

KENNING 27 KENNING 27 KENNING 27 KENNING 27 KENNING 27 KENNING 27 KENNING 27 KENNING 27
Produced for the 27th Mailing of the Fannish Little Amateur Press by Jackie Causgrove,
6828 Alpine Ave. #4, Cincinnati, OH 45236, who is mending nicely, thank you, and who
hopes to have this thing stenciled in time for the April 7th deadline. As usual a few
additional copies are being run off for certain friends and acquaintances who, for what-
ever reason, are not on the roster but who have found that that fact alone does not save
them from having this inflicted upon them. Those on the roster, of course, have it com-
ing to them. It's a dirty job, but someone has to do it... First stencil begun March 19.

KENNING 27 KENNING 27 KENNING 27 KENNING 27 KENNING 27 KENNING 27 KENNING 27 KENNING 27

Three typos in the colophon; that's not too many, is it? At least I refrained from re-
peating that Worst of All Gaffes--misspelling my own name--that I committed way back in
the dawn of history when stenciling my very first fanzine. (What made things even worse
at that time: I didn't notice it until a loccer pointed it out to me. *Sigh*) Experi-
ence has taught me to be better at catching typos. At least I hope you don't find any
I missed so far! I sometimes fancy myself producing a typo-free issue, though my grasp
on reality is much firmer than that, really. Producing a Perfect Issue ranks right up
there with having a Sparkling Clean Household, Keeping Up with Correspondence (what's
that?, I hear my former correspondents muttering...), Finishing the Chess Set, Indexing
my Fanzine Collection...all blue-sky dreamings of a not very down-to-earth person.

Sometimes I wish too much. I wish, for instance, that included here would be a report
on Confusion, held this past January 27-29 at the Plymouth Hilton in Michigan. I began
writing one several weeks ago, but after detailing the events of the first 24 hours, and
reaching page 19 of my hand-written notes, I realized that some things were simply not
meant to be. Even at three pages of notes to one stencil, that was a ridiculous amount
of wordage. So I shall spare you, with pause to thank Bill Bowers for driving me to the
affair, Suzi Stefl for sharing the room and strapping me into my brace each day, Martha
Beck for the wherewithall to buy my meals, and the Confusion Committee who furnished my
membership and banquet ticket along with a \$50 Honorarium that actually made it all poss-
ible, by saying the con was great, fun, memorable, and all that neat stuff. I have
learned, through the Wm. Bowers Grapevine, that Larry Tucker has immortalized portions
of the convention in his ground-breaking, possibly/probably first-of-its-kind video fan-
zine UNCLE ALBERT'S VIDEO FANZINE (available from Larry at 2818 Whitewood, Ann Arbor, MI
48104--Bowers recollects the price as being about \$15 plus postage, though Larry prefers
to receive a blank tape with \$2.50 for return mail and \$1 for handling/dubbing. I most
strongly urge anyone to write first to confirm price and availability), so those of you
with VCRs can order a copy and see what some of the convention was like, as well as
latching onto a piece of genuine fannish memorabilia that undoubtedly will increase
fantastically in value, enriching your heirs as yet unborn.

I also wish that instead of heading into the end of March, I were close to the end of
April, when, my Doctor informed me just last week, I can begin to wean myself from this
brace and learn to live Free once more. I will have to wear the darn thing when riding
in a car or doing other "vigorous" activities (which, oddly, do not include bike riding,
but since I don't own a bicycle that's a moot point), so I cannot pass ownership to Deb
Stopa--who desires to freak out the Punk bar she frequents--until later this year. For
some while now I've dreamed of consigning the brace to a fiery end, but considering the
carcinogenous gas that burning plastic produces, Deb's notion is more sensible. It does
sound more ignoble to me, and is an improvement in that score.

My grandchild-to-be continues to swell daughter Sandra's belly, and by next mailing's
deadline I should know whether it's a him or a her and have a name to attach to it. I
will not have come to terms with the concept of being a grandparent by June, but perhaps
some progress will have been made toward that goal by then. Heck, I haven't fully ac-
cepted the premise of being a parent, yet!

Dave and I have spent the past week--nine days, actually--sniffling and hacking and sick
with a flu-like virus (Dave was that close to developing pneumonia the MD said), but this
week looks much brighter for us both. Feeling so good, I guess it's time to go to.....

