



WILDHACK #2, the Apanagezine of Dave Locke, comes to you from Cincinnati, Ohio, in that section of town encoded by the pest awful as 45236, very near the in-house bar at 6828 Alpine Avenue #4, right next to the blower encoded by Cinsanity Bell as 513/984-1447, just a room away from the J. Causgrove Publishing Empire, Ink, and yet another Second Coming Publication (#142, actually). Vote no on being unstuck in time.

Well, we're unstuck by another digit, anyway, and welcome to January of 1986 where things appear much the same as they did before 1985 drained away. As it turned out, the actual moment of transition went unnoticed in this household because we were watching a movie at the time. Suddenly, there it was: the clock on the vcr read 12:01. I uttered something seminal, like, "say, it's 1986". Jackie, and Brian (who is out here visiting over the holidays), mumbled something about how they hadn't noticed. Someone with a slow watch blew off a firecracker down the street somewhere. Jackie and I kissed. We went back to the movie. End of celebration. Don't want to overdo these things, you know.

Cinsanity fandom had its usual round of four "Annual Cincinnati Floating New Year's Eve Parties", the 9th annual round, but we managed to hit only the first one. That took place on Saturday night, and Jackie brought her usual exploding cream puffs (but made them smaller, as a consequence of which people were tempted to stuff the entire puff in their mouth, hold their lips shut with their fingers, and chomp down, thus containing the explosion; people who did not hold their lips shut were doing impersonations of Linda Blair from THE EXORCIST). We planned on skipping Sunday and Monday's party, anyway, but wound up missing Tuesday night's shindig because Jackie's back was acting up on her (just as well; I was beginning to inwardly groan at the idea of Going Out, anyway). So, for once, we stayed home for The Big Moment, and then wound up overlooking it.

I'm enjoying just a bit over two weeks of vacation while Brian is visiting. Nothing too exciting going on. Just good, low-key stuff. The only decent book I've read in the bimonth was a reread -- Fredric Brown's MARTIANS, GO HOME. I've seen only two movies that are worth recommending, and one of them I won't recommend to you because I can't imagine anyone here liking it (ROCKY IV, which I could rip apart in a critique just like everyone else is doing, but that wouldn't explain away the power and presence of the film). The other I will recommend: HOUSE OF THE

LONG SHADOWS, starring Vincent Price and Christopher Lee. I don't have it listed in either of my two movie review books, and the cable guide doesn't give a year for it (just: "Horror Comedy. Searching for an isolated British manor in which to write, an American writer stumbles upon the ancestral home of the Grisbane family."), and I won't tell you it's a great movie, but it's a well-done sleeper that Jackie and I decided to keep and add to the tape library. The "American writer" is an intelligent wiseacre who finds himself in a clichéd haunted house story while trying to win a bet by writing a best-seller horror novel by candlelight in 24 hours. Well worth looking for. It's always a delight to find an unknown little gem like this.

Two weeks ago it was about as cold around here as I've ever encountered it. How cold was it? I'm glad you asked, because I've got a real answer for that. I'd parked the car and was walking up the street on my way to work, thinking "it's about as cold around here as I've ever encountered it", and I heard this loud CRACK! I looked around, but saw nothing. Then my glasses fell off. The frames had cracked in half. Now that's &c!\$&@!\$! cold. Even goddam cold.

In WILDHACK #1 I grumped about my displeasure with the new Cincinnati anti-smoking law (probably, along the way, providing a helluva comment hook with my statement that "science cannot legitimately be used to support the conclusion that smoking causes any health hazards." Well, at least this time I have mounds of data to back up such a wildass statement...). An anti-smoking lobby had rammed in this new law. Now the smoking lobby has rammed in a situation where there will be no enforcement, or even any taking of complaints, until July. Two of the largest Cinsanity corporations are already petitioning for something altogether less, and different. There will be much dog-fighting for the next six months. Where I work, compliance with the no-smoking law was overturned in favor of smokers using smokeless ashtrays and not "travelling" with cigarettes. Overall, things are looking up in this regard. I can live with the compromise.

