

KENNING #11 -- from Jackie Causgrove, 4215 Romaine Dr. #22, Cincinnati, OH 45209.
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FORMAT CHANGE is an option always open to the fan publisher, and for some is part of the attractions inherent to the hobby. While I'm the sort of person who likes a great deal of variety in my life, I've not been known for experimentalism in my fanzines. Perhaps that serves as a balancing, conservative trait in an otherwise predominantly liberal nature; I dunno. I only know that I prefer to establish a pattern, both in the layout and manner of producing fanzines, and stick pretty close to it from that point on. It seems to make the repetitive portions of the act of publishing easier to take, more comfortable because they assume a semi-reflexive aspect. It's difficult enough for me to find ideas worth writing about. I see no point in compounding the problems entailed in meeting deadlines--real or self-imposed--by mucking about with something that I can do almost automatically.

This, of course, doesn't mean that I don't notice layouts that others incorporate in their publications, or sometimes wonder if, perhaps, one concept would fit better in my overall "style" than another. It simply means that I am loathe to expend the energy required to revise established procedures, especially when the ones in use serve me well. I may be in a rut, but it's one I'm cozy in, so why move?

Standard practice has been to skim the completed mailing once it's been collated and stapled, set it aside for a month or so, and then--roughly two weeks before the deadline--roll some stencils in the typer and Go To It. To be sure, this method has done its work. I've hit every mailing, and have commented on every previous one. But a primary portion of my apazine has been missing as a result. There's been insufficient time, using that lacksadaisical procedure, to include much (if any) personal matter. An apazine, in my eyes, is basically a personalzine. Communication flows from each member to each member, in a complicated interweaving of individually and group directed commentary. The Mailing Comments that I do satisfy the individually directed part of that concept, but I've been neglecting the portion aimed at the group as a whole. While not Evial in my estimation, this is certainly not a Ghood Thing. I'd like to remedy that, and the only way I can see how is by changing format.

Several faneds employ a format rather akin to that of a diary; typing out a master or stencil as time permits and the mood strikes. Sometimes the material is dated, or some arcane coding is used which identifies when the typing was done, and this practice can be used, later, to set the scribings into chronological order, if they have not already been set that way. The method enables one to include a wide variety of material--mailing comments, articles, personal observations, whatever--which is a definite plus in my view. The more I considered it, the more attractive that format became. Only my reluctance to alter ingrained habits prevented me from using it.

Procrastination is a fault in my character that generally causes me little difficulty. Being an essentially lazy person, I can usually take care of any task quickly and efficiently enough to finish it well within required time limitations, and I see no need to start anything much before the requirement exists. Too often, of course, complications occur which interfere in the smooth performance of a task, or even prevent it from being done at all. Last week, after looking at the calendar and noting that Midwestcon was coming up soo, I thought I'd sit myself down and work on the much-delayed issue of Resolution. There certainly was material enough. I'd ordered paper for it some months earlier. More than enough ink lay on the shelf of the mimeo stand. I'd even half-heartedly begun work on editting the lettercol, so part of that job was already accomplished. Just a few days earlier, Bill Bowers had asked me if I needed to order supplies from Quill, as he was sending in one and combining orders could often save on shipping expenses. I eyed my stock and told him to go ahead; my supplies were sufficient.

Then I began to cut stencils. Barely four pages into one section of the zine, I ran out of the El Cheapo green, plastic-topped stencils, and went into the fan den to get a box of the newer yellow filmless stencils. Ooops! The three boxes I thought I had



turned out to be one box and two empties. Twenty-four stencils weren't enough to do the zine I had in mind, and there was no way I could obtain extras in time to produce an issue in time for Midwestcon. Procrastination (not to mention sloppy inventory practices) had done me in again. \*Sigh\*

Now there has to be a definite mood present--a mindset, if you will--in order for me to work on a fanzine. I was all fired up to "pub my ish", and I hadn't the wherewithal to do it. All I could do was fill out an order form for more stencils (and ink, as long as I was bringing in more supplies), and wait. This did nothing to relieve the itch to publish which had finally developed to the Take Action point.

