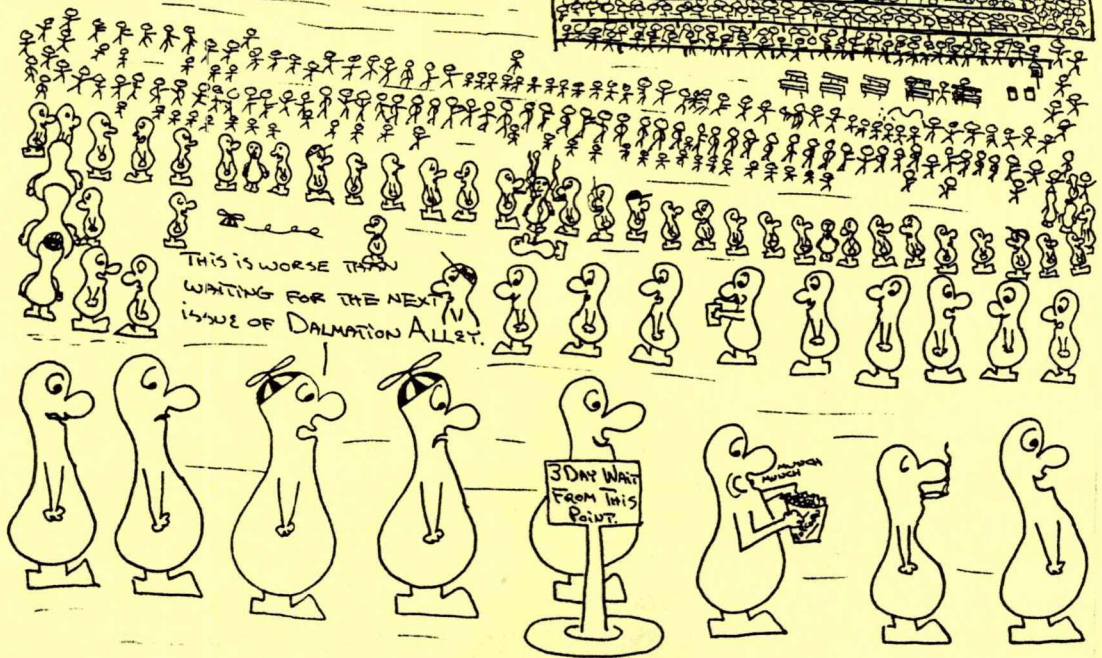
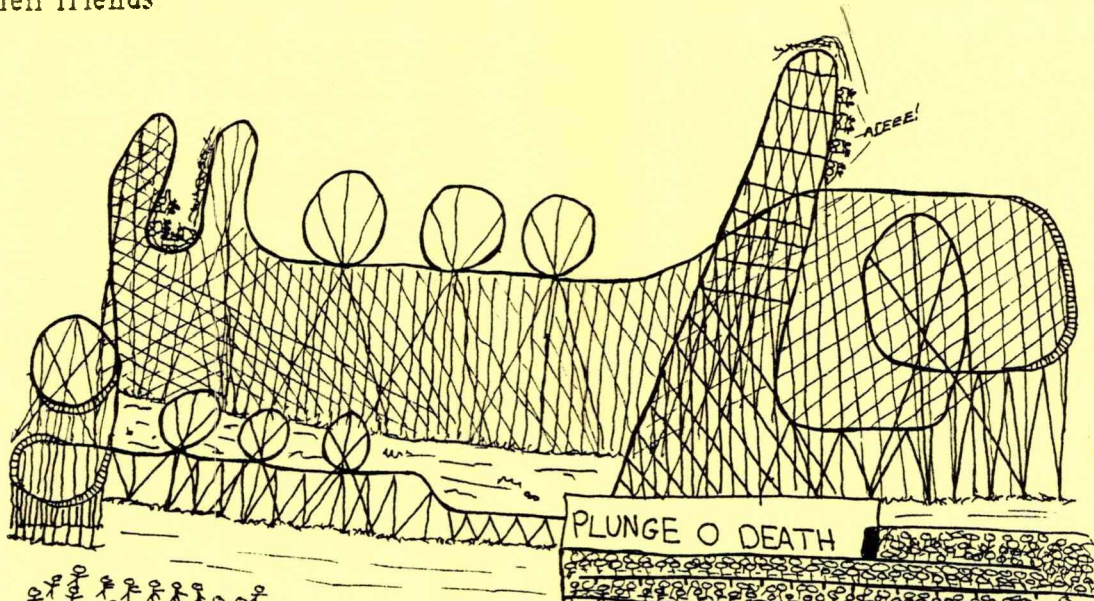


SERCON-NAVIGATION #4

Amusement parks? Those two words sure bring an interesting image to mind. Very deceptive I think. Not representative at all. An amusement park, in reality, seems too much like a familiar description of what war's really like. Hours of boredom, waiting then two to three minutes of exhilarating terror. A jigsaw puzzle "amuses" me more.

Now, I've got nothing against a two and a half hour wait for a one hundred and twenty second adrenaline rush, after all I'm a commuter, but these semantics are bothering me. To me an amusement park brings to mind a milder less physical experience that doesn't trigger my instinctive fight of flight reflex. I think "fear parks" or "adreno parks" works better.

