



This 17th Apanagezine, from the flying fingers of the fool at the keyboard, promises that at its utmost it will be written completely off the cuff without the intervention of afterthought anywhere along the way. All complaints should be wired, collect, to Jerry Falwell. All comment hooks should be flagged by the reader and lowered to half-mast, after which you are directed to write voluminous comments.

No, this 19th Apanagezine is not from Montana. It is from Minac. 15 cpi ensmallled minac, no less.

Howdy. How y'all been since September, anyhow? Me, I've been okay. I think. Haven't checked lately. Been too busy.

Things have been mildly gangbusters at the Health Maintenance Organization. It started with a projection of 10,000 new contracts to be effective the first of the year, and a decision to boost the number of representatives in the Member Services Department from 6 to 9. Then we decided to make that a boost from 6 to 8, sandbagging one for later because of the anticipation of gaining the 9th as a transfer when another department is disbanded somewhere around next Spring. So I went about looking for 2 new Reps, but then 1 of the existing 6 transferred to another department, another resigned due to the pressures of the job, and another went into the hospital and is on a 2 month medical leave. I've now got 4 new Reps being trained, which is a lengthy process. As the last Express Bus of the evening leaves at 5:15, I decided to buy a monthly parking pass for November and drive to work, rather than taking the slower-than-the-Second-Coming-of-Christ non-express bus as a consequence of the overtime I'll be putting in.

Other than that, things are downright foreboding. The city of Cincinnati decided to impose a no-smoking law to be effective the first of the year, and if I can't fit into one of the exclusions in that law I don't think I'll be living here next year. There are two reasons I don't want to go along with the new law. First because I don't want to, and second because I'm loathe to live in a city that dips down quite that far into my personal druthers. For now we'll ignore the fact that, no matter what the AMA would have you believe, science cannot legitimately be used to support the conclusion that smoking causes any health hazards. It's amazing sometimes how much difference there is between science and medicine. It's the differences which are most telling.

As a consequence, though we both would have liked moving to better quarters this Autumn -- now that we can afford it -- that would be quite dangerous under the circumstances.

Needless to say, this kettle of fish does not sit well with either of us. I'd kind of gotten used to Cinsanity, and now I'm feeling hostile about it. Other things about the city loom where before they hunkered. Like, the high heat & humidity in the summer and the stunning cold in winter, the fact that this place is home to a major headquarters of the Ku Klux Klan, Simon Leis whose antics make this place a laughingstock to most of the rest of the nation, and the fact that Cinsanity is home to so many of the terminally religious who typically have no tolerance for any lifestyle other than their own (but if you speak in Tongues, you'll fit right in). For some, it takes a lot of sublimation to live a good life in Cincinnati. And sometimes you add one more straw and the load seems too heavy to bear.

So we're very uncertain as to what happens next, which is a surefire source for that unsettled feeling. At this point I wouldn't be surprised no matter what happens. If anything does.

On the positive side, day to day life seems tranquil enough when I'm not out earning a living (although there's no truth to the rumor that the best part of my day is over when the alarm goes off in the morning). At least while we're still living in this apartment, no matter how much we'd rather be paying more rent elsewhere, we've the extra \$ to spend on other things. And we can be just as comfortable talking or reading or watching videotaped movies or doing fanac right here on Alpine as we can anywhere else.

And speaking of those things, one plus which serendipitously fell our way recently is that Al & Lyn Curry have moved back to Cincinnati after what was thought to be a permanent move to Ireland. I had delivered them to the airport on the last day of Midwestcon, and then fetched them from the airport the first day of Octocon (these are the two Cincinnati-managed conventions, though neither is held in Cincinnati...). After getting used to the idea of losing proximity to friends due to geographical changes, their return was a happy event.

They liked Ireland well enough, but missed their kids and things weren't working out financially over there. Although they don't plan on staying in Cinsanity they do plan on staying long enough to get a nestegg so they can flee this burg.

