
KENNING #31 -- from Jackie Causgrove; 6828 Alpine Ave. #4; Cincinnati, OH 45236. Distributed via the Fannish Little Amateur Press, December, 1984, its Gala Fifth Anniversary! A few extra copies are sent/given to those Special People who are not in FLAP, though I wish they were.... This fmz supports MARTHA BECK -- WRITE-IN-- TAFF '85!! Vote early, ~~vote~~ ~~vote~~!!!

I hope you all like the new typeface which is debuting this issue. Dave and I ~~went~~ ~~had~~ made a serious decision and went out to a not-so-local Sears store to invest a hefty portion of our savings in a Brand New Communicator II Electronic Typewriter. It's a lovely machine, loaded with all sorts of rilly triffic features like Automatic Return, Automatic Centering, Automatic Underlining, Automatic Decimal Alignment, Automatic Indentation, three typing pitches, Repeat capability for any key, upward and downward index keys, and other things too groovy to mention. We've both fallen in Love...

Included with this mailing will be TAFF and DUFF ballots, as well as some ~~propaganda~~ campaign literature promoting the Write-In Campaign for Martha Beck for TAFF '85 which was kicked off at this past October's OCTOCON. I was almost overwhelmed by the enthusiasm and support expressed for the Midwest's Earth Mother, and despite the long odds against a write-in campaign's success, I think she's got a good shot at the slot as the US delegate to the British National Convention, Eastercon, to be held in Leeds, this coming April. Those of you familiar with Martha know of her charm and good humor; those of you not as fortunate...well, what can I say? You have something to look forward to in your old age? In any case, I hope you vote for both TAFF and DUFF, regardless of who you actually vote for. Our Own JONI STOPA is standing for DUFF, and it goes without saying that this fanzine supports her in that endeavor as heartily as it supports Martha.

Time is tight at the moment, so I'm going to swing directly into MAILING COMMENTS...

DAVE LOCKE -- SLOW DJINN #24 -- As I recall that News Years Eve at the gay bar that you recall to Al Curry, the ones suckin' all that helium were you, Al, and Glicksohn. Now it could well be that my memory is playing me false on this point, or perhaps too much Season's Cheer had been consumed, but it seems to me that we wimmenfolk had more pride than to leap up to the ceiling, untie balloons, and then spout off doggerel rhymes while squawking like ducks. That is much more of a male sort of activity. Doris, Lyn, and I simply sat there, laughing so hard our faces fell into our fried mushrooms... Decorum, y'know?

Go back and reread my comments about going the commuter route re: convention attendance. I did not say those criteria for stay-at-homes applied to everyone, merely to 'most'. You seldom manage to fit under that label, though it does happen on a few, rare, occasions. Often enough to say that it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to 'typify' you in any set category. I've said it before, and I'll say it again -- you're unique.

ARTHUR HLAVATY -- THE EMBEZZLED CADAVER 27 -- This is the Ed Gein Memorial Issue of your FLAPzine? Gosh, I wish you had warned me. I had clipped this neat little bit about Ed Gein being a source for Bloch's PSYCHO novel, and I would have forwarded it on to you, or put it in my own zine, if I had known...

I wonder if 'Edd' is used in a similar fashion to 'Donn'? Brazier was the first person I knew with that spelling to his name, but here in Cincy it's not all that uncommon. A local sportscaster uses it, and I've seen it given three or four other times for various people. I gather it's semi-intended as a shorthand method for notifying people that the name is not a shortened version, or nickname, of a different one, like 'Edward' or 'Edmund' or 'Donald', but stands alone. I would imagine people named Terry or Gerry or Jerry would appreciate some sort of 'signal' like that...

You don't know anyone that everyone likes? Hmmm. I guess you're one of the unfortunates who hasn't met Martha, then...

ARTHUR (still) -- ANOTHER REMARKLE FANZINE 5 --

-- THE DILLINGER RELIC 36 --

Sympathies on the loss of your almost-new cat. This past year hasn't brought much good to our apa's pet population, has it? REVIEWER OF THE NEEDS is on our

are something important... Bill Bowers brought over a few of ~~Will~~ Joe Bob Briggs' columns, recommending him as being "almost as funny as Dave Berry" I think Berry should feel insulted. I found the columns sick and tasteless, and am utterly puzzled why people find him readable, much less amusing...*YUK*

You neglected to note "End Football Alert" at the bottom of P.8, and I almost flipped through to the end of zine before I realized it was an Error on your part. Once you get your ~~pat~~ readers trained, Arthur, you must maintain the habit through stringent reinforcement. You have assumed a Responsibility; you must follow-through...

