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE \* FREE ADVICE

we got to "Hap's" about 10:00. We were told that Hap's was an Irish pub, which must be true if the only requirement is that someone like Al be diddling his guitar and singing Irish bar songs (in addition to an occasional non Irish bar song, such as "Sweet Cocaine"). (A memory flogger lashed out and beat on me with a reminiscence of Monahan's in Pasadena. Is there a better Irish pub on this side of the Atlantic? Joe Wambaugh doesn't think so. I tend to agree with him. So does Jackie. What would Al Curry think of Monahan's, or vice versa? Who knows. I tend to think they'd go apeshit over each other.) The actual bar section

reminded me of a hundred small-town bars complete with dart game, and the side-room where Al sang had a couple of tables, a cigarette machine, an unplugged Space Invaders game, and church pews along the walls (it's called the Pew Room). Both sections became crowded while we were there. Al plays and sings well and we enjoyed the performance in addition to talking with him during a break, even if the seating was far more than bone-wearying (at one point I leaned over to Jackie and asked "how's your ass?" to which she responded "what ass?" and complained of creeping numbness). We tossed money into the passing hat a couple of times, which was a step up from having tossed two fanzines into his guitar case, and left after a couple of hours.

Al noted he was quitting his EDP Operations Manager job to take more gigs and leave more time to work on taking a shot at writing for profit. As he sat there enjoying himself singing ribald songs and drinking Irish and beer, I found no difficulty envisioning the lure of such a shift.

With parting words about possibly getting together the next day, we took the Bowers airplane and, flying low, landed back at the CFG meeting. It had thinned out a trifle. Denise, who had asked if we were coming back, was not there and did not reappear. We wound up in various uninspiring conversations until late in the morning, at which point only a handful of diehards remained. Jackie joined them to swap stories and gossip about people who were neither there nor known to me, at which point I browsed Cavin's bookshelves (rereading enough of PLAYER PIANO to confirm my

aging recollection that it was not similar in style and structure to Vonnegut's later novels), and carefully nursed an unpleasant eye irritation which only got worse as time marched along.

We abandoned the party just before three, and I left with the impression that a not inconsiderable topic of discussion at such catherings consisted of members opinionating on which fellow CFG associates were turkeys, and explaining why. Some of this was incredulcusly well done. (Apparently the SoCal term for this -- SlanderCon -- has not reached the Midwest.)

After an hour or so more of drinking and talking and listening to unusual records and pawing two of Bill's cats (he has a third cat, which I didn't see, and he had to lock up its name in a book. "I didn't name it" he told us), we pulled a sofa away from the wall and watched the mattress behind it fall to the floor. The mattress was then outfitted with two sheets and two pillows, and we all decided it was time to go to bed and turn the day off. Bill wandered off to a bed which he had hidden behind walls of books and crifanac in his largest room (as such, the apartment had no bedroom), and we fell onto the mattress on the floor.

Jackie, who likes a hard bed, slept like a log. Dave, who likes soft beds, felt like his body was turning into a log. That woke me up a few times, the black cat knocking my clothes off the back of the sofa woke me up a couple more times, and the brown cat knocking ever the wastebasket (which contained, among others things, beer cans) woke me up once. My ass itched, and that woke me up. A full bladder woke me up. Sunlight woke me up. I had the feeling I was sleeping so lightly (not normal, for me) I could be awoken if the temperature dropped a degree. It did, and I awoke.

At 10:30 we got up, and I took a shot of scotch in my coffee. It made everything better, even though my eye was still giving me trouble (did I mention that woke me up toot). Al Curry called, while still asleep but suffering from Irish and beer, and asked about getting together for breakfast (I don't think he meant scotch), but gradually woke up as he talked and then discovered he had to run off for another gig without having time for breakfast.

We browsed the Sunday paper as Jackie talked with Al. "Did you find any possibilities?" Jackie asked during a Juli in the conversation, referring to my perusal of the employment ads, and I said "yes, two, if you want to live in Toledo." She relayed this to Al, who said he personally would prefer to starve.