Fanac-wise, I just finished stencilling the second issue of GALLIMAUFRY, the genzine that Joni Stopa and I edit and that Jackie publishes. Looks like a good issue. If anyone is interested, just drop me a line. Availability is for trades or letters, as always. We offer a sample copy for \$2, but I'll waive that for any 'Nager. All ya gotta do is write.

Next up: TIME AND AGAIN #2. Anyone here who didn't get the first issue can have a coverless copy (that's all I've got left, sorry), and also issue #2, merely by writing and asking. If you did get the first issue, and didn't respond with a trade or a letter of comment, a letter of request will get you the second issue. Already secure on the mailing list for the second issue are Debra Doyle, Donya White, and David Hulan. Anyone else -- I'd love to hear from you.

Book-wise, I've read nothing in the gaping interim between mailings which I would recommend you rush out and obtain. Movie-wise, we've seen a few mildly amusing things, but nothing to natter about. On the other hand, we've managed to add a few old favorites to our permanent tape library -- like THE PRESIDENT'S ANALYST and THE WICKER MAN and THE GRADUATE, but I imagine you're already quite familiar with these gems. You are, aren't you?

Who here has Beta and a potential interest in discussing possible loans of material taped at Beta II or Beta III?

Just heard on the news that Ronnie Raygun is tapping Social Security money to keep the country moving. Whose money does he think he's borrowing, and did he ask our permission? Maybe he figures that Social Security is going to fall down the loo anyway, so what the heck. Better that we circle the Earth with enough weaponry to bounce the rubble a few thousand times than waste it on non-Republicans who aren't swift enough to provide for their own retirement. Besides which, if we piss off the Russians with their phony talk of arms control and radical notions like Peace, we probably won't have to worry about things like retirement anyway. Who's going to worry about things like Ronnie's staggering contribution to the National Debt when the Earth looks like Halley's Comet rammed into it? Besides, Khadafi is pulling out all the stops in an effort to get The Bomb, if only because everyone else on his block has one, and if Ronnie's pissing contest with the Russians doesn't produce a Nuclear Winter then we'll figure out some other way to get one. Personally, I think what this world needs is a global policy requiring that heads of state be certified as having IQs above room temperature. Well, it's a place to start. From there we can outlaw heads of state doing wolverine impersonations by urinating around the borders of their domain. End of wise-ass political commentary.

Time, perhaps, to begin wiseass mailing comments. Well, let's do it.

Donya Hazard White

Hi, kiddo. Enjoyed your postcard. Had no trouble whatsoever deciphering your handwriting, for some strange reason, though Jackie found about a fifth of it

unreadable when she tried reading it to me over the phone the day it arrived. Strangely enough, I had just finished getting a translation of a memo from an exec at work, and had just provided a translation of a note someone else had received from a person whose handwriting seemed perfectly clear to me. Perhaps, like tennis, this is an interaction of style? I have the most trouble with people who will begin to spell out a word and then seemingly fall asleep, making the last few letters appear like a slightly wavy line. This is more commonly found in signatures, but some people seem to write everything that way. And, I digress.

Well, yes, I guess I do have an evil grin. Enough people have said so that I've come to accept it. Others have described it as coprophagous.

Picked up David Brin's STARTIDE RISING, which Jackie read and really enjoyed, but haven't yet gotten to it myself. Too many others ahead of it (my system of determining which book to read next is to review the To Be Read shelf and pick the one I blindly assume will be the best of the lot). One of these days, real soon now.

Debra Doyle

Well, PALE RIDER was passable but not up to Eastwood's western par. Basically, Clint played God and everyone else played normal people. A tad thin, it were.

Let's see here, if a Philistine is an uncultured & materialistic person, what do you call an uncultured & non-materialistic person like me? Besides weird? Of course, I do covet scotch. Is scotch materialistic? I consider it spiritual, actually.

"If anyone who cannot think clearly will never be able to write, what's MZB's excuse?" Tee hee.

How's that arkle coming along for TIME AND AGAIN? The makeup of the second issue is frozen, and now I'm looking for great stuff to fill the third. Looking forward to having you in it.

David Hulan

Hey, old shoe. It's been over five years since last I saw you. Barely recognized your photo in this mailing...

