

*KENNING #23, a sizzling FLAPzine, comes to you from the scorching Jackie Causgrove, who resides at the torrid four-flat at 6828 Alpine Ave, #4, Cincinnati, OH 45236, and who dearly wishes this unholy, intemperate hot spell would end...soon. Started July 29, 1983.*

Since DaveLo just blew the top off my thermometer by whipping <sup>me</sup> at Gin, I thought it time to begin stencilling this zine so I can malign him in print and get some semblance of revenge. As is obvious from the colophon, we're in the midst of our second series of plus-90° days. Steve Leigh kindly picked us up this noon so we could take our ailing Gestetner Mark II into the repair shop, and for the first time this month, it felt good to return to this apartment. It's only 92° in here--out there it's pushing 100°.

Last week--the 18th of July to be exact--our refrigerator decided to crap out. Called in a serviceman, which we could ill-afford, and he replaced the heat-defrost switch (for the princely sum of 96.00 U.S. Dollars) and we eagerly waited for our just-beginning-to-thaw-out freezer goods to frost up again. Instead they continued to drip bloody fluids all over everything else in the freezing compartment. Thinking the cause of the problem was a current drain, we \*gulp\* turned off the laboring air conditioner in our bedroom and replaced the 15 amp fuses in our box with 30s--yes, yes. We know; you're not supposed to do that, but everyone else in the building has, and by then we were getting desperate. It didn't help matters at all. We couldn't even make ice-cubes. We called up the repair company. They advised us to remove everything from the freezer and turn off the juice for 12 hours. DaveLo scampered down to the nearest beer store (called Pony Kegs here in Cincy, but that's another story) and brought home 40lbs of ice cubes. We loaded the cooler with soggy meat, veggies, chicken broth, formerly-frozen potatoes--even sought the help of neighbors for spare freezer space. Turned out their fridges weren't doing so well either. Loaded the refrigerator portion with ice and what frozen stuff could safely be kept there (hot dogs and cheese, mostly) and sat back to wait out the allotted time.

We did get a lot of water on the floor, and some strange odors began to emanate from both sides of the box. Washed out the freezer, wiped up the floor, and set one tray of ice-cube-water into the freezer to see if it would work (by then, it was 12:30 ayem on the 24th). Again, no luck. We got a sort of ice film on the top of the cube slots, but that was it. Friday morning I cheerily kissed DaveLo good-bye, left for Wapakeneta for SpaceCon, and wished him good luck in fixing it.

Had a marvelous time at SpaceCon and returned home to find the fridge in the middle of the kitchen floor, the floor-fan we'd gotten on loan from Bill Cavin blowing toward the compressor in the rear. It looked like hell, but it was working. DaveLo had loaded up the freezer again, but it was readily apparent that the stuff had sat unthawed for too long--all that was needed as a demonstration was to open the cabinet and take a whiff.

Tuesday morning I spent two hours pitching meat (I guess about \$60-\$70 worth--I'd been buying things on special, like Pork shoulders, cutting them into serving-sized portions and freezing them to hold us over ~~when~~ in case the money ran out. Four chickens had been cut up only the week before...\*Sigh\* (Don't know which I resented more; the waste of cash or the time I'd spent being a butcher) and scrubbing out both sides of the unit. When the cooler air came in for a few days we pushed the box back to the wall--well, to within six inches of it anyway (the repairman had cautioned Dave to keep more room behind it than had been our practice), and it's been doing okay so far. The floor-fan is sitting on the window sill right now, but we can switch it to other service if the need occurs.

On a more serious note--(I mean the above seemed serious to us at the time, but...), Joni phoned this morning with the stunning news that Larry Propp had been found dead of a heart attack near the emergency entrance of the Evanston, Illinois hospital. Larry was the former co-chair of Chicon IV, had recently gotten a new job, and seemed to be doing well when I saw him last at MidWestCon and Wilcon (in fact it had been he who had gone around collecting donations from folks to pay for my bus fare to Wilmot). Though we'd not had much contact in recent years, he was a friend whom I'll miss. Larry was the first Convention Fan I'd met--he and Don Blyly co-chaired my first con, PeCon 2, in 1971. His aggressive, biting wit grated on some people, but we got along fine. I liked him.



[illegible]

Gorgeous day, though, matching the first rain-free weekend Cincy's enjoyed in three months. DaveLo and Steve Leigh came back aching, sunburned, and blistered from their first tennis match of the year, but you could tell by the expressions on their beaming faces that it was pain they endured willingly--gladly, even.

Finished reading the second THIEVES WORLD collection last week, and began FIRELORD by Parke Godwin--an excellent retelling of the Arthurian legends with gritty historical touches (and a theory that the "Faeries" were a short, dark, nomadic race of Pictish people who wandered about the fringes of the British Isles). Merlin, a character I've seldom found believable in the various retellings I've read, is handled quite differently in this volume; an apparitional doppleganger of sorts, rather than the elderly, eccentric mage one usually encounters. Several liberties were taken with the legend as it's generally told, but characterization, texture, and setting really pulled me into the story. Some of the dialogue reminded me strongly of the films BECKETT and LIONEL LINCOLN--the witty, urbane, if-it-wasn't-said-this-way-it-should've-been sort. I look forward to reading Godwin's other fantasy work, MASTERS OF SOLITUDE.

FLAP CREW -- Apologies to Bruce, RoyTac, Suzi, and ~~me~~ Joni for not doing better on your ~~talent~~ portraits. Bernadette's didn't repro as well as the original, but the others weren't all that good to begin with. Bruce Arthurs doesn't look anything like I recall him from the few times we've met, but it's reasonable close to the Xerox of the shaky snapshot (Jutz? Becky?) ran in their FLAPzines after Bubonicon last year. Roytac's was also done from those Xeroxes, with a lot of memory-enhanced massaging, and wouldn't do to serve duty on a Wanted poster. Suzi's looked dandy in my pencil sketches but Something Went Wrong in the final rendering. \*Oh well\* She liked the results of the last PhotoPage Xperiment, so she's still ahead in the game. Joni's was done from a 42-year-old snapshot I took of her at a party in Champaign-Urbana in 1971. Her hair-style has changed drastically, and I didn't capture the new one well at all. Memory failed when doing Bowers', too. Working from the last Xperiment page, I shortened his hair to his current cut...and forgot he's changed that and no longer wears a part. It's only been a year.... The rest of you got more-or-less what you deserved from the photos you sent, or which were lifted from various sources.

2.



Your report on the Conference on the Fantastic actually made it sound \*gasp\* interesting to non-academic-minded me. I'm not sure I'd feel comfortable listening to papers such as you described being read one after the other for an entire weekend, but you made most sound worthwhile, both as brain-grist and entertainment.

-- REFUGE FROM CIVILITY 19 -- Ah, the first "Insult to the OEs" comment. This had us seriously doubting your sanity

for awhile, or at the very least your reading comprehension level. Then...we began to doubt ours.

Saying "Taral is an artist" to Jutz's query about his nature is about as helpful a description as saying "Bowers is a draftsman," "Horvat is a printer," or "Jutz is a potter." It isn't particularly illuminating.

ryct Wixon: "FLAP 23...an august gathering." Cute.

ryct me: I wasn't "not too happy" with my family; it's just that I didn't find their interests to my tastes. Babies, bowling, baseball, and beer occupied their thoughts and conversation almost completely. While I enjoy the Fourth B, the others tended to bore me out of my tree. Except for sporadic correspondence with my Mother, I haven't had contact with any of my relatives (barring my kids, of course) since '75 or earlier. (*Oops! Untrue! Visited with my brother & Mother while living in California.*)

Alas, too often the attitude "Violence is natural, therefore encourage its expression lest we become Repressed" is what's encountered. Or even worse, "Violence is natural, therefore it's Good". Your concept seems more sane to me ~~but then look at my dental state!!~~

Yes. M. David Johnson is the person I recollect as the Christian Missionary to Fandom. Thanks for refreshing my memory. How's he been working out in the RADIO FREE THULCANDRA group?

Agreed, I too thought Lasher to dichotomical in his word-people/number-people division, and I certainly have never met a "pure" example of either type. I still thought it a useable piece in concept structuring...

Ryct DaveLo: I'm with you on sexual adventurism. A roll in the hay ain't fun, it's itchy. Comfy beds are the only way to go, IMHO, and not "getting caught" (which I interpret as "no interruptions, no nosy neighbors, as private as possible") runs a close second.

ryct Bernadette: I'm relieved you don't believe in "Kill and eat the poor". Not that we're likely to invite you to dinner anyway, because of geographical hinderances, but it's nice to know that the possibility of doing so without actually being the dinner is there.

Ryct Marty: I see by your "exception"(idiots of IQ 50 or so) that you too have reservations about the value of eugenics. Problem is, as you undoubtedly realize, if such were allowed, the "limit" would be apt to be raised or broadened in time. Once drawn, a line is seldom left untouched.

Oh foop, a paper doctorate. DaveLo has one of those, too, and still gets no respect. Why should you?

ERIC LINDSAY -- MISSED MAILINGS -- Y'know I have to wonder at the appropriateness of your zine's title. You've missed darn few mailings during your tenure here. (Just checked back FLAPs and found that #1 and #4 were your only misses.) Were you pessimistically planning for the future, or what, when you chose that name?

Ryct Jutz: One of the reports I read in the newspaper about the Australian brush fires mentioned the Blue Mountains--but now I don't recall if it was citing the fires or the drought there which created a fire hazard. \*Oh well\* My memory is quite spotty, and we all know the reputation newspapers have...

The Vegemite (despite my jokes) and poster were appreciated. Thankee kindly, sirrah.

DAVE LOCKE -- WORD TALES -- The fifty-cent tour of our digs went well, as far as it went. But I see that, as in the case of conventions, different individuals experience identical things differently. For instance...you didn't



mention that our apartment boasts--if that term fits so ill-maintained a building--  
casement windows. The front, west-facing double one is shaded completely by  
a huge maple tree that grows in the front yard. Only a Tarzan could see in through all  
that foliage. The single-paned north-facing window is edged with wild-grape vines plus  
a neighbor's tree partially blocks inward views. Altogether it gives a delightful wood-  
sy feel to the room and helps enormously in keeping the apartment relatively cool. You  
also overlooked my plants on the front window sill (handily made of waterproofed marble)  
--the Sally Rand Memorial Purple Passion Plant (grown from a cutting taken from her yard  
while Martha Beck was managing her California property) and the aloe vera (sp?) that was  
given to us by Jodie Offutt. Both threaten to overwhelm their containers, and both have  
been cut back severely, surviving that and lousy care as if innate masochists. On the  
north wall, between the secretary and the TV, hangs a macrame, black-yarn wall hanging  
done by Midge Reitan (for which I still owe her a pen-n-ink drawing \*sigh\*). A slight  
oversight on the wall shelving on the south wall is my bunny rabbit; a plush-over-plastic  
souvenir of the 75 Marcon--the best Marcon I've ever attended--which brings back mem-  
ories of Martha Beck's room party whenever I look at it. Little things, true enough, but  
all with special relevance to me.

No doubt, as you at Bruce, back scratches rank among the  
divine treats of life. However, they are best given either at pool- or beach-side or in  
total privacy. Bare skin is a requirement; a back scratch through clothing being but a  
poor, pale imitation of the Real Thing--like listening to music through ear muffs. For  
public occasions, I prefer back rubs.

Laughed aloud at your comment about Don Markstein:  
"...I beat on Don too much, perhaps, and the man is not here to defend himself. Maybe  
if I thought of him as a man..." Made me choke on my coffee, you did. I, too, have  
difficulty in thinking of Don as an "adult" despite knowing he's not all that much young-  
er than yourself. He's envisioned in my mind's eye as a perpetually adolescent 17-yr.-  
old, antagonistic and cocky, always looking for a fight. Not all that different from  
Harlan, when I come to think of it...

My opinion of Jack-in-the-Box's quality is exemp-  
plified by the fact that, on my one visit to that chain, I threw my hamburger into the  
trash bin after two bites. I have this Thing about wasting food, and I've never done  
anything like that (excepting obviously spoiled food) before or since. I even choked  
down the one slice of anchovy pizza I'd taken by mistake...

I'll ignore your poll ques-  
tions, since you're well aware of my preferences regarding apa-size. FLAP seems Just  
Right to me--wonder how that happened to come about?

'Twould seem that your phrasing of  
Jutz's point as "Length of life is not as important to me as the quality of life" would  
also fit Arthur Hlavaty's view about not wanting to survive a nuclear holocaust. In  
essence, that's his point, too.

I never gave a working title to the sf novel I tried to  
write some 20 years ago. It was named something when I finished it, but that's been  
mercifully forgotten (wish I could do the same for the plot and the writing). Wally,  
my Ex, liked it, but I sure didn't.

I've yet to find a correlation, but some movie credits  
I like to read, and others I don't. Sometimes I feel annoyed when you leap to your feet  
to trot up the aisle immediately after the movie's final shot fades, but almost as often  
I'm right behind you and not craning my head to watch the credits crawl by.

Your notion  
of a Midwestcon Gross-Out has possibilities--more along stomach-churning lines, admit-  
tedly--but how complete could it be without a mama kangaroo whose infant is at the mi-  
gratory stage? But then, I doubt if Bernadette would plan on attending IWC anyway...

The possibility that you mention in yct me that Pain Stories could be catching (as sug-  
gested by Buck Coulson) had totally slipped my memory banks. If there's the slightest  
chance that it could be true...uh, dear, how do you feel about Long Distance Relation-  
ships?

You didn't talk about the hypnotism book and multiple personalities in the same



zine, but you read THE INNER SOURCE just before -- perhaps during? --writing that schtik and I was reading the zine while you were doing the expose. The two were juxtaposed in my mind because of the overlap, and thought, naturally, that you had made the same connection. Sorry to have confounded you.

