

KENNING #19 -- being yet another addition to the string of FLAPzines from Jackie Causgrove, newly residing at 6828 Alpine Ave. #4, Cincinnati, OH 45236, and whose new phone number is (513) 984-1447. This should appear in the December '82 mailing.

As in the words of the song, *with a little help from our friends*, DaveLo and I managed to relocate ourselves without too much damage or loss to this 4-family apartment building in the thriving community of Silverton, Ohio. Note that our address remains Cincinnati, though exactly why that is, I know not. The P.O. that serves this ZIP code is named "Taft" for some reason utterly beyond my ken, and encompasses the towns of Silverton (in which it's located), Blue Ash, and Deer Park. Confused? Good; we now have lots of company.

It was a dark and stormy night. No, strike that. What it was, was a nice, decently warm, and definitely bright day when we moved. What we had been fearfully expecting, cold and rain or sleet, didn't materialize, to everyone's relief. Come to think of it, nothing that we had expected came to pass. The woman who lived in apartment 1 -- to which the woman who lived in this apartment was going to move -- didn't close the deal on the new house she was buying in Indiana the week she expected, so Mrs. Brauning, the second woman mentioned in this sentence, couldn't move her things until the weekend our move was supposed to be completed. Needless to say, though you know darn well I will anyway, a three-way move is more than a tad on the frenetic side. We phoned poor Mrs. Brauning practically daily to find out how things were progressing. Apparently being a bit of a pessimist, Mrs. Brauning continually pushed back the day she expected to be totally out of this apartment. As the first of the month drew nearer and nearer, it looked likelier and likelier that we wouldn't be able to take possession until the first...if then. But Mrs. Brauning has a large family, full of strapping young boys, and all her things were hauled downstairs and put in place by 6:00 p.m. on the 30th. We had a whole, entire, intact day to lug our stuff from Westwood to here.

Though we lost a couple of our "moving crew" (we had planned on moving Friday and Saturday; not Sunday), enough willing souls showed up -- Bill Bowers--swollen ankles and all--, Steve and Denise Leigh, and, late but welcome, Bill Cavin and Joel Zakem -- to transport the multitude of boxes and tons of furniture in two trips of the U-Haul truck, only consuming twelve hours from start to finish. Well done, lads! Well done! (I say lads because Denise and I did rather little compared to those of the masculine persuasion. I was excused because of my back, Denise because of her "delicate" condition. Naturally we didn't escape scot-free, but our muscles surely didn't ache the way the fellows' must've the next day.) By 9:30 or so, after wolfing down the last of the Italian beef I'd fixed along with a pizza that starving Bill Cavin bought, the two Bills (Bowers and Cavin) wearily waved good-bye and Dave and I were left to sort the mess out into some semblance of order. That took but a week and, although I'm sure that small details will be altered (the cat box, for instance, just isn't working out where we have it now), our apartment has that lived-in and livable look. We like it.

With a little help from our friends, yet again, I managed to attend, not one but two conventions in October. My cop runneth over. My nerves, digestion, and liver feel as if they'd been run over as well, but that's all part of the game. Thanks to rides from Denise Parsley Leigh, Eric Lindsay, and Mike & Carol Resnick I reached both Sandusky, Ohio and Romulus, Michigan for Octocon 19 and Conclave 7, respectively, as well as being brought back home -- though not necessarily intact. Mucho thanks also go to Joni Stopa, Eric Lindsay, and the respective con-committees for crash space, and my stomach wants to thank Joni, Eric, and ~~Myriamopa Kennedy~~ the Resnicks for their feeding of it. I suppose I should insert another thank you to Joni, too, for the clothes she brought for me to Conclave, but after almost leaving without the boxful of goodies, I suspect she might doubt my sincerity. (Really, Joni, it was just an oversight! Look; I'm wearing the bell-bottomed jeans right now. Can't you see how much I like 'em? The parka/ski-jacket is nifty, too, and the tennies fit perfectly...)