So why not, I reasoned, use this motivation to start working on my apazine? I'd been idly musing about trying out the Do-A-Stencil-Every-Now-And-Then method; what better time to do so? You're reading the results of my decision. I'm curious as to how it will turn out....

One of the style changes I intend to incorporate is to scatter mailing comments through the pages, doing them as I feel like it. This could pose problems to those who look for comments addressed to them. I've found the practice some use--capitalizing the names of apa-members--to be effective, and think I'll give it a try. In order to distinguish natter from commentary, I'll continue to use different typefaces for each. Like this...

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LON ATKINS -- FAN ORDINAIRE #22 -- I see you were guilty of my sin--procrastination--this issue. Tsk. Of course you have far more excuse than I for delaying the start of an issue, but since when does good excuses prevent an OE from chastising an errant member? Shape up, Atkins. Start next fo the day after you receive this mailing. Do as I say, not as I do... ## There's no way to make comment on individual's reactions to the news of Ed Cagle's death, so I won't make the attempt. Consider that portion of this issue acknowledged, please? ## This morning's ENQUIRER ran a story of a local man's brush with disaster on USAir--the airline DAVEL uses to visit his family in upstate New York. Unlike your humorous incident, this man's was harrowing. The landing gear on the DC 6 he was on refused to open fully during an attempted landing at National Airport in Washington, D.C., and the plane had to make an emergency touchdown at Dulles Airport, where an extra runway could be covered with foam in anticipation of any fires from a crack-up. Fortunately no fires erupted, and all the passengers landed safely, but I can imagine the strain on everyone's nerves during those tense moments (and I bet DAVEL can imagine them with far more clarity than I, since he's experienced similar misadventures on small, pud-dlejumper air lines). The poor guy from Cinti (that's the abbreviation used locally) reached his hotel later that afternoon, and then had his elevator jam between floors. Once it began to function again and took him back to the main floor, he left the hotel, got into a cab, and rode around for several hours, trying to stop the shakes. That's a common enough reaction, I suppose. A near-miss practically takes your life and you handle it coolly. Then you get into your car to go home, and when it won't start up, your hands start to quiver like mad. Sort of like a double-take, in a way. ## One closing line: I do surely admire the way you string together them there words, sir.

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Well, that didn't go badly. And with but ten lines left to the end of the page, I'll call it quits for this day. Unless, of course, I change my mind later on... One thing I notice already is that the two typefaces I'm using haven't all that much difference between them to make the change really stand out. Guess it's a good thing I set off the comment section. It'd be hard to spot otherwise. \*Sigh\*

Daughter Sandra just returned home from another day of job-searching. She's caught in that old dilemma; no experience at office work, and few jobs available that will take a person without experience. Today's paper ran an ad for "Trainee Teller", which required one year's previous experience as a teller. What's left to train a person for after a year? Procedures unique to that particular bank is all I can think of....















Enough. Time's getting short, and I still have most of the mailing to get through...

ARTHUR HLAVATY -- I HAD A CLEVER TITLE BUT I FORGOT IT 9 --I had no idea that the Lib-  
ertarian concept included

-- MILESTONE -- Nice mix of titles here. I haven't the foggiest idea of how many zines I've done...

(And most certainly hope that you continue this aberration in activity.) ## Sounds like you had what we have out here. Just when you think your throat is doing better, whappo it hits again. Nasty bug, whatever it is. ## Suzi gave ranges for some people's ages, which is why the "massaging" occurred, but, yes. You guessed the ToC "secret" correctly. ## I've always sorta wondered why bookstores never used the same system that libraries do for sorting books. ## The only complaint I'd make about the Xerox you use at work is the fact that it doesn't print on both sides of the sheet. Otherwise, it's repro is of excellent quality. ## To the individual owner, the behavior of a male pet would dictate whether castration was advisable or not, but to the population at large, who has to cope with packs of stray dogs, cats, or whatever (rats? Naw, I doubt that), sterilization by whatever means is a desirable goal. It is a simpler, cheaper, and safer procedure to sterilize the male than the female. ## Does Marcia still have the curly "mop-top" hair style she switched to not too long before we left California (not a cause and effect, I hasten to add)? I half-jokingly suggested to Dave that he get a similar style, since many men have adopted it recently. It certainly would save a lot of time in the morning for him, and since his hair is already pretty curly under natural conditions, it would suit him appearance-wise as well (though he most assuredly disagrees with me on that). I wear my hair long for similar reasons; there's no work to taking care of it. With short hair I must shampoo daily for it to look decent. ## If the same reasoning was used in the rest of the United States as the hispanics use in California, then I would've been raised to speak Pottowattomi as well as English (or even, possibly, French, since Illinois was under France's control for quite some time). Once you begin to make special exceptions for one group, then all the others expect the same treatment. Every country should, logically, have one language, with any additional tongues being strictly optional. And, yes, I know there are many, many nations which don't do as I think they should. Doesn't change how I feel about it. ## "But I knew no harm of him, and much good;" was a touching line in your remarks about Ed. I like the sound and sense they make.