ERIC LINDSAY -- MISSED MAILINGS -- I had expected to undergo physiotherapy, too. Things didn't work out that way, though. There are so many restrictions on what movements I'm allowed (no bending, stooping, or lifting), even once the brace is off, that I can't imagine a set of exercises that would be permitted. One of the men on my floor, who'd had the lower portion of his spine fused and wasn't given the same restrictions as I was, worked out on a fixed bicycle, but that was done mostly to help clear up his lungs, which had been affected by the anesthetic used during the surgery. Apparently anything which engages the back muscles affects the spine situation, and until the fusion is complete, which takes 12 months, I'm not supposed to mess around with anything affecting that area. My legs and lower arms are quite fine, but as I use them reasonably well in doing my daily activities, there apparently isn't a need to do formal exercises for them. Perhaps after the fusion is complete I'll be given a regimen to follow--by then I imagine they'll really be in need of some toning up.

Thanks for the offer, but I've little interest in reading material about new-n-better ways to set up a typewriter keyboard. Being an essentially lazy person, I see no need to bother my head about them until and unless there seems to be a requirement to actually learn one in order to operate a particular device. I'll read articles about such things if I come across them in my normal magazine scanning, but I don't go out searching for that sort of thing. (The Turing article was an exception to that usual rule because I continued to run across references to the Turing Test and had never read anything by Turing on the subject, only a one or two sentence description of the concept. When people were arguing about whether certain things met the requirements of the test or not, I was interested to find out just what Turing thought and had written on the subject.)

I'd never heard of astigmatism making a person see double. (This is being directed to Jean Weber.) Isn't double vision generally brought on by imbalance of the muscles controlling eyeball movement? I thought astigmatism was a warpage of the cornea which caused a wavering in the field of view that makes a person see things slightly askew--like lop-sided circles, or a broadening of lines along certain diagonals, or elongation/contraction in various axes. I've experienced double vision from misaligned eyeglasses, and once from torn eye muscles, but avoided that distressing symptom during the short while I wore contact lenses. Hope they get your problem corrected soon.

(To Eric) Mighod! It had been so long since I did that drawing you used on the Medvention Progress Report that I'd (mercifully) forgotten it. Think I do better work than that nowadays--certainly hope that I do!

Thanks for the offer to help with the missing issues of DILEMMA. Do you know Larry Nichols' address by any chance? He's still got them, I assume...

Thanks also for sending your zine already copied. Actually, it shou'd be Dave saying that, since he's the one who's doing the mimeo work while I'm unable to. He really hates using the machine, and for some strange reason which I cannot fathom, the machine seems to hate him equally. It does all sorts of misbehaving things it never--or very seldom--did while I ran it...

(To Jean) Your clothing and personal effects were taken away from you at a U.S. hospital? I never heard of such a thing! My things have always been right in the room with me at any hospital I've been confined to. Sorry you had such a bad experience, but that's not the usual procedure, and I've been in hospitals in several states, both as a patient and visiting confined friends. Now I have heard they do that at mental hospitals...(HHOK)

ARTHUR HLAVATY -- THERE IS NO MYSTICAL SIGNIFICANCE TO THE NUMBER 23 -- Enjoyed this, as usual, but no

comments come to mind. Next time?

-- THE DILLINGER RELIC 32 -- I don't feel at ease with the concept of Jesse Jackson as President, either and, like yourself, I don't think it's due to racial prejudice. He seems too manipulative of people for my tastes; too quick to employ a "cause" to further his own career. Hart has

much the same effect on me. I don't feel as if either one has a sincere bone in their bodies, but they sure do tap-dance good.

I wish you'd gone into a bit more detail about the Alexander Technique movements that Nancy Lebovitz taught you. "Doing the things" is somehow lacking as a description.

Good issue. Don't let the shortage of comments from me mislead you about the level of my enjoyment of the material--they're in inverse proportion, alas. You mentioned your lungs "seizing up" at one of the Holiday parties you attended. Methinks my brain has done the same thing.

JUDY STEVENS (KAJ) -- THE FRONTIER ALIEN #22 -- While it's always nice to receive a personally-autographed (that's a dumb choice of words--how else can an autograph be done?)--an autographed drawing with a personal reference done by someone whose work you admire, I can't say much about the drawing itself. It looks like the roughest of rough sketches, as if Mauldin were checking to see if his pen still worked. (Hmmm, I wonder if Dean had been plying him with some of his Tailgunner Sangria before the drawing was made?) It doesn't alter the Wonderfulness of it all, and I can imagine that you'd set great store by it.