ERIC LINDSAY -- MISSED MAILINGS --

You ask Dave if all US cons have broken the 500 barrier for attendance. No, of course not! Midwestcon had about 270 or so, Spacecon around 67 or so, this past Octocon tipped in around 73 all told, and the rumpcon/party held in Wapakoneta over Labor Day weekend hit somewhere around 42 hardy souls. Ah, the lovely Midwest, home of the Ideal-sized cons...!

the Real Thing will do.) The only fan I know who was a Ham Operater ain't a fan no more...Paula Gold, who married my Ex, moved to Beecher, and ~~had a brief fling with Bobbie Ann~~ then gafiated. Well, not so much 'gafiated' as quit...

LON ATKINS -- THREE WHITE ROSES --

That house you've almost bought (haven't heard any news on the COA situation as yet...) sounds delightful! How'd you manage to stumble across it? The typical Atkins luck at work again?

Noted your recommendation of the two Crowley books.
I dearly enjoyed LITTLE, BIG... God does that natl

I dearly enjoyed LITTLE, BIG... God, does that pâté sound delicious! Wish I'd recalled the recipe was in here before we co-hosted last Saturday's CUG meet. *Oh well* Maybe I can make up some for the New Years Eve party later on next month. (Assuming I can remember to copy it before I forget it's in here again!)

JEAN WEBER -- JEAN'S BIT --

11/07/84---17:17

I'm no expert on allergies, but from what I've read, the reactions you show to peanuts and cigarette smoke most likely are allergic reactions. Allergies can affect various parts of the body -- it depends on the chemicals your body produces in response to a specific allergen, as well as how you make contact with the offending substance. I have almost no allergies, but one I do have, for jalapeno peppers, causes my tongue to swell up to the point I can't close my jaw. I imagine I might get a skin reaction if I handled jalapenos, but since I eat them, it's my tongue that bears the brunt of the bad effects. Something, ghod knows what it is, occasionally causes me to break out in explosive sneezing, my eyes redden and tear up, and my sinus start flooding with watery mucus. One dose of Chlortrimetron, 8 mg, and the 'attack' goes away. Have no idea what causes it, but as long as the remedy is available and cheap enough, I don't see the need to go through an expensive set of medical tests to establish just what the culprit is. I hardly think there's a "correct approach" to doing mailing comments, and I don't particularly feel that Eric's current method is 'wrong'. While I do wish he'd write longer zines, I certainly can understand why he doesn't, and as I also try to hit every member in my comments, I certainly see his point in trying to do so himself. Do your things your way, Jean; let Eric do them in whatever manner gives him the most pleasure.

MIKE SHOEMAKER -- MUGGINS' MUGGLES & MUBBLEFUBBLES

Sorry, there wasn't enough room in this format to get your issue # in, and I had to sub a '&' for 'and'. Maybe next time I'll just use 'M.T.' instead of Mike and save a space or two.... Interesting comments to Arthur about how PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD was received when it was first produced and to Dave about the use of newspapers to spread false info during the Civil War, but no comments to make regarding them... except your ability to locate these bits and pieces of History on multiple topics continues to amaze me.

ARTHUR HLAVATY -- CALIFORNIA CRAP 9 --

Nice essay on goal-vs.process orientation. I'm a Process person, in the main -- if I don't like to do a thing, it takes a mighty attractive goal to make me do it (I'm always willing to be stayed). To work on an 'impossible goal' like the examples you gave of equality or ending of pverty or whatever would make no sense to me if I did not find some sort of pleasure in the things I was doing. And pleasure in a job, especially some of the sorts of shit-work a volunteer is likely to get stuck with can depend as much on who you're working with -- the social aspects -- as does the task itself. In any case, a nice, thoughtful bit you did here...

KAJ STEVENS -- THE FRONTIER ALIEN #25 --

Cute cover -- and the work you went through in hand-coloring it impresses me! Nice touch, and thank you. (So what are you going to do that's Extra Special for this Gala Anniversary Issue? Hmm? 22 little porcelain plaques, hand-painted and glazed?)