I find it hard to imagine people reacting negatively to Rusty Hevelin. He's almost as close to me as my own relatives; more of an Uncle figure, in fact, than my own uncles. Only my Dad supercedes him on that scale. ## The T-shirt the Haldeman's gave you sounds marvelous. Wish I could find one like it; might even actually wear it! ## "...while I







which is due out in September or October, but figured a break wouldn't hurt his stride any. It was a good evening, and I hope we can repeat it in the not-too-distant future.

Spent a couple of hours repairing our vinyl chairs from the worst of the kitten's depredations. The gunk that I'm using doesn't look very pretty, but it's a vast improvement over gaping holes with stuffing poking through. I fear the kitten's claws aren't long for this world (actually, the kitten's last joints on her paws, as I was told at SpaceCon by Leah Zeldes. I hadn't known the surgery involved amputation of anything but the claw and sheathes), and I should be on the phone, pricing a dual spay-and-declawing procedure at reasonably local veterinarians. (If I have to drive 25 miles to save \$25, I'll consider it a worthwhile trade.) Since I'm reluctant to have the job done, I've been procrastinating, but I know it'll have to be done. Scamp's simply too rough on the furniture and drapes. It's the claws or her.

Yuck, that topic distresses me. Think I'll resume mailing comments...

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DAVE LOCKE -- WHATHELL NO. 2 -- You make some good points on video democracy. I think that, practically speaking, instant opinion polls rather than instant votes, could be a possibility. For one thing, the politicians themselves would have to, in effect, vote themselves out of office in order for instant voting to become a reality, and I don't find that a very likely event. Of course, come the Revolution...is always a possibility, too, but again, I don't find it a likely one. The QUBE system, now being set up in Cincinnati and to which we may hook up in some far distant date, could be switched to an opinion polling system without much hassle, and could be the wave of the future, and all that jazz. Like you, though, I wonder who will control the system? Who will pose the questions, write them, and how will we be able to recognize the biases (for biases always exist in questions)? Who will use the information gained, and how? Since I doubt that "video democracy" is waiting just around the corner, but some place way up ahead instead, I'll watch for developments with interest, but without alarm. For the present, at least. ## My (hazy) definition of ethics runs along the lines of "the difference between proper and improper, correct or incorrect, in a social setting, as opposed to principles of Right and Wrong." I have no idea if that makes any sense to anyone but me, but I know what I mean by it, and I consider myself ethical by that standard. I prefer to steer clear of these philosophical discussions, once they get beyond a certain depth, for fear that I'll get all tangled up in words and lose track of what I feel. You know; I worry that if I had a dick, I'd be stepping all over it. ## Laughed out loud at your comments to Suzi about her misapprehension of your proper age, but have absolutely no comment save that I liked it. *Sigh* ## I'm not surprised that people aren't "thrilled" to go outside in the rain. I'm surprised that people will scrap long-held plans and practically cower in a corner just because it's drizzling when they're supposed to go somewhere. The brief exposure we, for instance, would have to the elements in dashing out of the apartment to the car, and from the car to wherever it was we'd be going, seems too little hassle to even consider. No, I wouldn't want to go on a picnic in the rain (unless a dry, large, attractive shelter were available), but I wouldn't cancel a movie date, or a shopping trip because of a few raindrops. I've known people who have done that. What grade of sugar are they made of, was my usual reaction. ## *Sigh* So there is an alleged difference between pronouncing Mary, merry, and marry. So we were wrong. So what? (I still have yet to hear a difference in the speech of people around me...) ## Where I was raised, "hind-part-before" and "ass-end-to" weren't heard, but "ass-over-teakettle" was. Does this mean we cannot communicate? Or that we merely have to continually define our terms...? ## Your suggestions to Lon were hilarious enough to make me break my vow to never again mention anything about comments concerning Hearts. See what you make me do? Have you no mercy? ## By quoting that "Left, left, left a wife and seventeen children in starving condition with nothing but gingerbread left, left..." you placed my brain on endless-loop-mode for nearly an hour. Ta, dear. I appreciated that. (At least it was a slight improvement over what had been going through my mind before encountering that line. My thanks aren't entirely facetious...) (Just close.) (And don't you just hate this method of filling up the last few lines left on the stencil?)