Well, time -- as it's wont to -- has passed, and it's now November 18th. Dave has gone off to put in an application at Central Trust Company, which is looking for a Purchasing Agent, and to do some ciggie-shopping in Kentucky (where prices are \$1.50 or so lower than in Ohio). Our telephone went on the fritz yesterday but has been replaced by a repairman this morning. The sun is shining somewhere above the cloud cover -- I can tell because I can see across the street quite clearly, which I am unable to do when the sun is not shining. However, it is not bright enough to see sharp shadows.

Fans continue to be nice to us. Last night Denise Leigh's brother, Doug Parsley, came up with a box he'd "found in front of his door". In it was a card that read "To Jackie and Dave", and the fixings for a complete Thanksgiving dinner -- a frozen turkey, yams, white potatoes, a box of Stove-Top Stuffing, a can of pumpkin, a box of pie-crust sticks, a box of Dream Whip, and a can of mixed nuts. Even a six-pack of Dos Equis, Dave's favorite brew. *Sigh* I was so overwhelmed I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. We just sat at the table, after putting away the feast-to-be, and grinned at each other with confused feelings of pleasure, Gee-they-shouldn't-have-done-that, Ain't-friends-wonderful, and a touch of embarrassment as well. There's so much there that we're trying to contact other not-so-well-off local fans to see if we can share the largesse.

One of the things I had in mind when I first sat down at this typer four days ago was to express some thoughts I had concerning the warm family-like atmosphere that imbues fandom. I suppose what I've written already should serve as sufficient example. What more can be added? None of the people herein mentioned is looking for thanks or other expressions of gratitude; that's not why people give things to others. Yet something should be said to acknowledge the fact that, regardless of what others say about this being a cold, uncaring world, there are still those who perform those acts which state in the clearest terms available that altruism/humanity/compassion -- whatever label you want to give it -- is part and parcel of the human condition. People helping (or just being nice to) people is not a rare and unusual event. The anonymous souls who sent that food, and the earlier one who gave Bill Cavin money for "meat for Jackie and Dave", as well as the fans who pool their resources to aid friends and fannish strangers to achieve various needs and aims/ranging from travelling halfway around the world to attend a convention, to funding scholarships, to meeting unusual expenses or even usual ones which just can't be managed -- none of these people are atypical nor are they saints. They're just persons, like thee and me, who give a damn about others. The fact that they are fans is not what makes them so generous, nor is being a kind and decent human being a prerequisite to being a fan (I suppose most of us know of contrary examples to that notion), yet it's difficult for me, as a fan who has been aided by fans, to consider fandom as a negligible factor in the various things that have occurred. For some of us, many perhaps, fandom serves as a family or a community. In some cases, the group bond is stronger than what exists among one's own real, mundane family or community. That's the situation with me, whose family is scattered and whose bonds never were particularly strong, and who has virtually no feelings of attachment to any place of residence (well, I do still feel regional bias toward Chicagoland, but it's almost a residual reflex nowadays). Whether nice things were done by people I know well, or by those who acted in secret, they were done by fans, and that has to effect the way I look at and consider fandom. Fandom, "Fanily", is the bestest and the mostest, the greatest and the grooviest. I guess what I'm saying is simply; Thanks, and I love you too. Now let's go out and spread some more of that good stuff around.

One happenstance should be related here. Our kitten/cat, Scamp, had to undergo emergency surgery this past Monday night. While Dave and I were watching SUPERMAN on TV, Scamp was playfully exploring the shelving unit which acts as a catch-all next to my place at the dining room table. In doing so she knocked over a spool of thread in which I'd stuck a threaded needle. Yup, she swallowed the thread and the needle followed. Fortunately, she came into the living room as we were turning off the set and Dave noticed her chewing on something thin and bright. Within the hour we had her at the emergency clinic and she was X-rayed and operated on within the following hour. It was an expensive lesson but we've learned well now. Keep all needles and pins away from wherever a curious cat is likely to roam. I've owned felines for well over twenty years and am embarrassed to admit I didn't know that. Now all of you know it too.

DEAN -- Cont. -- Really enjoyed seeing mailing comments from you this round. Keep up the practice; pretty soon you'll get it perfect! (I have this vision of you now concocting the Perfect Pun. Could the Universe stand the shock?)

