KENNING #18 -- being a rushzine typed the day be ore the deadline out of a (possibly misplaced) sense of obligation and in hopes of averting even more guilt feelings than are already held by yours truly, Jackie Causgrove, 2109 llarrison Avenue, #9, Cincinnati, OH 45214, who can also be contacted via phone by dialling (or touchtoning) 513/861-4047, at least as of October 182.

First off I want to thank all of you who called/vrote vords of encouragement and sympathy. As Dave has mentioned in his zine, nothing has happened yet on the medical front (or back, I guess vould be the more fitting term) except that Dr. Veryous Weiseltier has given up trying to form a surgical team at Cincinnati General, gave me the batch of K-rays taken at his clinic, along with those sent by the Chiropractor in Wisconsin and all the notes taken by the various M.D.s who had examined reminded in the results of my physical and Pulmonary Function Test -- and pure-or-less ossed me in the direction of Good Samaritan Hospital and a Dr. Kleinert, to whom we have not as yet spoken because he hasn't begun his residency at that clinic yet. At least Weiseltier has familiarized Kleinert (supposelly) with my situation, and with all this paperwork it is to be hoped that I win't have to endure another fivementh wait only to told that "nothing can be done". Here, at Good Sam's, it might take as little as five weeks to come to the same conclusion. We shall see...

My son Brian, newly inducted into the Air Porce, has started on its tedious rounds the paperwork needed to establish me as his dependent, with the expectation, should this event take place, of gaining access to the medical facilities at Wright-Patterson, or some other A.F. Base, and have the Guv'mint pay the bill. Again, we shall see. In the meantime the money orders he's sent have helped keep the wolf from our door (though he's come so close I can hear his harsh breath panting outside at light).

As should be obvious by my lack of milling comments, I'm simply not in a very communicative frame of mind currently. Apologies, and all that, but that's the way it goes sometimes. However, since Bill Fowers has been so district the way it goes sometimes. However, since Bill Fowers has been so district that set in the set in the set of the set of the set in the set of the

I wish I could write more. I feel more wordage inside me, but nothing wants to solidify into actuality, or at least nothing that makes any sense outside of whining and whimpering. My mood atterly disgusts me, but I seem helpless to change it and the more I thank of it, or confront it (as at the typer) the worse it gets. So excuse me while I go ignore the situation, not in hopes that it goes away -- it won't, I know that -- but rather that something happens to alleviate matters in some fashion or the other so I can go on with my life. Living these past few months on "Hold" has left me with a bone-deep ennul which threatens to take over my formerly ("coff") cheerful self entirely. About all I do is "want", as in want the surge y over, want sufficient income so that I no longer get the night sweats, want a nicer/different place to live, want the financial freedom to see my friends at conventions or even to LoC fanzines, want, want want ... well, a whole long list of things which I can't have. The one thought that keeps me going is that none of this is permanent (Oh I so dearly hope it isn't!), and that a year or so from now I'll look back at these months as a trying, but well-past, period the likes of which I'll never experience again. Heck, it would be nice it if it were over with by next mailing ... but if it isn't, I'll just have to sweat out some more wordage for the next zine and express more hopes for the following bimonth.

Speaking of Language

By William E. Lasher

THROW-AWAY WORDS

riter Wallace Stegner has observed that a community's garbage dump is a good place to learn something about its life and culture. What we choose to throw away says a lot about our values.

In language we choose to throw away some very important words. usually words that are tabec or words that are understood from the context. H you listen carefully to Al Schottelkotte's News you will notice en imperiont word missing from his reports—the word "dollars." You may hear "The high bid on the construction project was five million," or "The judge set bail at fifty thousand:" When you become aware of it, the absence of "dollars" becomes rether humorous, and you wait to see when it will be used. Very low figures, such as \$120, will usually be read with "dollars." but otherwise the pattern is consistent.

What would lead someone to throw away the word "dollars"? My first thought was that it's a time-saving device on a show where time is crucial. Even so, the fact that one of our newscosters can throw away the word must mean that money is a fairly constant context for much of what he says and much of what we expect to hear. Perhaps that means Cincinnations are more dollar conscious than people in other areas. But you must realize that all of us often answer a question about mon y with sometiling like "One-sixty." We assume everyone knows we're talking about dollars, and we don't bother to specify whether we mean \$1.60, or \$160, or \$180,000. It's usually clear from the content which a rount is intended, and we throw away me rest of the words as redundant information.

Letters to the Editor are often a source of thrown-awey words. Letters that begin "Some may feel that" or "I know many who" have thrown awey the referent of "some" or "many": is it "many men" or "many beam"? The context usually helps, but the reader's impression is that some fuzzy thinking is

going on here. We would like to know whom these words refer to.

Some words have been thrown away so often, or replaced so regularly by cuphemisms, that they have become like fossils in the language. Death and taxes provide some good examples. No one says, "Your father died last week, didn't he?" The polite forms are "passed away," "passed on," or just "passed." More often, nothing is said directly about the death: "I'm sorry—I just heard."

Taxes are a constant source of euphemism in our language—I only recently discovered that my "Social Security contributions" were actually taxes. The President has taken to discussions of "revenue enhancements," meaning new taxes to take up the slack when the old ones are reduced.

Politicians, experts in the field of euphemism, also have a highly developed sense of words to be thrown away—words like "taxes," of course, and "depression," and "war," remembering that our last official war ended in 1945.

Unlike baseball managers, Cabinet officials are never fired—they resign. And the Watergate investigation uncovered another interesting word for the garbage heap: "lying." Although there were many anguished discussions of "perjury" among the accused, there was no discussion of lying. Only perjury will get you a term in prison.

There are, I suppose, other words that are thrown on our linguistic garbage dump from time to time. Some are words that have lost their usefulness, like "dray" or "adze," and are not likely to be reclaimed by the ragpickers. Others are painful but sometimes necessary, like "wrong" or "bad." And a few are not so much painful as just difficult to say, words that we would rather explain than utter, words like "yes" and "no."

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