easier at night, knowing so much more about the history of South Africa than you had? ## Some of those amendments to the Constitution that you dismiss so lightly affected our system of government to a great degree. Poll taxes were eliminated, an entire race was released from slavery, women were given the vote, property-owning requirements were dropped; these changes in the electorate affected the system itself. The government of the United States in its infancy was basically one of businessmen and wealthy land-owners. While we still have a heavy representation of these groups, others are now also represented. This affects the philosophy and thrust of government (or do you seriously believe that not including half the population in the voting rolls had no affect on what laws were made and/or enforced?). ## Hey! I just got over that Kuttner bit of doggerel after reading it in DaveL's zine. Now here you go, reminding me of it all over again...##

SUZI STEFL -- JUXTRAPOSE JOURNAL #9 -- You changed Jonathan's behind? Why? I thought it was kinda cute as it was... ## I used to bake bread (and cakes, and pies, and all the other sugary, luscious desserts) but finally quit about seven or eight years ago. Just took too much time that I'd rather spend on other projects. While I definitely prefer homemade bread, as long as I can afford the "bakery-type" products at the store, I'll accept the loss in quality (however, Wonder Bread and its ilk are a no-no still). ## Apologies for the screw-up in pagination. We still can't figure out how it happened, as the stencil headers appeared to be in the correct order when I checked back in the discard pile after discovering the goof. I'm always more upset when I mess up on someone else's zine than when I make similar mistakes on my own. *Sigh* ## Whoa, Suzi! Take a firm hold of yourself. Don't let Lon entice you into becoming an aggressive Box-Score Fanatic. It's quality, not quantity that counts! (See what you started, Lon? Sweet Suzi is lusting after first place now, and it's all your fault...) ## Suzi, I wouldn't dream of hitting you. You're bigger than I am, and judging from the way you flip Jonathan around, you've got a right arm that a baseball pitcher would envy. ## DaveL ~~hates~~ loathes pinochle with about the same intensity as I do the type of Hearts that he plays. The only card games we play in common are Uno, Crazy Eights, Pounce, and Gin Rummy. Not much of a choice there (he used to play poker, but said he doesn't like the game, only played in CA because it was a way to keep in touch with former co-workers at Bushnell). ## I have no taste at all when it comes to wines, ask the Hulans or Atkins. Champagne is right there at the bottom of my preference list, with goopy things like cream sherry, asti spumonti (sp?), ~~strawberry ripple~~ and apple jack at the top. ## You know someone who tunneled under their house? That's something I've always had a secret yen to do. When we moved out to Beecher, I casually surveyed the territory, looking for a likely spot to put a "secret entrance" for an underground hide-out. Think it's a carryover from my childhood, when various movie heroes used tunnels and caves as headquarters and I adopted the concept in my playtime. The Black Whip, Zorro, and some comicbook character--Green Arrow? Something Arrow, anyway--were the prime culprits. ## Bye now and love back atcha.