ARTHUR HLAVATY -- PIGWIDGEON MYRMIDONS 15 -- I chuckled while reading your explanation of you pronounce "mirror". What if Bruce uses an "ee" sound in "fit"? Blows your pronunciation guide all to hell... Actually, I say "merer" (as in more mere?) for that word, so it could rhyme with other words. (I also note that the dictionary agrees with your version -- thus showing a regional bias. If it agreed with mine it would be merely correct.)

On-Computer-Lore/~~Constantly~~ -- the Osborne is one helluva machine, particularly now that a larger-screen monitor is available. *Sigh* Wish my income would keep pace with that field's pace. I must content myself with quietly drooling on the sidelines.

Acto Eric -- He-Who-Speaks- -- ANOTHER REMARKABLE FANZINE 3 -- Eric (HWSOCLØ) gave me specific examples of how unfriendly computer manuals can be. The type he got with the one he's been working with (from Ohio Scientific?) is ludicrous to the extreme. Two sheets of paper, one a circuit diagram, don't do much to aid the neophyte. On the other hand, IBM's Personal Computer does everything but take you by the hand and murmur soft words of encouragement in your ear ("There, there. This won't hurt a bit. Well, maybe your pocketbook will feel a bit of a pinch...") Localpro Resnick, whose kennel business leases an IBM PC, feels that the money's well spent and, if anything, would prefer a system even more kindly to the user. He thinks there's surely a middle ground between the two outlooks.

I'm not a sercon fan, though I do enjoy reading sercon material in fanzines -- though not to the degree that, say, RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY reached. Ranking LOCUS with sercon fanzines made me rear back more than a bit. LOCUS? Sercon? Well, if you warp the definition to include any zine which goes so far as to mention SF in a non-flippant light, perhaps that label would apply. But I've got a goodly number of issues of that zine, and subscribed to it for three years or so back in the mid-70's, and it still seems to fall more into the fannish news category more than the sercon slot from my point of view. Sure, there were book reviews, but the fannish flavor is quite strong. In fact, it was the loss of same that led me to drop my sub.

explains it. You want to compartmentalize fans and fanwriting. Not only that, but I suspect that you continue this segregation into all forms of writing -- only works done in the non-humorous mode can be First-Rate. Interesting concept, and certainly not all that uncommon. I tend to look at things as being either Good (i.e.: interesting to me) or Bad (i.e.: boring), and seldom even think of things as being Best or Worst. Good-of-its-type is reasonably high praise from me, while B-O-R-I-N-G is not necessarily meant as a condemnation, merely an indication of whether I enjoyed the piece or not. I can even dislike a work I think is Good (in technical terms) while enjoying one that I think is Bad but which at least kept up my interest. I suppose what I do is more along the lines of "typing" a work, and then deciding whether it's good or bad on that level, but not ranking the types themselves. In other words, I can see what you meant by rating Willis as you did, and I can also see how/why others took umbrage at your term "second-rate". To some readers, myself included, material is graded on a pass/fail system, while others, among which I include yourself, use a graduated scale. This is useful when discussing books on a sercon level but can be confusing when someone wants to know if you liked something or not.

Ah. So that -- THE DILLINGER RELIC 24 -- Time is short and I can't do this zine justice, so I'll abbreviate acutely. You make it seem that Piers Anthony's nastiness was the fault of OUTWORLDS and not the man himself. Hmmm. (I know, it's my interpretation, not your intent) Now that Bill's thinking of resurrecting the zine, I wonder if P.A.J.'s column will also return?

Have you read Searles review of E.T. in F&SF yet? He described my reaction to that film perfectly. Manipulative to the Nth degree. It did what it did well, but I resented it like hell.

ARTHUR -- still... Procter & Gamble certainly has had its Image problems lately. Not only have they been battling off those claims of using a Satanic corporate symbol, but one of their oh-so-straight/white/Protestant accountants was murdered in an affair that had homosexual as well as satanic connotations to it. Poor P&G. Wonder if they'll manage to come up with a product that'll launder public images as well as soiled clothing?

Glad you've met Guy Lillian. I've only had that pleasure once or twice, but I've always enjoyed his SFPazine. He's got his odd twists of mind here and there, but that's part of what I find interesting in his material.

