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KENNING #29 is a FLAPzine from ~~Frankie~~ Jackie Causgrove, 6828 Alpine Ave., #4, Cincinnati, OH, 45236, and is slated for the August, 1984 Mailing of the Fannish Little Amateur Press, with approximately a dozen copies intended for non-members. First stencil begun July 2nd.  
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This past month ...oops, wrong typeball. Excuse me. There, that's better. As I was saying before that interruption, this past month has been fraught with peril for various mechanical devices which are located within our premises. First the Gestetner broke down, just in time to bring forth a new crop of grey hairs to Bill Bowers' beard. He was to run off the latest OUTWORLDS, y'see, in time for Midwestcon, and had, as usual, pushed the deadline to the limit. I'd noticed a tendency for the mimeo to be a bit stubborn at inking while running off pages for the last FLAP. In fact, I had to resort to brushing ink onto the silk screen for some nine pages just before the inking mechanism decided to get over its sulk and resume functioning. When Bill tried to run it, the ink flowed nicely for about four pages and then quit. Dead. Hand-inking is simply not practical for a run of over 36 pages (even that is pushing Fate). No choice but to call Gestetner. The repairmen came out the next day, and for the trifling sum of \$405.01 put the old bag of gears back together. New header, new silk screen, new bands (it had been running with a set from Bill's old 230--mine is a 320), new strippers, new ink spreaders, new ink gun. Unfortunately, the gun couldn't be installed until Monday, so Bill lost the weekend he'd planned on for printing. Monday night, he tried again. A few more pages cranked out, and then he tried to adjust the new strippers. \*R-I-I-P\* There went the new silk screen. And one band. And one of the strippers. \$143 and some-odd cents later, the machine was back in operating condition. Bill sighed a lot. DaveLo and I sighed a lot. Our bank accounts just winced. Though he had to give up attending the pre-con party the Thursday before Midwestcon, Bowers managed to get his ish pubbed. (Gestetner inquired whether I had considered upgrading my equipment. I told them I couldn't afford it...now.)

While Bill sweated over the mimeo Thursday, DaveLo borrowed his car and drove me to the con hotel. I took along my luggage in case I could find crash space (Al and Lyn, Curry and Loughlin, had offered to drive me home if I needed a lift back) and when Bill Cavin kindly let me use one of the beds in the "storage" room for CFG supplies, I called Dave to let him know. Found out the Selectric had crapped out when he had tried to use it. It left him in a bit of a bad mood. \*Coff\* Friday he took it into the repair shop and was told he could pick it up Monday. Monday he was told a part had to be ordered, and perhaps it would be ready on Wednesday. Wednesday he was told it would be ready on Thursday, so after work he trotted up the street, slipped a typeball onto the carrier and watched, aghast, as the same symptoms that caused him to bring it in reappeared. Friday the repairman called him and not-so-subtly suggested that Dave must've "abused" it in transporting it home. Dave informed him the damn typewriter had never left the shop; never was lifted off the countertop, in fact. The repairman promised he'd have it fixed the next day. And he did...sorta. Dave had to rearrange a few things the fixit man had neglected to move aside when repositioning the case over the innards, and we toyed with a few minor items like a spring that had worked loose, a silent bell, and a space bar that worked erratically. What could we expect for \$62? Perfection? (Needless to say, that shop has lost our business.)

At least it works, although a few new noises have been added to its unharmonic rumblings. We're now in the market for a replacement typer, and any hopes of buying a new car in the near future have gone out the window. \*Sigh\*

In the meanwhile, I had a wonderful time at Midwestcon. Got enough sleep to function all right, enough food to tide me over, about 8 hours of poker playing, and oodles of time spent yakking with all too seldom seen friends. Had to leave earlier than I would've liked on Sunday, but Joni Stopa called later in the evening, asking us out to dinner. We ate Italiano at a nice place not far from our first apartment in Cincy, and then came back for several hours of chatter and drinks. The Stopas agreed it was more fun than the Dead Dog party would've been. I thought so too! Now I'm gearing up for the next con, Spacecon, on the 20th of July. Am hoping to recoup the \$1.50 I lost at the poker table. (I tend to keep my sights low...) Enough gibberish, it's time to get into the good stuff, MAILING COMMENTS!!

ARTHUR HLA VATY -- LINES OF OCCURRENCE 8 -- Impressive Steve Fox cover. I really like his linework. There's a touch of awkwardness here and there but the sense of drama he manages to convey overrides nitpicking considerations like that. He's really shaping up well as a pen-and-ink artist.

If Bernadette intends to present a paper at next year's Swanncon, I hope she discusses it beforehand with someone in charge. To be set head-to-head against the Goh's readings two years in a row ~~back~~ ~~of doublet~~ is not fair.

Though you tried as well as anyone could reasonably expect to make the conference sound interesting, I just wasn't able to get into it. Only proves what a philistine I am about matters scholastical. \*Yawn\*

Enjoyed the fmz reviews. There is enough overlap in our tastes that I nod with agreement to most everything you write, and where we diverge--mostly in the areas of lit'ry serconishness and what I consider off-the-wall stuff--your choices fit in with previously expressed viewpoints. I approve of consistency...