Though I've never met ghod (I assume you mean Perdue?), I know the sheer joy there is to listen to the tales and yarns the Eofen are willing to share to interested fans. ('to'? Don't I mean 'with'? *Sigh*) Ah, the stories they tell (and, generally, very well indeed), and the sense of History one gets! You're lucky to have located one of our Ghood Ole Folk...

Congrats on the part-time job. Pray tell us, what seems to be the favored reading material in La Feria? I'm mildly curious if they differ from the great Average among the American Reading Public. Have you been having any luck in 'infiltrating' sf to the masses?

That was a larger-than-normal attendance for Bubonicon, wasn't it? Was the excess because of the hordes of 'dealers' which appeared in response to the generous rates the committee so foolishly announced?

Read and enjoyed your con report -- sounds like you had a helluva time. I would lay money on the idea you'd love our Midwestcons (if you could ever make the trip up to this part of the world to attend one).

Your encapsulated MCs left me breathless. Creepy-looking alien on the bcover....

MARTY HELGESON

ACROSS THE SAHARA BY SUBMARINE (30FZ)

At first I was going to *grump* about you FLAPans with such lengthy titles, but now that I've typed it, I sorta like the looks of that format. Guess this is my chameleon issue of KENNING...changes on nearly every page.

That quote you included from Cardinal Newman (of whom I've never heard; care to give some background?) was amusing. At first the, well, turgidness of the prose was off-putting, but once I got into it, his wit captivated me. Excellent piece.

Now here you giving the straight dope on what an aquatennial is. You're supposed to use your creativity in this hyar apa, Marty! Play!

Thanks for explaining the bit on Harriet Tui-man. I knew she was a slave (though I didn't know she wasn't a writer) and active in the Abolition Movement, but the connection twixt 'slave' and 'sold' or 'sale' just didn't occur to me.

While I don't believe Dave, Joni and I are all that unusual as far as polite smokers go, it did irritate me to hear of the obnoxious pro at the con the MINNEAPOLIS went to. It's people like that who give us all a Bad Name.

APOLOGIES TO ARTHUR IF THE COMMENTS TO THE LEFT DO NOT TURN OUT--STENCIL FOLDED UNDER ITSELF AND IT TOOK LOTS OF CORFLU TO COVER IT UP. Hope it turns out....

DAVE WILSON

THE BIG BRONZE FAKE #23

Okay, I counted the number of characters used in your title and issue number. One was 19, the other 23. They, of course, add up to 42... (Seen any mice near your house lately?)

You type with the typewriter in/on your lap?!? What make is your typer? This new one, at 26 lbs., isn't too heavy to do that, but it certainly is too damn big. Be like sitting down with a St. Bernard snuggling on your knees.

Gee, I enjoyed DRAMOCLES. Not the greatest book, by any means, but still good reading. Different strokes...

I love frog legs, too. Do you think we really belong in the same apa together, Dave? I also like french cooking.

Particularly their sauces... *Sigh* I'm so happy to hear your saving ~~your~~ your cash for me. Now I'm even more disappointed I couldn't manage to make it to Conclave. I have it; let's play Poker by mail! I've got an Ace and King of spades before me, we're playing seven-card stud, and I open with a dime bet....

Arrn, eh? Neat lady. I don't know her well, but from the two-three times I've seen her at the Resnick's, she seems bright, personable, and with a witty way about her.

Having half an airport in another country is fairly close to the situation where Cinti's airport is in another state, but it sure would help if all the airport were located in Canada. Of course, travelers, who'd have to clear customs because they flew from Chicago to a Minnesota town might not find it so much fun.

It's not the act of measuring which makes Metric a better system than what we use, but the act of manipulating/converting the numbers obtained through measurement. While using a Base 12 system for ruling, which is easily divisible by 2, 3, or 4, it doesn't convert between units readily, and there's no relationship between linear, volumal, or mass units. To refer to Metric as 'more logical' is true enough, but I also find it easier to use.

I don't think the thrust towards Metrification comes from the Educational Theorists, and find your comment odd in that regard.