I boggled a bit at the notion of Aloe Vera being grown in fields as a crop like corn or soybeans. Of course it must be done so, what with the material used in so many cosmetic products, but it still strikes my brain cells as being somehow Odd. How large does it loom in your area's agricultural economy? I mean 99% of the nation's crop might be grown there, but it still might only be 10% of the GRC (Gross Regional Crop).

I don't understand how the "Adopt-a-Plant" system worked. Did all the housewives contribute cuttings from the Aloe Vera plants on their windowsills, or what?

Bowers continues to receive both Dave's and my zines, and I hope he'll find his lacktime pressures easing sometime in the future so he can rejoin. I'll pass along the Good Words you had to say about him.

As DaveLo mentioned, there is a reference to Becky on the FLAPaversary cover, but due to poor rendering and poor repro, the roll of barbed wire turned into a black smudge on the bottom shelf of the bookcase. I did have good intentions, though...

Roy Tackett's implication that Mexico City wasn't a part of Mexico reminded me of a statement Walt Willis made about Northern Ireland being physically closer to Scotland than to Ireland--I did a double-take both times.

It was my fault that pp 9 & 10 were reversed in Jodie's zine *Sigh*. And I was trying to be so darned careful about collating!

Unfortunately, I can imagine what minus-60-degree wind-chill feels like. DaveLo and I experienced it two winters ago in Cincinnati's downtown while trying to find a Notary Public. It burns, is what it does. So cold it feels like fire is licking at you.

It amazes me how well notebook paper reproed your ditto masters. You made an unusual choice and it worked well. It sure beats the typing paper for readability.

LON ATKINS -- MELIKAPHKHAZ #97 -- Congratulations again on the promotion. Beats the hell out of an "Atta boy!", eh what?

Bill Bowers was impressed with your review of George R.R. Martin's ARMAGEDDON RAG And asked if it would be possible to send a copy to RR. Naturally, I don't have his address on hand, but if you'd be willing to send Bill a copy, I bet he'd forward it... (2468 Harrison, Cincinnati, OH 45211)

I'll keep an eye out for the Trevis book. Enjoyed the two novels of his that I've read. I've heard some people mutter that his work is too "mainstreamish" but if it is, it doesn't bother me at all. In fact I've enjoyed most of the mainstream sf/f books that I've read.

Good luck in getting your condo fixed up so you can sell it for a fat profit--if not in actual cash, at least in time savings.

DAVE LOCKE -- SCOON #1 -- Yes, indeedy; you certainly pulled a boner with the previous mailing. However, I do think that you may have gone too far in your attempts to drive home the Evilness of your ways to yourself. Com'on, Hon; climb down from that cross. It's time to be forgiving of yourself. (Besides, no one else ~~really~~ ~~care~~ is upset.)

While a plastic Hefty bag might hold together better for a burial, it won't break down in the soil as a cardboard box would. While I admit that many people would find that a definite plus (considering all the attention paid to vapor-proof, gas-tight, unbreakable concrete vaults and coffins), I have this vague desire to reunite whatever molecules are left of my corpus with the rest of the Earth's. Bring back the Winding Sheet, says I! Dust thou art and to dust shalt thee return. I find that a pleasing concept. Since our hygienic society finds that abhorrent, I guess cremation is as close as I can come. But even then, no plastic trash bags, please. A nice ~~lightweight white~~ ~~bag~~ ~~back~~ ~~would~~ ~~be~~ ~~okay!!!~~

Afraid I'm with Bernadette on the matter of it being poor form to laugh at another's irrational fears. It's one thing to laugh at oneself--oneself is always a fair target--but to pick on someone else just ain't Kosher. I mean, while it's okay for me to tweak you a bit about your ~~irrational~~ fear of spiders, I would never never (no, never) laugh at you about it. It's like jeering at a cripple, or making fun of someone ugly; it just isn't done, m'dear, not by civilized beings, at least.

Recent events have proved your comment to Roytac all too correct. John Glenn sure didn't win, and it irritates the shit outta me that most voters never had a word to say about the issue either. Wish someone would start a movement to hold all primaries and caucusses, if not at once at least within the same week or two so our candidates wouldn't be selected by only a handful of people in a couple of states. The system we have now sucks.

SUZI STEFL -- JUXTAPROSE JOURNAL 26 -- DaveLo bought me this nifty new address book (one with separate tabs for each address so keeping it in alphabetical order and making updates is a cinch) and I had to break long enough to add your work number to your entry. Thanks for being so farsighted...