Describe FondleCon? Uh, well...if memory serves, it occurred on the Sunday (late morning/early afternoon) of Marcon (75?). The motel had a long, terra-cotta-tiled lobby with comfy couches set into a living-room-like area, defined by a hip-high pseudo-stone wall which had planter boxes interspersed along its length. I was wandering about, looking for people to talk to when I saw a dozen or so fen in that conversation area. Most were sitting close together on the couch and end tables that were backed up against the half wall. Rusty Hevelin was standing on the "outside", next to the wall, holding hands with Gay Haldeman, who was sitting on the couch "inside". Rusty stretched out his free arm for a hug as I neared, and as I stood greeting the various people there, he lightly massaged my back and shoulders. I then noticed that everyone was massaging and being massaged by someone else--Gay fondled Rusty's hand and--I think--Randy Bathurst's knee. Randy was rubbing Gay's neck and shoulders while holding hands with someone else (names totally escape me at this far remove--lessee, Peter Edick, Gay, Rusty, Randy, me, Mike Harper, Laurie Mann, "Dr. Jim", Ben Zihl, Mike Glicksohn, Sue Somebody-or-the-other, Linda Moss, Leah Zeldes...those are the people who come to mind, but I know there were more--maybe thirty altogether), who was massaging someone else's sandaled foot, and on and around. Nothing blatant, nothing outward--if a mundane guest would've glanced at the group, nothing outre was evident, just a group of intimate friends holding a conversation. The fondling kept going on for hours with people perching on the half wall, the end tables, the chairs and couches in order to form an unbroken "circle" (It looked more like a squashed amoeba in outline), coming and going as they wished. We were talking the usual Last Day At The Con sort of stuff--rehashing the weekend and others before it, relating plans for the up-coming summer, ~~discussing~~ discussing interpersonal relationships--but the feeling grew that we were all experiencing something more than what appeared on the surface. A sort of group gestalt began evolving which made the participants glow in the sheer pleasure of being such close contact with each other, as if a low-voltage current passed through each of us through the physical link-ups. Very low key and undramatic, but very real and quite moving. We all commented later, when conversing at other cons, how wonderful it all had been, and at one of the Autoclaves in Detroit later that year, Randy Bathurst passed out little pink mimeographed FONDLECON name badges--marked with a cuddly teddy bear--in commemoration of the event. I still have it among my convention memorabilia and there are times when one or another of the participants will mention it with a wistful sigh. Just a quiet Magic Moment everyone recalls with fondness.

To my experience (or knowledge), the "magic" was never fully recaptured, despite several attempts at doing so. Two of Autoclave's Sunday wind-downs came close, though. The "circle of friendships" (akin to football huddles in form) seen in hotel lobbies seem to me to be a carryover from that period. They may have occurred before FondleCon, but I never noticed any until afterward. In a way, it could be said that FondleCon broke the ice regarding public displays of physical affection at conventions--excluding hugs and kisses of greeting or farewell, of course--and the concept, once opened, led to the more sexually-involved group gropings that turn many fen off the idea of "touchie-feelie" groups per se. I think it was a state that simply has to occur on its own; if planned or deliberately sought after, the gestalt, the psychic connection as it were, will not develop. In a way, I've felt like a character in a fantasy story who, after glimpsing a wonderland and not entering it, can never find the magical gateway again, although it's always searched for. The memory, however, is almost sufficient unto itself. When it comes to the fore of my frontal lobes, it still makes me smile...

How do I "judge" the comment Bill made about there being no firm correlation between public and private displays of affection? The easy answer--and probably the truest--is that I don't. I merely accept it at face value. About the closest I come to a judgemental attitude in that instance is to wonder why Bowers would feel even a bit defensive about it, as his remark would seem to indicate: "Do not judge everything by appearances." When I feel secure



enough to hug or kiss or massage someone in public, I really don't care about anyone else's reaction except the one, or those, I'm in contact with at the time. It's not a "flaunting"--though I've had that reaction when viewing some other physical displays --but a natural occurrence and viewer reaction quite sincerely doesn't matter one whit. I've seen other people glance outward to see who's watching while they fondle someone's breasts or buttocks, though--and that's a turn-off for me. I tend to avoid those people and consider them as "Insecure" (how's that for being judgemental?).

The "Cheer up-- things got worse" version of my Mother's oft-repeated adage is quite similar, only hers never suggested assuming a perky attitude. It only stressed resigned acceptance of the Way Things Go. Yours reads more like a joke; hers seemed more like ironic advice.

I wonder if anyone else besides we in FLAP have expressed bemused concern about Shiffman's revealing TAFF voting results before the deadline, which resulted in the attempt to get votes for the low-ranking candidate (Taral)? I've seen none in print outside the apa, save for Glycer's initial mention in FILE 770. Seems curious to me. Don't think we're all that different from the fannish norm.

I just recalled, regarding yct Bernadette about apazine title-changes, that I do definitely prefer that at least sequential numbering be used (as Arthur and Marty do) when a person uses a variety of titles. Could be because you omit such gestures to continuity that it occurred to me only now...

My view of the gun control issue has hardly firmed to the Do or Die Constitutional matter as you seem to imply. The Constitution is amendable, after all, and amendments can clarify, alter, or negate items contained in its main text--and are equally liable to future amending. IMHO, that's why the U.S. Constitution has held up so well; it's a living, flexible document, not commandments carved in stone. It's able to be shaped to current demands/requirements without crumbling to bits.

I stumble when using "ct" in apa-short-hand, too, like Bernadette. Fortunately, I usually catch myself before stencilling it. "Ct" looks like it could be an abbreviation for "comment", instead of standing for "Comment to". I notice when others use it in error, but forgive such lapses as Understandable Fallings. Apa shorthand itself I also do not care for, but use since repeating the same phrase over and over again is tedious, yet it's important for the reader/recipient to know which segment is being referred to in the text. It's simply too useful, by my lights, to ignore.

While I wouldn't have structured it quite the way you did, I do agree with yct Marty about "evading" the question about how faith came to him, what it means to him, and allied queries. Marty keeps tossing out chunks of theology and published Catholic dogma and commentary, when what's being sought after are his personal reactions/comments. I have no idea why he seems to have such difficulty with the issue, but, apparently, he keeps misreading the questions.

I like the Lexicon Webster's definition of "humanism": "any system or mode of thought or action in which human or secular interests predominate; the study of the humanities; humanitarianism; (sometimes cap.) the renewed interest in the literature and ideas of the Renaissance humanists, which often de-emphasized religion." To call it Secular Humanism seems redundant in that light, but it's a concept I can live and agree with. Adding "secular" merely emphasizes it's disinterest in religion as regards philosophy.

Ryct Joyce: "Flap and flick" sounds like a ~~legit film~~ decent name for an apazine...

Odd how I could have forgotten the fore-part (and largest portion) of the Cherry Bomb story. I recall both earlier incidents noted in the article--the Japanese horror flick, the swimming pool repairman-- but as separate, not only from the Cherry Bomb incident, but from each other as well. Somehow I doubt if my memory banks can be altered to refile those topics under another heading (Dave Locke; Article by; SATURDAY--containing Japanese monster movies, pool light repairs, and Cherry Bomb story...it lacks something somehow.)



Suzi's had a lock on Pain Stories (Midwest Contingent) for as long as I've known her. Though seldom set down in print as yours have been, my early fannish encounters with her always involved the tale of how she acquired her latest bruise, broken bone, sprain, or cut. Got to the point that seeing her without an owie of some sort was really quite remarkable. Believe it or not, she's shown enormous improvement in her rate of damage as the years have gone by. We have hopes that someday the term Accident Prone will not automatically bring her name to the fore...

I think Suzi did meet Mr. Party (if your alternate ego did indeed emerge after the stuck elevator incident at Confusion in '78), since it was she who was passing us ~~back~~ Emergency Rations through the gap in the stuck-open doors, and was among the group who marched to the bar in triumphant exhaustion. In fact, as I recall, DaveBob's emergence was triggered by the bar manager's objections to the can of beer she'd given me and I had stuck in my purse. See? Even back then it was Suzi's fault...

Gee, my name works out to 6 ( $1+1+3+2+9+5 + 3+1+3+1+7+9+6+4+5 = 60 = 6$ ) and I don't see much relationship to my reality in the Numerological description that you gave. Maybe I'm a Failed Six?

If you told Suzi that manna was ripped from the ground in the same way, say, that a tablecloth could be ripped from a table, she might get a handle on the way you used the term.

(June 10, 83--17:40) Here I go again, head over heels -- no, wrong refrain. What I am is excited over promising developments going on regarding my Medicaid/SSI claim. A letter came today stating that my claim was supported by medical evidence (gee, how 'bout that?) and an update of my current financial situation was required. Needless to say, I wasted not a moment in washing up, dressing, and a hopping a bus to the downtown Federal Building. (I should add here that I fretted a great deal about qualifying for Supplemental Security Income as a Disabled Person. I know I qualified for Disability coverage in California --that, <sup>state</sup> according to the claimstaker in Kentucky, where I filed from, has extremely stringent standards--but from what I've been reading lately, the Fed Gov'm't has been disqualifying people who died within days, claiming they were "fit for work". I was more than halfway geared up for someone to smile toothily and say "If you'd only grit your teeth harder, you could do it." As it is, the Disability Determination Bureau says I'm incapable of "doing any substantial gainful work[said condition] is expected to last for at least 12 months or to result in death"(el Yucko).' Coming from a family that stressed doing rather than complaining, I had (and have) trouble coping with the idea of, in more than one sense, Giving Up. Yet, I know in my own heart that I tried and gave it my best shot and still couldn't hack it. While that fact alone nettles me (I can do ANYTHING in my own mind--when I try actually doing so my ego gets creamed a lot), it helps alleviate my sense of Guilt to have my condition confirmed by the Feds.

Once I signed ~~my~~ ~~Life~~ ~~body~~ a dozen or so Release of Information forms (Internal Revenue, both banks we deal with, landlord, general "claim forms", previous employers, etc.) and was given a form to have DaveLo fill out (stating we are not and never have been married nor present ourselves to the community as Man and Wife), the caseworker told me that a week after DaveLo's form came back (it was in the mail 45 minutes after I got home) the paperwork should be enroute to the Washington D.C. area for processing. Assuming the computers were still up--a not reliable state of affairs lately--15 to 17 days later my award letter and first check (prorated to the 6th of May) should be in the mail. \*Sigh\* Wonder how much longer it'll take to get my Medicaid card? That's the important thing. (SSI will deduct one-third of my monthly benefit because someone else is paying my housing costs. The balance, \$187.44, I get to spend on riotous living each month...) I'll call the Hamilton County Welfare Department Monday to get the opinion of my caseworker there as to how long it should take.

Just what I'll do if something comes out of left field, thin air, or perverse Fate, is something I don't want to think about. For the nonce, I'll simply glory in the wonderful sensation of R\*E\*L\*I\*E\*F I'm experiencing now...

Books read since the last natter section were DANCE OF THE HAG, the "stunning sequel" to



STON FALL TO DAWN by former FLAPan Steve Leigh (a bit of a disappointment in that the book is too obviously the middle section of a trilogy: it does <sup>not</sup> stand well alone as a novel, IMHO, but as a middle section, does fine in carrying the story--about the founder of an Assassin's Guild on a backward, feudalistic planet, and his dreams of empanion for his group of formerly casteless Guild-Kin--to a point which, hopefully, will climax in the third volume) and OATH OF FEALTY by Jerry Pournelle and Larry Niven (best-sellerish story of a city-cum-condo, built in Los Angeles, which attempts to establish its right to existence as a separate entity from the city. I found holes and flaws in many places, disliked the thrust of the Corporation as God elements, frowned at the "I'm all right, Jack" tone, but still enjoyed the relaxed pacing and the "if this goes on" hypothesizing. A decent book, but not great). Today I began George R.R. Martin's and Lisa Tuttle's WINDHAVEN; too early to judge that one yet.

MIKE SHOEMAKER -- MUGGINS' MUGGLES AND MUBBLEFUBBLES #18 -- Anorexia does not always cause death, although because it does sometimes your statement "anorexia kills" is not actually false. It is a syndrome which exhibits compulsive behavior which can lead to severe malnutrition and eventual death, but like many other conditions displays degrees of affliction ranging from mild to extreme. It also is not restricted to females, though by and far the largest portion (way past 90%) of patients inflicted with it are female, generally adolescent. The compulsive behavior pattern itself, rather than the fact that these patients are doing harm to themselves through starvation, is what ties it in with compulsive runners--and others who do generally healthful things to such a degree they actually damage themselves--and is what some professionals in the psychology field are focussing on.

I think you're overly pessimistic about Native Americans in the Southwest states going Communist --both on the grounds that some tribes are getting more Capitalistic (e.g. Oklahoma's Cherokees) every year, and because their numbers don't seem large enough to bring about "our" downfall.

The issues of IBID that I have (one for EOD-X consists of 12 pp of fiction by Ben, two short poems by Alex Wyession, an uncredited poem, and 3-1/2 pp on "Lovecraft's Ladies" (research article). #12 has 6-1/2 pp of mc's, a half page memorium to Rich Small, 2pp of natter by Assoc. Editor E. Vernon Smith, a page of books and chap-book reviews regarding Lovecraft, a 17pp story by Ben, a page of "notes" on the story, another page of notes on two poems and illos which occupy the next 3 pp, 6 pp of "Gilgamesh: A Tragedy" by Sheryl Smith, 4pp of full-page artwork, 2pp of "self-criticism" by HPL, and a closing page of natter by Ben. Issue XX has 1 page of natter, 8 pp of fiction, (by "Eldon K. Everett"--is he a real person?--and George J. Harper), a humor piece by David C. Smith for the next 4-1/2 pp, which Ben changed to Yiddish dialect to "improve" it, and a 5pp story by Lenny Ratushewitz. XXII, a special biggie done on card stock, seems to be the special Dunsany issue to which you referred. It contains a bio (2pp), a Bill Bridget trip report on his visit to Ireland (8pp), a listing of Dunsany material in Saturday Evening Post (2pp) plus a 6pp reprint from that magazine, an article on Dunsany lore by Bridget (4pp) a 1 page sonnet by Paul Walker and \*coff\* Michael Shoemaker, a 4pp story by Darryl Schweitzer, a 6pp article on Dunsany and the theater by Ben, a 2 pp "afterword" by Wm. Butler Yeats which was reprinted from a 1912 book, and 2pp of credits by Ben. XXIII contains a 1 page editorial, a page of book reviews, 3pp of OZ titles, 8-1/4 pp of a Merrit "Appraisal", and 3/4 a page of closing comments. XXIX (the last in my files) was 1 page of natter & book reviews, 6 pp of fiction and a 10 pp Lon Chaney article by Everett, 10pp of an annotated index to authors mentioned by HPL in the Arkham House edition of his "selected Letters", and a full-page cartoon by Jerry Collins) contain more (poor) fiction than any other category--if the Special Dunsany Issue is excepted. However, one "meaty" issue out of six didn't do enough to lift the zine in my estimation. The earlier fiction-oriented issues went too far in forging my opinion of the zine. The artwork certainly didn't help, either.