We left at 1:00, exchanging parting words about getting together here (Cincy) or

there (Louisville). With or without a crear FOSFA meeting (possibly "winging it," as it were). It sounded like a decent possibility to leave open, so we're all leaving it open.

Leaving Cincy behind us, we returned through trees and over hills to louis-ville. FCSFA, breaking from tradition, was having a picnic in Iroquois Park (right down the hill from us, practically) instead of meeting at the university, but by the time we were home and reinforced by a drink and a shower,

NO TARGET TOO BIG

502/368-0589

# DAVE LOCKE

"You're not pointed, you're deadly"
-- Jackie Causgrove

FUEGHEADS FAKEFANS SERCONS

CRUDZINES
RADICAL FEMS
TURKEYS

FAN CRITIQUERS COORS DRINKERS ANARCHISTS

neither the hour nor our comfort were conducive to dragging our tired asses over there. It was probably one of their better meets (I wonder if anyone thought to bring a gavel to beat on a picnic table? Probably not. Likely they had to use a squirrel), and we missed it. Too much to handle it all.

Such are the fortunes of limitless crifanac (and advancing age).

"The argument that has presumably prevailed so long in fandom between the Fandom Is A Way of Life and the Fandom Is Just A Goddam Hobby partisans has actually long been settled in favor of FIJAGH; for one reason, damn few people are willing to actually articulate a FIAWOL viewpoint. Virtually everyone says they agree that there is a real world around us, that to one extent or another fandom is a spare-time occupation of the nature that most people are accustomed to calling a hobby, and that to take fandom too seriously is to take oneself too seriously.

"Naturally, there are extensive qualitative differences inside all this concensus. At one end of the spectrum [are those who] have for a period of time totally involved their lives around science-fiction, fandom or ajay. Then there is the ... body of fans who live day-to-day lives of which fandom is a significant part; possibly, excluding their jobs or student lives, the most important part. ... Finally, there are ... fans for whom, it is clear, fandom is an important but not determining part of their lives. They have not been integrated into fandom, but, rather they have integrated fandom into their lives."

-- Peter Graham, INSIDE THE HARP STATESIDE

#### THE GREAT TREE FROG INCIDENT

It all started about three months ago when Timber Ridge was invaded by so many tree frogs that I can't think of a phrase to exaggerate their numbers. Sounded like the King Family doing choruses of cribet cribet cribet cribet.

Strange as it may seem, and I'm not exaggerating this either, one of these was louder than all the rest. This was the one that resided in the tree just outside our bedroom window. Even a quarter mile away, from neighbor Levys' apartment, this one had a cribet that stood out like Kate Smith at a folk-music festival.

One night it became too much. I was lying there, staring at the ceiling, listening to cribet cribet cribet cribet cribet in a great, unbroken monotonous deluge, getting generally pissy about the whole thing as I realized there was no frumping way I was going to get any sleep. I told Jackie I was beginning to feel some manner of empathy with the whackees who would grab an M-14 and run up to a rooftop to begin potting away at people whose socks didn't match. I suggested that another hour of listening to these treefrogs in general and this one in particular, if we did have an M-14, might create sensational headlines in the morning paper.

WPI Louisville: Crazed Timber Ridge resident was taken into custody by police early this morning after blowing out his bedroom window with rifle fire from an M-14. Other property damage was incurred by seven nearby parked cars, and the entire top-half of a small Sycamore tree was blown away by repeated firing of the weapon. Police found the bodies of several dozen tree frogs in the area. Another resident of the same apartment was taken in for observation; police reported that she was seen jumping up and down on the body of one particularly large tree frog after it was downed by fire from the M-14. Residents of the apartment building are reported to be starting a defense fund.