JUDY STEVENS -- THE FRONTIER ALIEN -- Sounds like you've been busy lately (which is like telling Prince Charles that his name appeared in the newspaper recently). Are you the type of person who performs better under stress than with a relatively hassle-free schedule? I hate pressure, but I actually do better work when feeling pushed. ## Dengue fever is only "annoying"? Isn't that the disease with the nickname of "break-bone fever"? I thought it far more serious than you imply. ## Wish there were some way to comment intelligently on the interlinos you use. I read 'em, and chuckle, but what's then left to say about them? ## Whenever I've watched someone who I could term a "concentrated devotee" of a hobby, they are frowning in concentration, not smirking. Later on, when they can discuss their avocation, smiles appear, but when they're actually doing whatever it is that turns them on so, they look quite grim. ## Oops. I forgot about your request to scan a copy of FLAP #1. After a quick break to check, I find we have no leftovers of that mailing, but I can lend you mine. I'll take another break here to write myself a note to remind myself to do so....## We visited some friends of ours (the Coulsons) who have several pieces of my work on their walls, and experienced that sense of familiarity yet strangeness when viewing old work

I first enter the door after having been gone awhile, I sweep the room with my eyes, checking to see if anything's been taken. I'm also quite lacksadaisical about locking up (something which DaveL mildly chides me about). Since locks didn't stop anyone on those two occasions--whereas the house of my childhood was never locked and was also never robbed--I simply don't think about them. In the sort of paradoxical twist that makes life so interesting to observe, my grandmother became even more paranoid about burglars than she had been before our house was hit. Guess I look on robbers the same way I look on tornados. If one hits, it's gonna hit, and there's nothing to be done about it. However, odds are that you won't ever encounter one, so why worry needlessly? ## Amen to your comments about a common language being needed in order to communicate. Without communication, no nation can exist, no sense of community can be maintained. In a way, I kinda regret that Esperanto never caught on, because I think one of the requirements for a peaceful world is a common tongue. (I am relieved that I don't have to learn it, though. Languages don't come easy to me.) ## Even if Mike doesn't, I remember Tor-Con II, and even meeting you in the Neffer room that Martha Beck was busy hostessing. Bet I can even recall what you were wearing...## "I know you believe you understand what you think I said, but I'm not sure you realize that what you heard is not what I meant" is, indeed, a motto for our times. Should be engraved on a plaque (in fact, it is, and hangs above and slightly to the right of this typer...) ## Well, the closest I can come to in defending my feeling that things in nature can be "art" as well as items created by man, is the notion I hold that art is a two-way street. It--the artwork--must be seen and appreciated as such by a person (which is why I feel free to snicker when referring to Andy Warhol's "art") in order to "be" art. By observing something, incorporating its essence into your own brain cells, appreciating it as a thing different and superior to other things of its kind, you can transform virtually anything into "art", even if it's only for yourself. My definition is extremely loose and sloppy, but since that matches my mind, I don't worry about it. ## Interesting excerpts from that geography textbook. It surprises me when some readers complain about the attitudes expressed by earlier generations, as if the awareness we moderns now have should be retroactively affecting everything written in preceding ages. How anyone who holds that viewpoint could enjoy some works of, say Burroughs, puzzles me. Perhaps they don't. Now I react negatively to racist and sexist works, yet I don't expect someone who wrote in the twenties, for instance, to fit my ideas of "proper" viewpoints. They didn't look at matters in the same light as I do, so I simply ignore the more glaring statements (though my largesse does have its limits. Some writers were virulently anti-female (or anti-black or other races) even for their day, and I find it too painful to read their works. The same can be said for some current writers, of course.) ##

VOMBIS NUMBER FIVE -- Or at least, I think that's what you're calling this. The Old(e) English typeball isn't noted for its legibility, is it? ## One of the problems I have in trying to comment on your zine is that often a throw-away line will spark a thought, that is typed out, would run on for paragraphs, and then you'll have a paragraph where my only comment would be "well said," or something of that sort. *Sigh* Your zine comes the closest, to my mind, of capturing the feeling of fannish conversation, and I keep running smack up against the fact that it's not conversation, but writing, with a built in lengthy period of delayed feedback. You frustrate me, Tackett. Shame on you. ## What's slobbish about jeans and a T-shirt? I know that outfit can be sloppy, but clean jeans and a clean t-shirt never seemed "slobbish" to me. It isn't so much what you're wearing that counts, at least in casual situations, but in what sort of condition your clothing is in. I know I shudder when I see some people in jeans that are worn through in spots and patched and repatched in others. Since these items are usually worn by people who definitely can afford new attire, I can't imagine what they're trying to say by their choice of costume (In that case, it is a costume, not merely clothing). ## By stating that I am "Irish-American", I certainly don't intend to "balkanize" the USofA. I'm merely stating that, in this nation that is composed of so many ethnic backgrounds, my particular heritage is Irish. Even then it's not "pure" since other strains are in my background and bloodstream, but I still feel more Irish than, say Austrian or Czech. ##