-- BARONESS OF BARF 25 -- And here I had though LACon was honoring a segment of Britfandom by choosing the Rat as its official symbol. Here you reveal it was due to mundane considerations like foreign calendars. \*Sigh\* Now if it had been the Dragon (a sign I'm partial to since it's my birth year) it would've been an entirely different matter. There's a fantasy tie-in with those critters, whereas with rats all I think of is abandoned buildings and garbage dumps.

Re yct DaveLo--During Midwestcon Suzi Stefl described the sort of reaction to allergy shots which necessitates the presence of Professionals when someone is injected. I can see the reason for needing to go to the clinic to get them now. Self-administered CPR is terribly difficult to do properly.

Re yct Pauline--Martha Beck, who is also undergoing desensitizing shots, says her MD explained that the symptoms will continue until the series is all but finished. Each time they let up a bit, the strength of the injections is increased and they return in full bloom. Eventually it should take a tremendous amount to get any sort of reaction, and then all she'll need is booster shots every so often. I'm happy that's a course of treatment I don't anticipate ever needing...

Yct me--Oh, wow. Yeah, like I dig whatcha mean. Like word fail, y'know? \*Sigh\* I shall continue to suspect that if you really and truly tried, you could find a way to communicate the essence of the Alexander Technique's movements, but then everyone's entitled to keep a little Mystery in their lives if they wish to.

-- DILLINGER RELIC 34 -- Steve Leigh's editor at Bantam is no longer with the firm. His agent has his newest novel out going the rounds, but no nibbles as yet. We're keeping our fingers crossed for him.

Even McMurdo sound would be preferable to Cincy in '88. As Lou Tabakow stated repeatedly: "ANYWHERE but Cincy!" Has the committee arranged for extra dog teams? Which quonset hut has been designated as the Party Hotel? Where do I sign up for a Presupporting membership?

I'm all for restitution being made/paid by those whose actions have brought harm to others, and I laud the judge who sentenced the drunk driver to serving community duty as well as supporting the family he left fatherless for 30 years (got those phrases out of order--you know what I mean). Too often judges and courts in general are so hot for vengeance that they forget about the victims, who may be left destitute. Sure, \$25,000 is not a substitute for their father/husband, but then neither is the jail sentence he most likely would've gotten. To me it seems that Justice has been served.

I've seen photos of the peanut butter covered masquerader (it was Chunky-style, by the way), and I don't think he was naked under the goo. Looked like he was wearing swim trunks at the very least. Joni Stopa was there, and her recounting of the tale is hilarious. He left an awful mess when the hot lights and his body heat began to melt the stuff. \*Yuck\*

Good essay on TIME MAGAZINE'S announcement that the sexual revolution is over. I'd say more but couldn't do so without rehashing your own wordage.

YALE EDEIKEN -- ANOTHER PHILADELPHIAN'S OTHER FANZINE No. 2 -- You term this an "irregular journal". Does this imply that regularity is a sign of illness, as in "a clean desk is the sign of a sick mind", or was it intended as some sly, subtle reference to your legal specialty, or something altogether different? Surely it was not due to a mere slip of the keys...

So there's a possibility that bread, like beer, is affected by the local waters from which it's made? Hmmm. Makes a whacky sort of sense. You realize that here in Cincy, we use not only the water that has passed through Philadelphia ~~AND~~, but many other equally disgusting places downriver from you. That should make our local bread, like our local brews, even more tasty, yes? Perhaps we can arrange a blind taste-test one of these years...

ERIC LINDSAY -- GEGENSCHNEIN 46 -- No cover, despite the credit to Stephen Fabian (the separate copy you sent did have one, though). Overlapped letters on your hand-cut logo. ~~MISPELLING~~ Typo in the first line of your editorial. Hmmm. Weren't you in the proper spirit of things when you began your first stencil?

I also note that you used your own address for this, rather than that of your mother's place. Any particular reason?

Didn't think much of the suicide article. Found it distasteful. Perhaps because it doesn't fit in comfortably with the spells of depression I know you go through; perhaps because it hits too close to home.

Your diary entries show a style change--no more dated portions. Some sections were repeated, as if you were typing from memory without reference to previously stenciled parts. Is this because you were doing it in bits and pieces, at your place and at Jean's, or just what? I tried to figure out what was written in the illos you printed over, but couldn't work it out. Are they cartoons or some sort of variation on Tarot cards?

Was rather surprised that you'd sit through "V". DaveLo and I snickered through the first part, ignored the second, and intend to do the same for the spin-off series due to hit our TV screens this coming fall. Watching Bad Movies can, as you say, be fun, but "V" didn't even have that much going for it. At least from this viewpoint.

From what I gather in your neep-neepery, what you need is not a large, hard disc but a small, tough mainframe. Compatible, of course, with all your minicomputers.

-- MISSED MAILINGS -- Like you, I've encountered unfriendly dogs while cycling. Not lately--don't think I've been on a bike since, oh, 1960 or so (mighod! That long!?!). As a preteen I'd bicycle to school and/or a friend's house occasionally, and meet up with a junkyard dog (generic, not specific) on my usual route. He'd always chase me, and I learned to avoid hassles by leaping off the other side of the bike from the ~~EXHAUSTING~~ ~~BEAST~~ yapping mutt, and walk with my rolling fence between us until we reached the far end of his "territory", where I could remount and continue my journey. Familiarity breeds contempt, and one day I figured I'd bluff my way past on my bike instead of beside it. I guess I figured that by then he was getting used to me. All I got for my cleverness was a pair of ripped jeans and a bruised leg. Only dog bite I've ever gotten. 'Twas my own fault; I should have understood that some dogs simply cannot stand cyclists...