Gee, I'm glad that you and Bernadette are getting it on so well. Keep it up (go ahead, Suzi. That's a free line for you). With so much gloom-n-doom around nowadays, it's refreshing to read of someone actually having good times.

I am trying to picture an Alternate World where you and Marty are in the same line of work. I am failing at the task...

Errr, I'm not sure that thee and me use "trendy" in quite the same light. When I label something as trendy -- or a group as being "trendies" -- I'm indicating something ephemeral, something without enough content to be considered as being with or without merit. It just "is", and only for so long as the trend-setters decide. Trendies are those who gleefully follow the trend-setters' lead, picking up -- and more importantly -- dropping each new thingee on command without regard as to relative worth. DaveLo ran across a quote that applied to fashion that fits here quite nicely, with a bit of paraphrasing: Trendies wish to be the first to conform. The particular item to which the trendies pay heed may be, in itself, worthwhile, but the attention they pay to it isn't deep enough to judge. They simply want to be Out Front, and they don't give a damn about value, merely novelty. Equate Trend with Fad, and it'll help describe my use of the term. Fads can stay around and become commonplace, but by then the trend-setters have gone off to several new fields raising much dust and commotion while crying out "Look at me! Look at me!" and dropping their used toys behind them. Pacman was "trendy", computer games, per se, are not. The term is more disapproving of the process, not the object. (And I think I've made the notion so muddy as to be unrecognizable. *Sigh*)

-- LINES OF OCCURRENCE 6 -- *Sheesh* Hlvaty's taking over the entire mailing! Pity he writes so well, takes all the fun outta grumping.

Reading about the fanzine room at Chicon in yours and a few other zines as well, makes me regret even more not being able to attend the Worldcon. I had been assigned to work in the mimeo room, next door to the fan lounge, and it would have been an ideal spot from which to view the con. Excuse me while I retire to pout a bit. [Ah-h-h. That feels much better!

P.S. Damn

fine con report!

DAVE LOCKE -- VIEW FROM UNDER A 60 WATT LAMP #C -- While I do agree with your statement that "Bill is too skinny", I believe that doesn't negate the view that you and Glicksohn were a mite too wordy on that shirt. Pity it wasn't meant for Bill Cavin...

It seems a damn shame that so many fun things were going on this summer/fall and I was in such a shitty mood in the meantime. Didn't exactly ruin them, but I certainly didn't derive the fullest enjoyment from the good times that did occur. Phooie. Under other conditions this past year would've ranked with one of the better years...

"You never get a second chance at enjoying a first convention." A Quote for Our Times. Well worth including in the Neofan's Guide, methinks, but like most good advice, most likely not to be appreciated until it's too late.

Re: the rumored Get-Atkins ploy at DeepSouthcon's Hearts Tourney. I wonder if that situation wasn't what impelled Cliff Biggers (I think) to begin ranking Hearts players. I note whose name heads the list and chortle quietly...

Brief interruption: received a letter from the O. Bur. of Voc. Rehab. (I have enough problems pronouncing that; be damned if I'll type it out every time too!) this afternoon and hereby quote: "...initial approval for the service has been obtained. It still remains to be seen how the method of payment will be worked out..." Well, so far, so good. It was supposed to take 2-3 weeks (at one point, later, 3-4 weeks was mentioned) to get a response on my application. Today marks 8 weeks, 3 days. *Sigh* How much longer will it take? Now, back to

DAVELO -- Glad to see you praised Langford's moving tale ~~of~~ so highly. 'Twas almost enough to make me go back to the last mailing and catch up on my commenting rather than simply ignoring Mlg. 17's existence. Fer sure, the man's writing is grotty to the max!

Harumph, m'dear, harumph! It takes more than a single "carriable cardboard box" to hold all your books; it's closer to three (nearly four) nowadays. And that thirty boxes is the number of boxes it took to tote both of our books, magazines, and fanzines, not merely my "library". I could also cast quibbling cavils about calling all the books we sold in California as "easily-partable". Maybe they were so to you, but I certainly regretted leaving some of them behind! However, I'll restrain myself, this time.