NEWS BREAK NEWS BREAK NEWS BREAK NEWS BREAK

In a fortuitous example of coincidence in action, the Cincinnati Enquirer of August 5, 1981, printed a filler item which answers a burning question posed by Marty Helgesen.

KNIGHT NEWS SERVICE--Egg yolks often have thick white "strings" clinging to them--have you ever wondered what they are? They're protien fibers, called chalaza, and they anchor the yolk to the egg white.

Chalaza is a natural component of the egg--the same material as the egg white, only more concentrated--and need not be removed before cooking. In fact, the very presence of chalaza is a good test for freshness--fresh, high-quality eggs have prominent chalaza. As eggs lose their freshness, the chalaza tends to disappear.

It is to be hoped that this authoritative explanation of what constitutes that "small, milky-white lump" will be of help to Marty, although it admittedly does little to explain just why his mother goes through the bother of removing it before cooking eggs.

Returning to ROYTAC and VOMBIS FIVE-- If you read my personal definition of Ethics in my comments to Davel, I gather you can see that we're in pretty close agreement. Ethics is necessary to civilization, in that it gives a sort of guide by which to predict the actions of others, assuming that they are ethical people. Ethics deal in a general way with behavior standards--not in the same way that etiquette does (ethics does not concern itself with which fork you use on which course of a meal), but more in line with Honorable Conduct. In a way, I suppose I see Ethics as being our modern-day Code of Chivalry, the ideal pattern to which people should aspire (although, sadly, many don't). ## "Which, of course, once more proves that those who say violence never solves anything are wrong." How does the example you gave "prove" this, Roy? As far as I could tell, you simply threatened to do violent things to the school personnel. If you had, indeed, performed a violent act (say, punching out a teacher), I really doubt that Diana's problems would have been solved. In fact, they may have just begun. It's hard getting along with Daddy in jail. ## By any chance, were you indulging in a gallon or so of Rio Grande Rotten while cutting the stencil for P. 5? Just curious... ## "...having religion and superstition combine to elect an over-age movie actor" puzzles me--where does "superstition" come in (or are you lumping it in with "religion")? Even "religion" is in doubt, since Reagan certainly espouses no particular faith, beyond a lukewarmish Christianity. Yeah, I know what you're referring to, or at least I think I do, but methinks a generally more-conservative streak that's appeared in this country in recent years had far more to do with Ronnie's election than religion per se. That and the revulsion some voters seem to feel about Kennedy which prevented him from winning the nomination from our last Prez. Kennedy's liberalism most likely would've marked him for defeat against Reagan, too, but at least I think his presence on the ballot would've made it a far more interesting campaign. If we have to put up with that nonsense for month after month after month, I do wish it could at least be jazzed up a bit. ## Yes, you're weird. But that doesn't go far enough to explain just why you felt Kring's book warranted so much space in your zine. Come on, 'fess up; why'd jadoo it? ## I wonder why Patten never tried to contact some of the more worthwhile LA-area fen--like Lon or David, or even Davel while he was living there. What happened to Dick's cosmic mindedness? Or is he simply a loner by preference? ## I guess the main reason I'm against capitol punishment is that it affords such a grand opportunity for a totalitarian regime to take power. Simply accuse all enemies of "assault", have your cohorts testify so in court, and Presto! No one but meek and mild citizenry left to rule. ## Marsupial cat? Do you mean cat-like marsupial? Felines aren't marsupials and vice-versa, although they may, by filling similar ecological niches, resemble each other somewhat (as kangaroos do rabbits and rats in a way) in form and function. I know you know better than that, Roytac, but you give me so little opportunity to leap upon you with gleeful cries, that I have to act when you slip up. ## I, too, didn't realize those subscription outfits garnered the entire rate for new subscriptions. Jeez, they must make a mint-and-a-half! Heck of a lot more than Reader's Digest and its sweepstakes...## Ah, but you didn't continue your search for the

meaning of "professional". AHD, pro-fes-sion; n. 1. An occupation or vocation requiring advanced study in a specialized field. 2. The body of qualified persons of one specific field. (the next two don't apply). I see nothing that smacks of class consciousness in that. Unless you assume that only the Upper Class has access to "advanced study".