DAVID HULAN

"...it's now my real hobby, with fandom taking a distinct back seat". A separate back seat or a clear back seat? Ya know, it's not all that unusual that people have more than one hobby at a time, or that the newest hobby they take on receives top billing. New enthusiasm, and all that. However, I don't have any particular fear that you can't handle more than one hobby at a time, or that you'll drop the one you're about to celebrate your 25th Anniversary in (and congratulations on your stamina...).

Your 25th Anniversary will also be my 25th, and for some time now I've been musing about taking up Something New. I won't leave behind the old -- nor do I want to -- but obviously I'll have problems in making room for something else; do I give up some of the old or do I come up with some manner of universal answer which doesn't satisfy anything very well? (Like, for example, a zine which keeps me in touch with all points currently occupied?) This is why I muse on the subject -- I want to have my cake and eat it, too.

De-alcoholized scotch? Is nothing sacred?

Ah, The Box Scores. To break back into the Top Ten in Average Pages, this issue right here will have to be 34 pages long. I'd better switch to a Pica typeface. To be #1, this must be 317 pages long. I'd better go get the Billboard typeface. But, if I did do 317 pages, I'd also just manage to place in the bottom of the Top Ten for Total Pages. To place #1 in that, I'll need to do 2,068 pages this time. Hmm. I'd better break out the lettering guides.

They say "youse" in upstate New York? No, David, no. Brooklyn, David, Brooklyn. Don't forget that upstate Nyok is tourist country. If you heard "youse" up there, it's because you encountered tourists from Brooklyn...

Totally agree with you about increasing minac. A bump from requiring two pages to requiring four is not a difference of significance. A difference of significance would be your idea of hitting four mailings a year without missing two in a row. Or upping the page requirement to, say, 6 pages, perhaps even in combination with having to hit an additional mailing (four instead of three).

On the same subject, there are -- at top level -- two main things about a minac requirement. You want it high enough to turn out the deadwood and draw in the anxious people from the waiting list, but you don't want it so high that desirable members are unable to weather the first mundane storm that comes down the pike. Turnover is good, is healthy, and is necessary if you're going to be fair to a waiting list. Too high a minac requirement, however, can potentially be unfair if there isn't reasonable provision to carry a member through a spell of hard times. What's fair, however, is relative. I wouldn't consider it unfair to have a minac require-

of six pages four times a year without missing two mailings in a row. In a pinch, I'd do those six pages in a pica typeface, have generous but not ridiculous margins, toss in a cover, tip in some of my own illos, block paragraph -- no big deal. (~~IF I did that all the time, I'd still be in the Top Ten in Average Pages!~~)

Agreed all the way on fishing, too. "...the fish that are the most fun to catch aren't usually the kind that are best to eat". I love fresh-water fishing for Northern Pike, floating along a shoreline just far enough out that I can spin-cast shoreward without getting hung-up all the time. But Northerns aren't everyone's cuppa. Bullheads are good eating, but to get them you have to go out late at night during the season when mosquitoes will eat you alive, and you sit there stillfishing with worms and getting bored out of your tree.

MARY FRANCES ZAMBRENO

Hi, kiddo. Thank you for pandering to my creebing by putting your name on the first page... Actually, after three years, I've gotten to the point where I can recognize your zine without recourse to the table of contents. Hard to believe, I know, but there it is. In fact, if you list neither your name or title, and go in collusion with David so that the ToC doesn't give any clues, either, I'll still know your zine when I tumble across it...

Alright, fess up. When is your next short story going to appear?

BEV CLARK

Well, no, Cincinnati is not bidding for the 1988 Worldcon. Columbus is bidding for the 1988 Worldcon in Cincinnati. The joke is to call this the "Columbimati" bid. As the particular Columbus faction involved is bidding for another city because they cannot, admittedly, get support at home, this is not what you would call a popular bid. It doesn't help that they want to call it "Cinvention II", after the 1949 Worldcon which was put on by Cincy fans (the widow of the Chairman of Cinvention is still very much an active local fan, and Doesn't Appreciate It A Bit). The CFG (Cincinnati Fantasy Group), which contains all the local fans, does not support the bid despite being intrigued at the idea of someone else throwing a Worldcon right in their back yard (provided they were competent...).