Speaking of osteoporosis, as you were, that's the diagnosis I was given when I decided to access my doctor's claim on my CRT. Made me blink to look at it there on the screen. "Naw, can't be..." I mumbled to myself. Needless to say, we do have a little trouble coding claims here at ChoiceCare... The next time my doctor came in (he's our Physician Consultant, showing up on Wednesdays to troubleshoot various matters for us) I put my arm around his shoulders and told him: "Herb, I wish you'd tell me these things..." He asked if I were post-menopausal...

I not only remember Tina's call to the Church of Scientology, I have it on tape. Both reel-to-reel and, transcribed over the air, on cassette. Yes, that was definitely an amusing put-on.

I knew when I wrote that "trip report and reminis" that I was letting myself in for a more time-consuming and difficult writing exercise which would gather much less in the way of mailing comments, but, hey, that's the kind of guy I am. Masochistic and ~~self~~creative.

The Righteous Brothers? I remember them from the mid-60s. ...got that lovin' feeling, now it's gone, gone, gone, gone... Quick, Amy, name that tune! Wait a minute. Wrong mailing comment.

Jane Yolen

I can understand not wanting to grade hand-written papers, but on the other hand not all kids took typing or have a typewriter they can use or have someone who can type something up for them. Did you hear of any problems with any of your students in this regard?

Agree fully with your comment on BUCKEROO BANZAI, including the bit about renting a tape of it with "great anticipation". "Pretty dumb" about sums it up, actually. I think that was the time I also rented THE NEVER-ENDING STORY, which I got all of a half-hour into before giving it up. It was neither good enough nor bad enough to watch...

"I think MZB is just jealous of Chris Claremont because he's cuter than she is. A lot cuter!" Listen, a toad is cuter than ... no, I shouldn't say this. I'll just think it, and smile.

Amazing clip about the woman with the 60 year old mummified full-term fetus in her abdomen. I see that her doctor was a real master of understatement: "It's not one of those things that's real common."

Christine Lowentroun

Say, you sure do badmouth yourself a lot. From your fanwriting, and from the comments of 'Nagers who have met you, there sure doesn't appear to be any reason for it. Just on general principles it's a good idea to not do it. After all, there are always people around to do it for you. I think a paranoid told me that one time.

Another "Eccch" vote on BUCKAROO BANZAI. Don't bother trying to go back to finish watching it; your first impression was correct.

Thanks for the nice comment on my trip/grad report.

Ah, the 'three for dinner' question. I think I'd invite Jerry Falwell, Madelyn Murray O'Hare, and Jesus Christ. Should be amusing. I might even tape it.

No, substitute Thomas Paine for Jerry Falwell. I don't want Falwell in my home.

Amy Falkowitz

"Well, a cold climate can slow one's growth if not stunt it..." Aha! I always wondered why I stopped growing at 5'7" in upstate New York.

You know, I met Jane Jewell and chatted with her a bit at one of last year's Annual Floating Cinsanity New Year's Parties. An Indiana fan name of Ray Beam brought her. It wasn't until just fairly recently that I realized that Jane Jewell was the same Jane Jewell we had on the waiting list. She wasn't on the wl, I don't think, when I met her, and when she got on the wl her address made me think the whole business was just a coincidence.

Alice Morigi

Say, I'm out of room. Eyes up and over, Alice.

Get a new red felt pen did you, Alice?

Oh yes, I'm familiar with the Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain Lake. My old home town of Indian Lake is just 12 miles away from Blue Mountain Lake. Last I heard, a guy I went to school with was running the place. He was the class jerk. We only had 18 in our class, so we were allotted only one. Jean was it. I'm also quite familiar with Racquette Lake. In fact, kids from both Racquette and Blue travelled to Indian Lake to go to grade and high school. All beautiful country up there. My old stomping grounds.

Oh yes, again. Willard Locke was one of my ancestors. I was fifth generation up there. The Locke family were early settlers, and Locke is as common a name in that area as Smith is most anywhere else in this country. Columns and columns of Lockes in the local phone directory. All shirt-tail relations at worst.