Glad you mentioned trying out contacts. I'm giving 'em another try, too. Bought a pair of Hard Gas Permeable ones (called HGP for short, or the Boston Lens II), plus a pair of reading glasses to get away from my bifocals. I hated the damn things! After a year, I still flinched when catching something changing size or shape as a view of it would pass through either the top or bottom lens. The 'gap' in my intermediate vision made it sheer miserableness to cook dinner, cut veggies, or do anything at normal kitchen countertop height. Had to hold my book too close to read, and constantly had to squint to figure out what cards were what on a largish poker table at a con card-party. Denise Parsley Leigh had had similar problems with her

hard lenses some time ago (fogging up difficulties, in the main) had given them up, and then tried HGP's on the advice of her opthamologist. She loves 'em! There is a tendency for the lenses to make your eyes redden when it's close to the end of the time you're supposed to wear them, but it isn't uncomfortable, and causes no damage to the eye or vision. The redness goes away in a short while after removal. (Have no idea what causes it) Anyway, I'm sure as hell hoping they work out this time! If they don't, I don't know what I'll do--start carrying three pairs of glasses, I guess. I'll never go back to bifocals, that's for sure! Too bad old Ben Franklin's dead, or I'd give him a good tongue-thrashing! "Pop Rouge" does have a nice ring to it; a lot snazzier than "Red Pop", that's f'sure... Well, about people being "kicked out" of their homes when a freeway construction project comes through... I knew some folks (used to get the flagstone ^{from} we used to build the terrace back at Beacher) who were tickled pink to be bought out. Their house was practically a shack, but they were paid on the basis of a rule-of-thumb based more on lot size, number of rooms, etc. than actual market worth (the fact that the area they lived in had been rezoned to "Commercial" helped a lot too, admittedly) and wound up with more than enough cash to get themselves a new place, newer and larger and in a better neighborhood, and have cash left over. Not everyone bought out for freeways has to be coerced through Eminent Domain. In Illinois at least, the State would offer quite generous prices to avoid court hassles. I knew of (not personally, my parents knew him) one man who got a case of the Raving Greeds. He asked a totally outlandish price for his property after the initial offer came through. They haggled for a couple of months, and he was finally taken to court and stripped of his sorry six acres for about two-thirds of the price they first had offered (plus, he had to pay legal fees). While I have heard of Awful Things being done to people under similar circumstances, I wonder how many will hold up under examination? In any case, no one is simply tossed out, they are paid for their property, and except in the case where people are extremely attached to their homes, most seem happy enough to Move On...

Ah, you just reminded me--I'm fixing Fake "stuffed" Green Peppers for supper tonight! Gotta go and get busy on them... *Yummie* "Shuttle craft"... "dangers loom". *Ouch*

Signs reading "SNOW BAN IN EFFECT" might have an effect, akin to signs in a house reading "MAY THIS HOUSE BE SAFE FROM TIGERS". Who knows? (And did you do that research to find out?)

My suggestion about putting nuclear waste into the magma layer was a *joke*, son, a poor but honest *joke*... or, at least, not meant to be taken in strict earnestness.

But Yale comes from ~~Philadelphia~~ ^{Connecticut} he moved to Chicago, ~~and then to Houston~~ ^{then to Houston} for more Schooling, and now is Back home.

(Still Wixon?! Mighod!) I don't think I'd go as far as you and call "morning persons" "crazies"--I know one or two of the breed (a rare one, thankfully), after all, and they might hit me if I dared to agree with you...I've broken a toe or three in my time, so I can grant you my utmost Sympathies. They hurt!

You mention two brothers--how large a family do you come from, and what's your rank in Birth Order? (I can't say I'll get Upset if you fail to reply to these Pressing Questions, but with all the attention paid to Only children and First-Borns, I tend to perk an ear at mention of numerous siblings.)

How are you doing at adjusting to your contact? Wish I were doing better than I am with mine. Up to 11 hrs. and counting...but not seeing so hot. (This is called making one's excuses for typos in advance...)

I assume from that line about it being 28 years before you met someone else who read sf, that you are also a late-comer to fandom? While I knew a few folk who read sf--my Dad and his brother, for two, I never met/talked to another Reader until I was in STrek fandom, back in 1968--when I was but 28. See how these Coincidences occur? Quick! What's the mystical significance of 28??? Good comments on the presence of ~~Politically~~ Correct Science. Too true.

Sigh Obviously the polls were only too correct. Darn it, anyway. Actually, I kinda held the same opinion (aka Foolish Hope) that you did--they HAD to be mistaken! Sadly, they weren't. Mentally insert an appreciative OOK-OOK wherever you think I spotted a particularly dandy pun. If I had acknowledged them this comment section would be three times as long! Mayyyou continue to stay "caught up" in MCs.

JODIE OFFUTT
WHISTLE POST #7

As you can see, some of the fine lines in the Macillo dropped out. My mimeo is good, but not that good!