I won't get involved in the abortion discussion, for various reasons, but I will point out that there is no way in hell you, as a male, could "choose" abortion if you feel it is, indeed, up to the woman involved. The choice is the woman's, and always has been with a few exceptions (e.g. underage rape victims, mentally deficient wards of the State, etc.). At least I don't recall anyone having an abortion while someone else held a gun to her head. As a male, you can approve or disapprove, but you cannot "choose", just as I am unable to "choose" vasectomy for a man. (And how about that for minor nitpick?)

DAVE WIXON -- THE BIG BRONZE FAKE NUMERO 13 -- This can't be a B&F; it's done on white paper...it's only a page...it's minac...
Well, in that case, maybe it is. Come on, Davell. Let's do better next time!

BECKY CARTWRIGHT -- ROUND TUIT #11 -- You're really getting the hang of doing conreps. Two conventions and two excellent wrap-ups: that ain't a bad hitting streak at all.

No same-sex back rubs at Bubonicon? That seems odd. Some years back at one of the Michigan cons (Confusion? Autoclave?) the entire seating area of the motel's lobby -- a not-inconsiderable amount of space -- was taken up with people rubbing other people's arms, backs, legs, hands, feet (whatever was handiest, really). The next convention that came along, everyone who participated was given a pink badge with a picture of a cute lil teddybear on it to commemorate Fondlecon. I still have that badge, along with all but one or two from all the cons I've attended. The fanartist who did them, Randy Bathurst, has since married and gaffiated, alas, so it seems the feelings of togetherness such events engender don't necessarily last. Anyway (to return to my initial thought), it seemingly made no difference what gender a person was. Whoever was closest to another person's free hand was stroked/petted/rubbed and it seemed to be pretty close to a fifty-fifty split ratio-wise. (I will admit that cross-sex fondling seemed to be better enjoyed by the participants, but the difference wasn't all that much in degree.)

Hey! I'm not fat and I eat cottage cheese. Not only eat it, but enjoy it. So there...

I don't think that fandom, per se, make people more open, nor that open people are attracted to fandom. It's more a case that some fans feel freer, under less constraint, in fannish circumstances than in mundane ones. It also depends on which fannish circles you're looking at. There are still those who look askanse at the "touchy/feelie" groups, though I think their percentage is steadily being reduced. Touching is another means of communication, and sexual opinions are just another facet of communicating one's personality. Many fans seem impelled to explain themselves, and their sexual orientation is a large part of their lives. Being mostly against censorship, fandom tolerates expression of attitudes, sexual or otherwise. It should be pointed out that society as a whole is "looser" than it used to be, though.

BECKY -- yet... Thanks for the nice words/thoughts. Wish you lived closer, too. (I could use a hug-n-shoulder every now and then)

Was warned away from switching the car's title to DaveLo by the Welfare caseworker -- she said something about "appearance of fraud" which made me believe it was a Definite No-No. Of course, that's a moot point, now, though our new savings account takes its place.

"Soda straw" certainly describes my son-in-law. Gets the width-to-height ratio better than "toothpick".

Sandy wouldn't blink at a horse in the yard; she grew up amongst all sorts of beasties -- dogs, cats, coon, rabbits, chickens, pony, gerbils, mice, salamanders, and brothers. Wally and Paula had an Irish Wolfhound/Afghan dog, which may partially explain her verbal confusion. I've heard that it was one hell of a huge animal! But normally she does know the difference between canines and equines. Are you sure your critter didn't bark?

Re: childproof caps. I recall reading that all one has to do is request that a standard bottle be used when having a prescription filled, but I never remember to do so. Has anyone here tried?

There's an Australian fan, Bruce Gillespie, who heads the editorial of his zines with the title "I must be talking to my friends". I think it's a more appropriate label for Bowers' zines since knowing him is definitely a help in deciphering his material. Even then, though, I doubt if anyone could lay claim to 100% comprehension...

Bill was griping about stupidity in handling/displaying weapons; not the guns themselves. I think you were reading more into his words than were there.