DAVE WIXON -- THE BIG BRONZE FAKE #7 -- It was such a nice surprise to see you and Caryl at Rivercon. That was about the last con I'd expect fans from Mpls to attend. How did you view the con? And thanks for passing on that bit of egoboo--really made me feel good. ## Are you saying, then, that the English shilling is equivalent to our nickel, regarding its relation to the pound and the nickel's to our dollar (not their relative worths). Gee, I'd always thought a shilling to be a higher unit than that, but come to think of it, the pound's relative value isn't what it used to be, either. ## I'm curious. Is the person you referred to who "lived near enough to make life miserable(er) for us all" the same person who was so outraged to be termed a "fugghead" at last years Autoclave, and who also managed to make Joni Stopa's life miserabler for awhile a couple years back? (Isn't being cryptic fun?) ## Good comments about SF characterization. As someone else once pointed out, it would be impossible to truly write a story set hundreds of years in the future, or about an alien race--no one would be able to understand what was going on, and if the reader cannot grasp what a writer's trying to say, then there's no sense in publishing it. ## Thanks, but we have both Garfield books. As soon as they appeared at the bookstores, DaveL snapped them up (in fact, three sets of them; it's another thing he likes to pass along as gifts to various people). ## I also "tend to be against Republicans", and in these current days, I spend a lot of time muttering under my breath. Not having had the slightest impulse to go out and cast my vote for anyone last November, I feel that is about all I have any right to do about the situation. I do hasten to say that there are Republicans I approve of, some I've even voted for, but the basic philosophy of the part itself favors Big Business too much to make me comfortable in supporting them. ## Weird situation you describe in Minnesota re: alcohol abusers no longer being liable to arrest for public drunkenness. Has that position been taken to the higher courts? I find it almost unbelievable that a person could wander around in that condition and not be breaking the law. Isn't there such a thing as "public nuisance" or similar laws up there? ## The inventions you wish you could concoct all have a similar feel to them in my mind's eye--a drive for greater efficiency. You must be as basically a lazy person as I am, n'est pas? ## Re yct DaveL about being over-generous in mixing drinks--DaveL also was a bartender, back in upstate Nyawk, and he still has an over-generous urge when he's whipping up some drinks. Especially when he's had a few already. I could practically pass out after one sip from some of the things he comes up with! ## What image does the name "Dave" evoke for me? Well, one of a largish, jovial person, mostly. That's because the only Daves I knew as a youngun were bartenders, tended to be on the portly side, and were very happy (albeit while usually smashed) whenever I saw them. As I grew older and met a few more Daves, I developed an alternate "type", being dark, slim and studiously inclined. Do either of those ease your mind in any way? ## Nice words on your reactions to news of Ed's death. I really doubt that the huckster you bought that book from was Ed; to my knowledge, he never attended a con, though he constantly kept ~~threatening to~~ saying he might. Who the "Cagle" was who's name was written in that book, I have no idea, but ghod knows the name of that writer would've appealed to his sense of humor, and perhaps, perhaps, it could have been him. I'm sorry our bank account didn't permit us to phone all of you individually; that was one instance when I really wish I was rolling in dough. And, please, don't be hesitant at writing Sue; she's a Neat Lady who would feel good knowing that others thought nice things about her man. We're still in contact with her, and finding out that she's got a not-undeft way with words herself. Though not a fan, she's fun to be around, and I wish some of my fannish friends could meet her. Maybe it'll happen, maybe not. But in any case, expressing one's sympathy can't damage your karma--only improve it.

Last stencil, and no room left except to say "G'bye!". Perhaps luck will be with me and I'll actually be able to work regularly on this zine and have a chance to see if this is a workable format for me or not. Ah well, next mailing will tell the tale...