

Avenging Aardvark's Aerie #5, the special "shucky-darn! Is it time to put out a membership-saver again!?!?!?" issue is produced for the 57th mailing of MYRIAD. Address of the Aerie is Apt. C-2, 4654 Tamarack Blvd., Columbus, Ohio, 43229. Phone: 614-885-8037. Printing by Grimsmithy Press. This issue dated November 18, 1975. Who, me? I'm Ross Pavlac.

As I sit here it is a Tuesday evening, around 9 p.m., and the sky is -- hm. I dunno what the sky is -- I'm in my office, see, and it's in the center of the building and there aren't any windows. My trusty clock-radio (on which the clock is permanently stuck at 6:00) is playing WCOL-FM, the local progressive rock station. The whirr of the cooling fan for the computer terminal in the office competes with the music.

And once again I attempt to re-initiate fanac by mail. Boy, once you get out of the habit of doing locs and zines it's awfully hard to get back into it again. I think I finally realized the answer the other day. I've been spending too much time reading SF lately -- after the pseudo-marriage, I withdrew even more from reality than is the usual for me, and those nights that have not been spent sleeping have been spent reading. I have freshly made a vow to read NO SF on weeknights (that was last Friday, with a weekend ahead of me-- sort of like promising you'll diet *right* after you order that pizza) and so far I have kept to it.

Am I halfway down the page already? Neat! If I can keep this up, I'll get minac just on natter! =

Current events time. Let's see now, when we last left our hero, he had been confronted with a bride who [50 hours after the ceremony] decided that she wanted OUT. Why? Well, to put it reasonably tactfully, she felt that there were severe problems with our relationship. Was I aware of these problems before the ceremony? Some of them, yes, but I didn't consider any of them to be as serious as she did. Did she try to discuss them with me before hand? She claimed she did; I don't recall her ever coming right out and saying there were severe problems. I had thought that the relationship was such that we were able to communicate about such things.... So why did she go through with the ceremony? I don't know. Among other things, probably being swept up by the momentum of it all. None of her friends whom I spoke to afterwards were able/willing to offer an explanation.

At first I -- ahh, forget it. In any case, she hired a lawyer and got an annulment, which I didn't contest -- there'd be no point in it. For those of you out there not versed in the lore of marriage-destruction, [I didn't know much about the subject before, but my lawyer gave me a crash course in it.], not only am I not married, but legally [and religiously, as far as most churches are concerned, I think] I was NEVER married -- that weekend in Athens didn't exist -- it was on a time track that has been derailed. Wow.

Financially, I came out of it relatively cleanly. One of

the conditions for a "clean" settlement was that she reimburse me for the cost of my lawyer. [The only real bite I took was in my June-July phone bill and in this little gold band that I got in the mail. Anyone out there know what one can do with a slightly-used wedding ring? I tried taking it to a pawnshop, but the dude there offered me 1/12 of what I paid for it -- that much of a loss I'm not going to give any pawnbroker [no, not even Rod Steiger] the satisfaction of getting out of me.

Lots of mental scar tissue is now piled up in a corner of my mind, but things seem to be functioning reasonably well again by now -- I think. There were a few people who helped me get over the roughest parts, and to them I shall be forever grateful. They know who they are.

Brrrrr, all that is depressing me and bringing back things I want to keep behind me. Onwards! The road goes ever on, or something like that.

In order to keep relatively current, I'll start on mailing comments. I'll begin with #55.

MYRROR As of this date, I still haven't recieved any bribes.
 CaSBOE How do you expect to get re-elected if you don't make under-the-table offers? /**/ Yes, the mailing comes much faster if you send it via first-class mail. As near as I can tell, when you send it the normal way, it goes to the coast by oxcart. It's picked up at the coast by a banana boat that takes it around Florida, into the Gulf of Mexico, and up the Mississippi, then up the Ohio to Cincinnati. At Cincy, it is loaded onto a stagecoach, which takes it the rest of the way to Columbus. ---- all of which adds up to ==- continue sending my mailings to me first class, please! The delivery time is cut in half! [you see, for first class, they send a stagecoach up directly from Atlanta...] /**/ hey, everybody or anybody -- what happened to the Up The Rivercon one-shot? Why wasn't it franked through MYRIAD?

YOU CAN QUIT READING NOW I like the "body" system of apa mailing.
 Steve & Binker Hughes I have a few mailings from other apas (including some early MYRIADs), and they are impossible to keep track of or to read through easily and neatly -- and when you drop it on the floor it doesn't scatter all over the room if it's a "body" mailing -- a very important feature for those of us who are always stumbling over/into things.