(June 11, '83--0950) Wonder why Tesla's name was ignored by the press for so long? And just what was it that kicked off the surge of interest in him? I've read about Edison's advocacy of DC current for power systems (sorry for the redundancy), and that the AC advocates won out over his objections, but I don't



any of the other names involved in the controversy. That Cheney book sounds intriguing. Perhaps when finances improve...

I've read HUCKLEBERRY FINN twice--though years apart--and have agreed that it's a non-racist book all along. I'm also aware that some people feel that any book that uses racist terms as HF does, is ipso facto racist itself. It's an error akin to missing the forest view because of the interference of the trees.

The furor about adulterated "hamburger" involved kangaroo meat. According to PBS program (Nat'l Geographic perhaps?) poaching 'roos is a fairly big, though illicit, business. Supposedly the animal's meat is quite tasty, as horsemeat is also reputed to be, so it's not the fact that <sup>the</sup> meat is inedible that's at question, it's the misrepresentation of roo meat as beef.

Do you suppose that "watching the submarine races" becomes a euphemism for necking in any area where there's largish bodies of water? I recall that phrase being used to refer to necking sessions held in "passion pits" near Lake Michigan when I was a kid.

Re: the golf ball myth--I'd heard there was poison in the core of a golf ball, but I gather it's made of various forms of latex (bands wound round and round tightly or semi-liquids under pressure) (not great enough to explode when cut, though). No one I knew ever cut one open to check, but I remember reading ads for various brands (my Dad was an avid golfer) in sporting magazines.

DAVE LANGFORD -- CLOUD CHAMBER TWENTY -- Oh my, Avedon must have a wonderful opinion of FLAP after Joseph's remarks. I'm sorry he feels that way about his stay with us, but then I'm sorry to have had my opinion of him soured to the point it is. A sad situation all around.

Are you suggesting, in yet MikeS, that the Bible might have translating \*gasp\* errors in it? Or that, equally abhorrent, a classical scholar would twist facts any whichaway to support a thesis? Langford, you are a sower of doubt, indeed.

-- TWLL DDO 20 -- Hmmm, both your zine's issue numbers match. Pity it wasn't deliberate, I'd be impressed.

Good cover (do you really cower like that?) by Rob Hansen. I like his artwork even though I see a "stiffness about his drawing that can sometimes be annoying. He's working on it though. I'm assuming he's aiming to have this rigidity integral to his style rather than stand as a weakness to overcome. Being familiar with the difficulties in trying to rise above one's own quirks in drafting/drawing/rendering, I wish him the best of luck.

A full page of ATOM illos! What a glaring example of Conspicuous Consumption... I envy your flagrancy.

I'm a bit puzzled by the discrepancy between the mentions of your book hoard's location in here and in Cloud Chamber. In TD you say they're kept on the 2nd floor, while in your FLAP-zine you say it's the third. I've read that in some areas of this planet, the ground floor is called "ground floor", while the second is called the "first". Did the two systems become confused because you were aiming one zine to a U.S. readership and the other to British, or did you, indeed, move 7,000 books merely to confuse us ~~of test our attention?~~

The description of the insect life infesting your new (to you) house reads like the complaints of some new residents of Florida (Uno one told us the bugs would be so bad!). I assume it's the humidity that brings out the beasties, as I don't know of any other similarities between the two places. Hope you wage a successful war--though I really doubt you'll win but a battle or three (they have been around a few millennia longer than we, after all, and ~~seem~~ we have a few survival tricks we newcomers haven't learned how to defeat).

Your reminiscences of Oxfordian life had so many zingers in it I'd hate to single out one, or even a few, lest the others seem unappreciated. Paper cost\$, after all. Extremely amusing and interesting bit--enjoyed every word!

I note that you



write that your deafness was already evident at age eighteen. If I'm not being too prying, may I ask what caused it? Congenital problems, childhood illness, or some kind of accident? Have you ever written up your experiences with coping with that condition? I would imagine that it would make for fascinating reading, touched with your aware outlook and flippant wit.

I'm surprised at the number of names I recognize in your mentions of OUSFG members. Was it a hitherto unsuspected virus in the ~~sherry~~ water that brought about so many conversions of young mundanes to the Trufannish Path of Enlightenment? Can you obtain more of the wonderous stuff?

In the abstracted letter column, you mention a "Glasgow Bob Shaw". Are we to take it, then, that there are two Bob Shaws in the UK? For years the presence of two John Berrys in fandom confused me. I assume you're aware there's another Walter Willis here in the states (Walter K., from Stanford, CA). DaveLo and I keep tripping over his name whenever it's mentioned in APANAGE (to which he once belonged) and recently were sent a copy of his zine CIRCULUMAR FREE PRESS--a catchall of facts figures, and schemes concerning various space projects. It was rather chaotic in layout, assuming the readership knew at least something about each of the projects, and wasn't of much interest to non-technical me. I passed it on to Neil Rest, who used to dream of owning his own satellite--preferably of the L-5 variety.

Don't know if the following will help you in your struggle with the marrow onslaught this year, but I've found it a tasty way to use excess zucchini--which I gather are part of the marrow family in Britain.

VEGETABLE MEDLY -- 6 slices bacon, cut into small strips & fried til crisp. Drain bacon bits and add to hot fat left in pan; 3 zucchini (6" or smaller is best) cut into  $\frac{1}{4}$ " rounds; 3 yellow summer squash (marrow) cut the same way (mix or match as supply indicates); 1 large or 2 medium Spanish onions, cut  $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick on the vertical; 2 large branches celery, sliced  $\frac{1}{2}$ " diagonally; 1 large green (Bell) pepper, seeded, cut in half and then in  $\frac{1}{4}$ " semi-rings; 2 large tomatoes, diced in large chunks; and salt & pepper to taste. Once veggies begin to simmer in bacon fat, cover tightly and cook til done (about 20 minutes), uncover pan, stir in bacon bits, adjust seasonings and serve. Not only are the vegetables good this way, the broth they form is scrumptuous. It also reheats decently, which most cooked veggie dishes don't take well.

Excellent issue. Laughed and chortled and choked all the way through; even tears came. May I express a fervent wish that the next issue won't be so long in coming?

ARTHUR HLAVATY -- THE DILLINGER RELIC\*29 -- Nice Steven Fox cover. I enjoy his artwork on the whole, though he tends to get sloppy with his anatomical distortions at times. This drawing is quite well-done.

Chuckled at your remarks about your GRAMMATIK program. Perhaps it's all for the best that I can't afford a computer/word-processor yet. By the time one can be fit into the budget, it could well be that better spelling, grammar, hyphenization, etc. discs will be available (at least I most earnestly hope so!).

Patrick Dennis, whose writing you say you admire so; isn't he the one who wrote AUNTIE MAME? What other writings of his would you recommend? I enjoyed that play enormously, and wouldn't mind reading more examples of his light-hearted, cynical wit.

Your comments about LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS echo my own feelings. The sex=change gimmick was treated too off-handedly and the Winter Journey was much too tedious. I find LeGuin's work to be Damned Fine about 50% of the time; the remainder leaves me cold. (THE DISPOSSESSED, for example, is one of my favorites.)

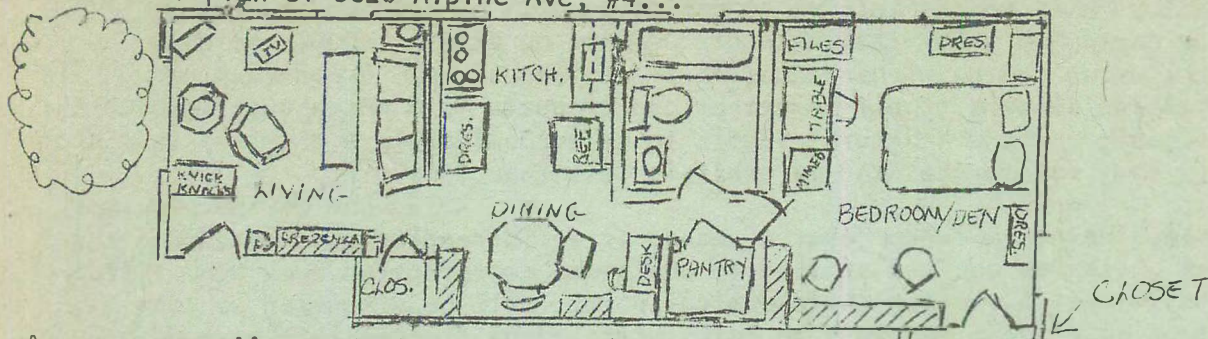
In your remarks about the finalists for BEST FAN-WRITER on the Hugo ballot, you cite "HEBREWS 13:8" after Langford's name. Not having a copy of the Bible laying around, would you mind quoting that line in full?

Approve of your first two recommendations for the Best Novel Hugo, but thought FRIDAY was awful. I looked, but couldn't find those signs of so-called "improvement" in Heinlien's writing. The novel seemed to show far more concern about menus and group sex relationships



than with plot. I'd have to flip a coin to choose between FOUNDATIONS EDGE and 2010-- both were fine reading. Alas, I won't be voting this year; didn't buy a membership in the Worldcon.

A diagram is worth a lot of wordage. Taking a leaf from your zine, here is the floor-plan of 6828 Alpine Ave, #4...



As you can tell, we don't have half (not even a third, I'd warrant) of the bookshelves that you & Bernadette do, and we're still a bit cramped for space. Certainly not as badly as we were in our Harrison Ave. apartment, but we'd certainly appreciate more room should we change residences again.

(June 15th--the day after Flag Day. Do you know where your flags are right now?) Don't think I can agree with your assessment of Kurt Vonnegut's writings as being indicative of his whole-hearted assumption of the handicapping philosophy as expressed in "Harrison Bergeron". It makes for a cute-n-clever critique, admittedly, but hardly an accurate one. While I do agree that Vonnegut seems ill at ease in the role of "Artist", that could be more than partially attributed to a rejection of the current cultural concept of what an artist is, what an artist does, and the importance of artists to a society. I get the impression that he's not so much uncomfortable with the idea of being paid so much for something that's easy for him to do, as he is with the notion of being singled (bunched?) out for doing things he cannot help but do and would do for free. His tendency toward minimalism in his writing I consider a searching out, an experiment in producing meaningful work with the smallest number of "tools" or "bits". I do hope he wearies of this particular playground, though, and returns to considering content superior to style, or at the very least, its equal.

Having read Goldman's ADVENTURES IN THE SCREEN TRADE recently, I heartily second your recommendation. Having read his BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER (admittedly several years ago), and considering it glossy, best-sellerish claptrap, I simply marvel at the inconsistency of your tastes (HHC½K)

After reading George Roy Hill's criticisms of the screenplay Goldman made from his own short story, in the section of SCREEN TRADE that showed how professionals treat a new script according to their own specialties, I kinda wish he'd do some writing. Talk about "tell it like it is"! As I read the assessments the other professionals gave about the screenplay, I kept feeling as if I were rolling ever deeper into a Never-Neverland. Hill, looking at the script as a director, nailed that sucker to the floor. Deservedly; it stunk!

MIKE HORVAT -- WIDDERSHINS -- Neat Grant illo--it was more than a bit disconcerting to spy a human face under all that alien accoutrement. I'd expected something rather insect-like...

The hassles with your insurance company must've been frustrating as all get-out, but I'd be willing to bet they were caused by a mistake on the part of your agent--either incompetence or an oversight, or both--because \$160.00 a month for 80% coverage for a family of 4 (or is it 5?) is cheap, cheap, cheap. Almost 15 years ago, during my married days, we were quoted a premium of over \$400 a month for a family of five. I don't think medical costs have gone down since then... (My mother's screaming because her premium for Above-Medicare coverage is over \$50 a month...)

(June 17) taking pills on a regular schedule is something I subconsciously resist. (In fact, writing that reminds me I haven't taken my calcium yet--excuse me a sec) Martha Beck, having been thoroughly indoctrinated by Phyllis "Drugstore" Eisenstein, infected me to a certain







to P.70 before giving up. There's some good stories about telepaths; this isn't one of them...

Now I'm third-way into Sandra Meisel's DREAMRIDER. Handicapped by an overly verbose introduction by Gordon Dickson (sorry 'bout that, DaveW) that seemed to be payment-in-kind for all those scholarly articles Sandra's done about Gordy, plus a weakness in handling dialogue, Sandra's first novel is actually coming along okay so far. I keep wondering if she'll manage to bring the threads of her plot together in a logical, complete whole, and that helps keep my interest alive in a character I'd otherwise find ineffectually arrogant. (She has reason to be peeved at the stilted society she's living in, but her petty displays of temper or "individualism" don't show her in a good light as yet. Hope still remains, though.)

(June 28th) Hmm. Been longer than I'd thought since I last added anything to this. Had to think awhile before I could even recall DREAMRIDER or its plot (heroine is contacted by witch-like people--humans and mutated otters--and taught to travel time-branches to an infinity of universes), but re-collect it as being decent enough--the giant otters redeemed much--if a trifle stilted. Even slower going was R.M. Meluch's WIND DANCERS. I almost gave up on it twice, but thought it worthwhile reading after finishing it. Set on a planet colonized for 250 years, the book deals with the discovery of native life--which exists in three forms--and the complications inherent in the fact that a decadent Aristocracy "owns" the planet (which, by law, they cannot, should intelligent life be found in residence). I found the book's construction to be a bit...what? awkward? confusing?...and the plot lines weren't even established until the halfway point. The characters seemed more than a trifle unbelievable, but Meluch revealed a lively imagination and the political structure seems feasible enough.