You've been seeing too many George Romero films. "...or there'd be a lot of kids running around dead." Indeed? I thought the phrase was "rotten kids", not "rotting"...

You tootled that licorice stick darn fine at Confusion. Did I remember to tell you so? Well, I just did. I had no idea you played clarinet. Seeing you do so, and hearing it done so well (even though mine ear really couldn't discern which parts you, as opposed to Lloyd, were playing) was a Revelation unto me. A new-n-different facet of Suzi.

I know what you mean about hugging someone when the "fit" isn't right. My daughter's a shade taller than I am, and it feels awkward when we hug. (Of course, right now it feels awkward when I hug anyone--damn brace gets in the way. I shudder to imagine what it must feel like to the other person...) For a proper fit, one female must hug other females who are either four inches taller or shorter. Otherwise things *coff* get in the way.

If I wasn't so leery of heights, I might try adopting your idea of an elevated bed. When I was a kid, I always thought the best place to sleep was the top portion of a bunk. Never got to try one out, though, and now that I could, I can't. (Huh?) Anyway, your layout looks as useful as heck. Quite clever, you is.

I identified with male characters --books and films--as a teen, too. Like yourself, there came a day when I was shocked to realize that I had been dreaming of myself as a male. That seemed somehow Wrong at the time and it disturbed me for awhile. Now I still identify with the males, only it doesn't bother me to do so. Most female characters were simply too dippy to fit my own concept of myself. That's changed to a certain extent nowadays, but still there are more "heroic" (or at least competent) male characters in fiction than female ones.

I just finished Pohl's STARBURST, too, and Dave says the plot sounds identical to the

one Pohl used in another novel (THE WORLD AT STARBOW'S END?). The recapitulation of the details of the latter book sounded awfully similar to STARBURST to me (I don't recall reading the one DaveLo referred to). Does anyone here know anything about this?

While my geology ain't what it should be, I think volcanoes don't operate like two-way valves. Things go Out, but I don't think things can go Into them. Actually, placing nuclear waste somewhere where it would be mixed in with the magma layer doesn't sound like that bad of an idea to ignorant me. But where do we have access to it? Aren't the deep-sea trenches one place where the crust "tucks under", as it were? Perhaps a waste disposal site in one of those could handle the stuff. I dunno, but what bothers me is that the Nuclear Industry bigwigs don't seem to, either.

I was assuming Rachel Hulan would be looking for work because David had mentioned that as a possibility, although he didn't specify when the job-hunt would occur--during the school year or in the summer. I can't recall working while I went to school, though I held various jobs during vacations from age 16 onwards (car-hopping, skate-"boy" at the roller rink, an extremely short stint as a produce clerk in a grocery store...). Of course I'm excepting that old stand-by as a filler of the teen-aged female's wallet--baby-sitting. That I did a lot of after I turned 13 or so (maybe that explains my aversion to kids...naw. Sandy did the same thing and she's still batty when it comes to children). I know I thought it was neat to have my very own cash that I earned my very own self and which I could spend any old way I pleased. The concept of saving income, however, was never explained to me, and I missed out on any opportunities a nice bank account would've given me after high school. Whatever cash I had I spent. Immediately.

I wasn't looking for "proof" that you attended a lot of cons; it only seemed mind-boggling that anyone could/would attend more than a con every weekend--which had to occur in order to make 107 in two years. I mean there are only 52 weeks in a year, and though there are a lot of conventions between April and October, the wintertime generally doesn't offer a con each weekend. I just wondered if you meant 107 in 3 years...which sounded more likely. Honest, Suzi, I wasn't calling you a liar, merely questioning your typing accuracy.

Reading about your cats reminds me that DaveLo has coined a new name (now I hafta get another kitten to lay it on). Pita. Has a nice sound to it, and brings to mind the Middle Eastern bread I so love--especially when slished through a bowl of hummous (sp?). Of course, what it really means is Pain In The Ass... Too bad he hadn't thought of it earlier; it fits our black imp much better than Scamper.

This is the best FLAPzine I've seen from you, Suzi. You kept a firm check on the *heh-heh*s and *giggles* and *smirks*s. Made for a much better flow, and your thoughts came across more clearly and less "flighty" than before. Hope the style change continues--I really enjoyed this!