Was all set to commiserate with you about Kent's loss of his job and then I read that he got another, though lesser-paying one. ~~SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK~~ Having gone through the downscaling-of-lifestyle routine twice now, I don't envy you. Good luck!!

Oh! Almost forgot to mention how much

I liked the pacman take-offs. Cute, real cute!

BILL BOWERS -- (flip...flip...flip...oh here it is...XENOLITH 21. Gee, you love to make your readers work, don't you?) I picked up a piece of trash from the floor of the Conclave consuite Sunday morning and found it to be Mike Glicksohn's name badge. It bore a Strange, Esoteric, Blue Dot on its lower left-hand corner. Care to enlighten me about its Significance (if any)?

I've gone through that con-shuffle a few times. Now that I'm in my dotage I prefer to sit down somewhere -- lobby or consuite -- and wait until someone I know comes by. It may come to pass that two or more of us will perform the same aimless wanderings, but I still know whereof you speak. If one wishes, or is active enough, it's a workable way to get the "feel" of a con, but there are alternate methods.

(I note that the Ohio Public Education System may have learned you how to decipher a calendar; but not how to adhere to an outline format... "b)" should be underneath/lined up with "a)". Tsk. Go back and restencil p.311.)

(Bet I have as much likelihood of being obeyed in the above as you have the power to ban "Asshole" from Random...) (And if I could, I'd do it, too.)

You are about the only person I can imagine who'd get away with telling a newly-estranged wife that she should be the one to inform your mother. That's a Bowersism, all right. Pure.

And this XENO-LITH was the "purest" Bowerszine I've seen a goodly long while. Liked it. Don't care for the news that it'll be the last one (apa-continuance aside), and do hope another title will take the place of this one...soon. Whateveritis that you do in these pages you do damn well. I'd dislike looking at the future knowing--fer sure-- that there won't be another one. You wouldn't do that to a buddy, wouldja Bill?

Fer sure...

ERIC LINDSAY -- MISSED MAILINGS -- Ouch. Being waterbombed from the 12-15th floor of a hotel must've hurt like the very dickens. However, it did seem to me that you were a bit more gregarious than during your past trips. Is that a possible explanation for such a change in behavior?

to mind, sorry. Perhaps if you meandered more when writing your comments?

-- GEGENSCHIEIN #42 -- Hope you don't use that same typeface employed in the heading of p. 3 again. Like Olde English, it's one where the capitals are best reserved for being the initial letter of a word, rather than being used to spell out the entire thing. Virtually unreadable...

Your comments on the value of employment to humanity reminds me of some earlier thinking I'd done on that topic. The main problem seems to be in instilling in the worker some feeling of "worth-whileness", as you put it, "when the worker sees that he or she is advancing human welfare." Most jobs don't do this, also as you say; "the only aim of most businesses is to keep it in the black." Well, if people would only content themselves with the notion that the "human welfare" they should be most concerned about is their own, well then, going to a mind-numbing job each day becomes the solution. The valuable work you perform thusly becomes the very job you dread to meet. The work becomes the job itself! It's an elegant proposal, simplicity itself (and if you don't consider yourself as a human whose welfare should be your concern, well there's no help for you anyway, you worthless cur, you!)

I have yet to devise a way to make this theory palatable, though. Doing work you enjoy from your own home, of course, is an ideal few can dream of achieving. Even second-best -- simply working out of your home -- is more than most can hope for. I still hope you Make It, somehow, whether by writing computer articles, doing other sorts of writing, or by working on/with computers themselves. (I don't expect it, mind you, but I do keep my fingers crossed on your behalf.)

Being a "people" myself, I find it somewhat disconcerting to be told that machines are generally more interesting than the group I belong to. *Sniff* (Of course, that only confirms my most deeply held fears...I really knew that all along) One thing I'll hand you, you're honest...

Neat little fable you wrote there, and sadly all too true...

So "Gegenschein" turns out to be merely dust? Well so what? Was Andruschak attempting to prove a point by this? If so what--that all the works of man eventually turn to it? I suppose it's nice to have one's zine title referred to during a space mission, but otherwise I don't see why you ran this piece.

-- BLUE MOUNTAIN COMPUTER CLUB -- Interesting reading (and I did read every word), but no comment. I would be interested in learning whether the club managed to keep going after this impetus.