Do I have enough room for a Midwestcon report? Well, let's see...Thursday evening, June 23rd, Bill Cavin, CFG's "Dictator" picked me up for the pre-con (live puppy?) party. DaveLo had asked just who I expected to see there. Since Jon and Joni weren't arriving til Friday, I responded, possibly Roy and DeeDee Lavender, and almost certainly Bob and Peggy Rae Pavlat. It felt as though a bucket of ice water struck my face when I heard from Bob Tucker and Rusty Hevelin that Bob Pavlat had died a week earlier. (That's what I was told at the time, I've since learned he passed away on the 13th) I'd spoken to Joni by phone in the meanwhile about other matters, but, thinking I already knew, she hadn't mentioned it. Crushing news, and both he and Peggy were discussed frequently during the convention weekend.

With the current economic situation, not as many early-birds came for the pre-con. Jon and Joni Stopa surprised me by turning up despite announced plans for Friday, Ted Engels from New York (an old-timer who seemed somewhat at a loss with so many of his friends not there), Tucker, Ray and Mary Ann Beam, and Rusty (Aside: to add to the feeling of upside-downedness I found prevalent that weekend, Ray and Mary Ann had been promised one of the con-suite rooms in return for bringing Tucker a day early. Cavin had promised me the bed in the other room, which I later found out meant that he and Mike Lalor would be stuck with the floor. Tucker--who had a double-double paid for by the CFG--offered me his spare bed. I released the con suite bed to Cavin and Lalor. Then Mary Ann, who'd been up since 4 ayem, decided to take a nap in Tucker's room around 8 o'clock or so. She never woke up again that night. So--Rusty Hevelin (who had also been offered crash space in Tucker's room when he said he was going to sleep in his van that night) took the bed in the room the Beams were going to use, while Ray, Mary Ann, and I, who had been "booked" for the con suite, wound up crashing with Tucker. Confused? So was I. So were we all!) Joni brought a small liquor store's stock of booze (mucho gracias--some of it went to control the after-con shakes on Monday, the rest I'll eke out as long as I can) and I gave her a bunch of GALLIMAUFRI business-stuff to look over before DaveLo came in on Friday. Talked the evening away with Cavin, Tucker, Rusty, Lynn Harris (from Lexington, formerly from Louisville), Ted Engels (whom I \*blush\* first mistook for Doc Barrett) and four or five local fans, then Joni and I yacked til 6:15 after everyone else folded up around 3:30, after the con suite closed.

Friday morning, Tucker, Jon Stopa and I breakfasted at the hotel restaurant after I checked to make sure



Bill Cavin remembered to pick up DaveLo on the way back from getting beer for the con suite. ("Oh, I remembered all right," Jane Boster told me. "As he left, he kept repeating to himself; Beer Dave Tapes, Beer Dave Tapes, Beer Dave..." I guess that could be a relative ranking, but it may well have been the order of pick-up)

For lunch, DaveLo and I walked over to Market's International (oops, we drove there in Martha Beck's car, after driving out to a K-Mart to buy some sandals on sale at an irresistible price) to feast on gyros. There we took the Pepsi Challenge: DaveLo accurately selected the Pepsi from the Coke; I failed miserably (I blame it on the fact I'd been drinking Diet Rite all morning, and had a Diet Pepsi during lunch--both drinks tasted pretty bad to me, actually). Leaving Dave to his own devices, I played poker for 45 minutes or so in Elana Litt's room--Dotti Stefl, who must've gotten her talent from her paternal genes (HHOK, Suzi) beat the dickens out of everyone. I folded first, but the game lasted only a short while longer--I sent someone over about 15 minutes later who was looking for a game, and was told the room was closed up tight. I wandered about, visiting with passing fans in the lounging area next to the pool that had a dozen or so tables and scads of chairs set out, and the "gaming" area beyond that which featured two billiard tables, and for DaveLo's enjoyment, a ~~ping-pong~~ table tennis set-up. That area also had tables (smaller than those at poolside) and chairs, enough to seat at least a hundred people.

Fans kept rolling in all day and night Friday. About 7:00 a group of us--DaveLo and I, who were being treated by Jon and Joni, Suzi Stefl, who was being treated by Andy and Jodie Offutt, and John Harris (Lynn's husband)--crossed the street to have dinner at Benihana of Tokyo (the Midway Motor Lodge is convenient to scores of restaurants and eateries of all sorts). As we had started down the staircase to the ground floor of the hotel--or so I thought the route was going--Tom Barber (from Ypsilanti) called me aside to give me a \$20 advance on the T-shirt designs I'd sent him last April. I ran to catch up with the group, but as I looked up the sidewalk that ran alongside the building, no one was in sight but Joyce Scrivner, who was tying her luggage onto a wheeled carrier; obviously having just arrived. I asked her if saw any of the others, and she said she hadn't but asked where we were headed. I pointed to the restaurant across the road, and she said she'd try to join us after she checked in. Moving on up the walk, I saw the rest of the group coming out of the main entrance, and we finished the trip in relative orderliness. While we waited for our table in a very dark area, Joyce joined us. This caused a bit of confusion to Andy, who didn't know her. Apparently he asked Suzi who she was, and didn't get an I.D. from her (Suzi? I thought you knew Joyce.), so he came over to ask Dave and me. We enjoyed a delightful meal, full of posturing and singing (!) by our chef, who seemed to get as big a kick out of our antics as we did from his.

Friday and Saturday nights I was crashing with Martha Beck and Mary Price. Martha brought in a rollaway bed for me rather than go through the hassle of splitting her bed (as she had done at Confusion--wasted effort, since I generally came in to go to sleep after she'd already gotten up for the day), and it was to serve as extra seating space for the party she planned to host. It didn't materialize--though several times the room was used for quiet conversations and respites from the crowd, a full-scale party simply didn't evolve. Dave and I were gifted with the under-used party supplies, and munched away for a good week on leftover crackers, cookies, chips, and pop. I played poker twice more in Larry Tucker's room (practically as big as the con suite for the price of a double) and recouped some of my losses from the game that Dotti had dominated. Also played a couple of hands of bridge with Elana Litt, Joyce Scrivner and Dana Seigel, but Dana was too busy looking out for victims to throw into the pool (she tried Jon Stopa and failed, but managed to pitch in Dick Smith, clothes, eyeglasses, wallet and all. Good clean fun...) and I quit. Jon and Joni paid our way to the banquet on Saturday night (I feel like an adopted child--thanks again to both of you!). I had gotten ready in time, and sat down with Dave and Andy Offutt by poolside to wait out the fifteen minutes. The stories being told made the time pass by so quickly we were a few minutes late in getting to the banquet room. The only seats available were scattered about the room, no two were together. Suzi and Dotti waved us over to the Stopa's table, and I kidnapped a spare chair from Cavin's table and set it at the end so Dave and I could sit together. The food was



edible--several people claimed it wasn't, but both Dave and I found our London Broil a bit chewy, but tasty. DaveLo left in the midst of the after-dinner announcements--something I'm unable to do; I look on it as a time of reparation for the fun I'm having at a con. A jillion conventions/parties were announced, and Joe Haldeman was handed his Phoenix Award, given out at DeepSouthCon, for Best Southern Pro, and Roger Sims picked up Lynn Hickman's Rebel Award, also given by DeepSouthCon. Both awards were shaped like broad brass cups, or shallow urns.

Saturday night, Joni, Jodie and I made the rounds of the parties--felt like Old Tymes there--but there seemed to be about two more parties than the attendance required. The Confusion room was the busiest, but even it didn't keep a crowd continually. You'd go in one time and it was too packed to breathe; come back a few minutes later and there were only four or five people sitting around. Weird. 317, which was holding four or five southern con-and-bidding parties held only the hosts the three times I checked it, though I heard later on that it perked up a bit.

Sunday began inauspiciously with Martha calling out to me as I was in the bathroom that DaveLo was on the phone. My eyes hadn't focussed yet as I took the receiver in hand. "How long have you been incommunicado?" he asked--which didn't make any sense to me at all except in regard to the fact that I'd been in the john when he phoned and he had had to wait a few minutes until I emerged. In my non-awake condition, faced with what seemed to be an unreasonably hassling statement, I became rather irritable and this feeling of general piss-iness stayed with me for several hours afterwards. (It turned out that DaveLo had been trying to reach the room to give Martha back her car keys so he could go play tennis with Steve Leigh and then go home. Martha's husband Hank had been phoning the room rather frequently, and in order to let me sleep, she had taken the phone off the hook and put up a Do Not Disturb sign. I'm still not sure why Dave didn't ask Martha--whose room it was--about the matter rather than me when he finally got through. I certainly knew nothing about it, but such is how misunderstandings are caused. Dave had cancelled his tennis game when he couldn't get through by phone, and that didn't make him particularly cheerful either. \*Oh well\*)

We wondered about for awhile and came across Peter Toluzzi, who invited us to have leftover Chinese-Mexican Stir-Fry (who says fans aren't creative?) in his and Rick Gellman's room. We ate and shared some illegal substances with them and Barry and Marcie Waitsman, and then went back to the gaming area. Peter had been wanting to play Dave at table tennis, and met his match. Though he lost, he said it had been the best game of the weekend. Dave then took on Steve Leigh. While they were playing, I talked with Sue Levy, who was discussing her up-coming wedding with Mike Harper. Frank Johnson, a local fan and mutual friend had been standing silently beside her and she turned to give him a quick hug--only Frank (who is black) had turned into Jerry Lovitt, another (white) Cincinnati fan who Sue didn't know at all that well. We laughed about it and after she dashed off to join Harper, I returned my attention to the game, only to find that Steve Leigh had turned into Jerry Lovitt as well! (Must be a popular model this year if so many people are trading their bodies for his.) I ~~changed into an empty chair~~ wandered off into the con suite where a companionable group was sitting around in front of the wet bar: Larry Tucker, Debbie R., Leah Zeldes, Jon and Joni, Andy and Jodie, Ken Josehans, Joyce Scrivner, Steve and Sue Francis, Rick Leider, and others--not all at once, people wandered in and out all afternoon, some to say their good-byes, others to escape the warmth by the pool, others simply to sit and gab. Finally DaveLo leaned over and asked me when we'd be leaving. I said whenever he wanted to go (Martha had left hours earlier, so a ride would have to be found.) He had been under the impression that I was going too. Since I'd told him I was going to stay for the Dead Dog weeks earlier--and had even phoned in to reschedule my Food Stamp Recertification Appointment--I figured yet another miscommunication had occurred. \*Sigh\* Anyway, we borrowed Bill Cavin's car and drove home--where I skimmed the mail that had come during my absence and grabbed a sandwich, before returning to the con around 8:30.

I stood for awhile next to the wall separating the "hallway" from poolside, listening to jokes and stories being passed along by Andy Offutt, Jane Boster, Scott Dennis, Jodie Offutt, Drew McDonald, and Karol Brown who were seated around the former registration table. My back began to ache, so I went into







You can tell how impressed DaveLo was with Arthur's description of his home. I wouldn't dare to guess which one you found more boring (but that's okay, I got DaveLo back this issue with con reports).

Good to see such comradely cooperation as you display in your comments to fellow prankster DaveLa (I should add that Langford sent a copy of his original request to us, which arrived MWC weekend. Marvelous notion! *AND WE WILL GET EVEN, WHEN HE LEAST EXPECTS IT!!!*)

Ryct Jutz about Gordon Garb. Isn't it wonderful how some juveniles manage to grow up into decent fen? (Assuming someone doesn't knock them off first...) Joni tells me that Mark Reilly, fondly--and accurately--known as "Madman", had finally turned a new leaf. Midge Reitan says "Bullshit" to that, but you know how it is when two fans are asked their opinions on the same subject...you get three sets of answers.

I'm no fan of games-playing but I winced when I read your gripes about the time which could have been spent creatively being wasted on D&D. The same could be (and no doubt has been) said about cons or fanzine writing, or--well, fandom itself, along with half a jillion other pasttimes. Hell, it could even be said about reading!

Acto our Quill catalog, Tyvek envelopes are 4 times stronger than 28 lb. Kraft envelopes, yet 40% lighter. I find they feel rather flimsy to the touch--it's when you try to tear one that you find out how strong they are.

Actually, Curt Stubb's wedding sounded rather like some of the steel-worker's receptions I've attended. Could fans be \*gasp\* more like mundanes than hitherto suspected?

Each time we hear one of the mail carrier's lines on CHEERS that pertains to his job, we think of you. Hope you're touched by the thought...

I've never noticed a difference between the taste of cola drinks in quart or 16 oz. bottles (haven't seen a 12 oz. bottle in years), although I do find all carbonated beverages worse in 2-liter bottles. They're all right if the container is emptied quickly, as at a party, but when left overnight, they start to go flat.

I didn't mean sercon comix fans when I wrote sercon/comix. I meant a sercon SF fan who was also a comix fan. I'd assume such a critter exists, I just don't want to know about it. Anyone who belongs to a group can be sercon within that group (sercon train fans, sercon circus fans, sercon ~~barbarians~~ barbed wire fans) but a mix like say Jerry Lapidus or Ed Wood with [just about any comix fan you could mention] boggles my mind. Of course you must understand that my mind boggles easily...

The fact that you write fan material while attending parties doesn't alter the oddity of it. Celebrate your uniqueness, Arthurs!

Since you admit that you don't own a gun, then you don't fit the "...who with a gun considers himself to be an idiot?" query. You can't be quite the idiot you claim to be if you refuse to have a pistol in the house because you don't trust your temper, and by so saying, buttress my statement.

You mailed a 5-yr.-out-of-date on OUTWORLDS 26? I found the start of one (two or three pages) stuck inside that issue, while packing to move--twice now--and it's still in there. Just couldn't allow that much of a lapse to be revealed. *INSTEAD I INSULTED HIM BY NOT RESPONDING AT ALL!*

Sun City is a world unto itself, from what I've read. The average age in this country is somewhere in the low to mid twenties; cutting yourself off from the population younger than age 50 or so (whatever their requirements) is ipso facto not living in the Real World. I don't care how "small town" you try to make it, without kids and youths and younger middle-agers, it's an artificial environment, not real. Sure, the residents live independently--but normally? When your grandchild can't spend the summer, and everyone under 30 is automatically a Stranger and Suspect? A residential complex within a city or urban area is much closer to "normal" than Sun City could ever be. I'm not saying it's a lifestyle some retired people wouldn't like, I'm saying that for a family, friends-n-neighbors person, such an environment would be as



would seem as alien as another planet. Not everyone is rootless, or willing to adjust to a totally Golden-Ager atmosphere.