Finally I got up and put my clothes back on, fixed myself a drink, downed half of it, and went out to shake Kate Smith's tree. It wasn't a big tree. Maybe as big around as my leg. I put both hands around it like I was choking someone's neck, and shook the tree vigorously. The cribet noise stopped. I retrieved my drink from the grass and stood nearby for a few minutes. Cribet cribet cribet cribet cribet. Went back to the tree, found two small branches on each side that provided a much better grip, and shook the tree like a madman. Then I went back to bed. About ten minutes later the tree frog started up again, but this time he had a different tune, which he kept up until the end a few weeks later. He'd cribet for a minute or so and then stop, hesitate like he was looking around, cribet again for a while, hesitate, cribet once, hesitate, etc.

I had shook his tree.

All the other fucking tree frogs left Timber Ridge except this one. We theorized that Our Treefrog was the only one in the whole area who didn't get laid. Night after night he would continue his hesitant cribetting, probably lying up there with a hard on, long after all the others had left to get a cigarette or whatever it is tree frogs do after they get laid.

One night, a few weeks later, Jackie remarked that there were absolutely no night noises at all. No tree frogs, no crickets, no fist fights, no loud drunken party noises. But especially, no tree frog.

I hadn't noticed.

This seems like an awful lot of space to devote to the story of a horny tree frog.

# ONCE UPON A FANZINE

# DENNY LIEN - 2528 15TH AVE. So., MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA 55404

I'm intrigued by the layout which informs us that in this issue "you don't get reviews of" and follows with about eight square inches of blank space. I spent many insightful seconds trying to decide if you were telling us that you would not review space (not even 1999), or if you would not review beverages of the fizzy sort, a picture of DL drinking same being the next break in the blankness of said space, or if it was just an accident. I eventually gave in and turned the page to find that the sentence did conclude with the expected words no less. How dull. [1]

"Missing is a more well-rounded view of what's been happening in the gaping interim..." Somehow that line out of context sounds sort of, hmm, I don't know...[2]

To spice up the occasional period of scrabble ennui I recommend Fannish Nonsense Scrabble. Any word is allowed, so long as: 1. you can, sort of, pronounce it, 2. it appears in no dictionary, and 3. you can, when challenged (which is inevitable) supply an amusing and generally Dirty definition that seems, somehow, to fit. Hard to win or lose at this, or to care which you do. Fun, though. It occurs to me that Terry Ridgeway would probably make a good Fannish Nonsense Scrabble player.

"We chewed or sucked on our popsicles, depending upon our inclinations..."
Nonsense, it depends upon your upbringing, birth traumas, toilet training, sense of security, and so on. Saying it is up to something so whimsical as "inclinations" is the first step on the road to somewhere or other, probably moral degeneracy or possibly King Of Prussia, Pennsylvania.

I don't know that moving someone else is really "fun" though I agree it's much more so than moving oneself. While moving someone else, you are (if the move is a Properly Done one) drinking someone else's beer while doing so instead of drinking your own, and as is well-known, free beer tastes better.

Joseph Nicholas: I've always wondered about the logistics of joining the mile-high club, too, at least on commercial airliners. I wonder if it counts if you do it five times in a row in a town that's 1056 feet above sea level?

I find I have one hell of a lot more privacy in a city than I ever had in the country or in the small town in which I grew up. Even when the walls are thin and the neighbors can hear me burping, my privacy is intact because they don't know who I am (beyond a name on a mailbox or such). In my previous two-story fourplex, I spent over five years without going up the stairs to the second floor more than about three times (to chase runaway cats/dogs) and without ever being able to recognize most of my fellow residents if I ran into them on the street. I've now moved to a house,

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- [1] I don't normally print comments on the layout, but...
- [2] Trippy, isn't it?
- [3] I prefer the country for its physical privacy from the herds of people and jumbles of what might best be described as uninspired scenery. From the people standpoint, I can ignore them in the country as easily as I can anywhere else. As for one's surroundings, I prefer country (lakes, mountains, forest type), have often settled for suburban, and actually get depressed at the mere thought of urban living.