MARTY HELGESEN -- A HOT HORSESHOE -- Did the lost copy of Mfg. 17 ever show up? Or has it been lost amidst the bowels of the Postal System forever?

More Amanda (and so much more, at that)!? Enough, Marty, enough! I've looked at that french phrase for some time now, and even recognizing the fact that it's been *gulp* 25 years since I took a course in that language, I still don't see the "to" in it. I read it as "Speak the me in French", which doesn't make any sense.

What? There seems to be no downtown Dubuque and that explains a lot about people who come to New York from the Midwest? Want to run that by me again? That, too, doesn't make any sense (or, at least, darn little).

Sorry you were forced into minac. Next time?

SUZI STEFL -- JUXTAPROSE JOURNAL #18 -- Congrats on the job. So it ain't exactly what you want, it at least pays a salary and offers

all those delightful goodies -- paid vacation and B*E*N*E*F*I*T*S (namely medical insurance) which even self-employment can't provide (unless you're a Big Name Pro like ~~Steven Leigh~~ Joe Haldeman who pulls down Really Big Bucks). Hope it lasts forever, or for as long as you want it to, which is virtually the same thing.

than having all the men you're attracted to permanently partnered is that, most times, the partners they have are also people you like. Guess it has something to do with people with good taste hanging around together, or sumpin' like that...

I gasped at Bruce's mention of Midwestcon being a SMOF central station, too. Dunno who he talked to, but that never has been my impression of MWC. If one thinks of pool parties, getting sunburned to a crisp, playing poker past dawn, tossing frisbees everywhere, sitting around poolside at night and yacking, wandering hallways looking for The Party, etc., etc., etc., as "smoffing", then I suppose MWC is guilty as accused, but otherwise, no way!

Suzi, you forget. When a tennis ball is "lobbed" and someone has to climb the net to get a swat at it, that means that the ball bounced inside the court, first. It also implies that it was struck one hell of a whack...but it was in bounds (else Steve wouldn't be fool enough to go after it).

An Overseas Rotation Zone was suggested several years ago, but things were left as they now are because no one was sure there was sufficient interest by overseas fans in hosting a Worldcon on cue, as it were. Just trying to work out which country would have a shot at what turn gave everyone aching heads, and tying that in with all the other horrendous complications which were mentioned made even most adherents to the concept give up in despair. Of course, since then, more overseas fan than ever expected have cropped up. It's always worth proposing at a Worldcon Business Meeting. That's what they're there for, after all.

Enjoyed the How to Eat Like a Child piece, but...some of those "instructions" are what I follow nowadays! What does this indicate? (This is a Test of Suzi's nerve...)

Did you see the Phil Donahue show when they had on the couple (originally from Wisconsin, now Ohio, I think, after stops in California and other places West) with three Super-IQ'd girls? Seems the mother constantly spoke to them, even while in utero, and none of this babytalk stuff either. Constant reinforcement, basically, and it certainly seemed to work. The oldest, at 12, is a sophomore in college, and the two younger are years ahead of their age-groups in school, while all are open and out-going. The audience seemed to be concerned with how much this educational speed-up was hurting their social development, and didn't seem content to hear that the girls got along with their peers, both age-wise and class-wise, without problems. When they're in school, they discuss school-type things, when they're with the neighborhood gang, they play (gee, just like Normal Kids!), and didn't see what sort of "problems" they were expected to have. They each speak at least three languages, fluently, and show mathematical talents, too (amazing me, who sometimes forgets whether I'm adding or multiplying when manipulating numbers). On the other hand, forget all of this. Jonathan's a Cute Kid as it is, don't want him to be insufferably Smart as well!

LON ATKINS -- HOBO JAZZ #2 -- I must say, you do manage to make unemployment/underemployment sound hilariously funny! Perhaps you've missed your calling and should apply to the White House for a position as Explainer of National Policy. You couldn't make the current state of affairs any less mediciney, but it sure would be sweeter to swallow!

Hope something Permanent (and closer to home) shows up, but in the meantime Good Luck in keeping that paycheck acomin' in!!