I have a working knowledge of graphoanalysis (at one time I became intrigued at looking into all the crackpot psychic sciences), and a "changeable" handwriting is a factor -- not a problem -- in the analysis. It depends on what you mean by "changeable". According to graphoanalysis, slight variations in style are a good sign. Publish an example of your handwriting and I'll give you an analysis just for amusement value...

I've heard a number of people say they don't like Michael J. Fox. So far, I find him interesting.

AMY FALKOWITZ

Congratulations: the Typo Of The Mailing belongs to you. "You couldn't PAY me to tryst that man about ANYTHING--Falwell, I mean." I trust as much.

"...someday may get to visit that lovely area." The Adirondacks. Well, when you decide to get around to it, see me for tips. I was raised up there (though not in the sense meant in zombie movies), and can pass on a few brief ideas to make your trip easier and more enjoyable. Let me know when, how long, and the type of accomodations you would be looking for. I'd recommend going in time to see the Autumn color at its peak, but Summer is nice, too.

DAVE LOCKE

Wotta jerk. In the colophon: "This 17th Apanagezine", and in the first paragraph "...this 19th Apanagezine". You really know how to park a car, Dave: this was your 18th Apanagezine.

Chagrin. John never picked up on Andrew's comment about seatbelts... Probably decided not to say anything so you wouldn't get all mouthy again...

CONTEST ALERT answers. "They caught the kid doing something disgusting under the bleachers." Sturgeon's THE DREAMING JEWELS, first line from memory (which is why I use quasi-quotes; fine old fan-nish invention). Famous skiffy last line: "It was going to be fun to play God". Frank Robinson's THE POWER.

ELINOR BUSBY, Waitlister

Hi there, sweetheart. Have missed seeing you and Buz "around", these many years. How is retirement (should that go in quotation marks, too?) treating you these days? Memory test: last time I heard from Buz, he asked if I'd run off his FAPazine on EdCo's gestetner (which I had while Ed was over in Saudi Arabia trying to avoid peeking under veils).

Right on! "I like tapioca pudding, with raisins of course. I like liver within reason. I'll see your liver and raise you rutabagas!" Turnips! And put some bacon and onions on the liver, please.

"The business suit is a power look". The business suit is just another costume. Most jobs have them. I am virtually blind when it comes to clothes and comprehending things like a "power look". Unless someone is naked, close to it, or wearing something that strikes me as bizarre, I just don't notice. I have a tendency to "see" people for their facial expressions and what they're saying and their body language, and all else is generally of no significance to me. I've had people tell me that's a serious liability and I've had people tell me that's an enlightened outlook. I dunno; that's just the way it is. I do have a Thing about not 'dressing up', however. Which is something that fellow 'Nager, Good Man, and total Screwloose Jymm Magon ran across when he suggested I'd look good in tweed ('what a twit', he

said in response to my comment on his suggestion...).

I dunno, I can empathize with Harlan over his decking of Charlie Platt for that pissy comment about Larry Shaw. On the other hand, I could empathize if Chuck found some reason to deck Harlan (almost anything would do). Guess it would please me if they hung around each other a lot... (but you're right: Platt wouldn't be physical) After three minor face-to-face confrontations with Harlan, one of which almost got physical (which would have been interesting, considering we're both Short People and very experienced in Being Physical), I decided it might be best to turn down a dinner invitation with him one time -- but mainly just because I didn't want to listen to him. Of course, I wouldn't want to listen to Charles Platt, either. Stories about their punching each other out, however, would be amusing.

Grofield, in the Westlake "Stark" novels, is my favorite character, too. Buz shouldn't give up after THE DAMSEL, however, or at least not that easily. This was the first of the four spinoff novels about Grofield, and the other three were better. Scout out THE DAME, THE BLACKBIRD, AND LEMONS NEVER LIE.