DAVID HULAN -- FENRIS 36 -- The house seems to be shaping up nicely, judging from the many pleased noises you made about it. Bet I wouldn't recognize the old homestead. One of These Days DaveLo and I may be able to make it out there for a personal inspection.

Different strokes for different folks. I can't imagine being anything other than bored outta my skull on a cruise. The appeal they hold for so many people misses me completely. Now the land excursion sounded a bit better, but I'd much rather see places other than the towns or cities.

The double-column format works nicely!

BECKY CARTWRIGHT -- ROUND TUIT #15 -- Hope you keep your semi-promise to do MCs next time around. I miss them! The Career Woman bit is getting entirely out of hand in your life. Whadya trying to do? Make V.P. by 45?

There are now Designer Nails (the finger kind) on the market. Only cost about \$50, installed. Look suitable ghastly, to boot. Some of them have sculptured bits on them that raise up a half-inch or so--make the hands look deformed, to me. Some people simply cannot find enough foolishness to spend their hard-earned money on. Tis a puzzlement....

MARTY HELGESEN -- THE CHARITABLE TRANSPORT COMPANY FOR THE SICK (26 FZ) -- The Handy Hint you gave

about using the display on an electronic calculator as a light source in an emergency isn't of use to me. First off, my calculator uses liquid crystal display mode, and as it's powered by solar cells, it needs light in order to operate. Come to think of it, I don't know how long it's been since I've seen a calculator that uses light-emitting diodes (or whatever the 'D' in LED stands for). I think LCD calculators have won out in the race for technological supremacy--at least in the low-price end of the market...

Basically, I'm with you on the subject of the *raison d'etre* for conventions. It was to meet the various fanzine fans that I knew would be in attendance that I first began to travel the con circuit. I'd estimate that roughly half of the people I generally socialize with at conventions can be considered as *fanz* fans--assuming you accept those who only read fanzines in that category--but the other half aren't remotely interested in that aspect of fandom, alas. They're still nice people, it's just that an entire chunk of fandom isn't available as a discussion topic.

KOA = Kampgrounds of America--a chain of coast-to-coast franchise public campgrounds. Some are little more than roadside parks that allow campers en route to other places/save money on lodging, while others are vacation spots in and of themselves.

OOO OOK in response to the "I thought I'd thaw a ^{putty} line..."

MICHAEL SHOEMAKER -- MUGGINS' MUGGLES AND MUBBLEFUBBLES #22 -- I agree that cats do occasionally wake people

up, though not by meowing. Caterwauling is the term that describes yowling loud enough to wake someone from a sound sleep. However, I've been awakened by dogs barking much more often, and they seem to go on making their noises for a much longer period. I doubt if cats have disturbed my sleep more frequently than a couple dozen times in my nearly-44-years, while dog barking or howling does so that many times each year. (I should note that I do like dogs and have owned eight or so in my life, but I really get irked with inconsiderate owners who leave excitable animals out for the night, or ignore any disturbances they may make. Thoughtless people are at fault, not the dogs themselves.)

It is not a "logical extention" that something undesirable should be banned by the State. While there are people who feel that way, I, for one, do not agree with that view at all. "Desireable" is too subjective a term for such strong measures as State control to be employed. I'd go along with the State encouraging or discouraging certain social actions, but saying that "the state should stop them" is going too far. I believe people should always be polite to one another. That does not mean that the State should "stop" rudeness.

I misread the reference to cheetahs as published in SCIENCE 83's October issue. It refers to blood protiens, not DNA per se. I think the piece is interesting enough to copy. "FREDERICK, Md -- If you have trouble telling one cheetah from another, you're not alone. When researchers at the National Institutes of Health checked blood samples of 55 cheetahs from two separate areas of South Africa, they found them to be almost genetically identical.

The scientists took blood from cheetahs born wild in Namibia and the Transvaal Province of South Africa and from offspring bred in a research center in Pretoria. They analyzed 47 different enzymes, each of which can come in several different forms. But all the cheetahs carried exactly the same form of every one of the 47 enzymes. By contrast, in sample populations of household cats, only 78 percent of the enzymes are identical; in human populations only 68 percent of them match exactly. In another test of more than 150 protiens, 97 percent of them matched in the cheetahs.

Such remarkably high levels of genetic uniformity are usually found only in specially bred laboratory mice. "You need at least 20 generations of inbreeding--brother-sister mating--before you lose all genetic variability, the way the cheetah has," says geneticist Stephen O'Brien.