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# DON D'AMMASSA - 19 ANGELL DRIVE, EAST PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND 02914

Boggle. Well, we didn't call it that, but we used to play essentially the same game in high school. It was quite popular with a number of teachers; in fact, we played it once or twice in Latin.

I was amused by Eric Mayer's reference to the "pretentiousness" of early Delany fiction. Certainly Delany was pretentious. All writers are. It takes a certain amount of egotism just to come to the conclusion that the stuff one writes might be good enough to merit the attention of another person to read. [1]

But assuming that Eric means something a bit more esoteric, that here he is

referring to a tendency to attempt to write in a style for which one is not yet experientially suited, then again I agree. But on the other hand, is he suggesting that writers should not strive to be more than they are? If not, then Simak might best be remembered for the galaxy shattering CCSMIC



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ENGINEERS, Sturgeon for novelty stories such as ETHER BREATHER, Ellison and Silverberg for the hackwork they turned out in the 1950s.

Do SF writers pretend to be better than they are? Certainly. Almost all writers do. Ted Mark, one time popular writer of sexy spy spoofs, once stated unequivocally that he was a better writer than Hemingway, that people would be reading the Man From ORGY books when Hemingway and Faulkner were forgotten. It's not peculiar to this genre, or to any group of writers. And I still don't see that it's something to be avoided.

When Delany first began writing, he made a sensation among fans. His "pretentiousness" struck a chord among many many readers, perhaps feeding our own pretentious ideas of what SF should be. Even in retrospect, I see nothing embarrassing about that. And JEWELS OF APTOR and THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION are still among my favorite novels. [2]

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- [1] Unless one has a basic self-consciousness to overcome, ego is not the factor which determines the self-evaluation of worth in this area. I don't think that critical faculties need be supplanted by ego when judging ones own work. Frankly, I would be dig-in hesitant to let my ego decide whether something I wrote was worth letting out of my hands.
- [2] Amusing coincidence that I was reading THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION when your letter came in. Didn't finish it. Didn't view it as especially pretentious, but I did find it dull to my taste. Different strokes.

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# MIKE GLICKSOHN - 141 HIGH PARK AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO MEP 283, CANADA

Your continued emphasis on the joys of pain has forced me to think back over recent lustrums and try to recall times when I've had encounters of the close kind with the medical profession. Obviously one of us is a bit unusual: either you in finding such a constant stream of article ideas from illness or me in obtaining not a single useful concept from disease. Well, in twenty two years on this continent I've never been in the hospital. In that time I've twice been in the emergency room, once for a suspected broken bone that turned out to be a sprain and once for a suspected sprain that turned out to be a broken bone. Regretfully, beyond that charmingly symmetrical coincidence there was nothing interesting/amusing about either visit. In the last seven years I've been in hospitals as other than a visitor precisely twice. And I must admit I went into both visits hoping for a fanzine article. My eyes and ears were tuned to potentially interesting aspects of those trips. Result? Zilch. Nothing. The big goose-egg. Once I thought I might have VD so I went to a hospital clinic. I thought that even if I turned out not to be infected it ought to have resulted in at least a short article. No way. I was clean. But apart from saving myself a small fortune in long-distance telephone calls I got nothing out of the visit. Then I went for my vasectomy. I even took a notebook with me to jot down the amusing details which would flesh out the basic story. Not a one. Boring, boring, boring. I almost fell asleep while living through it so I'd hate to think how dull it would have been to read about. You just don't realize how lucky you are to have such unusual confrontations with the medical profession, Dave. [1]

As someone who has travelled many thousands of miles on commercial airlines and suffered numerous delays and indignities at the hands of airline employees I only

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wish I had some evidence of a personal nature for Lloyd's claim that airlines are only too willing to ply one with free drinks in an effort to make up for shoddy service. I've been delayed for up to six hours at a time, I've missed connections because of work-to-rule slowdowns by airline employees, I've had drinks spilled over me by over-enthusiastic stewardi and in ten years I have never received an unscheduled free drink from an airline. Mayhap they are unwilling to unlock Pandora's box? It's all I can do to extract a complimentary deck of cards from most airlines. Perhaps Lloyd was going first-class at the time, though; those of us who travel steerage miss out on a lot of the perks the high muckamucks get. [2]

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- [1] Go piss up a rope, Mike.
- [2] I've had the free airline booze plied to me, and I've never flown first class.