And, sticking with the Parker novels, damn!, they never reissued THE SOUR LEMON SCORE. Apparently they crapped out before they got to that one, and it's the last one I need!

SIGNE LANDON

Actually, there are a lot of fans who don't go around naming their typewriters and their cars and every other object they own. I'm one. Like you, I don't find any charm in it, but find occasional amusement when it's done by others. I think Dean Grennell has to take top honors in the custom. When he names something, he does so with wit. Like naming a motorcycle (not a Harley) "Hardly Davidson".

I, too, watched one of the initial GUMMI BEARS episodes, and my attitude toward it was exactly the same as yours (which saves me from having to put it into words...). I hope Jymm appreciates this, because the only reason I was able to watch it was because I set the alarm (I don't get up that early on Saturday morning).

DONYA HAZARD WHITE

Ah, sweet thing. I see that your husband has good taste in other matters, as well. A Fredric Brown fan, is he? One of my top favorite authors. Went through a recent rereading binge on his mysteries, plus the skiffy MARTIANS, GO HOME that I mentioned a couple of pages back. Also recently reread THE MIND THING, which for years I had thought of as 'a senile' (as opposed to a juvenile), only to discover that I had misjudged it the first time around and it's actually one of his best (that, or else now I'm senile and can appreciate it). Real Soon Now I'll reread his other skiffy books, and of course I'll probably never get around to reading THE SCREAMING MIMI. I

don't dare. This is the book I'm saving as an excuse for when the Grim Reaper comes to tap me on the shoulder. I'll tell him no, I can't go yet, because I still have to read Fred Brown's THE SCREAMING MIMI...

The name Jim Hershenberg does ring a bell, but it's dim and distant. Small world, right?

Yes, Chivas Regal sodden shoes beats rum sodden clothing. I think. I'd rather have a Glenfiddich soaked tongue, myself.

RCT John: "You dirty rotten vicious nasty, boorish, wretched, impolite, crabby, iracund, churlish, surly, grouchy, querulous, liverish, splenetic, dyspeptic, bilious, curmdudgeonly creep". Well now, John's not all that bad...

ANNA VARGO

Overseas, where it originated, AIDS is primarily a heterosexual problem. Apparently it travelled over here and first became lodged in the homosexual community, where it still appears to be doing the most damage. From what is presently known, anal intercourse is a major means of transmission, which goes far toward explaining some of the smoke which surrounds the subject. Despite there being much we don't know about AIDS, we know enough that the current large educational effort on the subject is worthwhile and needed.

ALICE MORIGI

Your colored pen work bobbles my mind, Alice.

Mike and Carol Resnick have won many masquerade awards with their costumes. Carol was the one who did the costumes, as I understand it, but they haven't been into that area of fanac for four or five years now. Mike does some corro, they both go to relaxcons and an occasional larger convention, and they are somewhat active in local fandom.

Clint Eastwood is allergic to horsehair?

If PALE RIDER was your first Eastwood, and you loved it, then I presume you'll be seeking out other Eastwood movies. Try TWO MULES FOR SISTER SARA, DIRTY HARRY, SUDDEN IMPACT, CITY HEAT, BRONCO BILLY, THE GOOD THE BAD AND THE UGLY, and, hell, just about any other he's done. I'm an Eastwood fan.

Sure, you can touch my hair anytime. Has a lot of spray on it, though, and may feel like a rock. If I don't spray it, it acts like straw.

CHRISTINE LOWENTROUT

Really, you misspelled your last name in the colophon?

No, men walk on the left these days not to protect the ladies from ruffians on the road, but in case someone unexpectedly opens a door just as they are passing. The bustle should absorb some of the blow. The bustle?

ANDREW SIGEL

Just heard Weird Al's YODA the other day, as the result of my son bringing out the tape DARE TO BE STUPID. That, SLIME CREATURES FROM OUTER SPACE, and

LIKE A SURGEON are the best on the tape. My favorite Al number is still MIDNIGHT STAR.