I think a true amusement park should be filled with fanzines, food, beer, grass, refrigerators, couches, recliners, sex games, friends, and a couple innocuous waiters for each of the park goers to order about as they wish. Maybe a swimming pool or two and some air-conditioning as well. Let's leave the rollercoasters and heart-stoppers to those who lack the refinement and experience of the true debaucher, may vomit envelope their friends.



Letters of Comment

PowWow #9. Joyce

Geez, throwing firecrackers at dying old ladies? I'm sure they only added to her rehabilitation. You can be assured that I've never, nor would I now, stoop to such behavior.

I spent three weeks in New York City in the month of January, a little short of July. Manhattan is really just an island of concrete and glass; I kinda like it. I can't imagine what it's like on the 4th of July; it must be truly magnificent. Something I'd like to see some day.

Implosion #9. Arnie

I think that the Fallen Hero is living Americana, at least until they disappear behind the anonymity of a number and prison. It sure seems like America has an excess of enormously popular and successful people who become even more famous when they destroy their lives. Some people just don't seem to think.

Now, about the "Star Trek" amateur porn, I have a story idea...

Encumbrance #6. Karl

Being self-employed without medical and health benefits, a salary, pension, or an organized force to look out for what's supposed to be best for me, I'm understandably a little envious and very wary. I can understand why you think they've outlived their usefulness. You've certainly experienced an unsavory aspect of the beast, but you've yet to benefit from this thing called a "union." There's a reason unions were formed, in large part, to advance a union member's interests in respect to wages and working conditions.

I'm going to reserve judgement until I find out more, but like many things in our society today (unions, laws, customs, beliefs, senators, bigotry, etc.), that are arguably outdated (to many of us this is obvious), people are slow to change. Hell, it took us twelve years to change presidents; let's hope it doesn't take another twelve.

Enjoy the Season. Marcy

That sounds like a nice initiation, but mine was a little more twisted. At Meadow Brook Middle School in Rancho Bernardo where I grew up, before you reached eighth grade you were expected to beat up Adam Bellenzon. Adam was in my Boy Scout troop (his dad's idea). I knew him, and had even been over to his house, so when it was my time I was more that a little reticent. He wasn't my friend, just a kid I knew, but when it became apparent I'd not only lose some of my friends but would be considered for "Adamhood" myself, I made my choice.

Adam was shooting baskets on the playground one recess, and I walked over and socked him in the nose hard enough to make him cry. While he stood there holding his nose and crying, I kicked him in the shins until he fell down. Then I ran away to play dodgeball. No one ever told on me or anyone else that beat up Adam; even Adam didn't tell. Adam was continually beaten up in high school as well. Nobody, even the teachers, liked Adam Bellenzon. One day in high school he was caught having sex with another boy in his van. You can imagine how he was treated after that. Now whenever I'm in Rancho Bernardo I avoid McDonalds and

steer clear of any innocent looking clock towers. You never know.

Dither. Ross

Like you, I not only believe Hollywoodland has perpetuated nostalgia. I think at times it has given birth to it. With the abundance of screen, television, and radio saturating our lives, it's hard to sort out what expands that nostalgia and what parodies it. "A Christmas Story" is a parody about a kid who wants a Red Rider Cocker-Action BB-Gun with a compass in the stock. His mother, of course, is afraid he'll shoot his eye out. I watch it every year.

WWII was only 45 years ago, then came Korea, Vietnam, Angola, Grenada, Libya, Panama, then the Gulf War. These military exercises seem to be occurring closer and closer together as time passes. Talk about the continuity of time; let's hope we have some left.

Ross, thanks for all of your Mailing Comments in the Apa V's these past months. Doing mailing comments this ish has shown me it's not an easy task, and I appreciate the thinking-time and effort you've put into them. Speaking of continuity, please keep it up!

Untitled #2. Ben

You never asked me what I thought of when I think of the 4th of July! What do I think of? Work. The weekend of July 4 is notoriously good for business in land sales, so I work every July 4 weekend.

Will we be seeing, anytime soon, a title change? Something that's not so anonymous and more representative of who you are? I'm happy to see you at the Vegrent meetings; I never see you anymore. Is patriotism bigotry or just elitism?

Bostonian Americana. Woody

Boston is another city I wish to experience, and when I do I'd like to think I'll explore the Red Light District with as much determination and observation as you did your aunt's lovely home. I've heard that it's incredibly easy to get lost in Boston, and that even lifetime residents can lose their way in unfamiliar territory. Is this true?

Carnival Promises. Belle

Your poem made me hungry.

Carnivals are Americana incarnate, from the freak show barker to the frighteningly creaky rides that need new paint. I always enjoy a small town carnny; there's something magic about them. Bradbury captured a part of it in "Something Wicked This Way Comes"

SERCON-NAVIGATION #4 is brought to you by Tom Springer, 3073 Conquista Ct. Las Vegas NV, 89121.

The white folk think they're at the top
ask any proud white male
a million years of evolution
and we get Danny Quayle.

"Insanity"
D. Elfman