  Do you suppose that maybe from the looks of you the airlines figure that you'd never even notice a free drink?

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# HARRY WARNER, JR. - 423 SUMMIT AVENUE, HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND 21740

I met at a department store my cleaning woman, who'd offered to help me choose draperies for this house. She had her little girl along. The only other person in the drapery department was my elderly aunt whom I don't see very often. I started to try to explain that we were selecting furnishings for my home, not for an apartment of sin where I was keeping her, and just then the little girl launched into a list of reasons why I ought to get married. She meant that I should pick out some nice decent girl, but it certainly sounded like a plea to legitimize her and my aunt stalked away before I tackled the task of explaining that. And before I could get back to the office that afternoon, a man I know stopped me on the sidewalk and asked me if I would write a newspaper column about his discovery that Moses had been married to an Arab girl. He thought it would be an interesting column in view of the Middle East situation. [1]

One item in THE WORKS I took to heart, the one about the merits of careful attention to creating fanzine articles. This is something that other fans like Walt Willis have advocated and I'm sure it would improve the quality of fanzines, if observed by more fan writers. But I seem incapable of benefiting by rewriting my stuff. I've discovered that the best way to improve my writing for fanzines is to do it slowly. If I spend a half hour on a single-spaced page instead of rushing through it in a quarter hour, my sentences become less convoluted, I'm less likely to indulge in my habit of repeating the same word two or three times in as many lines, and the statements seem to fall into the proper order. I do feel differently about articles and columns for fanzines from the way I feel about my LoCs. I don't like to see formal contributions cut without my previous knowledge while I prefer to see my LoCs appear in only fractional form. I take more care with the former, and I dash off LoCs so rapidly that it's inevitable they will be in large part chaff or incoherent or truisms or all three combined.

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[1] You have no class clown in your soul, Harry, or you would make capital out of such disconcerting situations. For example, I would likely have grabbed the cleaning lady and introduced her as "the sweet thing that has to pick up after me."

## AND 16 ANALYMINESTERMI

# JONI STOPA - WILMOT MOUNTAIN, WILMOT, WISCONSIN 53192

THE WORKS was as refreshing as a gust of Winter air, speaking of which I got a new view of skiers this year. From behind the bar. Our chief bartender wanted some managers to work behind the bar for a week, in essence to gain insight and respect for "mixologists." I discovered that I liked it. Not that I wasn't a bit dubious at first; my biggest worry was that I wouldn't pour the drinks right. My teacher, wari, told me not to worry. She said nobody yells if the drink is a little strong or a little weak (especially not if it's a little strong).

I actually got quite good at it, and was the preferred bartender for gimlets and Kamikazes. If anyone wonders, by the way, a kamikaze is a miniature gimlet, only blended and then served in a shot glass. I also became overly acquainted with red eyes and jellybeans, but we won't go into that right now. Most important, I discovered that there are different styles of bartenders.

Some are strictly business. They make your drink and take the money. Others are friendly, assuming that they are the floor show and that the customer will tip accordingly. Larry, who never a tually seems to be doing anything, takes in as much money as Peg, who is cheery and efficient and looks about ten times busier. But if you look closely, Peg is working at the same pace as Mari, who doesn't seem to be doing much except talking to customers and really enjoying herself immensely.

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# ERIC MAYER - 654 BOULEVARD EAST, WEEHAWKEN, NEW JERSEY 07087

I guess I see David Hulan's point. I don't compose letters because I think of them as conversation, and also because I find it so painful to confront a piece of blank paper with creative intent that I barely manage to do so often enough to turn out an occasional article, let alone LoCs. But I find myself taking more and more care with my non-letter writing.