The year Wally and I remodeled our kitchen (in a house older than yours back before I was in fandom) I swore it took FOREVER to complete. I was wrong--it was about 3 weeks. Your remodeling job, however, has taken Forever...

You have empty bookshelves! Are they still "that way", or have you since remedied that abnormality?

Methinks it would be difficult to trip Eric up on some of our expressions--he's spent so much time in the States during his various visits that he's pretty familiar with our slang. Of course if you tried him out on some Kaintuckisms, it might work. Heck, there's a lot of people here in the US who could tripped up by Regionalisms!

Jodie, you haven't been in L.A. very often or for very long to say something like English already is the official language of the U.S. Nor any of the States with high percentages of Hispanics. In some areas it seems like Spanish is the Official tongue, and English is but barely tolerated...

Cinti, true to its reputation about being 10 years behind the times, is still in the throes of adding salad bars to restaurants. I hope they don't die out; I like 'em too!

You relieved me mightily by listing what it was in Toledo you wanted to see. For someone to place that city on a Revisit list sounds--well, Odd on the surface. I knew about cutting back mums, but not that the same trick worked on petunias. I remember "pinching back" the snapdragons my Mom raised, but not doing anything to her petunias. Wish our next-door-neighbors had cut theirs back--the darn plants lay on the sidewalk half the summer...

BECKY CARTWRIGHT
ROUND TUIT, NUMBER UNKNOWN

Darn. Still haven't got my format down pat yet. *Sigh*.

What!? No con reports? No trip reports? Aw, com'on Becky. I enjoy them so!

I hope you don't remain chained by those Golden Handcuffs for too much longer. Dave, because he changed jobs/went unemployed for so long a time, just returned to work after a whole week off. He combined Vacation time with the Holidays, and is going to do the same thing when Xmas rolls around to get a big chunk of time away from his desk. He relished ev'ry second of it... First Honest-to-Ghod Vacation in 5 yrs!

Ah. I see you relented and at least gave a 'brief con-report--two of them at that! Now I don't feel so bad.

PAULINE APLMER
MOCK FENNEL SOUP

Should Jack ever wish to replace his ~~lacky~~ separate quasi-suit with the Real Thing (John Molloy must be aghast at the notion of someone wearing an ensemble rather than an honest-to-ghu suit), he should come to Cincinnati. It's that old ten-years-behind-the-times bit at work again. All sorts of spiffy three-piece masculine-type ~~stallions~~...oops, suits are available in our downtown stores and suburban shopping malls. Jack could ^{be} rigged out in proper Esquire fashion, and then store his duds in the closet knowing that he was eschewing a genuine suit, and not merely a sports jacket and slacks. No need to thank me, I'm full of helpful hints for fellow FLAPans....

Having a b-i-g dog come into your home (and so rudely, too!) must have been more than somewhat disconcerting. I recall one time, when I was pregnant with Sandy, and we foolishly adopted a German Shepherd from the Animal Shelter. He was a big, rangy 11-month old "pup", with far more energy than we had sense. About three weeks before my

due date, at the point where I was at my ungainliest, I went out on the closed-in back porch of my Grandma's house (which we were renting at the time) to go into the back yard, where I had a small garden for veggies. Big Pup gaily wagged his tail and stood up on his hind legs, placing his front paws on my swollen belly. I tried to push him off/away. No go. He wouldn't budge. I got miffed. I've never been afraid of dogs, in fact making friends with so-called vicious canines was a pasttime of mine. I stepped back, and Pup's four feet slid to the floor. I moved to step around him. He sidled in front of me; tail still wagging. I decided the heck with this noise, I'll just go out the front door, and turned to leave the porch. Pup trotted around to stand between me and the door. Shrugging, I turned back and tried to go down the porch stairs. He again moved to block me. Now I was getting angry. I kept speaking to him all the while in a friendly tone, but an edge started creeping into my voice. This was ridiculous, Trapped on my back porch by a dog? And a dumb pup at that!? I pushed him with my knee (he came to mid-thigh on me, and I was 5'7 1/2" at the time). He stopped wagging his tail and laid his ears back. I quit nudging. His tail started wagging again. This Mexican stand-off lasted--I kid you not--for over an hour and a half. Finally Wally came home from work and the Pup's attention was diverted. I was a mass of quivering nerves and burst into tears. We took the dog back to the Animal Shelter that very night, gladly signing a form that promised that we'd never again attempt to adopt an animal from the SPCA. As with your incident, except for the one instance of laid-back ears, the animal never threatened me with growls or bared teeth, he simply refused to let me go anywhere (and believe me, by the time Wally came home, I really had to "go"). I've owned other dogs since then, even large ones (collies) but don't think I could ever manage to entertain the notion of bringing another German Shepherd into my home. Nope. Uh-uh. Once again, a lovely group of Headline Goofs from the CJR.

