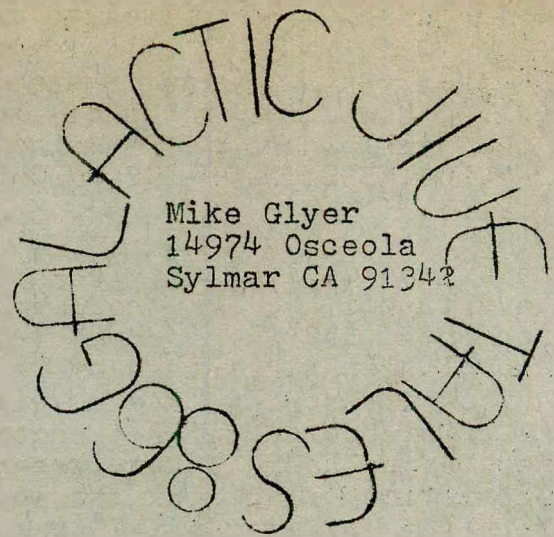


QUASI-MIRACULOUS  
SEMI-MIMEOGRAPHED  
APA-L ZINE

When last we left our hero, he was uttering a dank variety of oaths sure to imperil his immortal soul as he cranked at his impotent mimeo and saw page after page fail to go through.

By some variant of Murphy's Law everything tried by me to repair it was a total failure. So my father looked at it (which is about the sum of it) passed his hands over it and the machine is now whirling out copies at its old machine-gun pace once again.

Should the machine last all the way through this apa L run I'll pronounce it ham-like, ie, cured...



ALLAN ROTHSTEIN: I agree on your analysis of the situation regarding Delap's review of A GIFT FROM EARTH -- but aside from that how about an alternate universe where Burk's review was accurate. Note the utter absence of hands raised as wanting to write that round-robin. Oh well, maybe it wasn't that punny after all. // But if those Near Eastern tribesmen refused to have their mass calculated, they'd be Kurds unweighed... //

BILL WARREN: I'm sure you've read LOGAN'S RUN -- now the idea I'd had about filming it, given the lengthy chase scenes through interior cities, was to stage all of that action in the myriad shopping malls of So. Calif. Makes me wonder how the actual production will compare in conceptualization. // I don't know what "Too Much Johnson" meant in Gay Nineties idiom, but I know what it means in Swell Seventies ghettoeze, and it's putrid for a seventy-year-old-play to wear that name.

DAVE NEE: Time out! Is DER FLIEGENDE HOLLANDER the origin of Flieg's nickname? What's the translation? The Flying Dutchman? Anybody know (or dar to confess...) why it was selected?

FRED PATTEN: Whatever happened to Rick Rhoden -- I thought he had the inside track to the bubble gum bubble championship -- must have missed the night's Dodger broadcast that mentioned his demise. Anybody remember where he placed -- Fuzzy? Drew? // Glad to see you clear up some of the Burk review business. Even though Delap obviously has a grudge against Niven it seems to me that the biggest problem is your proximity to the heat that results from it. After all, America's greatest critics had their soft spots (in their heads) -- Mencken himself said "I have no superstitions about critical honor. I lean toward men I like and away from men I dislike. The calm, judicial judgement makes me laugh. It is a symptom of the delusion of infallibility. I am often wrong. My prejudices are innumerable and often idiotic. My aim is not to determine facts, but to function freely and pleasantly -- as Nietzsche used to say, to dance with arms and legs." Delap hasn't anywhere near the stature of Mencken, but all the more because of that should we expect him to have a few defects in his philosophy of reviewing.

BASEBALL: Having Marty Brennerman instead of Vin Scully in my ear during the Ohio exile meant that I learned more about the Reds than I ever wanted to know. It proved to me that their pitching staff was inferior; of the 50s Braves rotation they used to say, "Spahn, Sain, pray for rain." Of the Reds staff it's "Gullett, forget it." That is why I picked against them in the playoffs -- however the Pirates' staff was worse yet, nor did their hitting help. With the Red Sox it's satisfying to see a showing truer to form: the past several games the Reds' bullpen has been worked all the way through. Cincy is vulnerable. They have power, but power inevitably falls to quality pitching (which I do not mean as a case of proof by definition -- obviously quality pitching is measured by shutting people out -- but one can predict that good pitchers will usually cool off the Reds in a hurry). Remembering what one relief pitching rookie heard from his manager when about to face the .300 hitting Brooks Robinson: "He still makes an out seven of every ten at-bats." The Reds fatten their averages against stiffes, and make their outs against the superior moundsmen. The players' averages against respective pitchers would bear this out.