I don't want to think about how easy it would be to disrupt this nation's communications. That's not so much a head-in-the-sand attitude; more like a not-a-damn-thing-I-can-do-about-it reaction.

Don't recall getting DEEP NOSE from you, but then I haven't reached the 'Ds' yet in my (yes, I went crazy) indexing project. Do you realize that DaveLo not only did NOT bring a typer to Midwestcon, he never--no, not once--mentioned a one-shot?!? Ghod, I was so relieved...

I've seen women nurse their infants in public without concealing the breast, too. But they've all done it with a lot more--shall we call it discretion?--than Eva Chalker used at Midwestcon. Having been a nursing mother myself, she still managed to shock me (and, no, I made no comment to her, though many did after she left and I joined in then). Eva had the luckless knack of making a perfectly natural act appear somehow obscene...

Acquiring a cat permanently when the loaner/boarder can't find a place that'll accept pets is one reason I won't keep a pet for someone else under most circumstances. If they're going on vacation, or somewhere I'm reasonably certain that they'll return from to redeem their pet, it's different. And also assuming their pet is a cat or some caged animal, and assuming it's declawed if a feline, and...

Not only do I doubt that humans "translated" "God's" "instructions" (I quibble at all three terms) correctly, I know there's been errors in translations between the various languages used in the Bible (Hebrew and Aramic to Greek, Greek to Latin, Latin to English, English to Modern English...) and the number of italicized "doubtful translation, possible alternate meaning" words increases with each translation/up-date. I know Marty disagrees with this view, but I also know it's correct. People fuck up translations and they've been doing so for much more than a mere 2 millennia.

Popes don't declare Crusades any more (~~WHO'D NEED THE CAT??~~)

Excuse, please. Darn typer is screwing up the stencil. Had to adjust it (again...).

Because of my back--and an aversion to dresses--I wear separates (slacks and loose tops) almost to the exclusion of anything else. Caftans are the exception, but ever since DaveLo made disparaging remarks about them ("they look like a goddamn sack!"), I seldom wear them anymore (so readily are we poor weak females dominated by our assertive men...). The hump on my right <sup>shoulder</sup> upper-rib-cage, the fact that my waist indents over 5" on one side and 0" on the other, one shoulder droops 2" lower than the other--all make buying clothes a P\*A\*I\*N. There are certain styles, however, I can wear with relative impunity, and I buy those exclusively. This past week on TV, the local ABC outlet did a segment on an Easter Seal-supported project--a sewing center where volunteers design and make clothing for people with various disabilities who find it almost impossible to purchase properly-fitted clothing in the marketplace. Not quite a charity, the place charges fees if they can be afforded, and sounds like a Neat Idea.

Re yct

Hulan: "Besides how many people these days read anything older than the newspaper or the latest PEOPLE magazine anyway?" Well, those who wait in hospital or Doctor's waiting rooms, for a big bunch...

MIKE SHOEMAKER -- THE SHADOW LINE #12 -- "...for a select group of friends and the members of FLAP." Better wctch the wording in your colophon, Mike. I got stomped on when I used similar terms for KENNING.

I dunno, using "ruins" to describe the remains of a building that dates back to the 1920's seems off-sounding to mine ear. I realize it's probably correct, but it sounds so archeological-like and an artifact a mere 60 years or so old shouldn't be accorded the "honor" of being called a "ruin". Wouldn't deserted or abandoned farmhouse/site be closer to what you were inspecting? (I recall coming across traces of a settlement dating back to the late 1700s/early 1800s in an Indiana State Park: the guide book called them "abandoned home sites", not "ruins", and they were about 100 years older than the sites



you describe:)

One thing disturbs me when you write of finding "virtually unknown" paths: if they're so "unknown", how can they still be paths? Wouldn't Nature have reclaimed them in a couple of seasons if they weren't used anymore? What made the pathways discernable?

I've seen drawings & photos of millstones, and although there were one or two illustrations of the "rolling" type, most were of the "rubbing" variety. A number of old mills--most reconstructed or restored, but one or two had been operating since the pioneer days--operate in the Midwest. The ones I've seen were in Kentucky, Illinois, and Indiana. Parke County, Indiana--west of Indianapolis, has at least one that I recall, and also boasts the largest number of surviving covered bridges in the country. They have a Covered Bridge Festival every fall, which I used to enjoy attending--until it began to be overwhelmed by commercialism.

I must've missed the stated purpose of your bushwhacking trips into the Shenandoah Nat'l Park; are they being taken mainly to uncover former living sites, or has that developed from your interest in off-trail hiking? You seem to be reporting more on your finds of abandoned home sites, cars, and other items than on the scenery, wildlife, and flora.

Can a film be called a "classic" (except by the blurb writers) after a mere 4 years with any degree of validity? I thought that "classic" means it stood the test of time. Almost anything can stand 4 years worth of judgement. I think I'd wait a few more decades before awarding BLACK STALLION titles that depend on longevity.

Mike Resnick has a video tape of BUGSY MALONE, and to call it bizarre is fitting. I recall the catcalls reviewers gave it when it came out. It was shown for a few weeks in Chicago and only a handful of people I knew saw it--and only one or two of those liked it. The others thought the concept the only decent thing in the film. (I recall, dimly, seeing a Western with an all-midget cast that was screened on one of those Saturday afternoon film "festivals" so popular in the 40s and 50s. Even at that age, the notion wore thin after 20 minutes. I gather a similar effect doomed BUGSY to oblivion.)

Why doesn't PBS import the rest of the Father Brown episodes from Britain? Most likely for the same reason other worthy programs aren't brought over--lack of funding (and with the Republicans in power, that will most likely remain the situation for awhile longer).

I've seen JOHNNY BELINDA and recall it as a tremendously moving and excellent film. COME BACK LITTLE SHEBA I've missed, for various reasons, but do intend to see One Of These Days. THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER still has no appeal whatsoever to me. Loretta Young's light comedies seldom seemed worth the time spent viewing them. There were exceptions to that--titles escape me at this moment--but in general I found her films too saccharine for my tastes.

I wish I could begin anew my letter-hacking habits as Mae Strelkov announces that she intends to do. It sounds so delightful and yet I know I can't afford it. A dozen or so 13¢ stamps a week when the family income is over \$20,000 a year is one thing; the same number of 20¢ stamps when income is down to \$71 a week is another. I dread the day should FLAP become unaffordable, as so many of our/my former favorite things-to-do have become. \*Grump\* I'm getting disgruntled again. Forgive me.

I regretted hearing that Mae burnt years of research, yet mailed back mini-mountains of old fanzines to Horvat's archives. Such a shame that some sort of home couldn't have been found for all her work on languages and symbolism. (I do realize that fanzines will/could be viewed as valuable in some far-off period. Just as people who throw away old books guarantee the rarity of those same volumes in future years, pitching an old zine too often means that it's being lost forever. Yet zines are relatively new, and some of the facts and data the Mae uncovered had been lost for centuries. Her material seems more valuable because of the time spans involved) It does seem a "human" thing to do--out with the past when a new leaf is being turned...

You reversed pp 13-14. Clever of me to realize that Eric Mayer wasn't an Aussie!



Jack Herman considers Busby Berkley musicals as "contemporary"? How old is the lad anyhow?

I'm glad that someone found a use for Susy B's. Operating turnstiles in a New Mexican park seems so much more sensible a use for those poorly-designed dollar coins than to leave them sit underneath clerks' cash drawers (so they won't get mixed up with "real" money) as the ones I've seen recently have been.

(July 9---12:20) It's been a week since Wilcon and I've still not recovered. Thanks to Joni, Jon, Larry Propp, and a bunch of the attendees, enough cash was scraped up to pay bus fare and train ticket to Wisconsin (well, the train trip ended in Illinois, but it was close to the Ill/Wisc border...). I've learned something in my declining years--avoid Greyhound as you would \_\_\_\_\_ (choose your favorite cliché). For 2/3rds the cost of an airplane ticket, you get to be twice as uncomfortable for four times as long! Dirty, smelly (the fellow I sat next to on the way up had been discharged from the Marines on Tuesday, caught the bus in Miami on Wednesday, and--by Friday--had yet to take a bath or shower or even wash up. I not only smelled like, I felt like an armpit by the time I reached the Stopa-Manse) cramped, noisy. If Dante had known about Interstate busses, he surely would've included them as one of the lower stages of Hell.

What's to say about Wilcon? It's a giant house party for Jon & Joni's friends. Gabbled, feasted, played games (Scrabble, Oh Hell, Poker (won a little this time--bribing the Poker Troll works!)) drank, ingested a few illegal substances, and got far too little sleep. The specialty meals this year weren't to my tastes--Mexican and Texan--so on Saturday night I took Alternate Universe (chicken fricasse) and on Sunday I skipped the B-B-Q sauce and spiced beans and stuffed myself with the scrumptious slow-roasted meat. I never (well, hardly ever) eat breakfast, and the lunches consisted of grilled burgers, two kinds of potato salad, and leftover veggie salads from the previous night's dinner. Believe me, at Wilcon, FOOD is the featured event! More people slept in tents this year than ever



before--there were actually empty beds this year!--and they were treated to a spectacular electrical storm on Saturday night, with a downpour on Sunday to cap off the weekend. A few tent-people came into the house that night and spread their bedrolls on the floor. Fresh air is nice, but drowning isn't.

Sunday after dinner the traditional TAFF/DUFF Auction was held (between that, the poker and video and pun trolls, Joyce Scrivner informed me that Wilcon donates more money to those two causes than any other single source outside of Worldcons), and Mike Glicksohn lost his voice cajoling extra dimes & dollars for paper-bagged leftovers from previous years' get-togethers. Bob Tucker had composed teaser "labels" for the items: "Adults only--rubber goods" was a pair of rubber gloves which, appropriately enough, were won by pathologist Dana Seigel. It was fun and my sides ached from laughing so hard at the auctioneer's and the audience's antics.

Daytimes are quiet; people lounging about recovering from the night before, others up at the ski lodge's kitchen preparing the next evening's feast, still others going about policing the place, washing dishes, hauling trash and otherwise making themselves useful. Those with spare energy are tossing a frisbee or playing badminton. The nights aren't really all that different, except the poker games didn't start until after dinner and cleanup was over. The conversation and laughter is louder and more intense then, though, and nighttimes seem more "partyish" than the days.

I am really grateful that fans' generosity allowed me to attend this year, but I found out my psyche can't handle that sort of gifting. Two fans made joking comments about their donations and came quite close to ruining the whole thing. I know they were only kidding, but still it bothered me. Some people can give and accept with equal grace; I'm just not able to. It's one of my hang-ups, I guess, but one too strong to defy. So thanks a million times over for the wonderful time, but please, oh please, don't do it again.

I'd intended to leave at 2 p.m. on Tuesday, but Tucker had to catch the 8:12 a.m. out of Fox Lake in order to make his Amtrak to Jacksonville at 11:30. Rather than have one of the Stopas make two trips to the station, I left with him at 7:45. Bob refused to let me pay for my ticket, despite me telling him that Joni had already advanced me enough for the fare, and he insisted on paying for the cabbie as well. Again I had 20 minutes to make the trip from Union Station to the Greyhound terminal, so we said good-bye at the train and I dashed off. Got into the bus station just as they announced the Miami bus was loading, so I ran down the stairs and got into line at the bay called out on the P.A. system. As I stood there, I read the sign over the door--Chicago, Indianapolis, Louisville, Nashville. That didn't sound right to me, and just then I saw a man opening the door to the bay next to us. I broke line and went up to him to ask where the Chicago-Miami via Cincinnati bus was to load, and noticed the sign above the door was the correct one. I was first to board. The ride back went smoothly, less people were aboard so it wasn't quite so cramped, and during the stop-over in Indianapolis I found their terminal featured a Burger King in addition to Greyhound's infamous Post House. B.K. is gourmet food compared to that fare! We reached Cincy 15 minutes earlier than scheduled, so I'd prepared myself to wait for Dave, but as we waited to make a left-hand turn into the drive, I saw the car ahead of us was Bowers'. DaveLo wasn't at the gate when I disembarked, but was standing a few doors down. Once again, the P.A. had announced the wrong place...

We had an 1-1/2 hour rest--caught up a bit on mail and gab--then we drove down to the airport to pick up Bill (he had loaned DaveLo his car in return for delivery and pick-up before and after his trip to San Jose for Westercon). The weekend was officially over...

JUDY STEVENS -- THE FRONTIER ALIEN NUMERO 18 -- That comment about a heart attack probably extending your mother-in-law's life is most likely correct. My Ex-in-laws were the Save Every Cent For Retirement kind, so thrifty they put the Pennsylvania Dutch to shame. Then my Dad, a free-spending Irishman from the word Go, died of a ruptured abdominal aorta at age 55 (actually, a month shy). My father-in-law suffered a mild heart attack about 6 months after that, and you never saw a quicker change in life style. He thought my Dad had had the right idea...



After he recovered money started flowing out of their bank account faster than it had gone in. Trips were taken to Hawaii, Bermuda, Jamaica, the Bahamas, New England, and once, even around the world. They installed central air-conditioning in their house, and bought a new car every other year, took weekend jaunts to Las Vegas, L.A., N.Y.C., and Mexico. He died at a fairly young age--64--but for nearly a decade at least he lived a little before he went (and the end was brought on by cancer, not his heart). It sounds like a black humor joke, but he never was fitter mentally or physically as he was before his final illness (which lasted nearly two years and was quite ghastly in its effects). The heart attack induced him to quit smoking, adopt a more healthful diet, and pay attention to regular exercise.

Okay, since you insist, I wish you and your club success--but what you describe sounds fairly typical of the clubs I hear about. Some continue to limp along despite the split between the funsters and the serconers, but too many simply wither away after 3-4 years. Hope that one or the other group comes out definitely in the majority (I, of course, would prefer the funsters) so that internal bickering doesn't kill off the interest of those not involved with either camp.