I had thought that computers could "talk" over telephone lines at faster speeds than 120 words per minute. Do you mean to say that they are limited to the speed of whatever printer they normally are hooked up to? I think what DaveLo was imagining was some sort of way to transcribe data in quick bursts to a computer located over thisaway, and then having the local machine turn it into print through its own devices. Of course, some local computer fan--Remnick (who has a letter-quality Diablo hooked up to an IBM PC) or Carter--would have to be asked to co-operate in this venture. Too bad it's an unworkable notion.

It's not necessary to destroy your spider webs in order to have a Sparkling Neat House, but only a true arachnid-lover would want to go through the tedious and delicate work entailed in keeping them tidy and dustfree. For some reason the spiders don't seem to appreciate the favor, either...

The problem with eliminating the world's excess population except for one's friends and acquaintances is that, of course, said friends and acquaintances would also want to save their friends and acquaintances and it wouldn't take many links before you'd be left with as many as you started with. Face it, Eric, you have to accept the world as it is, not as you would prefer it to be. No one says you have to like it. That much freedom is, at the very least, given to us all.

Costs to phone Australia aren't cheap, but I wouldn't term them "fierce". I can think of more than a few first-class movie tickets I would've been willing to swap for a 5 minute chat with a friend...

Italian Ice isn't quite the same thing as Gellato. An article in the local paper a couple of months back gave details on the various sorts of frozen confections available nowadays, but I've forgotten just how the two differed, though I recall that a difference existed. Italian Ice is more-or-less a homogenized Slushy, if you're at all familiar with that term. Fruit-juice-based syrup over shaved ice.

The object of a football game, as I understand it, is for the team in possession of the ball to move it to the end of the field designated as "theirs", or to kick it over the goalposts. The team not in possession of the ball attempts to gain possession in the meantime, or failing that to prevent movement of the ball downfield. It's all the foofara that mucks up that simple concept that puzzles me as much as it seems to do to you.

JEAN'S BIT -- Headsets were mentioned in the brochure put out by the company that rented TV sets at University Hospital, but no one seemed to know anything about them. There were none available when I asked. The plug on my set fit the headset of Sandy and Greg's radio so I could use them, but that didn't help when it was an overloud TV set somewhere else that was the problem. I would imagine that any headsets put out by the rental firm would've been stolen rather quickly and would guess that to be the reason they were no longer available.

Sodium pentathol was the drug used to put me out in the operations I've had in my life. It acts so quickly that the only sensation I've had time to note was the metallic taste in my mouth I mentioned before. I did get three drops of ether (dripped onto a face mask) while in labor with Sandy, and then there was a definite feeling of getting "high"--similar to the rush from amytol (however it's spelled) combined with that from nitrous--Engines of The Universe echoing down the Hallways of Eternity, and all that stuff. As there was no doctor on the floor to order any anesthetic, the nurses were bending the rules to give me what they did, and I've blessed their kindness ever since.

Er...that's "Jodie", not "Judy", Offutt.

A stamped or otherwise duplicated signature is just that--a stamped or otherwise duplicated signature--not an autograph. Doesn't make no nevermind how hard anyone tries to palm them off as other than what they are. "Personal autograph" is a redundancy.

If DaveLo were female, we'd have "fit" problems. Though he's taller than I am, his head is larger and longer and his shoulders are therefore lower than mine. So I acknowledge that variations in relative size of body parts would affect the comfort of female-to-female hugs. It was one reason why I plucked the 4' figure out thin air, otherwise only an inch or two would be needed.

JUDY STEVENS JUTZ \*sigh\* KAJ -- THE FRONTIER ALIEN #24 -- I'll get it right one of these days, really I will!

Did I ever tell you about the time the IRS made a mistake in our favor? Back in '67 my Ex and I sold our house, and when filing the next year's forms included the necessary form to show what profit/loss resulted from said sale. We sold at a loss (in fact, an even greater loss than the figures entered on the form revealed), but as at the time

such losses were only applicable to rental property, the pertinent line on the tax form was left blank. Some zealous clerk noticed this aberration and "corrected" our form, recalculated our taxes as if we'd sold income-producing property and not a family residence, and sent us a letter of recomputation along with a refund check about \$700 larger than we'd expected. Needless to say, I said nothing to nobody, kept the letter, cashed the check, and saluted the IRS Building each time I passed it. We used the extra dough to buy materials to finish off the interior work of our new house.

Re yct DaveLo about casting negative votes in the upcoming election. As Mondale's claims to Victory became more solid, I half-decided not to vote at all. Reading some items in FREE INQUIRY jolted me out of that mindset. Commenting on some decisions rendered by Federal District Judge Hand in Alabama in 1962, D.B. McKown, professor of philosophy at Auburn University, expressed fear that judges of this stripe could well be placed on the Supreme Court by You Know Who. He asks: "Now, one wonders, would science education fare if as many as five justices on the Supreme Court were to view the world as he does? This is no idle question when we consider the possibility of a back-to-the-Bible president packing the court with Judge Hands, especially if he is given two terms in which to do it." It terrifies me to consider what Reagan, with no future re-election considerations to hamper him (as well as the knowledge that, whatever happens, it won't affect him), could well do with a second term. I recall his promise during the first election that he'd seek only a single term, and I think we should do our best to see that his word is kept, in practice if not theory.