JUNE MOFFATT: People mistaking me for Dan Goodman? It wasn't long ago they were allegedly mistaking me for Bruce Pelz. I don't want to slur anyone's consistency, now, but... // Roast benison...

DAN GOODMAN: I'd never thought of it before, but, yes, it sounds reasonable that spelling would be hereditary to an extent, since -- particularly for English, it's not only a matter of memorizing rules and recognizing patterns, but of keeping in memory all the variants that don't follow "the rules".

ANDRUSCHAK: Many thanks for the loc. // I suspect the main reason your F&SF contest entries failed to attract notice is that very few of them seem to attempt humor, and none particularly strikes me as funny.

YALE EDIKEN: I'd heard pinball was banned in Chicago from pinball aficionado Dave Feldman. (Have you met him? I heard he attended George RR Martin's Hugo celebration, or one of those Chicago get-togethers.) Couldn't believe it, though. // Haven't tried the Colonel's ribs yet -- perhaps it's some fear for my masculinity -- a theological pun, son -- but what really disturbs me is that I've heard his ribs are lousy, horribly expensive -- and there are lots of places that serve better quality, more generous portions of ribs; these places are hard to find, but worth the effort. And the effort may be made less often with a franchise around to compete for the business. I totally disagree with Beard's assertion about hamburgers. There are plenty of good hamburger places -- I honestly believe Burger Chef and Jack-in-the-Box among them. BUT mainly Southern California Jack-in-the-Boxes. I had JIBox in Delaware and Chicago and it was DREADFUL -- somebody has let the food quality in those franchises go down the toilets.

MARK SWANSON: I've never heard more people decline to review a book than the ones asked to review MOTE. That doesn't tell me so much about the reviewers or the zine editors as it does about an atmosphere of reprisal against those who don't write wholly laudatory reviews. // Your remark that revisionist history is written out of an incredible ignorance smacks of more ignorance. You've lumped the whole movement, good and bad, into a single pile without demonstrating first-hand familiarity with any of it! Without making any honest effort to differentiate quality from inferiority, ideology from reinterpretation!

REBECCA LESSES: Datta, dayadhvam, damyata. Don't forget what the thunder said.

JUNE MOFFATT: 'Basil' strives for banality, and generally achieves it. But Kelly and Donnesbury are the two strips that can actually make me laugh -- and the term 'comic strip' notwithstanding, that makes them virtually unique. // E. Power Baggs Bunny Plays Looney Tunes on a Plergb. ((Plergb Commission Definition applied for))

NEETERS: You mean that the Herbangelists don't canvass in your neighborhood, going through the neighborhood selling their nickel tracts "The Holy Babble" and "Star Dreck"? Or you've never heard their ad, including their phone number "JIVE-ASS"? //Gee, you mean you didn't write "Deteriorata"? ook ook

THE BOBBII: During the mating season they transmogrify into "Great Horny Ookers" don't they?

TOM COLLINS: Warhol, whose graphics have all the sensitivity of a Chamber of Commerce time capsule, still hasn't convinced me. When put-ons become an art, the concept of art ceases to be entirely meaningful as a device for separating the accidents of of a sentient race from the products of talented individuals.

LARRY NIELSON -- I liked your balloon model for psychosomatic symptoms as a rebuttal to mind-over-mind (if you will). "Prefer not to tamper with my symptoms on the theory that if I get rid of one there's a good chance another one will pop up, since the cause is psychosomatic so why bother?"