CREEB ALERT CREEB ALERT. I have trouble reading your comments when you don't give enough of an indication what it is you're commenting on, or when you don't make it unnecessary to know what triggered your comment. This happens with some frequency, and even once when you're commenting to me ("I can think of one similarity. You have to create coherent sentences."). If the only way to understand a mailing comment is to refer back to the previous mailing and find the source for the comment, it's too much of a burden. A mailing comment, imho, should be understandable out of context or should have the context built into it. Comments such as "Probably next issue" or "Surely so" carry no meaning, and leaving it up to the reader to go find the meaning is generally asking too much. You have a talent with words, and it's a shame to see this approach to doing mailing comments when obviously you could be writing some of the best MCs in Apanage. I give you this harangue less because it bothers me than because it's such a shame and such a waste. From the standpoint of structure, look at some of the mailing comments by people whose comments you enjoy reading, and note the ways by which these comments were made to be self-contained. END CREEB ALERT END CREEB ALERT.

Tor Doubles? Haven't seen them at any of the local bookshops that I haunt. Tell me something about them, like how long they've been around and who they have been publishing.

JANE YOLEN

Thank you for running your articles through Apanage. I'm glad you did it, and I'm sorry I don't have anything more to say about them than what I just said. Thankee thankee.

Why are you sucking your thumb in the photo which accompanies the arkle THE STORY BETWEEN? Or is that just a pensive look?

"Out of morbid curiosity--in K/S who plays the dominant partner?" I hope Amy answers that question. I didn't have the guts to ask it for myself...

Verbal self-defense. An interesting subject. Even before there were books on the subject (none of which I am going to read), the concept has been a study for some. Local fan Bill Bowers has been known to say "I know my Cuts", and for a relatively shy and quiet person it must be granted that he's very quick on making comebacks. Me, I more often use demeanor than words when 'comebacks' seem called for as a consequence of someone saying something arresting. Non-verbal often works best.

I didn't know that R.A. MacAvoy used to be a nun. Sounds like there might be an interesting story in there somewhere.

JOHN HOPFNER

"...the proposal to increase minac requirements." I had a couple of comments to David on the subject.

Beyond that, I'll just say that I personally wouldn't have trouble with any minac requirement that might conceivably arise. Or even with some that probably wouldn't (I could handle 10 pages a mailing, every mailing, but you would see an abrupt switch to a Pica typeface and the use of illustrations...). The biggest management decision you will face on the issue (and it is being left to you) is to establish a level of minac which, if a member did nothing more than meet it, would not brand that member as 'deadwood', and would not impose undue hardship to any member who suffers from occasional and not unexpected mundane time-press, while at the same time not being so lax that hanging-in on the waitlist becomes an exercise in futility (like, for instance, how it used to be with FAPA, where it took at least half a decade to work your way up the list and into the apa).

"I'll just say", indeed... This subject is quite interesting, so I'll ramble on a bit...

It might be a mistake, in Apanage, to raise the membership limit too high. Why? Because of the high pagecount which Apanage already generates. When an apa reaches a point where it becomes difficult to comment to everyone, or to do more than just hit the high points because of the enormous amount of ground that the high-pagecount covers, there can be a loss in syntality or 'personal touch'. The term close-knit would no longer apply. Rather like a convention held every year that grows and grows and gets a bit more 'impersonal' as time marches on. On the other hand, a lack of regular fresh blood can stultify an apa. Balance becomes tricky.

Balance, actually, is situational. For instance, a member who cranks out only minac may be more valued than a member who regularly cranks out three times that. Numbers are not the governing factor. Syntality is the governing factor; the 'feel' of the apa, member satisfaction, interaction, and the ability to cope with the size of the mailings. A good *dictator* OE will play these things by ear, not panic or overreact at the first sign of a new trend, but take action when it becomes obvious that something is amiss. For example, a good OE will not overreact to the size of the waiting list; waitlisters are more patient than members might think, and generally recognize that it is better for the apa to be more protective of the member than solicitous of the waitlister. Given that interest is a constant (it isn't, but when it isn't it's a different matter), a member can be a member forever, and being a waitlister is a temporary thing where the goal is to be a member and to have the rights and responsibilities of membership. Primary focus must always be on the member, and secondarily on the waitlister.