It would have been very difficult for anyone living in the Chicago area not to have noticed Jackson's overeagerness to gain whatever supporters he could. Frequently his words would be twisted by various radical groups, but he'd never correct them. In fact he'd slant future statements with the idea of tying their support even more strongly to his cause. It seems to be totally against his nature to disavow anyone who shows him the least bit of sympathy. He must've taken the old bird-in-the-hand adage too closely to heart.

I never considered the Maudlin sketch as a "carefully planned and executed pen & ink done for publication", quite the contrary. It's obviously a loose sketch, and as such doesn't impress me as a drawing. As a keepsake from someone you admire, it is of course beyond value. No insult was intended by my remarks.

Larry Tucker (an Ann Arbor, MI fan--no relation to Wilson Bob Tucker) had a selection of buttons for sale at Midwestcon. I'm not sure if he owns a machine for making them, or simply has access to one, but the designs were his own. I bought one reading "I ♡ MY MOCNAI" (Hope that spade comes out right.) I loved it; did a perfect double-take when I first saw it.

Back in '56-'58, the popular consensus among my high school peers was that women who joined the military were little better than whores. I never even heard the term "lesbian" until well into my twenties. (Heltered life, eh?) The wife of the owner of the roller rink I patronized shocked me when she remarked that she'd been a WAVE for the period between her high school graduation and subsequent marriage. She was no prude, but certainly not the sort of brazen hussy I held as a mental stereotype. She was neither a loose woman nor a homosexual, and had considered her 4 years in the Navy as a Great Adventure. Saw a lot of foreign countries in the process, but decided that she didn't want to spend any more time being just a typist--which was what she got stuck with for the bulk of her hitch.

I tend to grit my teeth a lot about those Missed Chances in life, and feel envious of those females who plowed their way through despite the numerous barriers to success in a "Man's World". I don't envy them for their accomplishments, but for the aggression they managed to keep despite the way most girls were raised then. Mine was thoroughly trained outta me...

As far as your Mexican Mafia story goes--well, welcome to the twentieth century. Civilization was bound to reach your neck of the woods sooner or later. Of course there's nothing new about Mexicans fighting each other; only the "style" has been modernized.

DAVE LOCKE -- SLOW DJINN #20 -- For someone who does so well playing around with numbers, why is it you can never conjure up something ~~like~~ fan-nish with our various phone numbers? Huh? Huh? Howzat? Alpha-numeric ain't your specialty? Hmph. That's nothing but a cop-out. (This is all to remark on how impressed I am with your ability to associate the number 20 in so many mind-crogling ways. As my mind doesn't operate in that manner, I'm a bit in awe when others demonstrate a talent like that. How long did it take you to come up with those associations?)

If it took you four tries to get into THE DYING EARTH, I'd suggest giving CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ another try after awhile. Not as a "brown-bagging" book, but as a "rainy-weekend" read. The passage of time might be of help with that novel as well.

I don't find "mate" a satisfactory term for us to use when referring to each other--too much of a connotation with "wife" in my mind. Though it is equally applicable to either gender, one seldom hears/reads it in reference to the male unless a prefix ("room" or "work", or "team") is set before it. I suppose I could tolerate "housemate" or something like that, but, as yet, I've not heard of any term that seems to fit. "Lover", besides being unacceptable to Cincinnati's polite society, is too restrictive, "friend" is closer, but encompasses relationships different from ours. You're more than, as well as something other than, what those words describe. You're, well, something Else.

Yes, your clothing was taken away from you when you were hospitalized, but what you went to wasn't a regular hospital room, but a Cardiac Intensive Care Unit. ICU's have some similarities to Emergency Rooms, in that patients are considered in transit, and no provision for storing one's effects is given.

Taking the additional comments you made to Hlavaty into consideration, you sound less heartless about laughing at people's irrational fears. If made at the proper time and by the proper person, laughter can help a victim of such fears see the ludicrous, and therefore less threatening, side of their problem. Where vicious jibing could actually cause harm, a gentle poke in the ribs could be of help. As you implied, laughter is a two-edged sword.

We have differing perceptions of "home" which affect the ways we look at things like going to convention motels. In the main, it is a place to which you return to (I'm discounting periods of unemployment), where it is somewhere I'm always at (I'm discounting my periods of employment). It can get to be BORING here day after day after day after... There have been times, and not only during this convalescent period, when I've not set foot out of my home for weeks on end. Going to a motel for a weekend, to immerse oneself in the company of friends is a real treat under those circumstances. Makes home become something more bearable, in that I'm able to leave it and then return (for rest and recuperation). Just why other, employed fans exhibit similar feelings toward cons, I cannot say, but in most areas I've lived (all, I suspect) local people, a goodly percentage, do stay at the con hotel. Those who do not generally do so because they either can't afford a room of their own, don't like to share rooms or crash with others, or are disinterested in conventions. While you say you don't dislike conventions, I do think you fall into the latter group. To have the entirety of a group hosting a con eschew staying in the con's hotel/motel, still sounds "alien to the max" to me. Hope this helps to explain just why.

I don't find the world an "easier to take" place during Xmas; instead it seems more plastic, more glitzier, more commercial than at any other time. The theme of the entire period seems to be "Buy! Buy! Buy!" with damn little attention paid to the Giving part. If Xmas were returned to a time of personal gifts with meaning I might feel differently, but so far it just worsens with each passing year.