I'm with you on first-time visitors. After that, they fix their own drinks...

"Wothehell". The fannish spelling is whathell. I did a few issues of a fanzine with that title a few years back. Come to think of it, I've used an awful lot of fanzine titles. Never seem to run out of them, though.

Enjoyed the report. "uh-huh-ing" is indeed what I did as I read it. How'd you know? You must be physic.

I agree. History started to get really depressing when the big bomb came along. I don't buy that it was justified to drop two of the a-bombs on Japan, either, but I just went through that discussion in FLAP and would get tired in the head in someone wanted to pursue it here...

Of course, now we have a big bomb in the White House, but that's a different kind of story.

John Hopfner

I don't know any company that gives you the week off between Xmas and New Year's (if David mentioned that he gets it, I overlooked it). Many businesses give just one week of vacation to new employees in their first year, and many give two weeks. That translates into either 5 days or 10 days. If a new Civil Service employee gets 13 days of vacation, that's a good deal better than you'll find in the business world. The standard in private industry is 15 days after 5 years and 20 days after 10 years. If Civil Service gets 4 weeks after 5 years of service, that's a pretty good deal. At one time I strongly considered getting into Civil Service because the benefits are so damn good. I even took a few exams, but nothing worked out.

I don't think FLJACH (Fandom Is Just A Goddam Hobby) is cynical (I know you were mainly kidding). I think it's realistic. If it's not FIAWOL (Fandom Is A Way Of Life), then it's a hobby. Besides, I need something to do while I'm drinking.

I'm glad to know there's a good reason for me to avoid sushi besides the fact that I don't like the taste of it.

Well, I didn't get a promotion, exactly. Or did I? I went from Acting Member Services Manager to just plain old Member Services Manager. After a bit, though,

I won't be editing the member newsletter. ChoiceCare has hired a Director of Communications and he'll be doing that plus the provider newsletter plus other things. The editorship of the member newsletter will be the last thing he assumes, however, because that's the one thing they want him to do that's already running smoothly. I'll still write for it, but I won't have the wonderful responsibility of beating on the staff to submit articles. Don't know how I can live without it.

"When Dave & Jackie and Bruce & Dodie were visiting you, each of us was mentioned at least once, 'always with admiration'? Ah, my subtle friend, I cannot find it in me to question the truth of that. But I smiled when I read it." A well-turned comment there, John... Actually, I brought along Harriet's letter and when it came time to mention your name I pulled it out of my pocket and read it. Everyone was impressed. Of course, you know she admires you.

Good zine, old shoe.

Bev Clark

Hi, kiddo!

Jackie says that, though dietary sources of calcium are important, absorption rates between individuals vary widely. Some things can interfere with that absorption rate, such as a lot of boozing, but possibly a calcium supplement can overcome the problem. It was discovered that she had somewhat of a problem in that regard prior to her back surgery.

Yar, it's traditional to celebrate your graduation after you've graduated. In fact, we did that. Some of us had a pre-graduation celebration, too. Both were downright fine, though I remember more about the pre-grad party after such a gaping interim between then and now.

Ah, THE PRINCESS BRIDE. I've made it a point to follow William Goldman's writing since David & Marcia introduced me to TPR. His latest, HEAT, is his strangest. It alternated between interesting and infuriating, and more than once I felt like putting it away unread. Afterward, upon reflection, I felt the reading worthwhile but would hesitate to recommend it. It's downright weird.

"I'm not trying very hard to live the proper fannish life. I have always believed in being different in any group I am part of, so I suppose that if I didn't have fandom, I would probably be 'fannish' in my mundane life, just to set myself apart." There is no such thing as "a" proper fannish life, as fandom encompasses a whole truckload of subsets (some of whom consider that they are the Only True Fandom), but with that quibble out of the way I think that on this particular subject we're two peas in a pod.