An apa must strike a balance which, inho, takes into account these factors: a minac requirement which provides an acceptable demonstration of interest without conversely providing a definition of 'deadwood',

a minac requirement which is not so high that it turns out the first member who encounters the mundane time crunch, a minac requirement which is not so low that only the adamantly disinterested will fail to meet it, a copy requirement which is not so low that the top waitlisters cannot get a preview nor so high that the waitlist in effect become auxiliary members, a pagecount low enough to do justice to and high enough to provide the joys of cherry-picking without being so high that communication becomes disjointed or cursory or overwhelming, and an overall 'feeling' which promotes an ingroup attitude without being incestuous or saccharine. The privileges of being an OE are nice, but the responsibilities can be a real bitch. I think you'll be a good OE, and that you'll have a good ear for the responsibilities of the position. As someone who has been the (co)OE of an apa for six years, I have a good feeling for what's involved. You and Bev are the only two with enough savvy and tenure to take over the job from David (although, in a few years, Christine might also be), so I'm glad that at least one of you is the Appointed Successor. You'll do just fine. And, obviously, you have the necessary support. Good luck, John. You're taking on a Whole Bunch, but so long as you realize that you'll do just fine. The support of the membership is a prime consideration, and you have that.

"Alice's voice is low and very attractive. Sexy, in an intriguingly subtle way", says Christine. "Hey, does this mean Donya has a challenger in the aural sex arena? Dave? Your expert's opinion, pliz." Well, John, you've put me on the spot, here. Both voices are "sexy" in their own way. Alice has the maturity and the sexiness of her voice is a byproduct of her confidence. Donya knows her shtick and the sexiness of her voice is a byproduct of her natural talent to ~~tease~~ be a gamesplayer. It's the difference between perceiving and playing along. There is deliberation with Donya, and recognition with Alice. I hope this answer is suitably opaque.

No, really, there are no similarities between the editing processes for fanzines and for newsletters. Except, of course, that they're both done in print. I tried to find similarities, really I did, but at heart any I could come up with were too strained. "No deadline crunches in newsletters?" Yes, but there I either get staff material or I fill it myself. With an apazine, that's not a factor. With a genzine, that's not a factor (I use what I [acceptably] get, but I don't write more of an editorial if I get less than expected). "No dilatory contributors?" Yes, but with a fanzine I wait for them and with a newsletter I cannot. "No Attacks of the Blank Page come editorial time?" In a genzine I consider the editorial creative. In a newsletter, or at least this one, any subject is fair game (because of membership turnover no important topic can be overdone, and because most members consider the newsletter to be junk mail there is no such

thing as reinventing the wheel). You can't presume any continuity. "A newsletter isn't a job, then, but a prodigy." No, a newsletter is a pain in the ass. I have written, for example, the same thing from six different perspectives; ie: which segment of the readership will I pander to this time in trying to get the point across? I've addressed, on a single point, the intellectuals, the 'average' reader, the person who reads for entertainment, the semi-literate, and everyone but the illiterate. The idea is to capture the reader's interest, and impart useful information along the way. With a fanzine, the ideal is to communicate with equals. Quite a difference.

RCT Andrew. The first zine is the hardest, because you are introducing yourself. The second zine is easier, because you have a mailing to comment on. The third zine is a bitharder, because it is the first in which you are responding to direct comments and is a series of initial First Contacts. After that, it gets progressively easier. Or, at least, that's the way I look at it.

You are right to say that a reflective look as to whether something was worthwhile is as much a reflection on yourself as it is a value judgement on the subject itself. That applies to jobs, or anything.

Well, yes, you do still owe me a LoC on TIME AND AGAIN. And here I thought you'd be the first 'Nager to send me one...

