
KENNING #34 -- as usual issues forth from the not-so-nimble fingers (or mind) of Jackie Causgrove, 6828 Alpine Ave. #4, Cincinnati, OH 45236. Thisish is slated for the June, 1985 appearance of FLAP, with another dozen or so copies to be given friends not on the roster.

The weird weather patterns that started off this year remain in effect. Just as we had near 70° temperatures in January, Cincinnati seems to have reverted to winterish weather now that it's almost summer. Night before last, Dave and I had to retrieve our blankets, which we had just laundered and put away for the season. The thermometer dropped to a mere 5° above freezing! For a couple of years we could put the blame on Mt. St. Helens for any abnormalities, but there's nothing suitable to use as a scapegoat this year. Even high-altitude nuclear bomb testing has ceased. Does anyone know at what point we are on the solar spot cycle? Maybe there's a clue there.

Anyhow, it's drizzling outside as I begin this (I do have a fondness for the sound of car tires rolling over moist pavement, though), and more than a bit chilly. Feels much more like mid-March than practically the end of May. I don't think our spring was so great that we need an encore, but apparently Ma Nature doesn't agree. *Sigh* Al Curry must think he's died and gone to heaven....

Received startling news from Martha Beck last night. Seems Joni Stopa had by-pass surgery on the carotid artery in her neck. This was the culprit, some of you may recall, which caused her to have a semi-stroke a couple-three years ago. I knew she had been counselled to have a by-pass done then, but for her own reasons, she chose not to. I'm not sure if it was a worsening or repetition of symptoms that caused her to change her mind (Joni is notorious for not Revealing much about her own woes; she's much better at expressing concern for others), but I feel relief that she did finally choose to have the operation performed. I wish her a speedy and full recovery.

Plans are currently afoot for attending Mikecon, in Toronto, this weekend. Al and Lyn Curry want to bid their adieus to their friends in fine style (see Al's zine for further details) and I thought I'd tag along this year. Mike and Sue Harper have generously offered the use of their bedroom (they have one of the few homes among Tronnafen who permit smoking on the premises. Albeit only ⁱⁿone room, that's better than going outdoors everytime one wants to light up), and I'm saving my pennies to stash up on some spirits as we go by the Duty Free shop at the US-Canadian border.

After that, the next goal is MidwestCon, the 36th edition. Dave is feeling generous this year and told me to go ahead and get a room, instead of crashing in the con suite as I've been doing. Of course that allows room for possible kidnappees -- you know, people ~~like Natcha~~ who seem to feel that just because they can't afford a con they can't attend it....

(I'm sorry; it must be Bowers' influence. That last bit was almost too esoteric for me and I'm the one who wrote it! I'll have to pass on being more specific, however. Maybe next issue I can explain in more detail--assuming our plans work out.)

Enough drivell for the nonce. Let's get on with the lifeblood of the apa -- MAILING COMMENTS!

SHMOOZE FOR FLAP
LEAH ZELDES SMITH

Excuse me for rewriting your name up there, but since your marriage to Dick, I've heard that that is how you want to be called. (Congratulations again, by the way!)

Hmm, why do I get the feeling on reading this that you may perhaps have been on a job search for a tad too long? Is this a fanzine or a resumé? I note that you attended a Worldcon the first year you got into fandom. Jumped right in there, eh? Torcon was my 1st Worldcon, too, but I'd been in for a ~~few~~ years before I took the plunge. That was/good'un; I have many fond memories of the Royal York.

Like a lot of shy persons, you don't give that impression to the casual observer. Come to think of it, most of my friends would describe themselves as shy, and I do so myself, yet people who don't know them very well don't seem to realize that shyness is part of their (or my) nature. Perhaps we should have some badges made: SHY BUT PROUD. Nah....

Nice visiting with you and Dick at Martha's earlier this month. You two seem to bounce off each other quite well. (And I do hope you don't continue to let that snarmy AUNT LEAH'S thing discourage you. Don't allow the actions of a couple or few cowards--what else to call fans who won't attach their names to their works?--overwhelm the good will of your friends.)

FIVE WHITE ROSES
LON ATKINS

Congratulations on managing to achieve your apparent good mental equilibrium despite the many stresses of your life. The obvious joy you feel in your still-new marriage must be of great value in that area.

Amusing tale of your entrepreneurial efforts to market your excess real estate. (Buy a condo? No thanks, I have two...) Have you considered renting the unit, or isn't that permitted under the management rules? Hope you get rid of that albatross soon, I'm weary of wishing you good luck....

FANNISHLY INCORRECT 30

ARTHUR HLAVATY

I note that you've figured out a way to respond to the two-person zine that Eric and Jean run through the apa by giving the first initial of the comment maker, adding a slash, and then who the comment was made to. Though I imagine it would seem cryptic to anyone reading it who wasn't in FLAP, I think it makes splendid sense--and adds to our growing mound of apajargon, to boot.