MICHAEL SHOEMAKER -- MUGGINS' MUGGLES AND MUBBLEFUBBLES #15 -- The trouble Dean might have had concerning the store that would not accept cash could lie in the training of employees rather than actual business policy. I recall one time, when shopping at a Sears store, when the clerk, practically with tears in her eyes, asked me if I could please charge my \$2.98 purchase. She didn't know how to operate the cash register for anything else!

Read and enjoyed the remainder of your zine (brief though it be) but no comments. Sorry.

JUDY STEVENS -- THE FRONTIER ALIEN 15 -- Yes, I do know what you mean about seizing opportunity. If you'll note, each of these pages has been stencilled while DaveLo was Out of the House. I simply cannot write while he's around (amend that to: cannot write without a great deal of difficulty -- all mental, all my fault, but that's the way it goes). Since he's unemployed, that means the times when I'm home alone are few and far between. The occasional solo trip to the corner store doesn't help any. I need HOURS of privacy.

going off from the family nest by oneself, for oneself, is a rough one, ain't it? Yet I believe you'll find yourself better off because you did it. Gives a slightly fresher viewpoint when resuming the old familial/professional duties. I'm so glad you had fun! Reading about it brought back memories of my first con (an even smaller one than Bubonicon -- a mere 74-76 attendees). *Sigh* Thanks, I needed that.

on the shoulder of the highway was most likely a member of our newest counter-culture group, a Punk. Some of the outfits they wear would make the splashiest of pulpzine cover artists gape in awe. CALIFORNIA magazine (formerly NEW WEST) ran a piece about Punk hairstyles that made my eyes bug out. People--humans, even-- wear things like that!?! And it's their HAIR, not a wig!?! Boggles the mind to see one in the flesh.

With Becky buying all that turquoise, it's a wonder she had enough cash left to eat with at the con...

Today's economy is a rotten time to begin showing things at art shows. And larger conventions (Worldcon, Westercon, Balticon, Disclave, etc.) are better markets for artists' wares. If you trust the P.O., or UPS can be managed, shipping things to the larger cons is worthwhile. But, be warned, make certain the shipping container is readily opened without damage by the densest person, and that the cushioning material is reusable. Artshow committee people are notorious for not Handling with Care when returning unsold items. (I have a couple of ruined scratchboards to prove it.) 3-D items don't sell as readily as paintings/drawings/prints, but they do sell. As is the case with anything else, the larger markets provide more opportunity and (generally) higher prices. If you'd like, send me a few snapshots and what prices you were asking and I can advise you how well in the ballpark you were/are. (And, yes, I do realize I owe you a letter. I began a reply, stopped because I got depressed, mislaid both your letter and my aborted answer, relocated after the move, while unpacking, and haven't had time and inclination to communicate coincide since. *Sigh*)

I met Toluzzi at Octocon and agree: he's neat! Joni's daughter, Deb, found him rather enchanting too, eh, Joni?

The fact that the "menace" in E.T. turned out to be "people as scared as anyone else" was one of the few fresh outlooks I thought the film had. One I approved of, actually. DaveLo and I saw GARP and I liked it, while Dave wasn't so impressed. But then, he didn't like the book either...

feel better. Of course, all those hours with friends at cons helped a lot, too! Thanks for the shoulder. I do

getting such good repro from your ditto now that I suspect you could try two-sided one mailing. The last several pages of this zine certainly looked "clean" enough on the verso to be double-sided.

Repetitive cursive script practice.

To my surprise, I actually made it through the mailing! My, my; what do I write about now? Should I mention my neat "award"? Why not. I haven't the foggiest notion of what it's "for", but Roger Reynolds handed me a walnut plaque, with a bronze, round, thingee at the top depicting rocket ships and a square, engraved plate reading: "1982 "Hoagie" Jackie Causgrove". What's it mean? Damifino, but it's on my wall above the electrostencil cutter now. Yeah, fans is weird, and they do weird things, but ain't it fun? (I hear Larry Tucker got the 81 Hoagie--the real thing--and ate his. I won't even try that.) Outta time: outta room, so "Bye" for now....and thanks again to all of you!