Any-one who smokes pot knows about Paraquat. The Guvmint plans that call for spraying fields with the chemical show the most callous disregard for life I've seen our officials display in recent years. What the heck--who cares if dopers die; they're no good anyhow. This is a squib from the local paper on the subject: *PARAQUAT POISONING MAY POSE THREAT--Washington--Paraquat poisoning from U.S.-supported marijuana eradication programs in other nations may threaten thousands of Americans with lung damage, a team of federal health officials has found. The research disputes the State Department's finding last December that proposed arial spraying of the herbicide in marijuana-producing countries would not endanger Americans who smoke the illegal plant. Researchers at the Center for Disease Control estimated that, from 1975 to 1979, more than 9,000 Americans were exposed each year to paraquat in potentially toxic concentrations by smoking Mexican marijuana sprayed with paraquat.*

Sliced banana on cold pizza washed down with wine!!? Yerk! I'm afraid that the Tex-Mex sun, diet, economy, whatever, has finally gotten to your brain!

Could there be a curse on me? Hmmm, I've never thought about that. However I do seem to recall breaking a mirror some years back--say in '76 or so...?

The "fannish community" has its "thought trendies" within itself--doesn't every group? But on the whole, such faddish things aren't really that evident. I think the diversity of philosophical outlooks permits the few "trendies" to exercise their With-It-ness without influencing such a large number that the group becomes...well, 'politicized' is the closest term I can think of. The verge was broached when feminism came to the fore, but even then cooler and saner heads prevailed.

HHOK means "Ha-Ha, Only Kidding." I sometimes slip a "1/2" between the "O" and the "K" to mean "Only Haif Kidding"...

I like the response you made to Marty which points to the clitoris and asks, "What role does that play in reproduction?" Your comment about the lack of estrus in humans was a good one, too, but I imagine a Fundamentalist would respond that our year-round sex urge is there to tempt us. By overcoming those base feelings we become saintlier or sompin'... If sexual organs are only to be used for procreation, then must all sterile people be celibate? Nonsense!

DAVE WIXON -- THE BIG BRONZE FAKE #17 -- I think you'd ODed on Breakfast Crunchies when you wrote your colophon. All those additives addle the brain, y'know...

At Wilcon, Chuck Holst was doing his best to convince me that the Minneapolis area got less snow than Chicago's. He did finally own up to the fact that the snow that came down tended to stay on the ground somewhat longer up your way (like all winter long) but still managed to make it sound not bad at all. Re-reading your zine helped my mind to re-establish reality. Thanks.

Speaking of potholes in Chgo streets: as the Greyhound bus swung off the expressway onto Congress St., the bus driver



warned us that the street surface would be so rough that passengers with dentures were advised to keep their mouths shut lest they be unable to eat for awhile. I shrugged it off. Where do you suppose the U.S. Army gets its best tank drivers from? Chicago's got some of the best training grounds in the world! Is a little jolting too high a price to pay for National Security?

Sure the contest to figure out the order of the Table of Contents is still on--we didn't call it off, did we? We just quit trying to figure out new ones...or I should say DaveLo did. My silliness has a long way to go before it's exhausted.

Cute Guidon cartoon. Did he do a series on okra?

Of course! Why didn't I think of that? Knew there was a reason we invited you in; you have justified your membership.

DaveLo just wandered in from the living room. 'Who're you commenting to now? Oh, I see...' Guess there's an advantage to using distinctively colored paper for your zines. This goldenrod stands out a block away. Suppose I might as well ask--what made you choose it? An unbeatable deal on 1,000 cases of the stuff?

You answered my query about being a traveller or a Traveller in Europe quite nicely in yct Jutz. Touring the Continent after your discharge from the Navy makes you the capital 'T' sort.

'FLAP-pet'? Hmmm. That gives me an idea. How about all of you sending me snapshots of your pets....now. That way leads to madness. Funny notion, though.

You haven't bcced certain issues of DILEMMA? Join the group. Neither have a hundred or so others. Please. Let sleeping dogs lie...

Of course no one knows how to do a one-shot. Why do you suppose so many are done? It's all in a vain attempt to produce the Perfect One-Shot. So why not be the first? It's a magnificent challenge.

Just because life has been lucky for you, why does that negate the "expect the worst" philosophy? Wouldn't that outlook make the "luck" seem somehow luckier?

DaveLo is not an Old Fart. Why he isn't even 40 yet...wait til next year. I reminded him (being an O.F.) who Carol Doda was--Mike Resnick mentioned her as being on his video tape of stripper acts--otherwise I wouldn't have known either.

I still have photos of the two of you taken at Martha Beck's where you wound up when caught by that snowstorm en route to Confusion. At least you enjoyed a convention of sorts at the Becks'. It coulda been worse!

\*Ouch\* We used the same falconry pun to Bernadette, but used different spellings. Which is correct? Jess, or gess? (Just checked; my dictionary says the former.)

Perhaps it's strange, but I've never worried (though I know that's a stronger term than what you intended) about leaving something lasting behind me. The few trees I've planted are about the longest-lasting things I can think of, but that's not why I put them in the ground. To me, people or things shouldn't be around too long--think how crowded it would be if everyone left some sort of permanent marker behind them. Making room for those to come makes more sense to me. If people had to continually lug around not only their own baggage, but those of their ancestors, they'd be too pooped to <sup>do</sup> much more than gasp for air. I had thought about those notions, some years ago, but concluded that being remembered by my friends, family, and kids until they, too, passed on was enough. Who cares what a bunch of strangers (the future generations) think of you anyhow?

But, DaveW, I thought the Moral Majority didn't want to think--that's why they want us all to use their handy-dandy Rule Book (aka the Bible). With all our actions and reactions set down in black-n-white, no time would need to be wasted in trying to decide which course of action to take. Of course, we all would be required to use their interpretation of the Rules, but what a small price to pay for homogeneity and social stability. (HHO½K)



Forgot to note before typing that last comment that we're on Real Time now--I've finished copying the notes I'd written, and will return to this elite typing element for the natter sections. Since this is the Special Con Report Issue of Kenning, I guess this is a good place to relate a few items about two more conventions I attended in July.

The Monday before Rivercon, Martha Beck phoned to invite me along as her guest--she was even willing to come by and pick me up! At first I turned the invitation down, with thanks, but on talking about it with DaveLo, I changed my mind. Sure it meant that I'd be going to two back-to-back cons in a row--Midwestcon and Wilcon, Rivercon and Spacecon--but, what the heck. Who knows how long it'll be before I get to attend another? (I recall, with some dismay, saying virtually the same thing last year...) Anyhow, I called her back, accepted, and told her I'd ask the Resnick's for a ride to save her an extra two hour drive.

The original plans had been for Martha and Mary Price (who were sharing a room) to get two rollaways for Laura Resnick and me. When they went to check in, however, the hotel didn't have any rollaways left, so she rented an adjoining room (actually, it wasn't an adjoining room to begin with--but when she found that Bob and Betty Gaines had taken the room next to hers and Mary's, she arranged a swap), so Laura and I had a double bed each. DaveLo had been agonizing about whether he should go or not, but without rooming arrangements made in advance, he decided against the trip. Talking about the situation with Andy and Jodie, it occurred to me that he now had crash space, so I phoned Bill Bowers (who hadn't left yet) to see if he'd give DaveLo a ride, and to call him to let him know of the altered arrangements. Bill phoned DaveLo and told him he'd be leaving in a half-hour (meaning he'd leave his house then, and it would take another half hour or so to get to Silverton to our place). DaveLo figured there was no way he could get ready in only 30 minutes, so turned down the offer... \*Sigh\* At least, we tried.

Rivercon has always been an off-feeling convention for me. I can't quite put my finger on what doesn't feel right about it, and I've always enjoyed myself there, but they somehow leave a residual impression of dullness. I got to see several people I wouldn't have otherwise--Dave & Caryl Wixon, Bill Levy (the gigantic comix fan we'd met when we lived in Louisville in 1980), B.J. Willinger (Terwillinger? I forget), Frank Robinson, and a second meeting with the Coulsons, but most time was spent with the same crew I usually saw--Martha and Mary, Carol and Mike, Bowers and Cavin, Karol Brown, Joel Zakem, Sid Altus, and the others of the Cincinnati Fantasy Group (I have to type that out every so often to remind myself what CFG stands for...). Steve and Sue Francis were much too busy running the con to chat, although I did get to listen to Cliff Amos (the former con-chair) several times. Also got to talk with Ken and Donna Amos more than usual, and Andy and Jodie (oh! How could I overlook the two of you!). Didn't play poker very much--perhaps two hours on Friday and another hour or so on Saturday--but did Very Well. I paid out \$15 to join the convention, and still came home with \$10 more than I had when I left. We tried to get Mike Resnick interested in a game, but the best he'd do was to bankroll me \$5, and Martha \$2.50 (I refuse to discuss the discrepancy between those two amounts) We both paid him back the next day, along with another \$2.50 from me and \$1.40 from Martha as his share of our "takes". He pondered briefly on whether he should retire from the writing business and simply bankroll poker players...

Martha really had trouble dragging me away from the con, though. The not-yet-a-Dead Dog party going on in the con suite was extremely pleasant, and I renewed some acquaintances with southern fen I hadn't seen in years there (unfortunately, they're of the I-know-the-face-but-not-the-name sort). Tucker again offered me crash space if I wanted to stay over, but Martha's woebegone expression made me choose instead to return home with her and Mary (they were staying with the Resnick's for a couple of days, so taking me home this time was on their way). I ended up sleeping most of the way home, only waking up at a rest stop, where Martha had paused for Nature's Call and then couldn't get the car started again--a passer-by helped her out--and once during a downpour that reminded me of one I'd encountered coming home from Toronto one year. Focussed my eyes well enough (sorry 'bout that) to direct to her our apartment once we got into Cincy, but as she was afraid to turn off her car's engine, she couldn't come in to visit with DaveLo. Thanks again, Martha--it was a fun weekend, and I owe you yet another debt...



The week between Rivercon and Spacecon was spent in nervous anticipation of hearing from Social Security. I'd been called in on June 10th to update my financial report, and had been told then that I'd next hear directly from Washington with either a turn-down or a check and an Award Letter. Well...two days before Midwestcon I got a call from Ms. Lang at the Federal Building, saying that I still had another form to be filled out. She sent it to the house and we returned it immediately, so I again started counting down the expected three-week wait. But chew my nails though I did between the 18th and 22nd of July, my mailbox remained barren of news. Bill Cavin picked me up on Friday, a bit before noon, and then we drove the mile or so to Tabakow's house to pick up Sonya. I listened to the two of them insult each other for fifty miles (got in a few myself) and talked Sonya out of encouraging Cavin in his mildly expressed desire to pull off the road for a drink (Bill has the tendency to make a five-minute stop stretch into an hour or two). We reached Wapakaneta by 2:00, and began to set up the con suite. In return for my membership, like last year, I was to handle registration and draw up the logo on the badges. I asked Rusty Hevelin how many people to expect after I'd drawn 40-45 badges, and he guessed 90 or so. I gulped and gripped the pen more tightly. Thankfully Bowers came in before I was through and relieved me with the news that 70 was more like it. I made 75, just in case, and called it quits. Mike Glicksohn came by with the news that the bar had a neat deal on Happy Hour--drinks were 75¢ for bar-brands, and 35¢ for beer. As I don't go to bars anymore (who has the \$\$\$?), I wasn't particularly impressed. And then he said that there was a freebie hors d'ouvres table. Now that caught my ear! I did something I've never done before; I asked Mike to buy me a drink. I then asked Bowers if I could have a meal break, and then went downstairs with Mike and Naomi Cowan for my free supper. It was delicious! They didn't have all that much food out, but what there was (deep-fried fish balls that tasted like scallops, though with a fishy texture, cheese spread and crackers, and assorted vegetable relishes) was good, and I stuffed my face. Lynn Hickman joined our table and we all had a pleasant time discussing beer and cons. Displaying a great deal of self control, I turned down an offer of another drink and resumed my registration duties after 45 minutes (and I want a Gold Star after my name, Bill) and kept it going until 10:00. During this time Cavin and I had a Falling Out.

Bill is a non-smoker, and does not allow anyone to smoke in his car. I try not to ride with him very often because of that restriction, and when I do (even when I've borrowed his car and he wasn't there to yell at me), I don't smoke. While we were talking, it came out that some people do and have smoked in his car...Bill Bowers and Sid Altus (who smokes horribly vile-smelling cigars, yet!). When I protested, I was told that it was because I was foolish enough to go along with his restriction; if I'd been arrogant and pushy about it, I'd be allowed to smoke too. Well...that was irritating enough, but as I tried to point out the illogic in that situation, he smugly pointed out that, after all, the only reason I didn't smoke in his car was because I couldn't afford the cigarettes! POWIE\*\*ZAP\*\*BLOOIE I don't know which predominated: red rage or hurtful tears. I quietly stated that I would do my utmost to see that I never again rode in his car--which brought another teasing rejoinder that I'd have no way home from the con if I refused to ride with him. Needless to say, it took me perhaps 30 minutes to arrange alternative rides home (with the Resnicks if I wanted to leave early, with the Carters if I stayed longer). I swore I wouldn't exchange words with him again, either, but that promise was broken fairly soon, though I kept it sporadically afterwards (and still am doing so). Cavin's humor is of the teasing, over-stated variety--as is mine a lot of the time--but occasionally he goes Too Far, and this was one of those times.

Bill and Rusty feel that there's been too much poker-playing had been going on in the con suite at previous Spacecons, so a rule was initiated at this year's event that no games could start until after midnight. Rusty had the bright idea of renting the Clone of Con suite and the next floor down, charging players \$2.00 a head, and letting all the games players--poker, euchre, pinochle--stay out of sight. But before he could firm up the arrangement, fan Josh Grosse (sp?) rented that room. Since Josh is one of the most avid of the poker players, using his room for games was an amenable deal to him, and so it was thus. I played for awhile in the con suite Friday night, but we had trouble in getting enough low-stakes players. We even enticed Don Carter into a game out of desperation--smiling toothily that we'd (Barb Cross, Debbie R., and myself) explain the



facts he'd need to know and watch his cards (well, the up ones, at least) to tell him if it seemed sensible to bet. ~~After he'd lost his stake~~ He quit after an hour or so, and we gained a player from the High Stakes game that had been going on downstairs--in fact, we gained Josh, in whose room that too-rich-for-my-blood game had been held. (And we sure did tease him about that...) The party/games broke up somewhere around 5 ayem, I straightened up the ~~mess~~ room and crashed on the couch (Cavin had the murphy bed, and Sonya a sleeping-bag on the floor).