TREE TOADS Lazy! Expecting people like Steele to do your con reports for you! People with that attitude soon find other people not mentioning them in con reports and someday...their...mailboxes...are...EMPTY!!

THE FABULOUS RIVERCON The version of computer STARTREK at Meade & Penny Frierson Rivercon was a slightly-modified version of the standard one issued by

Digital Equipment Corporation in the 101 BASIC COMPUTER GAMES book by David Ahl. Battelle's version, on the other hand, is heavily modified [by yours truly, among others], and is by far the most sophisticated computer STARTREK in the country. /**/ Bob Hillis is NOT an ex-Worldcon activist -- he will be running the business sessions in Kansas City next year.

News bulletin [as this is being originally written] -- someone just took a shot at Jerry Ford and missed! Ye Gods! [note--this was Moore]. --allright, so you heard it already..

From Michael Schlesinger: Have you heard about the film they're going to double bill with JAWS? "A Farewell to Arms".

I don't write 'em folks -- I only prints 'em.

UP THE RIVER Speaking of porno, those of you who have the last Sue Phillips issue of that up-and-coming Raunchzine, HUSTLER, may have noticed a porno pastiche called "The Affair of the Disappearing Dildo" by "John Twatson". The author of the story is a local fan. [No, it's not Smith or Hillis or me! "Twatson" is a fan who is only active locally]. It was originally a Holmes pastiche ala Solar Pons and company which was re-written to fit the, ah, er... literary standards that HUSTLER maintains.

/* Indian warrior in movie theatre: "Ugh!" munch, munch.
"Crunchy Frog -- my favorite!" */

FAT CAT GAZETTE MY=token excuse involves a flying saucer trying Brian Perry to capture all of the jelly donuts in Pataskala, Ohio. /**/ What cons do you go to that have "naked women running around all over the place"????? /**/ Please run whatever different Finagle laws you have. The world needs to be made aware of all of Murphy's aspects.

BARBWIRE If you bring in a new member, you don't get a commission Gary Wilemon -- you just don't have to make your quarterly contribution to the Pension Fund For Retired OE's. Oh, they didn't tell you about that when you joined?

/* "Actually, I prefer the ram's bladder. -- Although "spring surprise" has its features." */

WRFG STUFF Wierd. If you get any more stuff like that, I c/o Larry Mason don't mind if you frank it through.

THE GREAT RICH: A TRIBUTE Rich Small is not dead. His zines are just being published 180 degrees out of phase with our continuum.

TAPROOT How on earth did you come up with a cost of \$150 Andy Whitehead to attend Rivercon? Do you tend to drop \$100 in the hucksters' room on a regular basis? If so, have I got some merchandise for you! First, there's this copy of A FUNERAL FOR THE EYES OF FIRE (only been violently tossed against the wall once!), and a real gem, SEEDS OF CHANGE, and...

/* "Did you ever start up a gangplank and have a sudden feeling there was no ship?" -- Barney Rubble */

Gary Steele: Would you please explain IGNITE?

Brian and Betsy Perry: Sorry I got your expectations up, but some work came up at the last minute and I had to pass up PghLange this year. See you at Confusion? [I'll make it to Confusion even if the computer falls apart just as I walk out the door!]

FANDOM IS A WAY OF HOBBY What do you mean, you think you missed me Avery Davis at Rivercon? I sat next to you at the banquet! Red hair, bush hat, etc.?

UP THE RIVER Surprise! I wasn't at Windycon, either! This one Sue Phillips was a combination of work and being unwilling to drive after JIM HUTTNER finked out! Boo! Hiss! I did make it to Octocon, but no MYRIAD people were there besides me.

FAT CAT GAZETTE I can afford offset because one of the local fen Brian Perry works in a print shop and gets zines for local fans printed at cost.

THIRD STONE FROM THE SUN BOY AND HIS DOG did reasonably well in Larry Mason Columbus. It died at one of the theatres it was playing at but stayed at the other one for three or four weeks.

Alas, time presses. I wish I had time to say more, but this must be printed to meet ye deadline. Below should be another of my brother Brian's sketches, and I have decided to add a cover so don't be confused if the pages are now numbered the wrong way. I have so much good stuff of Brian's that I really don't want to get any more from him til I have lowered the backlog somewhat. /**/ I have decided to do a non-apa issue of AAA which I will frank through the next mailing along with the issue of AAA commenting on #57. Honest! Really! ... bye