Reyct Eric: I kinda liked the first Roadrunner c'toons, but found they palled quickly. While I think the little bird is obnoxiously 'cute', I dislike the Wile E. Coyote almost as much, so see little point to viewing any of their films.

The similarity of "l'oeuf" to "love" in pronunciation is why a zero score (an "egg") is called "love" in tennis. Which is one reason I felt even sillier for missing the I [shape of egg]NY pun that Marty printed. Tennis is one of the few sports I have any interest in, after all.

The case of universities kicking out SF clubs for the plebian reason that no one in the club is actually a student is quite common, I understand. I think the University of Rochester had that problem, as well as (I think) the Stilyagi Air Corps in Ann Arbor. Ah, this senseless, rigid, adherence to rules....

THE DILLINGER RELIC 39

ARTHUR HLAVATY

Oh, horrors! You mentioned ~~paiz~~ dentists. Thank you very much for keeping it so brief.

I wonder if the displaced Southerners in our midst will retaliate with Mashed-Pumpkin-for-brains-Yankee stories. ~~Wah date you reject tegethalled into tatted!~~

I've heard Good Words about the Kaypro. Keep us none-neep-neepers posted, woncha? (I really want to join your ranks Someday, but too many other things are in line for acquisition first.)

Re yct about the Whole Earth symbol: I've felt quite comfortable with the Space-ship: Earth concept for some time now. It seems a neat notion to hold in mind for those neither scared of technology nor Despoilers of the Land. Garb's ideas scare me....

You seem to be implying, in your commentary about the new allergy medication, that you don't breath through your nose. Seems to me I recall that you are one of those people unexcited about food tastes. Since a hefty portion of the sense of taste is because of the scent of the food, if you do become able to use your nose, it's possible you may find yourself enjoying eating even more. (Or, on the other hand, being revolted by how much the stuff reeks to a newly-roused sense.)

The Editorial Bravery you displayed in running the Atherton c'toon on P.8 certainly removes you from the ~~wifty zone~~ ranks of panty-waists. How daring! How Macho! How Funny!!! (Of course the lead-in is what made it so humorous, y'know.)

One of my Hidden Vices is that I enjoyed the bejeezuz out of AIRPLANE, too. (And even Two, too.) (Should that be "II, too?") My reaction to BUCKAROO BAN-ZAI (as well as to ROCKY HORROR) mirror yours quite closely. Wish you luck? Okay. Arthur, I wish you luck. (See, the NLP stuff works! Already you've learned how to manipulate others through your words.)

KAJ-TIEL-PLU

KAJ STEVENS

I almost choked when I noticed the dots between the portions (syllables?) of your zine title, but then I recalled the "bullet" that is on the 'Keyboard II' option on this typer. Ah, the sweet feelings a surge of power gives one! (Thanks, Kaj; I needed that.)

I'm confused. You've cut back ceramics to a 'hobby' while abandoning the 'hobby-side' of it. That makes no sense to my poor little mind. Could you explain?

I'm confused again. William Goldman is S. Morgenstern, from what I know of the situation. You seem to be writing as if he isn't. Which of ^{us} knows something that the ^{other} doesn't? (and a big *SIGH* for the typos) Or are you simply pulling our collective legs?

Or--name your own hypothesis. "Louie, Louie", ah, yes. That is a memory-flogger you brought up. "Yeah,yeah,yeah,yeah" will no be running through my mind for hours.... "Hope your broken toe heeled ok." deliberate or not, that was mirth-provoking. I don't

think you need worry about taking chili and all those fixings to Atlanta in '86. After NASFiC in Texas, I can't see anyone really having that much of a taste for chili left.... Black-eyed peas and collard greens might fit better. (I won't be there, but you could skip the grits in Dave's and my memory.)

Sunbelt is as Sunbelt does, I suppose. But after 3½ years in CA, I still feel experienced enough with its weather to call it "boring". (Problem is, of course, that "sunbelt" covers a multitude of ~~stiff~~ climes.) (40°-50° weather changes in hours is the norm out here. A mere few days ago it went from 83° to 39° in perhaps three hours. Damn Canadian weather systems *grump*.)

I printed copies of WIMPY ZONE WARRIOR to cover the number of voters in TAFF. However, I lack perhaps 200 of the address (no, make that about 150), so many if not most will never hear the Other Side. My daughter and son-in-law have an Atari, and have now expanded with an extra disk drive, printer, and W/P program. I had no idea they had a Users' Group, too!

Your mention of the short lifespan of floppy disks was the first I'd seen (and I just noticed that Dave changed printwheels on me--excuse me for a sec...aahh, that feels better), but as so often happens when a person first hears something, I've since run across a couple of other references to their lack of longevity. Why is that? User mishandling, or an inherent defect in the design?