For one thing, when I write sloppily, first draft, I find later that I did not communicate what I wanted to communicate. The more care I put into a piece, the better the communication, unless I'm just writing a letter to say "thanks."

David puts the act of creation second to the garnering of money or egoboo. I find, partly out of necessity I'm sure, that creation is a worthwhile end in itself. I enjoy doing the best job I can, at a particular time on a particular piece. Maybe it all boils down to that old canard about anything worth doing being worth doing right. Money and egoboo are not the measure of all things. [1]

THE WORKS has provided me with a welcome respite during what has been a difficult week. I have been working on two papers — one comparing the powers reserved to states under the commerce clause with the powers reserved to countries under the Europeon Economic Community Treaty; the other comparing Lincoln's suspension of the writ of habeas corpus with the similar, more recent action by Marcos in the Philippines. I find both subjects so fascinating I hardly know which one to footnote next.

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[1] I believe David freely grants the joys and agonies of creativity, but prefers to channel the agonies toward potentially marketable pursuits. He doesn't need the agonies to enjoy doing a little famoriting once in a while.

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As for my own claptrap, I'm pursuing amusement and not creativity. Any pains taken along the way are for purposes of clarity. And experience. And amusement. Bear in mind the possibility that too much seriousness can turn "creativity" a few shades too lifeless, and make hair grow on the palms of your hands.

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# JOSEPH NICHOLAS - 94 ST. GEORGES SQUARE, ROOM 9, PIMLICO, LONDON SWI, ENGLAND

Half the fun of reading a newspaper's classified column is discovering ads as bizarre as the one for a "bionic copilot" that you quote. I'm quite a connoisseur of such things (he said, immodestly), and in my years of deliberately looking for them I've managed to stumble across quite a few. In a recent PRIVATE EYE, for example, there was one which read (and I quote): "Wanted: Wealthy patron for eccentric genius. Only small salary, but large fund required for crackbrained project. Entertainment guaranteed." Entertainment! I ask you! I came damn close to phoning up the genius in question and passing myself off as a wealthy patron just to find out what the project was all about, but was stopped by the thought that he might be too paranoid to talk about it on an unsecured line, and would ask me to take him to lunch at my Pall Mall club instead.

Easily the oddest (if the shortest) such ad that I've ever come across was one that appeared in THE TIMES back in 1970 (and was, incidentally, the ad that started me off on this ridiculous 'quest' in the first place). It read: 'Wanted: helicopter, with pilot, for bizarre mission. Remuneration generous.' And I've been wondering to this day just what the hell it was all about; perhaps I'll eventually be forced to invent my own explanation and use it as the plot of a fifth-rate spy thriller, cr something.

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# DAVE PIPER - 7 CRANLEY DRIVE, RUISLIP, MIDDLESEX HA4 6BZ, ENGLAND

I sometimes wish that I had that ability to polish and tinker and improve something I've written. I just don't. Maybe I've just got a low boredom threshold and the idea of retyping/rewriting something fills me with about as much enthusiasm as a 24-hour rerun of DALLAS. In fact, if I sit down and find myself having difficulty in doing a letter to a specific fanzine but struggle through to the bitter end, straining to find something, anything, to say then that LoC will be boring as hell. And I'm sure the receiver of it has difficulty keeping awake. (Wake up, Locke!! I haven't finished yet!)

I got a promotion since I last wrote, and am now the Purchasing Officer for the NZHC. Above me there's a Deputy Chief Purchasing Officer and a Chief Purchasing Officer. Colour me a big cheese! Only one problem ... instead of dealing with people, as in my previous personnel job, I'm now primarily moving paper about ... and it's so fucking boring! I sometimes wonder if the extra money (after tax, national insurance, superannuation, etc.) is worth it. My ambition of course is to be a beach-bum out in sunny California. Is that too much to ask of that Great Wordsmither in the Sky? Yeah ... probably is.