JOHN HERTZ: Yes, but do you want the people who would think Mindfuck was great to be reading your Lzine? Only kidding. It's a putrid title, and would probably have had some acceptance back when you thought it up. But you have something about Leary's writings. In fact reading any of the "avante-garde" (for lack of a better word -- extremist is nearer the truth) literature from the sixties kind of points to a social psychosis, or rather, a condition where innovative rhetoric verges on the incoherent -- yet is taken perfectly serious. For example, the manifesto of the White Panthers. If I had a copy with me I'd quote some of the more improbable lines. Sometime when I understand better what went on in the 1960s (without having to resort to amateur Freudian analysis or politically conservative constructs) ...// Add to your other discussion those episodes which are forever happening in city apartments where a shot or backfire is heard, and sudden half a dozen people emerge from their rooms hefting artillery. Despite the universally declaimed apathy (such as the 37 people who watched what's-her-name get knifed back in the 60s) the obverse of that coin is just as nasty. I know this doesn't resolve your problem, but it's data.//Dr. Hendrix? Who he? I've always considered Fred the Brother Ike of con fandom, only the reverse of something for nothing. // Well, at least a good tautology can always be sold to ANALOG. When you get a chance, buy ORBIT 14 -- aside from the stories, some of the excerpts from recent fiction are hilarious -- the MCP quotes out of an ANALOG story, and the embarrassing attempts by Brunner to create "American" dialog are right on target.

LEE GOLD: It truly is difficult to see how astronauts could be any more heroic than the average airline pilot. On the other hand, I don't find a kid's single-handed slaying of three wolves particularly heroic. Impressive, yes, but accomplishing no more than his survival. Survival, taken in vacuo, just doesn't qualify. Heroism in fact might be as easily found among the dead. There seems to me a plane of "the necessary" (determined by individual personality) just short of the heroic which encompasses things such as fighting against nature for one's physical survival, soldiers falling on grenades to save their comrades, and astronauts riding home in crippled vehicles; because the alternatives are so terrible, the decision to see them through is virtually a reflex. Individual heroism -- as opposed to an individual hero, which I consider principally a product of public relations-- consists in my view of imposing morality or justice on a modern situation, against odds. The social

mechanism makes justice a more difficult feat of accomplish than whupping a few wolves when you're stoned. Or perhaps not strictly justice, but once what justice would be has been established, the application of mercy as well. These are ideas which need be developed to fit each situation, so I don't want to attempt any hard and fast definitions. But they are what a modern hero -- if such a thing exists -- would accomplish. // Isn't your definition of "didactic science fiction" redundant? Besides, what makes non-Euclidian geometry (as a proof of Time Travel) and improvement over some guy being zopped on the conk (as a proof)?

DAN GOODMAN: No, I didn't publish all of your deathless prose. I published what I could fit on two stencils, and ditched the rest. As it happened, that included 90% of what you had written. // All right, we'll run Plergb of the Year and permit nominations at a quarter apiece, and votes a penny apiece. Nothing like originality. Nope, nothing like it at all. // Is there a member of THE LIBERTARIAN CONNECTION named Shawn Steele? // Collins? Hulvey? // Besides, Pelz would invoke the code of Hammaraubi and chop off various parts of your anatomy if you did succumb to temptation.

RICHARD HARTER: Yeah, but "at least somewhat" consists in many places of "Gimme gum" and as the years fade, even the WW2 veterans who knew that much are croaking and lowering the box score for the English language (without so much as a by-your-leave, I might add)... // Well, if Matthew did live down to his reputation the society would be after him for everything from violation of copyright to violation of the Mann Act, and doesn't that seem stretching the point? While Tepper's own activities contribute to his legend's continuance, the legend itself is rather unfair. // Thanks for the data on Stever's election,

TCM DIGBY: A Connecticut Yankee at Disneyland; "If I were in an assylum, and could not escape, I'd boss the place within three weeks or know the reason why. If I actually was in Orange county, I'd Boss it within three months, and settle for no softer thing." "Well, then, Mac, here's a broom, you can start at \$2 an hour and work your way up." // Your item on the predicting abilities of various races (ie, men and the other ones) was well done. In hoc signo plergb.

JACK HARNESS: Ook ook -- the Alamo freaks wear the scarlet letter?

KARA: The only reason I haven't got anything to say about your zine this week is that I couldn't find anything that sparked my blather mill -- but those zines which land at the rear of the disty often lack for comments so I'll pad your comment count with this notation.

OOK OOK -- AMATEUR FICTION! HEAD FOR THE HILLS!.....  
Last year Fred Patten mentioned an interest in having a League story run through APA L. That has, in part, already been done long since, but here's a full one, being simultaneously run through the LENS.