Saturday began at noon, and I barely had coffee started when the phone rang. It was Jim Broderick, from Detroit, trying to contact Roger Sims with the news that his former Father-in-law, George Young's father, had died. I tried to reach the pool (where someone had seen Roger going) without any luck, and sent four people out with the message. Surprisingly, it didn't take all that long before Pat Sims came up to get the full message. Fannish Pass-the-word communications usually take longer than that!

Things were kind of slow in mid-afternoon--a bunch of fans had gone to the Space Museum and most of the others were at the pool--so when Jerry Lovitt and Joel Zakem decided to retire to another room for some recreational pharmaceuticals, I joined them. MISTAKE! A similar thing had happened at the previous years' Spacecon. Drinking beer and doing illegals DO NOT MIX. (One of these days I'll remember that before, not after.) We then went to Josh's room to see if anyone was playing cards, only to find a full table. As we stood there, kibitzing and getting even foggier-headed, some seats opened up. First Jerry, and then I sat in. Talk about a weird game! I couldn't keep the game's rules straight--on low Chicago (low spade downcard splits the pot with best poker hand in seven-card) I was dealt the 3 of spades, and the duece came out on the first up-card round. I immediately pitched a quarter into the pot. Then, when the next round of cards were dealt, I looked at my (really bad poker hand) cards in horror. What had I been betting on!?! I folded a winning hand. Later on, I thought a spit card was a wild card, and stayed in, betting like mad, on a loser. Just terrible things like that. As supptime came around, the game dwindled and then broke up and I wandered back to the con suite, still in that fog. I plopped down on the couch and stayed there the rest of the evening, fading in and out, and finally falling asleep around 1:30. Lousy, lousy day, and I am quite disgusted with myself. (I also lost about \$15)

The next morning I awoke about 11:30. Not having cleaned up the suite before I went to sleep really made for a depressing waking-up period. Cavin did the honors while I fixed coffee and washed up, and the room was in decent shape fairly quickly. But--Oooh---what a wreck it had been! Debbie said they were going to get a game going in hers and Larry Tucker's room (next to the con-suite--adjoining, in fact, and their door was kept open for overflow, video-watchers, and (hopefully) book-buyers), so when Mike Resnick came by at one to say they were leaving, I told him I'd go with the Carters. One of the things I most enjoy about sitting around a table near the con-suite--if not in it--playing cards is that you get to talk to almost everyone at the con sooner or later. Even in the overflow room we got to say our farewells to those who came around to make their good-by rituals. When the game broke up at 5:00--Larry Tucker, Joel Zakem, Frank Johnson and I were the last ones in--Don Carter came in to say they were planning on leaving if I was ready. Perfect timing! I grabbed my flight-bag, the plastic trash bag full of beer cans (Bowers has some neat ideas at times--DaveLo and I save aluminum for extra cash, and there was about \$2-\$2.50 worth there), and dashed off. Hectic, emotionally disturbing, but still enjoyable two days. (And I ended up \$5.60 down for the weekend)

The next weekend the bi-weekly CFG meeting was to be held at the Resnick's. Friday, I received a call from Ms. Lang at Soc. Sec. She wanted yet another up-date on our financial situation. I gave her (again) the figures from our checking account and savings pass book, and she said there was a discrepancy between what I told her and what the bank had said: I said my checking balance was \$314, and the bank had said over \$600! Anyway, the call ended with the remark that she'd "try to get approval that day or the first thing next week" A few minutes after hanging up, it dawned on me that she was getting the two bank balances confused--our savings account was in the \$600 range, our checking account hadn't been that hefty for over half a year. I tried to call back, but she had left for the day.



The CFG meeting was unusual. Bowers picked us up with Naomi Cowan, after eating dinner at her house, and we got to the Resnick's a bit after 9:00. Everyone who was there was sitting in a circle in the living room, around the munchies--looked like a wagon train prepared to ward off attackers. Margaret Keifer had brought her new Beau, John Millard, and he sat the entire evening smiling at the discussions as if he'd heard it all before. ...which he probably has.

I repeated the details of Larry Propp's death to those who hadn't heard, and we spoke about him, and illness, and hospitals, and yucky stuff like that for awhile. Passed around SF CHRONICLE and LOCUS issues that the Club subscribes to, and touched on topics newsitems brought up, and then the Meat of the evening was introduced. Sid Altus, one of the dues-paying CFGers who doesn't live in Cincy, had a Bright Idea. Resnick had talked about it at Rivercon, so Bowers, Dave and I--at least--had had some time to think it over. Sid thought it unfair that only the people who paid \$15 a year up front got the right to vote. He suggested that, instead, voting rights be given to members who contributed work to the group--either by hosting the meetings or by working at least 2 hours at Midwestcon and/or Octocon. The idea was \*coff\* vigorously discussed (for a good two-and-a-half hours!) and the consensus seemed to be that the way things were was good enough. Since, by this rule, Sid would've lost his voting rights, he wasn't too happy that we--who would've benefitted from his largesse--weren't thrilled with the idea. But the thought of keeping track of who worked when and where and for how long, the loss of voting rights for some members who had them (even though seldom exercised), and the desire to Keep Things Simple was uppermost in members' and associate members' minds. A final vote won't be taken for another four weeks, but I don't think the motion will pass (Resnick threw his hands up in disgust--he supported the idea--and left the circle to pout in the corner for awhile. Finally he shrugged his shoulders and said he was willing to forget the whole thing.) My feelings were that it was a good idea to allow those who couldn't pay the yearly assessment (dues-payers get free membership in Midwestcon and Octocon, a savings of \$1 for a single person and \$12 for a couple if both cons are attended--but everyone who attends the meetings pays \$1.50 regardless of whether they're Full (voting) members or merely Associates (non-voters)) to gain the privilege through work, but it wasn't fair to those who'd been paying their dues to be disenfranchised. Naturally, all sorts of side issues were brought up--one person wanted CFG members--full or associates--to get a break on MWC and Octocon fees, another didn't think 2 hours of work was enough, someone else wanted to prevent out-of-towners from buying memberships in the club, Dave suggested co-hosting--as had been done for Petards in L.A.--as a way for those members without large enough homes to pitch in for meetings, another fan wanted to increase meeting dues (which had just been raised 6 months earlier) and give the hosts more than \$15 to offset costs. Lordie, almost everything under the sun was discussed--even the blackballing of a member (who had joined afterward; much to the disgruntlement of those who'd blackballed him) that had taken place before the Resnick's had moved to Cincinnati--some 6 or 7 years ago! It probably was the most involved CFG meeting I've seen, but I'm not pleased to see politics raise its ugly head in so informal a group. A lot of things and attitudes were aired, though, so perhaps some good will come of it all. Carol Resnick, Naomi Cowan, and I found ourselves allied on one point--we want the reinstated banquet at Midwestcon continued. Maybe it's a female thing or something, but we all felt the tribal/group feeling was strengthened through the food function. Cavin sided with us on that (and believe me, it was very difficult to avoid speaking to Cavin during all this--it's tough to hold a grudge in a close group like CFG!) As I said, the topics went rather far afield from the original motion made by Sid.

This past Monday, I got up early and phoned Ms Larg and cleared up the bank account matter--I'd been planning to go to the savings and Loan that day anyhow, to have my rent check written up and money orders for other bills, so I had the bank call her to give the data she requested (they wouldn't give it to her over the phone when she had called them). Supposedly she would have the entire matter cleared that day or the next (Tuesday, the 2nd of August), key the local approval into the computer, and I would be informed by letter--hopefully with a check--in 15 days. I'll believe it when I see it; and in the meantime pass the Maalox and aspirin...

8/05/83--15:32

\*Wow\* 27.







Your response to Langford's call for co-operation in his prank was perhaps the best--at least it was among the best! You went out full tilt--even knowing (by then) it was a joke, I was beginning to feel my ire rise...

Met a For-Real Texan at Wilmot; Johnny Lee who was boosting the Austin in '85 bid for NASFIC (a National Convention, to make up for the fact that the Worldcon will be going overseas that year to Australia (well, they haven't officially won yet, but they will). Mike Glicksohn abhors the concept, feeling it'll reduce membership in Aussiecon, but I figure that those who can go, will, and those who can't afford a trip like that, and who feel a need for Crowded Cons should have an alternative--besides, no one says that the Australian or British National Conventions cut down on Worldcon attendance held here). He also headed up the Fan Mimeo Room at Chicon this past Labor Day. Unfortunately, Johnny had had a cleft palate, and despite corrective surgery, is extremely hard to understand (the Texas accent doesn't help a bit on that score!), so I couldn't get the full impact of the Texan "lilt". Tsk.

Having been a former Trekker (we used to differentuate between Trekkies--screamers--and Trekkers--far more sedate), I, too, "have a great fondness" for Star Trek (won't miss the movies on a bet!), but do wish I could "remember...kindly" the local (Chgo) fans of the show--they were a bunch of dingbats, and were the main impetus for me leaving that fandom.

Your housecat gets no practice in stalking? Ours stalks all sorts of things...shadows, rubber bands, ankles... Were you being serious?

I have no comments on it (lacka time, mostly) but just had to tell you how much interest I had in your remarks about growing up in Los Alamos. I know you've mentioned it before, but the detail you give here is fascinating. Thanks.

The reason the horse-owners paid those who walked (cooled off) their horses so little is simply a pure example of supply and demand. There are always more willing to do the "chore" for free--or next to it--that it's silly to pay out good money. As long as horse-crazy kids (I almost typed "girls", but there are boys out at those tracks and show-rings, too) are around, poor wages will be the rule. I put pepper on cottage cheese, but only began doing so recently (5 years or so ago). I prefer cantaloupe plain or sugared, rather than salted--putting pepper on it would never occur to me (and I wish you hadn't brought up the subject).

My kids liked (and still do, for all I know) Chef Boyardee, too. Listen, it's not due to my genes...

Ghod, I hope your work woes ease up soon. The hassles seem to be involving too much of your time and energy. Now that Kent's employed again, have you considered looking for a different employer? Or do the challenges of the job have too much attraction?

Apparently KRAFT INC. (sorry, got carried away by my shift key) is introducing Vegemite to a few test-market areas in this country. I read/heard something about it in the news-paper ~~or~~ on TV about it. Am not positive if I have the facts right, but I recall it being mentioned that skiers were bringing the stuff into the country, so Colorado was going to be one of the testing sites.

You have the correct notion of "Time-binding" in the mundane sense. I'm not sure it was Tucker, but at least someone who's been in fandom as long as he has, that gave it the fannish connotation, but that's the way I use the word now--to "bind" the past, present, and future into one. If you ever get into collecting fanzines, you'd have a better idea of what I mean. Things have happened in decades where I wasn't even born, yet I feel--in a way--as if I'd been there.

The lake sounds like a delightful place to roam around on horseback. I envy you \*grunch\*

Most of the Midwestern fans support the Austin in '85 bid; you might want to take up their offer. The CFG was bemoaning the fact that the "baby" of the group just passed 30. Cavin is thinking about looking for Fresh ~~Neat~~ Blood at a Star Trek con that's to be held this weekend. I gulp at the idea, but the group does need younger members. Where else do our gofers come from?



PBS showed a documentary on how Nature films are made, but, sadly, it concerned filming fish, and not any of the subjects you're curious about. Fascinating as far as it went (I believe it was an episode of NOVA, but am willing to be corrected). (Aren't I magnanimous?) I'm a nut on natural history--TV, movies, and/or books--and have gulped up everything on the subject I've come across since I was a wee tad. "Fess up; what sort of wild critters did you keep as kid? My "usuals" were garter snakes, baby rabbits, and unnested fledging (and every damn one of those died; phooie) birds--robins, usually. Had a friend who kept fish--small- and large-mouthed bass, perch, crappies, and a trout--that were injured (and were under-sized) by her father on fishing expeditions. She had gigantic tanks (four 50-gallon jobbies, and three or four 20-gallon ones). She also had a tamed wild rabbit that was housebroken (or so she claimed...) that she'd kept for over eight years. Weird person, but interesting.

I wasn't bored by your description of how horses die from colic, but I was getting a bit queasy to my stomach.

Ttbomk, there's no Indian blood in my background, but I used to get outraged reading about some of the (Fill in the blank with your choice of epithet) ways our Guvmint treated its native population. Sometimes I'd get to the point that I'd snarl at people on the street. But, once I cooled down a bit, I finally realized that there wasn't a damn thing I could do about it. As you gave in your example (of a duncehead, 'tis true, but...); whadya gonna do, give back their territory? (Kentucky or Illinois, or Georgia, or North Carolina? Who wants to be first to surrender their property?) As Will Durant says frequently in his STORY OF CIVILIZATION series: "Time sanctifies error and theft" The only thing that can be done about it now is to watch and be ready to protest should our government try something sneaky and underhanded again. I think most contemporary school books show Indians in a kinder light (at least those of my kids were better than the ones used when I went to school), and our country's "leaders" in a less favorable one.

The safety switch to prevent the removal of car keys came long before the gas shortage. The Maverick my Ex- and I bought in 1970 was the first car we had with one. I think Kent's right about what they are designed to prevent, but not as to the reason that first brought them on the market. Turning off the engine and removing the key locks the steering column, whether you have power assist or not, and that could cause a smash-up if a playful child grabbed the keys while you were driving down a winding road...

Well, you have kept us in suspense for long enough: how did you and Ramona do in the bowling tourney? It's damn nice to hear of parents doing things with their kids that they both enjoy--camping and hiking were about it for/with mine. And pass on my congrats to Regina...doesn't it make you feel awful to suddenly see your offspring in a new light? It feels so dumb to have them around all the time, and yet overlook some relatively obvious talent. \*Sigh\*

What is the significance of the barbed-wire illo in your Horse Shit section? I enjoyed your commentary about the saddle club, and hope the personality problems work themselves out. Even though I resent the time the club takes from your ~~famili~~ other activities, I know how much you like the club's events. Those two officers sound like Dodoes!

DAVID HULAN --FENRIS 34 -- Good luck on the remodeling. Generally all one hears are Horror Stories when contractors come into the picture; I most sincerely hope that your experiences will prove the exception.