O'Brien's group theorizes the cheetah

population was nearly wiped out generations ago. Perhaps, says O'Brien, they were slaughtered by 19th-century cattle farmers protecting their herds, captured by Egyptians 4,000 years ago, or decimated by the same mysterious cataclysm that caused the great mammalian extinction tens of thousands of years ago. During the crisis, "for every 1,000 animals, there were maybe three or four left," says Mitchel Bush, a vet at the National Zoo in Washington, D.C. "Then as the population expanded there was a lot of forced inbreeding and a limited source of new genes."

The inbreeding has now taken its toll by reducing the cheetah's reproductive capacity. According to David Wildt, a reproductive physiologist at the zoo, the cheetahs show sperm counts averaging less than 10 percent that of lions and tigers, and 70 percent of the sperm they do have is defective. That sort of abnormality, seen previously only in inbred livestock and laboratory mice, would explain why zookeepers have had trouble getting the endangered animal to breed."

Apparently (oops, forgot to change elements--sorry), it depends on the site of an eardrum rupture as to whether it will heal or not. Eardrums that rupture from pressure inside the ear canal, as in infections, frequently tear at the edges, and will close up during the normal healing process once the pressurized pus is released. In fact, physicians will sometimes rupture the eardrum in the office to ease the pain and hasten healing. Rupture of the drum due to external pressure, however, often has the damage in the central portion of the membrane, and that will not heal, as a rule (though I gather it's been known to happen). Also, eardrum ruptures of that sort often cause damage to other structures within the ear.

I always enjoyed Paul Walker's interviews in fanzines, but reading one after the other as they were published in SPEAKING OF SCIENCE FICTION made me realize how repetitious his questioning style was. I found the book to be so monotonous that I started skimming midway through, and only read perhaps 2/3rds of the wordage. Alone, they're fine; strung together they seemed dull.

Re yct Tackett: by saying that Mexico's economy is 70% socialist, and then tying it to a discussion of the possibility of Mexico going Communist, I assume you equate the two completely in your mind. I don't. Britain is a highly socialized country, but I do not consider it communistic...

DAVE WIXON -- THE BIG BRONZE FAKE #20 -- Darn it. I put my Minicon Progress Report on the bottom shelf of the bookcase next to me, and now I can't check to see if you're listed as Fan GoH or as Toastmaster. (I can set things down there, but I can't bend over far enough to retrieve them.) Has the matter been cleared up yet? Sure wish I could go to a Minicon again. But from Cincy, it's simply out of the question. *Sniff*

Busy, busy couple of months you had there. May I display my usual prying nature and ask if there's Someone Special that keeps attracting you to New Orleans? I know Guy Lillian has returned there, but I somehow doubt if he's the lure.

BRUCE ARTHURS -- LAST STAGE FOR SILVERWORLD 18 -- Good luck in selling the story (after making the revisions you intend). It sounds like you have a lot of confidence in it.

Your explanation for the "Digger" hat being called that sounds as likely as Eric's, only yours is a bit more complete. Tying the brim back so dirt can be shoveled over the shoulder makes sense, whether one is a prospector or a soldier (as Eric suggested).

I gather that the mail carrier Lon referred to can't unlock the door into the lobby without removing his keys from his belt--the situation had nothing to do with the mail boxes themselves (except that they were inside the locked-up lobby). The placement of the door lock must be odd indeed to require one to lift one's keys further than usual belted keychain length, but that's the case as I gather.

I kinda liked the cover on the SPACE EATER, too--even with full realization that it had nothing whatsoever to do with the story. Glad we agree.

Drew McDonald, a Bowling Green, OH fan who moved to Albuquerque some time ago, told us at the CFG "meeting" this past weekend that scarcely anyone stays at the hotel during Bubonicons. I find that Alien to the max, particularly when coupled with the notion that you also don't have Thursday night Early Arrival parties, either (of course, if no one is staying at the hotel, it is pretty hard to have them arrive early...).

Glicksohn broke up with Stephanie years ago. She got married to a non-fan in the late '70's and Mike's been keeping company with Doris for close to four years. She seems to have been a Good Influence on him, his drinking has slowed down considerably and he keeps better tabs on his health and physical condition.

Coffins made from compressed peat moss sounds like a Neat Idea. When will your company begin production?