## AND TO THE PROPERTY OF THE PRO

## JACKIE CAUSGROVE - LOCAL FAN

With your growing list of pain stories threatening to push less important material out of the file cabinet, why don't you consider writing a compendium along the lines of "I Was A Patient And Lived But Not Well," or something like that. At least it would serve to gather all your articles under one umbrella, as it were, and perhaps give us space enough to file one or two more of your Automobile Horror Stories...

I had to suppress my mirth when tripping over David Hulan's line about the merits, or lack of same, in expending much effort to be creative in fanwriting. His use of the phrase "relatively uneconomical practice" should go down on anyone's list of Great Understatements of the Century. Uneconomical? Show me some fanwriting that is economical and I'll match that with a purple cow I saw a year or so ago... [1]

Overall, I tend to agree with his views, though. Spending great gobs of time in polishing some piece of writing that you aren't getting any ca\$h for is silly. But then, what hobby isn't silly in most of its aspects? Because we have more than a token interest in writing (in your case) and drawing (in mine), we tend to take a bit of care with whatever we send out into the cruel, harsh world. When we versa our vices, however, me with writing, you with drawing, we tend to take the more lacksadaisical view that Dave holds: if it looks good enough at first glance, it's good enough to send out. Actually, since fanwriting seldom requires the attention to detail that writing-for-cash does, much as the same holds true for artwork, I simply can't consider them in the same light. One is play, and a bit of practice. The other is also play, in a sense, but is in deadly earnest. Some people can't be earnest in fun ... I guess. [2]

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- [1] I interpret him differently. "Economical" means "avoiding waste or extravagance." If "expending much effort to be creative in fanwriting" is considered by David to be a "relatively uneconomical practice," then he means that the "practice", not the writing itself, is largely a waste of effort.
- [2] There we go: I'm earnest in fun. Actually, I enjoy creating a first draft and I enjoy polishing, and I can enjoy doing both with the same piece of material (or not, as I choose).

## 

# DEAN GRENNELL - P.O. BOX DG, DANA POINT, CALIFORNIA 92629

I don't hear so good in French. Part of my trouble is from the maniacal insistence of hanging sexes arbitrarily onto everything. I just can't remember whether an armchair is male or female, etc.

Well, to spare you the suspense, I just cheated and looked it up in the desk edition of Larousse's. It says the French word for chair can be "siege," which is male, or (on the other hand) it can be chaise or perhaps chaire, both of which are female. An armchair or an easychair are both a fauteuil, while a rocking-chair is a fauteuil a bascule; the gender of all these is carefully left unstipulated; hermaphrodite, perhaps? You see what I mean. We will now pause and entertain salacious thoughts about a siege screwing the livin' sheeg out of a chaise, huh?

A friend, whose name you'd recognize at once, recently reported vast travail saving their willow tree. For once, I had no qualms. "Gee," I responded, "I sure hope you

# AND CL HAMINGHAMIN

manage to save her." I mean, after all, there are pussywillows and titwillows... Which triggered a further surmise, so I checked. The French word for saltpeter is saltpetre and, begorrah, it's male. Well, perhaps there may be order in the language, after all. Inscrutably enough, however, Larousse claims the French word for willow is saule and (are you ready for this?) says it's male.

La merde!

Tell Cagle a condor's diet is just offal.

I'm with you, re Beckeroonie's letter. I can't rightly tell a split infinitive from a bifurcated bison. I nearly said from a split beaver, but that'd've been vaguely obscene and I detest vagueness, don't you? [1]

I can't help but be struck by the fact that, on pages whatsit and whatsit, the illos show a diametric reversal of sexual roles vis a vis the sides of the sack on which you (presumably) sleep. I mean, Jackie is on what I should normally regard as MY side.

I've a suspicion that this is significant, sorta. I wonder if any research has ever been carried out into the areas of what is the favored side of the bed for those of opposite polarity, genderwise. Tomk, no one has ever looked into the matter.