There is no way I could agree more firmly with your comments to Marty about the banning of press coverage during the Grenada Invasion. Do thinking people really want only a single view of things to be made available? Do they actually desire to wear blinders voluntarily?? I'm no advocate of carte blanche. There are times the press must be restrained just as there are time individual actions

must be restrained (your right to swing ends where my nose begins...), but to deny the press its traditional freedom to cover events of international importance is to take a dangerous first step towards relinquishing control of the citizenry over its own government. Without free access to information, anything could happen, the government could take whatever action it wished without risking public scrutiny. In that case, how different would the U.S. be from the U.S.S.R.?

Redefining "gourmet food" to mean your favorite foods would mean including chunky peanut butter sandwiches (with La Choy chow mein noodles sprinkled liberally on top) as well as frozen pizzas in a category which I am sure is not meant to stretch that far...

Re yct Suzi about "forever wild laws". To ~~people~~ people of a certain conservative bent, such laws would mean that one is restricted from doing what one damn well pleases with one's own private property, one must give the State first offer rights on any future sale of such property, and that one is forced to participate in an artificially restricted marketplace, unable to open up the wonders of nature to a larger portion of the populace. While I approve of "forever wild" legislation, I do acknowledge that there's another valid (though, to my mind, not as valid) position.

"The Photo". Yes, well, Suzi looked even better than that snapshot at Confusion. I have no idea what happened since then...

DEAN GRENNELL -- IN THE LAND OF THE NOSMO KING -- Your title reads like it should've been a book by Baum...

Oh, dear. I'm getting confused. I thought you'd finished your book. Was it the LKGA collection you referred to earlier or what?

Someone fannish choked on Berke Breathed's name --<sup>u</sup> a pseudo-onym if I ever heard one<sup>u</sup> is how I recall the statement (another unlocked comment hook in some fanzine or the other...). Since receipt of this zine/Mlg, I've read more on Mr. Berkely Breathed (his opting for "Derke" is perfectly understandable) and acknowledge the realness of his existence. You knowing his father makes a personality piece read in a newspaper somehow more, well, personal.

Root beer is mostly wintergreen flavor? \*Gasp\* It tastes so much like sassafras smells that I thought that root/bark was its primary ingredient. I recall seeing several old-time recipes for the brew, and recall sassafras was called for, but none of the other things. Wintergreen could well have been one of them, but I surely don't recall it as being so.

MARTY HELGESEN -- HOW TO JUMP-START A POGO STICK (28FZ) -- Your title sounds like the name of a "How-To" book aimed at people whose IQ's don't quite match their ages...

Perhaps it helps to have been raised as a Catholic, but I found your "Live Lent in the Fast Lane" quip rather funny. Are you telling us, via your relating of the Dan Goodman/Krissie conversational exchange, that accurate and detailed physical descriptions can be conveyed through voice alone? My, what ability those two have! Perhaps the Rhine Institute people would be interested in this phenomenon.

I don't get the joke behind the feminist bookstore having Harriet Tubman's books on sale. Care to explain to dense moi? The "christening" of a Jewish chapel newspaper flub I did catch, however. (Win some, lose some...)

I understand the Nplstpl area is big on their annual milk-carton-boat races. Your suggestion to use shaken beer cans for propulsion for one, which would then cast an "Irish Wake" behind itself just might be workable. However, the only Irish beer I can think of that is at all readily available would be Guinness, and I don't think it has a high enough carbonation to be useful. Though it would destroy your joke, wouldn't a Bavarian-type lager work better in that regard? I mean, after all there is a race being run! (Boated?) To display how low my mind can go, I caught your "perform fellatio on a woman" joke before you revealed it. That almost embarrasses me to admit...

I can understand the way you think about LED/LCD calculators. I feel somewhat similarly about knives and food processors. A knife is a useful tool; a food processor is something complicated and messy to clean up after.

I disagree with both of Disraeli's posed questions: man is neither ape nor angel, and texts available to believers in evolution and believers in divine creation would support that view. Being among the former group, I believe man is related to the apes, but is no more an ape than he is, say, an amoeba (to which he can also trace relationship). From what I was taught in school, man cannot become an angel, though he can be with them, and references to such transformations are generally to be taken in the allegorical sense ("Baby's died and is an angel now").

Perhaps a slight rewording would help make the less/fewer distinction more clear (though I think you came the closest of the attempts I've read in FLAP so far). "Less" refers to things which increase or decrease in difficult-to-discern graduations, while "fewer" refers to things which increase or decrease in discrete units. "There were fewer people (things measured in single units) which meant less crowding (things which are quantitatively judged in a more relative fashion)." Maybe I've got it down pat now. I knew there was a difference, but the dictionaries I consulted didn't make it very clear. Thanks.