JONI STOPA
COUNTRY ROADS

What are you trying to do, Joni? Beat Suzi Stefl at the getting-hurt game? It'll never work, you know. She's got too much of a head start and has been practicing far more than you have. (And I note she's now trying to teach her daughter her little tricks, too.) Give it up. Stay healthy and whole. You're in a losing battle...Yay for Wild Cherry jelly! Well, I really prefer jams to jellies, but Wild Cherry is good no matter how you jar it. Congrats on the Bumper Crops this year--lots and lots of goodies for the Fan Funds, eh? Oh dear, and then you talk about Wild Elderberries! Whaddya trying to do? Ruin my self-control? I'm twitching to drop a couple slices of cracked-wheat bread into the toaster and slaver them with jam. And

here I was doing so well with my weight gain. *Sigh*

Having seen the cafeteria-style feeding "system" you use for your cats, I'm somewhat puzzled as to how it was managed to put Stinker on a diet. Did you lock him/her up, or what? How did you keep the cat from simply going downstairs to the cat's Dining Hall and helping himself if ^{it} was loose? In any case, I sure can understand why Stinker sought his new home--I'd tend to prefer quarters where I was fed shrimp, lobster, and steak too! Even a dumb dog would!

DAVID HULAN
FENRIS 38

Excuses, excuses, excuses. All we get are excuses from you for not performing up to par for FLAP. *Sigh* I'm disappointed in you. I mean, using Thanksgiving trips as an excuse is really getting lowdown. You know you could do MC's the day you get your FLAP Mlg, so begging off by claiming lackatime at deadline time just won't wash. You're an O.E., too. Would you accept that as sufficient reason? (HMO/K)

Congratulations on the big salary increases! Pretty soon you'll be in such a high income bracket that you can afford to dictate your Mailing Comments and have them transcribed for you! (No? Well, how else will you fritter away your excess cash? Go on more cruises?) I don't, however, envy you the managerial job. While some people seem to do well at that sort of thing (Dave, for instance), I don't like being responsible for others' performances. That may be the main reason I wasn't too keen on the job of parenting... I bet the two of you look dramatic on a dance floor. Perhaps some day, if we ever get back out there for a visit, you can do a couple of routines for us?

Joni must be giggling madly at your description of your full house at Worldcon time. The Wilcons she and Jon hosted over July 4th weekends generally drew from 65-to-120 fans. While many camped out on the lawn in tents, everyone had to use the bathrooms, and there were but two of those for many a year (they added a wing onto the house a few years back and gained another bathroom, but still, there weren't enough facilities for that number of people.) While it doesn't detract from your feelings of discomfort/crampedness, by comparison, you had it easy!

You made an excellent case for voting for Mondale, unfortunately the Great American Public Bought the Happy Days Are Here scam. I can't describe the depth of Dave's and my depression upon watching the results roll up in Reagan's favor. We got ill ~~and then we got attacked~~. *Oh well* This is a strong nation; I'm reasonably sure it can survive even four more years of Ronnie's bumbling administration. I just think it could've been a lot nicer under someone--anyone--else.

I hope to see THE NEVER-ENDING STORY sometime in the not-too-distant future. And that BUCKAROO BANZAI film sounds goofy enough to be fun!

ME
KENNING #30

Re: my comment to DaveLo about Linda Blanchard and rich brown. Slipped a mental cog there. They weren't married, but rather engaged and living together. Now, of course, they aren't even that.

AL CURRY
WHIMQUIRK III

The way you tell about your misadventures with your upstairs neighbor cracked me up. Having seen the askew air conditioner, before you finally got it re-aligned after his collision with it, and having marveled at the wonderful textured ceiling in your kitchen--with it's 3-ft. circle of missing plaster--I know that you weren't exactly chuckling while undergoing said misadventures. But as they say (who they?), if you can't laugh about it later, it ain't worth living through...or something like that.

The part about Linda's kitchen floor taking on aspects of a Minnesota marsh were especially rib-tickling. The heron and the bluegill was a particularly nice touch. Although the cattails weren't bad, either....