It seems like a pleasantly seductive conversational hook to drop into the pond in which your readership forages. As viewed by a hypothetical (if voyeuristically inclinated) observer standing at the foot of the bed, does the male of the species take repose on the left and the female on the right? Or vice versa? It may, for all I know, be one of the great unexplored areas of human behavior.

Meedless to say, for boy/boy and girl/girl pair-bondings, the whole matter gets damned academic. [2]

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[1] Yes, sort of.

[2] My observation is that more women are used to sleeping on the right (as viewed by your hypothetical voyeur). More tv/movie bedroom sceens I've viewed confirm woman-to-the-right, and more of the couples I know also have that arrangement. This is the opposite of my usual preference, but such a thing is affected by all the standard factors: location of alarm clock to the one who gets up first, access to the bedroom door or the bathroom or the closet, who likes to sleep facing which direction and who likes to sleep cupped to whom, whether the pair are right or left handed lovers, or which side of the bed winds up with the wet spot. Certainly the choice is subject to so many variables that my observations reflect a statistically inadequate sampling...

## 

# DAVE LANGFORD - 22 NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, READING, BERKS. RG2 7PW, UNITED KINGDOM

Your adventure with the suggestive ceiling hooks reminded me of Simone Walsh's report on her trip round the Chris Priest flat; apparently our celebrated author was very pleased with a notice affixed to the headboard of his bed, carrying some witty

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jest about keeping up productivity and staying on the job etc. Simone was unimpressed. "Bloody hell," she said afterwards, "where's the decadence in putting it to be seen from the missionary position? With his reputation I'd expect it on the ceiling... top of the wardrobe... under the bed..." She gave a disconsolate pout. "It wasn't even upside-down."

From which it's a short step (for me but a great leap for you) to the mirror that fell on you, and fantasies of the same thing happening in some mirror-ceilinged "hotel" room: the anxious management deploying scores of lovelies to deluge the stunned and bleeding patron with gratis perversions until he weakly agrees not to prosecute... Bits of mirror, I imagine, are even worse than breadcrumbs in the sheets. This is but one of the many convincing reasons for the lack of mirror above our humble bed. Another is the sloping ceiling, which means that instead of writhing bodies apparently suspended twenty feet above (a sobering thought in itself) the mirror would show the bookcase on the far wall. Possibly Hazel's dictionary collection—with its hints of naughty and exotic locales—would be quite stimulating in moments of togetherness; the same cannot be said of the run of ANALOGs with their pale, ghastly emanation of the spirit of John W. Campbell.

#### 

# ED CAGLE - STAR ROUTE SOUTH, BOX 80, LOCUST GROVE, OKLAHOMA 74352

No, no, dang it, I didn't translate 'big old good pussy' from English to Cherokee; I had nothing to do with it, and the phrase -- if I could spell it in the Cherokee alphabet -- is authentic, and literally means 'a large vagina I think of with fondness.'

I first heard it when Curt, Brady Harliss and W.R. Thomson and I were trying to load a dead, 800 pound steer in the back of W.R.'s pickup. We couldn't catch the steer to butcher it, so we shot it in the field and after it bled we intended to load it and haul it to the place where we were butchering. 800 pounds of dead weight is too much to handle gracefully, but we were drinking brandy that day and gave little thought to what we could or couldn't do with aplomb. While we were getting ready to load the animal an Indian named Jake Beaver drove by, saw what we were doing, and stopped to help us. Or maybe he saw Brady waving the bottle around and only stopped for a drink... At any rate, in the process of loading Jake got trapped at the back of the carcass, near the asshole, and as any dead crittur will do, it shit, copiously, all over Jake. Now the phrase didn't apply, but something about the sound, or the smell, or maybe even the texture, reminded Jake of something that prompted him to remark: "Oo-tahn-skubitskee!" Whereupon everybody but me fell down laughing, allowing the carcass to slide out of the truck bed, dragging me -- the only one who didn't know what had been said -- off into the shit too. Naturally I wanted to know what was so goddam funny. Hopefully I won't have to fall in cow shit to learn other Cherokee phrases.

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