Publications emanating from groups which espouse controversial causes frequently assume a conciliatory tone after The Cause has been won--makes no sense to keep the troops lathered up once the battle's over. But it's what happens--not what is being written about--that matters, and what is happening is not all that good, imho. Prevoting publicity on the anti-smoking ordinance in San Francisco had to understate the aspect of trampling of individual and group rights in order to be acceptable to the goodly percentage (if not majority) of voters who simply didn't care about the issue one way or the other. Roughly 40% of the adult population smoke tobacco; many non-smokers aren't annoyed by sidestream smoke, so it leaves a small segment of the population who feel fervent enough about the matter to actually mount a Campaign to change a way of life that has worked well enough in this country for many decades. The difficulty with all discrimination laws comes with how they are interpreted, and companies tend, in order to avoid hassles with the Authorities, to read new legislation as conservatively as possible--particularly in this day and age. It will take many lawsuits before the parameters are fully established but as the ordinance was written (and I believe I saw a full text of it in the local paper at one point), one non-smoker can ban smoking in a work area completely--merely by making a formal complaint. That's an Open Invitation to all the chronic grouches out there--and every office I've ever been in has at least one of those. The grippers--those with sharp noses especially--are always with us. I encountered one who bitched the whole day because a vase of fresh-cut flowers was "too cloying" to tolerate. If there'd been a law to back up the complaints, those cheerful posies would've been out in a wink. Some people read Non-Smokers Rights as meaning Right to Power-Trip Over Others. It's unfortunate, but that's the way it is. I'm all for smoking and non-smoking office areas, but to ban smoking entirely in a well ventilated workplace does not seem reasonable to me. (Closed or stuffy offices are a different matter.) It makes more sense to provide a place where both smokers and non-smokers can be catered to rather than setting up a situation where one person can cause upheaval to an entire group.

"[A]ssuming other people are more apt than they are" is a fault I slip into all too frequently. I hope I can recall your statement the next time it would come handy in an awkward public situation.

Cruises, new wardrobes, life-time supplies of almost anything save cash, liquor, or food or fuel--there are lots of prizes I'd pass on. Even paying the pittance (\*coff\*) the tax people would assess would make things like dishes or carpeting or hot tubs too expensive...

The "last few years" that Buck Coulson refers to as being the length of time he's seen "minicon" in use as a generic could well be the entire length of time I've been in fandom. Those sort of statements can be awfully relative, y'know...

ME -- KENNING #28 & 28½ -- Steve Leigh broke his hand the 9th of May, not the 19th (since I didn't cut that stencil until the 18th, I would be passing myself off as a seeress if I didn't own up to that typo).

Pony kegs, grocery stores, and drug stores can sell 42 proof liquor, not 40 percent (which would actually mean 80 proof). One slip of the typer, one slip of the mind...

I could not "hear" the heat of the African sun while reading THE BEND IN THE RIVER, although I could "feel" it.

I have since learned that son-in-law Greg's sister is named Irene, with Rene being her nickname. Why it is pronounced Ree-Nee still puzzles me, though.

JONI STOPA -- ANOTHER MIDWESTERN D.P. -- Those were some amusing wedding stories from your mental holding tanks. I chuckled at the idea of newlyweds being pelted with glitter rather than the traditional rice (or other types of seeds--I've seen birdseed used at some urban weddings). Since throwing rice is a hangover from Pagan days--wishing the couple fertility--I found myself wondering what sort of wishes would go along with the hurling of glitter. Surely fannish minds can develop something appropriate--unfortunately mine seems to be still out to lunch...

Though I, too, would've preferred asparagus to go with the cornish hens for the wedding luncheon, perhaps Hillary's choice of candied carrots was a bit wiser. Fixing hollandaise sauce for a crowd isn't what I'd call "simple", though it is a simple sauce. To think of dealing with that many egg yolks at once--larger pots giving more opportunity for hot spots to develop and all--makes my knees quake. Making a sugar glaze is a cinch by comparison, methinks...

Jon's bit was cute. It must have been a relief to him--after having spent so many times worrying about Things That Could Go Wrong, and then having events go off smoothly--to finally have his worst fears realized. Well, maybe not his worst fears, but still something went awry so his fretting wasn't wasted. He should, of course, look on the bright side. He got plenty of exercise running about trying to find the fellow to turn on the gas line, and still managed to not miss what he considered the Most Important Part--kissing the bride. All the other guests had to simply stand there, subject to leg cramps and back aches...

Glad everything went off so well, though I am disappointed that there wasn't a Wilcon so more fans would've gotten the chance to see a Neat & Clean Stopa Manse. Now I'll have to rely on imagination.

MC's next time...?

LON ATKINS -- ONE WHITE ROSE -- My youngest, Brian, is stationed at one of the Air Force Communication Centers near Frankfurt, Germany. He's been saving his leave time so he can take a leisurely tour of the German castles. I'll try to remember to recommend that he see Rothenburg ob der Tauber--it sounds like a delightful place with just the right touches of the Old World he's interested in seeing. Don't think I can pass on your rec'd for Frankenwein (it is a wine, nein?) as he's an all-but teetotaler. (I'm not responsible for all his genes...)

BROADWAY

DANNY ROSE has gotten some good comments from people I know who've seen it; especially from those who aren't particularly Woody Allen fan (among which I count myself). It's been at the local repertory cinema a couple of times already, so I should be able to catch it some time RSN. Hope so, anyway...

Congratulations on achieving the first step to success in marketing your computer game(s). Was the advance check enough to cover the hours spent on it so far, or was the inherent egoboo sufficient?

We've got a copy of ONE MORE SUNDAY here and, though we've both begun it, it doesn't seem to have grabbed either one's attention. I do intend to finish it eventually, although your wordage tends me to think I'll consider it rather "ho-hum" when I finish.