JODIE OFFUTT -- WHISTLE POST #4 -- I used to enjoy doing all the Xmassy things you described, but somewhere along the line the sparkle dulled. I think the hassles involved with making four separate 56-mile round-trips to see the various relatives Xmas Eve and Xmas Day had a lot to do with it. It seemed a waste to decorate the house, we were never home and no one came out to visit--it just added more work to an already over-burdened season. By the time the circumstances were changed, the glow had gone...

Your "Place" sounds terrific. Hope you enjoy using it as much as you seem to like setting it up!

As soon as you mentioned getting married in the yard, a mental image of the gateway sprung to mind. It's a lovely spot; I'm sure Scotty will be pleased to recall such a setting in the years to come. (There seems to be a new "thing" about outdoor weddings in fandom. My daughter was married in Phil and Mary Tabakow's backyard, Mark Riley and Hillarie Whose-Last-Name-I-Don't-Know are being wed at Wilmot Mountain, and didn't Freff get hitched in a public park during a Worldcon?)

Having a clone of Chuck Holst teaching your photography class must have been unnerving!

No Lasher column this time. I'm running this clipping instead in Eric's honor. He has this Thing about White Castles, y'see...

The Great Cumin Discovery was made by me when I was fixing a batch of Chili. Never could figure what was missing in my recipe until I finally broke down and bought some cumin after reading of its uses in Mexican cooking. The armpit odor struck me as soon as I opened the jar!...*Phew* Tastes okay, though.

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT -- Do any of you have a copy of the "censored" BLOOM COUNTY comic strip of a couple of months back? Bill Bowers, former FLAPpan, maintains a scrapbook of Berke Breathed's strips and would like a copy (Xerox is fine!) to keep his collection complete. Contact Bill at 2468 Harrison, Cincinnati, OH 45211 (Didn't I type that earlier in this issue? *Sigh*)
#####

Minneapolis White Castle Declared Historic Place

BY ANDREW H. MALCOLM
*WHL, N.Y. Times News Service

MINNEAPOLIS — Downtown drivers may get a shock here soon: the sight of a White Castle hamburger stand cruising along city streets on the way to a new life as a registered historic place housing an all-woman construction company.

"A woman's business is her castle," said Kristin Wilson, president of the company, Calamity J. Contracting Inc.

The story began about 60 years ago when the White Castle Corp., early purveyors of assembly-line burgers, decided that families touring in motor cars needed fast-food outlets along the way. The places had to look clean, so they were painted white. They had to be familiar, so the minimal menu was standardized at every outlet.

To catch the eye, they were built like little castles, some complete with fake ramparts and turrets. And to forestall any problem with a land lease, the little white castles were built to be movable.

FOR 33 years the White Castle at 329 Central Ave. Southwest here dispensed burgers in boxes to hundreds of thousands of customers. Then last fall the burger bar lost its land lease. The property owner wanted a larger parking lot. The wrecker's ball threatened.

Enter Minneapolis's Historic Preservation Commission, which decided that the restaurant's style of architecture, perhaps best described as Early Roadside Garish, should be preserved as an important piece of Americana. So the city declared the hamburger stand an historic place, which protects the building's facade from alteration.

"White Castle," said Norene Roberts, a member of the commission, "was the first company in the country to standardize food

preparation, fast food, associated products and corporate symbols. They were obviously successful as witness their competition—Wendy's, McDonald's, Taco Bell. A White Castle is not Mount Vernon. But without the White Castles, we'd miss an awful lot of the American experience and our social history."

BUT HOW could Minneapolis preserve a spare White Castle?

After many telephone calls, the commission heard about Calamity J. Contracting, a seven-year-old concern that was started to give a handful of skilled women in the construction trades a working environment free of the sexual harassment they said they experienced on building jobs with men.

"We happened to be looking for new offices," Wilson said. "The commission said, 'How would you like your own building?' I said, 'What's the catch?'"

The catch was that the women had to move the building to a new site soon.

The building's price was right — \$10. "Originally, it was \$1," said Lorry Alexander, one of the company's four owners. "But then the lawyers got involved."

But the price for moving the building—cutting the 30-by-30 foot structure free of its foundation, jacking it up 4 feet and shoring the walls and roof for the five-mile move—was different: \$10,000.

"NO ONE said White Castles are great architecture," Wilson said. "And Burpee Shave signs are not great literature. But they are a facet of American culture. We wanted to help save a little piece of that."

White Castle wrote several covenants into the sales agreement; no one ever can use the building to sell food, liquor or pornography.