A survey to see if it's a common characteristic of fans that they don't much take to swimming? Okay, well, I at one time was a lifeguard, and still love to swim. Suzi Stefl was a lifeguard for a long time. At Midwestcons the pool is almost always filled with fans. So far none of them have drowned, to my knowledge, but

Mark Riley has twice cracked his head open on the bottom of the pool by diving into the shallow end (not all fans are Slans, obviously).

Andrew Siegel

Welcome. Enjoyed your zine.

I like TIME over NEWSWEEK, and NEWSWEEK over U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT. I'm a bit leery at believing what I read in the latter. The first two are both reasonable in their reporting, but I find TIME more literate and interesting in their presentations.

"A problem I have with the [seatbelt] laws is that while in the great majority of cases, a seatbelt will save lives, or at least decrease the severity of injury, there are times when the only way to survive an accident is to be thrown clear. With the seatbelt law, survival becomes impossible in this case. It isn't an easy question." Sure it is. Just go read the mailing comment that John will give to you on this very valid point you've made here... [But don't let him get away with ~~making up~~ approximating a whole bundle of statistics on the issue...]

Actually, staying with the seatbelt subject, what happened is that I said the same thing you did but noted my purpose wasn't to talk John out of wearing his seatbelt or even to present a stronger case against than for their use. I had just wanted to take a oneshot effort at explaining the facts and reasoning and inclinations behind why I don't wear a seatbelt, in response to a comment by John that "I don't really understand otherwise intelligent people who don't wear" seat belts. Later I had to repeat that my purpose wasn't to argue. John wanted to argue, and as that was early-on in my membership we got off on the wrong foot and pooched out our lips at each other and threw spitballs and did all manner of disconcerting and silly things. It was especially silly when you consider that neither John nor I had any stats on the subject and thus dialog was extremely limited at best. That's all water under the bridge, but I thought I'd fall off my chair when you brought up the same point I raised...

At first I liked the 100% aspartame colas, but after a short bit they cloyed on me and I went back to the aspartame/saccharin combination (which I still like better than the straight saccharin), but now the only one on the market is Shasta. When Shasta isn't available, I 50/50 mix a 100% aspartame and a 100% saccharin cola to get the sweetness level I like.

Lisa Cowan

Cute puppy. I'm a cat-fancier, myself. Most dogs treat me like I'm a Gainesburger. Most cats, even the mean ones, come up and rub against me. Might explain the preference. Probably goes quite far toward explaining it, actually...

Jackie and I both enjoyed, muchly, THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY. Lightweight, but a lot of fun.

I remember Ted White bitching in FILE 770 about the Trimbles being associated with the Hubbard zine. Said some nasty things about them personally. Now that a few

of his friends are doing the strange thing, Ted doesn't shit on them like he did the Trimbles. Terribly strange about that, right?

Amy made "PET SEMATARY sound almost worth reading"? Oh, it definitely is. Jackie and I both really enjoyed it. Especially following on the heels of the mediocrity of CHRISTINE. King gets a lot of knocks for being prolific and for writing in the horror field, but he often writes at his best and there aren't, imho, many around who can come within miles of his best. Actually, I think some people knock him simply on the grounds that he's a popular writer. With others, of course, he simply doesn't click. He can't write enough for me, and I'd sell my soul for his wordwhipping talent.

Indy sure hung onto that submarine for an awful long time, and had to be awfully quiet in so doing...

Bruce Coville

Brucifer! Say, you have had a busy summer. That's okay -- it keeps you out of trouble. Or does it?

Sounds like a helluva job you did on the Directory. Right, "you should never be the only one to proof your own work." There's a tendency to see what you're supposed to see, rather than what's there. This does not apply, however, to reading your material after you've committed it to print. Then all the typos will leap out and tweek your nose. Or you can just shake the publication and watch the typos fall out until they cover you up to the knees.

After reading about all that's been happening with and around you, I don't think you dare take a vacation. Anyone who has to be that frenetic for that long a period of time could find a vacation hazardous to their health. I can envision you yanking yourself out of the whorl and setting yourself down under a beach umbrella, after which you twitch yourself to death in under five minutes. You need some kind of a segue to ease your way into a vacation. Sitting in the lead car of a roller coaster for a few hours might do it.