If this be a sample of "minac", I have no quarrel with/you continuing in this mode for as long as it suits you.

7/30/84---15:21

PAGES OUT OF ORDER  
9/12-11/10 - OOPS &

While I love eating lobster tail, I've avoided any encounter with meals that involve coping with the entire critter. Having tried Dungeness crab once, I think I'm inclined to continue passing up the experience. Too much hassle getting at all the little bits when so much meat is available in virtually one chunk with comparatively little trouble. Some "fun" I'd just as soon pass up...

Hope your luck with losing weight improves. Methinks you slipped a bit more than the 10 lbs from that 50 lb loss. Is the job cutting too deeply into time available for exercise, or what?

I've since realized that DaveLo was thinking more about the steroid (cortisone et al) shots some allergy victims give themselves rather than the injections of allergenic substances given to decrease one's sensitivity. Encountered a similar situation in a conversation with Denise Parsley Leigh, when I asked whether Steve would be wise to take allergy shots (thinking of the series to build up an immunity), and she responded rather curtly that he did get shots--once or twice a year. I later found out she was speaking of cortisone...

The BOONFARK cheer (anti-cheer?) was amusing, but I don't agree with its...er...spirit. I enjoy that fanzine and consider it one of the top titles still being done.

It's sweet of you to admit to the "occassional" typo; I'll reciprocate by owning up to stencilling "resistricitions" by mistake, and missing it while proofreading to boot.

JODIE OFFUTT -- WHISTLE POST #5 -- Congrats for the high marks in your collitch courses.

Every so often I think about going to school to fill in the yawning chasms of my education, but I get cold feet thinking about grades. If I didn't get straight As I'd consider myself a failure--and I can do that easily as it is. I applaud your gittupandgo for reaching out into new territory. (Now about this roll of film we have to be developed...)

I've been in casket selection rooms four times (for my father's, grandfather's, grandmother's, and Dave's mother's funeral preparations) and still feel curiosity. My main interest is in seeing what sort of pitch the funeral director will use in order to steer the bereaved family toward the higher-priced goods. Some deliveries are subtle, some blatant, but they're always in evidence (and generally set my teeth on edge). The more often I get involved in such planning, the more certain I am that I want to be cremated without all the folderol. Still haven't seen THE RIGHT STUFF (there's supposed to be a step-down above this to indicate change of topic--please insert one mentally), and am kinda wondering when I will manage to view it. Most likely will have to wait for it to hit TV, I suppose...

Re yct Joni--well you could see the Stopas at the "party" in Wapakaneta over Labor Day weekend... I have heard that you and Andy avoid Worldcons lately, and that get-together promises to attract some Meat People. If you don't have any other major plans, I'd recommend the trip; rates are cheap (\$5) and so are rooms (roughly \$35 a double).

I've never cared for petunias (my Mom likes them, though), but I've never considered them a badge of poverty or anything close to it. They just tend to get so leggy in mid-season, with a strong inclination to fall over after a hard rain that I prefer blooms like snapdragons, lilies-of-the-valley, pansies (butterscotch and chocolate are my favorites), irises, gladiolas, and...and--oh lots of other old-fashioned kind of flowers.

Thanks to you, too, for the Pretty. Since it was mailed from Halderman, may I assume it was your handiwork? Loved the colors--orange, brown, beige, and yellow--and use it to hold odds-n-ends on my bookshelves.

I'm finished with MCs this round, but there's not enough room to really give a report on recent doings, so I won't even attempt it. I'm doing fine, so's Dave and Sandy and Greg and little Josh (12 lbs 8 oz, 23½" two weeks ago and growing by the minute). By the time you get this we'll have missed out on yet another chance to become instant millionaires in Ohio's Lottery (up to 21.3 mil as I type and also growing). \*Oh well\*

AL CURRY -- WHIMQUIRK -- Imaginative title; I like it.

You weren't married to Lyn during your first tenure with FLAP. DaveLo and I attended your wedding after we'd moved out here while FLAP was begun when we still lived in California. Of course, considering the amount of spirits that flowed during the festivities, I don't really blame you for getting confused. Think I still feel a bit hungover from the party...

Re yct

Joni about the dismal ski season at Wilmot--you should be made aware that actually this past year was quite an improvement over the previous three or so. The difference between "bad" and "disasterous", much like the way some people would respond to Reagan's election-year query about how well they're doing now compared to four years ago. I chuckled while reading about the wonderful time you and Lyn had working with Cincinnati's elderly during ChoiceMedicare's sign-up session at the Convention Center. The genuine affection felt for our Seniors came through so touchingly. Warmed the cockles of me heart, it did... I was rather pleased to have avoided the experience (though the honorarium would've been appreciated), and hope the visit to Toronto managed to wipe away all traces of the bitter aftertaste.

Glad to have you with us again. Welcome back.

DAVID HULAN -- FENRIS 37 -- Nice to hear of Marcia's continued success at her new job, although I know the overseas solo trips that aid her glowing rep with her bosses were no fun for either of you.

Had to grin at the thought of you having to burn wood in your garage this coming winter. Will you leave the door to the house open so the entire building will be warmed, or do the two of you intend to huddle about the flame (dressed in bearskins, perhaps)?

I'm impressed by the cable fees you quote as being in effect in your area. Here it costs about \$13.95 to get roughly the same level of service you get for \$6.95. Our rates used to be closer to yours (I use "our" advisedly since this apartment isn't wired for it as yet--too many other claims on our spare cash), but Warner Amex raised their rates tremendously earlier this year. Lost a heck of a lot of subscribers, too. Beware of greedy cable companies!