You need a cupful of water to rinse your hair? Gee, I would've thought a couple of tablespoons would do it... (Throwing that will do you no good at all, Hulan. Even you can't toss a bomb 2,000 miles)

Rachel's broken arm really threw things into a tizzy, didn't it? Hope all is mended now, Thankfully she at least had Lon with her; can you imagine the hassle if she'd been out with her friends, shopping or at a movie or just goofing off somewhere? Hospitals can be such sticklers, and at the damndest times...

<sup>AT XMAS</sup> We used to leave a pint thermos full of hot chocolate for our rural mail carrier--he stopped at the house to say it was the nicest gift anyone'd left him. He always brought the bottle back the next mail day, too.



It brought a smile to my lips to read you chastising Bruce for running off pages on his ditto without giving the versos enough time to dry, when that comment was written on a sheet that was uniformly colored violet because of problems with your ditto... I believe there's an old adage that goes something along the lines of "the pot calling the kettle black"...

I'd heard the Dillinger story while going to high school, and I was graduated from there in 1958, so the story dates back earlier than 1965.

One of the talk shows (Donahue? I disremember, since we didn't watch it all the way through) discussed how our culture is "abbreviating childhood"--a concept I'm not in agreement with. One thing that was brought out to buttress the argument that childhood has always been a "special condition" was the existence of puberty initiation rites. Having had the impression that childhood (or at least as we know it) was a recent "invention", I blinked at the suggestion that Rites of Passage indicated that childhood was treated as a separate social distinction. Thinking on it further, though, I recall reading of the Middle Ages, when children weren't treated any different than adults--weaker and smaller perhaps, but still subject to the same laws and obligations as an adult. The fact that initiation rites existed don't necessarily mean that children were given the same rights and freedom that contemporary children are. Not by a long shot. However, I think it possible that Hunter-Gatherer societies may have treated their offspring in a kinder manner than, say, Agrarian cultures, where specific knowledge isn't required in order to perform work. Even a child as young as 5 or 6 can be shown how to hoe or weed, though tracking a game animal might be beyond their capabilities. In any case, I agree with you that the invention of printing shouldn't have had that great an effect on the concept of Childhood; not that I can see, anyway.

Cute way you slipped in a Short Joke with your response to Langford's Let's-Put-On-The-OEs call. One of these days I think DaveLo and Glicksohn should get together and publish a Best of The Short Jokes collection--ghod knows they've heard enough material on the subject...

Drive out to the nearest farming community some Saturday, find a lumber or hardware store, and you should be able to get any length of barbed wire you need. I'm not sure the stuff would be all that good in warding off dogs, though--chain link (or concrete block in SoCal would be most suitable. Have you considered an electrified strand or two? I've seen it done that dogs were shocked by touching an electrified strand that was marked with flapping ties (cloth or plastic strands, perhaps 2" X 8"). After experiencing the discomfort once or twice, they never neared the fenced-off area again, despite the fact that the juice had been turned off. The flapping material was enough to warn them off.

I'd forgotten all about the C.S. Lewis book, TILL WE HAVE FACES until you mentioned it in yct Jutz. I read it only a few years ago--it was the only lengthy treatment I could find about the Eroc/Psyche myth, and I had a commission to carve a walnut statue of that pair for a fan in Michigan. Good story, I enjoyed that research, fer sure.

I did a quick check, and DaveLo and I have a mere 209 hardback books--\*grunch\*--which includes reference works, but not cookbooks. I'm ashamed...

"The only reason I prefer them [the Democrats] is that I think they mean well; the Republicans are just mean." From my end of the economic ladder, all I can say to that remark is Amen, Brother, Amen!

I disliked Shakespeare while it was taught in school, but in later years I began to read the plays to see if my opinion had changed, and it had. Reading them aloud to the children was a kick--they used to beg for more. (I think their reaction <sup>was what</sup> tickled me the most.)

Apparently I had my facts wrong: I'd heard that soy was one of the few complete proteins found in vegetable matter. All knowledge is in fanzines?

If I lived far enough out in the country, I'd change my opinion on whether I'd want to die in or survive a nuclear attack. However, I've seldom been so far away from a strategic military target to consider survival a reasonable, and would rather go quickly, under the fireball, than live through the agonies of dying slowly from radiation poisoning.



I was all set to correct you by saying that I'm older than Joni, but she corrected me at Midwestcon. I knew we were only 8 months apart, and that Midge Reitan was the same number of months younger than either of us, but instead of Jackie, Joni and Midge in descending order, it's Joni, Jackie and Midge. (If I've gotten it straight at last...)

I have two cookbooks that came with <sup>out</sup> indexes (one did index the recipes by the name of the dish, but since most were in French or Italian, that wasn't of much help). The smaller of the two--100 OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST RECIPES by Craig Claiborne (a freebie from Benson & Hedges)--took me about 60-70 hours to cross-index. The larger one--RECIPES FROM FOODS OF THE WORLD (Time/Life Books)--has been categorized, but I haven't alphabetized the various categories and typed it up into final form (as it is I can refer to my penned notes to look up an ingredient, which is a big help). For the life of me, I can't imagine why an editor would publish a cookbook sans index. It's stupid!

There's a book coming out in 1984 by Resnick that I think you would enjoy--THE BRANCH. It's a sciffy tale concerning the Messiah tradition. I've read the original Ms., but Mike has rewritten it since getting his IBM PC. I hope he didn't hurt it any...it was marvelous the way it was. NAL is his publisher.

The cases that were put forward in the sex-discrimination suits against the insurance industry did use only gender as a criterion for discrepancy in premium and/or benefits. Yes, I know other types of insurance do employ several categories for determining those things, but I assume they won't be affected by the Court's ruling (which, as of this writing, supports NOW's position).

There seem to be enough poker players in the Midwest that one can find whichever type of game--For Fun or For Blood--one prefers at cons. Even with Spacecon's small attendance--70 or so--there were enough to make up two tables: 25¢ to \$2 limit and nickel, dime, quarter. (The year before there was even a penny-ante game going, but this year two people brought a game--TRIVIAL PURSUIT--that lured away the low-stakes players.) (And, later on, even some of the high-rollers.)

Yes, I'd forgotten that All Saints and All Souls day were on two different dates. Thanks for refreshing my memory.

You hadn't heard of anyone "poking out her eye with a mascara brush"? Sexist. (Tee-hee)

I haven't seen any 100-proof Stolichnaya out here (or at least since the last rumble we had with the Russians when so many retail stores pulled all Russian products off their shelves in a wild burst of Patriotism), although a bottle of the 80-proof shows up once in a while. A fan brought some to Rivercon, and I took a swallow; it was okay, but nowhere as good as the higher proof version. The taste is altogether unique among vodkas.

I'm surprised that Kathy formerly-Atkins stayed in Petards--I'd simply assumed she was in because of Lon. Misassessment on my part, I guess.

It was me who suggested vastectomies for male animals rather than spaying females, not Suzi or Joni...and I'm sorry! MARTY HELGESEN -- ASTONISHED INDIFFERENCE (22 FZ) -- Glad to see you entering into the spirit of things and joining Langford's call to ~~INEXIT~~ arms. I like the way you tied it into Nicholas' reaction to my query.

As I recall, the Christian Missionary to Fandom didn't actually do any evangelizing--he more or less made himself available to those who wanted to discuss Christian matters at cons, wanted to hold prayer meetings, etc. He seemed sincere and decent, ~~even if he was a BIBLE THUMPET~~ but I don't think his idea took off.

Normally I shy away from graphic descriptions of pain, too; but Langford's book's other qualities carried the story well enough that my overall reaction was one of enjoyment (I shut my eyes during the gory parts...).

SUZI STEFL -- JUXTAPROSE JOURNAL #22 -- I think "guys" will eventually come to mean "all those in the group" or "all of you", and include males as well as females. A large number of women use it that way now, as you did and I do. "How're you guys doing?" was a common greeting to mixed-sex groups when



I was a teen-ager, and I note many fans using it the same way nowadays.

haven't done it yet (shut up, Suzi!), but we're vaguely planning on buying a bike. If a decent one was available at a yard sale we passed, we'd most likely buy it now as long as we have the money. Next month might be too late...

I'm glad to see that we're in such firm agreement about Taral, although I'm sorry he's the way he is so that we can agree...

While it was the Monks, in the main, who preserved old manuscripts and copied them for posterity, Monks are not Priests (or not necessarily so). (Minor nit.)

Congratulations on the loss of weight--you're looking about as good as the Suzi I met Way Back When. You also look as if you feel better. (No dual-entendre intended.)

-- JUXTAPROSE JOURNAL #22 -- Oops! I've got two copies of your zine in my Mailing. How'd that happen? Sorry...

BILL BOWERS -- XENOLITH 23 -- No, I didn't typo your name; this darn typewriter is acting up again, inserting half-spaced letters near the beginning of the line. \*Sigh\* First the mimeo, then the stencil cutter, and now the Selectric. Fixing these machines is getting to be an expensive pain!

Darn it, I enjoyed reading the little natter you had, and all the reprints of comic strips and stuff from the ENQUIRER (Cincinnati version, not National...), but I don't have a single comment other than RAE. Next time?

Mighod I made it through! There's even room enough for a Lasher reprint. I'm amazed. Joel Zakem phoned last night to ask for help in moving a couple pieces of furniture from Newport to Louisville, so DaveLo's away with him at the moment. I was going to go along and help opening doors and stuff like that, but DaveLo suggested that 1) the deadline was today and zines might come in that needed to be signed for and, 2) was a four-hour trip in a van going to be good for my back? So I took the opportunity to see if I could finish commenting on Mlg. 22. Bowers phoned a while ago, and wants to run off his zine this afternoon (he has Plans for this evening), so it was a good idea for me to stay home. I certainly wouldn't want to be responsible for causing Bill to miss a mailing...

No change on the surgery situation. No change on the job front for DaveLo, either (though he has a semi-promising interview set up for this coming Wednesday--the guy phoned all the way from St. Louis to make the appointment, so I guess the interest is Serious), except that I assume he's no longer listed in the Unemployed statistics. His Unemployment Benefit Extension ran out the end of last month, so now he's a Discouraged Worker--if I understand how the categories are formulated in Washington. (He is discouraged, all right, but he is still looking...)

We've discovered a new-to-us writer, Edward Whittmore (introduced by he-to-whom-I-no-longer-speak (which is getting more schtik-ish the longer it goes on) Bill Cavin) and have been reading the published parts of his JERUSALEM QUARTET: SINAI TAPESTRY, JERUSALEM POKER (why would that title have appeal?), and NILE SHADOWS (on loan from the Resnick's), as well as his first novel, QUINN'S SHANGHAI CIRCUS. Marvelous writer, though a bit grim in his outlook, at least for a funny/absurd author. Maybe DaveLo will do a review of the books; I'm still busy digesting them.

It's still H\*O\*T, though the thermometer is supposed to fall below the 90° mark this weekend. We're no longer sweating by the bucket; it's down to the painful, but I'm really looking forward to Fall this year. Panting, almost.

I know there's all sorts of things I wanted to say to wrap up this issue, but be damned if I can remember what they are. Oh, yes. Thanks to Joni for the box of goodies: we ate one of the cans of crabmeat in crepes night before last, and the garlic broke apart in shipment, but seems to be okay all things considered. Youse is a ghodd person... Because of the aforementioned stencil cutter problems, DaveLo has yet to get his Reward (cryptic comment that Joni will understand...) Bye, y'all....



# Speaking of Language

By William E. Lasher

## REAL MEN DON'T WEAR PUCE

**R**eal men don't say "beige." Most men, in fact, never use "taupe," "mauve," or "puce" in their descriptions of colors, because they have no idea what these words mean. Real men don't even want to know about such words, because they think of them as "women's words."

It's true that "beige" and "taupe" are colors of women's stockings, but the roots of the prejudice go even deeper. Can you imagine John Wayne wearing a beige cowboy hat, with a puce shirt, taupe pants, and a vest in mauve? A real man doesn't dress that way, and if he did, he would describe his clothes in terms of tan, brown, and purple.

Real men, whoever they may be, eschew certain color terms as effeminate, just as they avoid certain other kinds of words in the language. "Cope" is an especially marked word, one the real man expects to hear from his wife—"I just can't cope, dear"—but never from his male friends.

The problem with real men, of course, is that they limit themselves to a very narrow range of emotions and actions, and their vocabulary reflects that narrowness. But beyond this hypothetical class of macho men, the vast majority of American men use a vocabulary that differs from women's. They don't use as many color words or fashion terms, nor do they know what a "basting stitch" is or how to "purl." But they do thrive on technical vocabulary, from "plumb" and "shim" to "camshaft" and "hydraulic lifters."

Men do have some misconceptions about the language of women, however. For example, many men believe that women don't use four-letter words and certainly should never hear them. While true for some, that doesn't describe most women, "liberated" or otherwise. They simply use one kind of language around men, another around women. They talk about childbirth and sex, and men themselves, in terms the men never hear. In fact, some American Indian languages display such differences between men's and women's dia-

lects that it was once thought the men and women actually spoke different languages. In most of these cases, the women knew both "languages"; the men only knew their own.

American women certainly are privy to more types of language than men, since they are generally allowed to engage in both male and female activities, whereas men are usually restricted to just what males do. Women can wear men's clothes, but not vice versa. They can be engineers and executives, but men avoid jobs as seamstresses and secretaries. In short, women are moving into the men's world, but men are standing pat.

In addition to all this, women seem to have another advantage over men. For whatever reason, women are more aware of style and fashion, more status-conscious, and more sensitive to prestige factors in their culture than men. It may be for these reasons that women are more sensitive to language. The evidence is this: women are more likely to have the distinctive features of any dialect, and they are more aware of status and prestige in language than men. Women are less likely to try to sound "tough," more likely to want to sound "correct," than men. And several linguists have pointed out that women are on the leading edge of linguistic change: when some aspect of a language or dialect becomes prestigious, it's the women who are the first to adopt it.

That fits in with the status of men and women generally: the men are standing still, expecting the world to remain static around them. Women, once they have been even partially freed from the prejudices of the past, are moving forward toward a new world, one in which they will have some measure of equality. Perhaps the time will come when women can demand to be called, not "Sir," but "Madam," with all due respect.

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