Take care of yourself. Give a big howdy to Dodie.

Paula Sigman

"I've decided to Do Something About It." Good for you. Sounds like your boss is a wimp, to me.

Comment addressed to me: "That's what you get for loving me no MCs." Answer: Peter, Paul, and Mary. Next tune, please.

I seem to keep changing my script from slanting-off-to-the left to straight-up-and-down. Why do we do things like that? Do you drink scotch, too?

They don't call them cabbies in NYC. They call them Freedom Riders.

I remember New York City. Particularly climbing up the Statue of Liberty and looking at the windows. I wanted to look out the windows, but they were too dirty for that. Then I climbed down. That's one of the things I remember most about NYC.

Jymn Magon

Hi, Borcharding, What's shakin'? Oh, really?

Bill Scott. I wonder if that's the same Bill Scott who was a pro artist, father of erstwhile fanartist Randy Scott (remember him, David?). Did a cover for the second issue of my old genzine, AWRY. As I recall, nobody liked it except Randy and me...

"I thought everyone ate salt on watermelon." Well, so did I at one time, but then I learned to my great astonishment that some people do not eat watermelon with salt. Hard to believe, I know. Of course, I'm still amazed that some people will buy peanut butter if it isn't chunky-style. And tapioca pudding! Wow. Hell, I'm getting hungry.

RAEBNC. Apanese acronym meaning 'read and enjoyed but no comment'. I don't much care for most of these shorthandisms, though some can be useful. The one I like best is HHOK, usually placed following a comment that might be misinterpreted, and meaning 'ho ho, only kidding'.

BAD HABITS, by Dave Barry (a collection of his columns), labelled "A 100% Fact Free Book", is a \$14.95 hardcover from Doubleday. I'd loan you my copy, but I've had it cast in bronze and can't afford to mail it.

Ah, famous first lines. Or famous last lines, for that matter. CONTEST ALERT CONTEST ALERT CONTEST ALERT Famous skiffy first line: (from memory, because I no longer have the book) "They caught the kid doing something disgusting under the bleachers." Famous skiffy last line: "It was going to be fun to play God". END CONTEST ALERT END CONTEST ALERT END CONTEST ALERT.

The riding-the-submarine bit in INDY really bobbed my mind. Okay, so they didn't submerge. But that was a long damn trip, and Indiana Jones had to hold awful damn still to avoid giving himself away. A noise on the outside of a sub is magnified on the inside. Stick your head in a tin can and let someone tap on the outside of it. I mean, really... I suppose it may seem silly to critique a fantasy for being fantastic, but some things go with the flow and some things are beyond the suspension of disbelief.

When I was Materiel Manager (that's not misspelled) at Bushnell Optical in Pasadena, at one point I inherited custody of the parking lot with its sections of reserved and not-reserved parking spaces. It needed re-striping, and I did away with the reserved parking. Sent out a memo which basically said that if you're so damn important, get to work at a decent hour and you'll get a good parking spot. Started to get all kinds of flak from peers and superiors until the President came out, my memo in hand, and started applauding... I should mention that I'd been there long enough that I had the spot third closest to the employee entrance at the time I did this. Yes, I know, I'm not much for status symbols.

Jackie would like to read Ngaio Marsh's DEAD WATER if you've still got it and are willing to send it based on a request in a mailing comment.

Thanx for running photos of the Apanage parties in your zine. You do a lot of things which make THWACK! one of the consistantly best zines in the apa. You Are Appreciated. Send me a bill in the morning.

Enjoyed "The Quigmans" cartoon (sign: Apathetic Morons Convention. Speaker: "I don't know and I don't care. Thank you."). That's what we need around here is more apathy; but then, who cares?

Later, Placido. One of these days I'm going to call you when I get back to L.A. and we're going to have a helluva party. What? What do you mean, "thanx for the warning"?

Jim Macdonald

I think I've told you this before, but you're a very strange person and should be cherished as a consequence. You're an interesting very strange person.