Marcia's trip notes were intriguing, but the only comment hook I found was to express admiration for the delightful custom she encountered, where the company would provide beer for its employees on special occasions, such as Fridays. Gives new oomph to the standard cry of TGIF...

Good review of GREYSTOKE. While you covered the negatives well from the standpoint of a Burroughs' fan, you didn't overlook its value as a film, as opposed to a visualization of a particular novel. Local ERBite Mike Resnick had a much less even-handed reaction to the movie--foaming at the mouth was more like it.

Enjoyed as well the review on the Armada history book. Being a sort of generalist in my reading of history, I tend to skip over books which cover in detail isolated events like that. I appreciate the way you brought out various facts which I most likely would never have encountered (save me lots of reading that way!), although I'm fairly certain the author would rather have his royalty. Good winnowing job; thanks.

SUZI STEFL -- JUXTAPROSE JOURNAL #28 -- Many thanks for the Pretty you and Jodie sent me as a Thank You for doing the postmailing. It was not necessary, but I appreciate the kind thoughts anyway.

Playing with your WANG again, eh? Weren't you told about the ill effects such goings-on would cause? Have you stocked up on depilatory lotion for the palms of your hands? (Aren't you just sick-n-tired of jokes like that?)

Dotti really went through a lot with that wrenched/damaged knee. Seeing such an improvement between Midwestcon and Spacecon (June 24th to July 20th, for those who aren't ~~in the know~~ in the know) leads me to think she'll be virtually back to normal by the time you read this--barring no further injury, of course (and at that age, who could predict?). Give her my best wishes...

8/01/84---14:45

11.

Considering your romantic entanglement, I suspect your urge to write may wane for a while (fanac does supposedly substitute for that sort of thing, right?), but as long as you keep in touch regularly and entertainingly, all I can do is grin and wish you well...

BECKY CARTWRIGHT -- ROUND TUIT #16 -- Why on earth you put up with that job is beyond me. I mentally cheered when you reached that fed-up stage, and felt let down when you later relented. I ask you to consider some points: 1) if you leave, do you expect the company to go under? 2) What has working for them accomplished for you that another workplace would not have? 3) Is the company apt to hire a Hit Man to blow away you and yours if you leave, or are you sticking to a bad situation out of a self-imposed Sense of Duty? While I applaud your persistence, I can't help but think that there are so many other places where a job well done is rewarded in better (and greater) ways than where you are right now, and where the emotional toll is a heck of a lot less.

With the ritualistic murder of the New York 17-year-old in the national news, perhaps more attention will be paid to mutilation cults. They seem to be quite wide-spread of late. It bothers me to consider the sort of mental state a person must have to feel that anything beneficial could come from inflicting pain on other living things. I mean there are those who profit from activities like dog fights, cock fights, ~~boxing matches~~ bull fights and such, but they're doing it out of understandable Greed, not metaphysical considerations...

PAULINE PALMER -- TEN PERCENT CHANCE OF OCCASIONAL FLOWERS -- One of the things I was told about shortly after moving to Cincinnati was the large number of excellent ice-cream and candy stores. I tried one of the better-reputed, and was rather disappointed. I think they confuse home- or hand-made with well-made. The texture of the ice cream reminded me of the malt mix sold in Chicago--low quality with largish chunks of ice crystals, suitable only for whipping up in shakes or malts. Just because the ingredients are pure and fresh, and the process as "natural" as possible, there is still no guarantee the final result will be good.

Anent your friend's "round young virgin" recollection, I was reading a recent anecdote where a child named the four persons present at the Nativity: Round John, Virginia, Mother, and Child. Ah, yes; the errors of childhood. I recall hearing "heavenly peace" as "heavenly pease" for years, long after I could read (same excuse as yours--why read what you already know by heart?). Think I was confusing the sound of the carol with the gaming rhyme, "Pease Porridge Hot".

MIKE SHOEMAKER -- MUGGINS' MUGGLES AND MUBBLEFUBBLES #23 -- The man who concocted the Pet Rock fad was interviewed on NIGHTLINE recently and stated that he doubted another fad like his could come about. I thought then that he utterly overlooked the Cabbage Patch kids, as well as a few others, but had forgotten the little I'd heard about the Tulipmania that had struck in Europe a couple of hundred years ago. What is the Bubble scheme you mention? The term doesn't mean anything to me.

My son-in-law is an avid backpacker. I've mentioned the book you're working on to him and he's anxious to see a copy. Any idea when it will be published, where it'll be available, and crass commercial things like how much it'll cost?

Re yct Marty about the Grenadans seriously considering the holding of U.S. students as hostage. Game plans are developed by most governments, some of which cover less than aboveboard activities. The fact is, our students were not in the hands of Grenadans, and when we did invade we did a bit more than merely secure their quarters and whisk them away to safety. We actively interfered in the affairs of a government which had made no hostile threats against the United States. I'm more than somewhat surprised that there has not been an international uproar over the whole thing. I guess it's simply considered all right for a Super Power to overwhelm another nation, as long as the invaded country is small and puny enough. (I also note that we are helping the Grenadans finish that Horrid, Nasty Airstrip which was such a strategic menace because of its size.)