"Tequila swill and vomiting contest"??? Gee, I never saw one of those. Are you gonna supply ring(or bowl)side seats?

Actually, re: your comment to Jean about newer delivery-room methods, the current set-up is convenient for both patient and Doctor. As it should be. I wouldn't have appreciated seeing Sandy get into some emergency situation and the Doctor not able to get into a position to aid her. With the marvelous equipment available nowadays; gas-powered beds, brighter but cooler lights, monitors galore--the staff knows what's going on with Mother and Infant virtually each second. Emergencies can be circumvented before they're actually emergencies... As usual, I was born Too Early, and missed out on such Neat Stuff as epidural anesthesia. *sigh*

From what I've read, John Q Taxpayer doesn't do that badly in tax court. Iffen I recall correctly, something like 40% of the decisions go against the IRS. (I've also read that something on the order of 25% of audits result in more refunds being given to the taxpayer than originally claimed.) Howsomever, the Power the IRS has, to seize property, records, etc., is truly awesome and frightening. As is the case with any Institution run by people, it makes too many mistakes that cause irreparable harm to citizens. Wish there were some way to curb those terrible abuses of authority that have occurred. It's frightening to the max to think of what they're able to do...

Speaking of driving through fog and admiring the silent beauty; one of the most memorable experiences I can recall was driving through Thornton Woods, south of Chicago, after a freezing rain had glazed the trees with ice. Fog slowly swirled about

(how does something so light and unsubstantial flow so ponderously?) the crystal-coated boughs and twigs, which--since you couldn't discern the tree trunks--looked like some sort of Faerie-like contructions in the wan light. The road being nearly deserted, I pulled off to the side and sat, staring, utterly entranced. Thanks for reminding me of it... Sweet fella.

Castigate Lyn for being ~~a flake to the limit~~ crippled with a wrenched ankle, and then go brew a pot of tea for the invalid. The Lord berateth and then helpeth...

DEAN GREENELL
GINK PUGGLEBUM

Speaking of excelsior and plastic popcorn, do you (or any FLAPan) have any idea why so many weird shapes are made out of that styrofoam shit? I get frequent shipments from various places that use the stuff (my, oops, our cat loves it; we hate it) and it comes in forms similar to peanuts, little scallop shells, or skinny cheese curl snacks (which must tempt Little Ones, I bet). Why such a variety? Is there any engineering reason for different forms?

SPANDICO

Glad you unearthed this little treasure. Would've not been nice to have it lost in the kipple for eons...

As I recall, it was while Dave and I still lived on your side of the continent that you finally left the august rolls of FAPA. I recollect EdCo asking you, in Cy Condra's back yard (balancing a plate, paper, of potato salad in one hand while waving about a can of Coors *urk* in the other) if he should start up a petition to readmit you. A frosty glare was your reply, and a hearty "Nooooo; I hardly think so...", delivered in barrel-chested tones. It was obvious you wuz no longer happy with that apa...

Hank Beck made up a batch of homebrew for a party he and Martha held in their former home in Gary, IN. Hank still pales at the thought of the hangover he got, and Martha sighs over the way her party disintegrated into a pile of warm, snoring bodies shortly after the brew was uncapped. I still am not sure if they did something awfully wrong with the recipe, or marvelously right. Nice one-pagers you manage to churn out...

SUZI STEFL
JUNTAPROSE JOURNAL #30

Wow! That type looks dense! Did you use proportional spacing, or what? Looks almost typeset.

Iffen you need (or simply want) any illos for your Project, let me know. I far prefer to do them to order, as it were. My creative powers are woefully deficient.

No Fault insurance was made into law in Illinois shortly after the establishment of its new Constitution, in the early seventies. Makes car ins. more like home insurance.

"Indian summer" was "just around the corner" and then "Halloween and Thanksgiving"? What do you consider Indian Summer to be? Our local weatherman, on the NBC affiliated station was discussing that last week. He said that while there was no precise definition of it, meteorologically speaking, generally it meant a spell of warm weather that occurs after a killing frost. We didn't get a killing frost this year until our first snowfall (2½" blasted inches worth!) on Nov. 18th. You seem to treat it as a calendar event (or do I misinterpret?). So when does it fall? (As an aside, we just had our this week--temps got into the upper 50's-low 60's for near three days running. Felt real nice!)