"...the Magon ... never voiced a word of complaint about the, er, primitive nature of his accommodations among the bookshelves." Gee, when Jymn was out here we let him sleep on the couch. It never occurred to us that he could sleep on a bookshelf.

BRUCE COVILLE

"Come and visit when you get a chance -- one or the other of us will say hello when we're tearing through the door!" You know, I looked up "frenetic" in the dictionary, and what I found was the word "Coville" and a picture of your face...

You're attending 'services' of the Unitarian church. Interesting. "...this is the first time I've ever gone because I wanted to." Just out of totally morbid curiosity, why did you want to? What was the need that you felt within when "It's been half a lifetime since I attended services on a regular basis"? Such things are typically a reflection of some unfulfilled need; a searching for something.

Things still appear to be going your way. Ride with it. And give Dodie a big hug.

RICH MORRISSEY

"I've never seen 'logorrhoea' used in the mundane world". Well, my two-volume Lexicon Webster lists it as: "n. Pathol. a condition marked by excessive and incoherent talkativeness." The general fannish context leaves out the 'incoherent' bit.

I don't agree that STARMAN's derivation was "from E.T. by way of SUPERMAN". E.T. was derived from WITCH MOUNTAIN by way of either LEAVE IT TO BEAVER

or CLOSE ENCOUNTERS, all of which had their own derivations. You can track these things back as far as you want to go. Just as obviously as STAR WARS comes from the John Wayne movie THE SEARCHERS (as anyone who had seen it was instantly aware), all things these days are derivatory. The question is, how far back do you want to go?

PAULA SIGMAN

Love that picture of you and Jane. Any Apanager who pubs photos deserves special attention. And I still say that your smile is something Special.

Well, I hope that you and Oliver are very happy together. I don't much like dogs, but I like puppies (it's only when they grow older that they look upon me as though I were a Gainesburger...).

"...and you are going to tell us the reason for your title change, are you not?" Well, okay. I'll fess up. I started running SLOW DJINN in both Apanage and FLAP until the numbering caught up with the mailing number of FLAP with issue/ mailing #36. Prior to that, my titles in FLAP had run a maximum of 8 issues and a norm of 1 issue. My only excuse for such erratic behavior is that I like to play around with titles and numbering. At this very moment, post-'69 when I started keeping track, my longest running titles are 1] SLOW DJINN #37, 2] PELF #14, 3] AWRY #10, 4] CAMERA OBSCURA #9, 5] VIEW FROM UNDER A 60 WATT LAMP #8, 6] THE WORKS #4 and WHATHELL #4, and 8] SHAMBLES #3 and J.A.P.E. #3. One-shot titles (not to be confused with oneshot fanzines) are numerous and seemingly endless.

Sure, you could spend much time talking to me at an Apanage (or any other) party. I don't have to smoke at a party, and if it's at a non-smoker's home I do not spend all my time outdoors puffing away. I have even suggested to local non-smokers that they make their homes off-limits to smoking at CFG meetings. I may be an adamant smoker and a chain-smoker when left to my own druthers, but I'm not a fanatic to my own vices. Out here a non-smoking party may, depending on the season, make a difference between attending or not, but in Califunny it's no big deal (stepping outside for a smoke doesn't mean Radical Changes in clothing).

"I have a feel it's a book I'll never be able to read." Oh, do. Read PET SEMATARY. It's a Jewel. One of King's better novels. Perhaps, though, not the best intro to his works. What have you read by him?

SALLIJAN SYNDER

"A condition I've long accepted as inescapable is that fannishness and the pack rat syndrome are DNA linked attributes." I've escaped that. If I can't imagine looking at something again, out it goes.

TWILIGHT ZONE. It has turned out, for me, to be one of the best two shows going (ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS is the other). AMAZING STORIES may be good for "beginners", but for this jaded soul only the "mummy" episode and the Eastwood-directed artist-whose-girl-friend-died episode have thus far been worth watching.

JYMN! I've slighted you! Next time! Later.