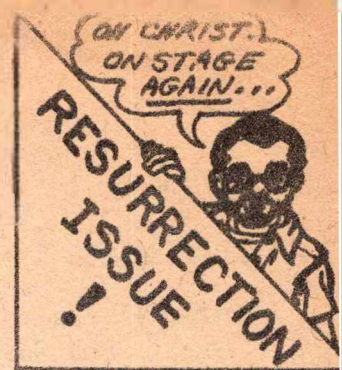
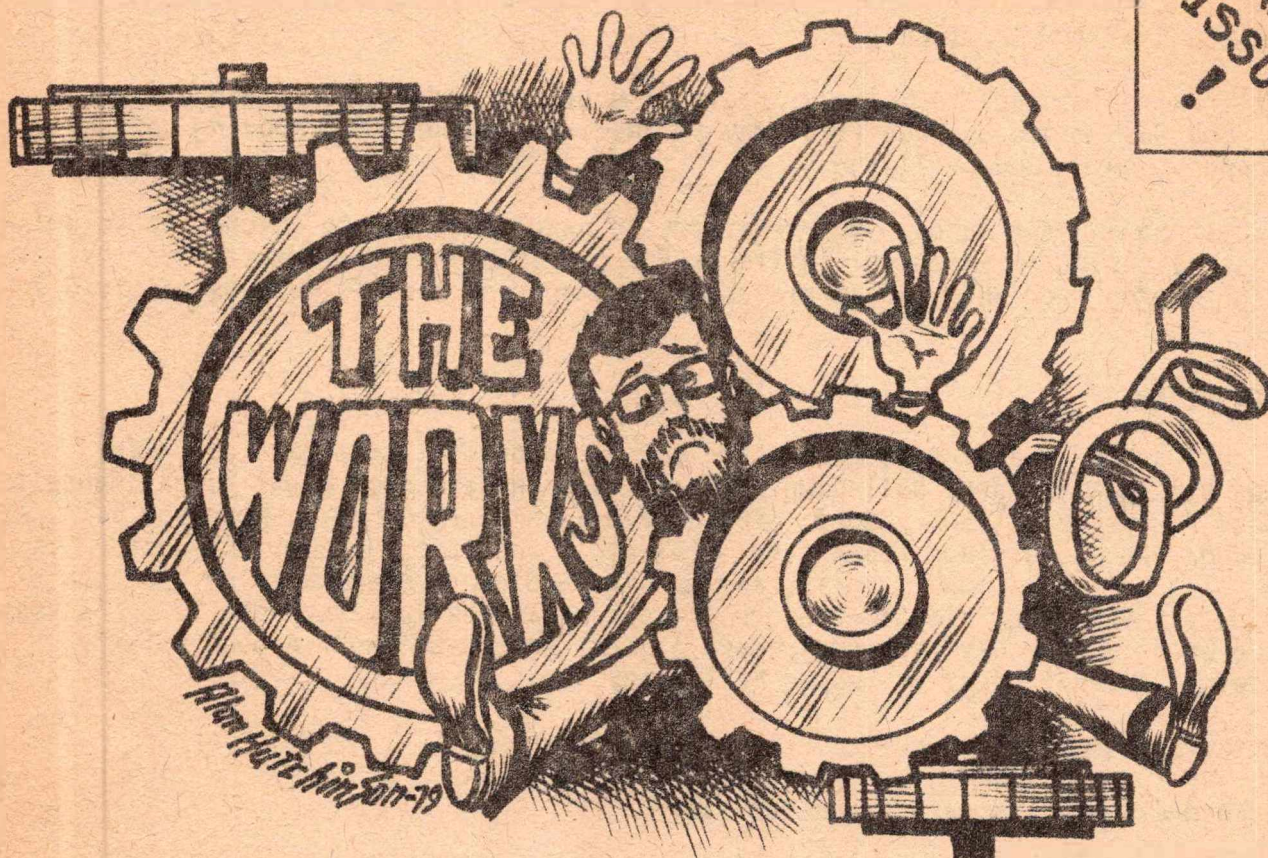


SOON TO BE A MINOR MOTION PICTURE!



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 Louisville 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

PUBLISHER:
Jackie Causgrove

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

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Welcome to this humble personalzine, which is nothing more than my ego in a clever wiltone 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.

Actual sign on truck: "AC ELECTRIC - Let Us Remove Your Shorts."

[[[2]]]

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-

I used to be paranoid, until I learned that nobody cared.

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

Gainesville, Fla.—The nuclear reactor at the University of Florida has a problem—the cooling system malfunctions when someone flushes the bathroom toilet.

"Please don't flush the toilet 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 uranium, 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 toilet.

"I eat because I don't like dry heaves." -- Sandy Franke

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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

DEINY 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, hrm, 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,