Are you coming down to Cinti for the New Year's Eve bash? Perhaps we could get up a table of willing fen and cajole them outta some of their spare change...hmm?

Yes, yes, yes. You can get your Mlg. First-Class (as can Marty and Wixon and whoever else who feels flush enough to part with the extra cash. We'll simply work it out as if everything were being mailed book rate, and then charge the extra amount, over and above B.R. to the individual's account. Hm, seems to me Yale also wanted that option.) I wanted to try mailing this coming FLAP in manila envelopes rather than the Tyvek ones we've been using, because it seems to me that the recent slowness in shipping started appear about the time we switched to the new envelopes. I know the stuff's slippery as can be (you should try handling a stack of them! It's like struggling with a new deck of giant plastic playing cards--they go off in all directions, and don't want to stay put). Howsomever, if you guys don't want to wait to see if that'll make a difference, who am I to question? First Class you want, First Class you'll get...

I wish you hadn't mentioned the topic of house-cleaning--especially dusting. *Sigh* Our place is an absolute mess, by far the worst it's been since Dave and I moved in together. To begin with, this apartment was not cleaned after its former tenant left (we moved in the day after she moved out), and the walls have not been painted (our Landlord apparently does not believe in such fripperies), and you can still --after two+ years--discern the places where she had hung pictures and stuff. Now, however, there are these wispy grey dust-choked "things" hanging in the corners--poodle webs I think they're called. Gotta get out the broom and get rid of the nasty lil' bug-gers Real Soon Now. The floors need a good hand-n-knees-with-scrub-brush scouring, too. *Sigh* Gee, I wish you hadn't reminded me....

I was sent to Catholic parochial school during my grammar-school years, and, of course, we had prayers every day. What surprised me was the times I would attend Public School with neighbor friends during one of our Holy Day holidays (?) and they, too, would have prayer each morning. Puzzled me greatly, it did. In High School, however, they didn't do that, just saluted the flag and said the Pledge of Allegiance (which, IMHO, should be all

any public school student should be required to do... unless they belong to some religion that forbids such things, of course). I distinctly Do Not Approve of prayer in school. I'm even irked that we have to shoulder the burden of paying the salary for the US Senate's Chaplain. *Grump* Religion belongs at home or in church, and is each person's own business; it is not the business of Governmental agencies or our schools.

Your supervisor showed a great deal of tact and common sense in solving the problem of the allergic non-smoker. I winced when you mentioned the lingering smell of cigarette smoke, since I'm quite sensitive to it, too, believe it or not. This apartment positively reeks from stale smoke, and I almost gag when coming in after being outdoors for awhile. *Sigh* Yet another reminder to get this place cleaned up. I should take down all the drapes and have them cleaned. Ghed knows after *mumble-mumble* years they could use it! Washing the walls and windows would help too. I'm always shocked at how much yellow tar accumulates between glass-cleanings. And if it's that bad on the windows--which do get cleaned occasionally--what must it be like on the walls and furniture and vinyl upholstery? I shudder, and me wee sensitive nose does too...

Every time I hear "Susie" I think of Monique "Susie" Tiffany... I do like your full name, Suzanna, though. Why don't you use it?

Good luck on the running, and hope it helps firm up those - er - overly rounded portions of yourself. Glancing down at my plump bod, particularly my gut, I definitely sympathize with the battle of the bulge.

Hope your eyeballs don't object to this change of typeface. Its called MINI GOTHIC, and is the only printwheel designed for the micron (15 characters per inch) setting. I cheat and use Prestige Elite at that setting, and its larger size makes this look a bit cramped by comparison. Anyway, I find myself with nearly 20 lines to go on this stencil, and not all that much to say. I'd intended to insert a picture of my Grandson here, but the reprints I sent off for Nov. 6th haven't arrived yet. *Sigh*

It looks as though I'll be attending Windycon next month, most likely before you even get a chance to see this. Since my ride, the Resnicks, are leaving early--on Wednesday-- I'll spend a couple of days with Martha before going with her to the con hotel (I don't even know where it's at this year...), where she's giving me crash space in her room. Getting home is proving to be a problem, though. The Resnicks are staying over, to visit with relatives, and the other Cincinnati that is going is riding with someone else in a two-seated van. *Sigh* Martha's volunteered to drive me back herself, but I'd rather figure out another way. Maybe Greyhound? Can't cost much more than the gas for a two-way trip for Martha, can it? Well, we shall see. Stay tuned for the End of this Stirring Saga next blmonth....