Obviously you see too many movies and are much more jaded than I am. I enjoyed ICEMAN and RUNAWAY much more than you did, and enjoyed STARMAN much much more than you. A flaw on your STARMAN review: the government decided to dissect the Starman if they caught him (which they didn't) because he was wreaking havok according to the reports they were getting and because, despite the fact that they suspected he was a cloned-out-of-whole-cloth physiological duplicate of a dead man, they knew he had been demonstrating special powers/traits beyond that of a mere clone. Their motivation was well-enough spelled out. "There's also a lot of very bad police procedure". I've seen worse. Personally, I found it excellent though I went into it expecting disappointment. My biggest surprise was that Bridges (or the director) dared to step outside of a straight acting role and turned in a deservedly applauded performance. I really liked this one, and I really didn't expect to. Ditto for Jackie. I highly recommend it to anyone here who hasn't yet caught it.

"All this was Confidential. Don't worry. I assigned the declassification date to match the Apa deadline." You've got style, Horatio.

"Most fanzine fans don't consider an apazine a real fanzine, eh?" Not true. Some general fanzine fans don't consider an apazine a real fanzine. As an apazine is a fanzine, and a producer of apazines is a fanzine fan, and there are a lot more producers of apazines than there are producers and contributors to fanzines which circulate in general fanzine fandom, it can't be true that most fanzine fans don't consider an apazine a real fanzine. Fanzine fandom is divided, in one sense, into general fanzine fandom and apahacks, and it's just another case where, when you come right down to it, everybody has their nigger. And, of course, without reason. For example, you, sir, are a more interesting and better writer than the norm in general fanzine fandom. So are many of the fanzine fans in here. The fans here, and the fans there, are simply people who find fanwriting a kick for one reason or another, and which medium they channel their fanwriting into has no bearing on the interest and quality of the words in print. You are as much a fanzine fan as anybody else, because you do it, for whatever reason or reasons you do it, and you are read or not read on your own merits and not because of whose mailing list you're writing for.

As you can see, I've been too long in fandom to put up with some of the jingoistic bullshit that I occasionally encounter in general fanzine fandom.

Good zine, needless to say. Much enjoyed.

That's it! The back of the mailing! It's been fun, and I've had a lot of scotch. Let's do this again in a couple of months, okay? Stay warm.

## Believe It Or Not . . .

Still on an entertaining note, but this from our file marked They're Going To Swear We're Making This Up But We're Not; Honest. Walt Disney Productions has admitted that oh yes indeed, it had been considering an animated version of J.D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*. It gets worse: According to film insiders, the story's locale was to move from New York to San Francisco and the title was to change to "Dufus." Still more: Salinger's characters, the redoubtable Holden Caulfield *et. al.*, would have been played by, brace yourself, animated dogs. Kind of Lady and the Tramp to the Bay area gone. But . . . before the plan could go too far, somebody pulled the plug and now the whole thing's off. To which we can add only: Whew!

LADY,  
Tramp  
in the Rye?

## VOYAGE TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH

"I was now convinced of the correctness of Capt. Symmes's theory, and of the practicability of sailing into the globe at the south pole . . ." noted Captain Adam Seaborn. Within days, Captain Seaborn's ship found a passage into the Earth, where he discovered a thriving utopian civilization.

Not a sparkling plot as science fiction novels go, but particularly noteworthy that *Symzonia; Voyage of Discovery* was written in 1820 and is purported to be the first science fiction novel, inspiring the likes of Jules Verne and Edgar Allan Poe. And of special local interest—that it is generally believed that its author, Adam Seaborn, was really a *nom de plume* for John Cleves Symmes, nephew of our own John Cleves Symmes, whose purchase of land back in 1794 made him the area's first real estate tycoon.

The Public Library of Cincinnati & Hamilton County recently acquired an original copy of Symmes' work. Symmes' premise was based on his belief that the Earth was hollow and contained solid concentric spheres that were habitable. He even tried to convince Congress to finance expeditions to explore the feasibility of his theory.

Get a question? Write "Cincinnati etc.," c/o Enquirer Magazine, 617 Vine St., Cincinnati, OH. 45201