How do we handle mc's? Well, I read the mailing twice before I sit down to type: once as the zines come in, the second after the mlg is assembled. When I'm ready to cut stencils, I have a pretty good idea of what/where I want to comment on, but, again, I re-read every word. Sometimes, like coming across a cryptic checkmark (for those who deface mlg's in that fashion), I come upon a section that I had thought loaded with comment hooks and feel puzzled. But, in general, most of my mc's, most of the time, are right off the top of my head. Done on-stencil.

Your comment to Suzi about 'going home again' triggers a river of thought. I 'went home' -- i.e. drove past the house where I was raised -- some eight years ago, and was disheartened. It looked so, well, 'different'. Smaller, shabbier, older (what else? It was built in 1942), less a 'lodestone' (and I refuse to explain that choice of word). I recall pulling the car I was driving to the opposite curb and staring at the weathered brick building and wondering how or why I could feel it loom so important in my mind. I shook my head at the confused thoughts that were running through my head and drove on. I doubt if I'll ever go by that building again.

I've never met nor corresponded with Mr. ~~Phda~~ Perdue, though I have a couple of apazines in my collection -- er, accumulation -- written by him. Would you mind writing a bit more about what sort of a person he is, or your reactions to him?

My impression of the area in which you live is muddled by your comments in response to my query about the sorts of books most popular in La Feria. I had this mental impression of your town as being somewhat like the village of Beecher, IL, where I lived for some nine years -- small, agricultural, semi-isolated -- only with a Tex-Mex accent. Here you talk about doctors (Beecher had one), nurses (again, one in Beecher) and artists (counting the small ceramists' commune about three miles west of town and myself, numbering about eight), you make your neck of the woods sound rather Cosmopolitan in comparison. I lived for years some 40 miles south of the (at the time) second-largest city in the U.S., yet I in some ways I think Beecher was even more in the 'country' than the impression I get of where you live.

I love tentacle hair -- save for one scratchboard sold at Minicon, I've made more money out of paintings that featured 'tentacled hair' (an illustration of C.L. Moore's "Shambleau") than I have of anything else. That has nothing to do with Mira (or Shambleau) look-

ing "creepy". (Hey! No slur intended!) Got a chuckle

out of your aside-comment that you were happy your Tricia wasn't along at con where you encountered a "gorgeous teenaged son" of another fan. Every once in awhile, Al Curry -- an appreciator of feminine charms if there ever was one -- recalls first laying eyes on my daughter, Sandy, who must've been all of 12 years old at the time. He's never been explicit enough for me to figure out why he never made a pass at her; was it laws against statutory rape or the fact that at times I can come across as a Mean Mutha'? Something that continues to puzzle me is the fact that despite several fannish crushes, Sandy wound up married to a non-fan. (She's doing her best to convert him, though.)

Re yct DaveL: take a look at some of those early FLAP mailings; your typing has improved!

Hey! It wasn't the "illustrious and revered [*coff] OEs" who made that reference to a certain 'twit'. Dave is the one who writes and types out the cover page (at times I've added a teeny bit of input). Howsomever, to justify your use of the plural, I will now also say (type?) that Cesar's entry into fandom was "prededed by a joke by a twit.". (That felt as good as changing the printwheel did)

There I go; villifying people in print again.....

I'm certain that if I checked in the various reference books around here I could find out for myself, but I'm feeling too lazy...whatell does the atomic number '64' stand for?

Hmmm. We have different reactions to the word "obviously": I treat its use as being similar in intention to N.B.

While I definitely agree with the thrust of your comment toRT, I should point out that the invention of the transistor came a couple of decades (or close enough for fanwriting) before 'space exploration'. Transistors certainly enabled spaceflight, but they preceded it.

Speaking of SPACEFLIGHT, have you seen the series

by that name on PBS? Marvelous stuff! Y'know, I almost understood your comment about fans of the occult being analogous to 'fringefans'. Care to expand on that idea?

Carol Resnick lent me her copy of NAME OF THE ROSE. She told me it took her nearly two weeks to read it (and I know she's a fast reader), but for some (probably conceited) reason I expected to get through it in a day or two, at most. Took me almost three weeks. *Sigh* Glad I ~~finally~~ did it, though. Damn good book.

I'm about the leaST "domestic" person I know of (short of a freshman male at college), yet I sure do love messin' about the kitchen. Maybe it's because I like to eat....

I don't "doodle", either.

Dave does (and quite well), other people I know do.

I think the closest I ever came to doodling is when I was 2 years old and drew pictures of the moving trucks/men on the family packing crates. Kept me outta evry-one's hair, it did. I've disdained it ever since.

I don't "scribble", either (except when I write 'notes' to myself--which I then have trouble deciphering). I sketch. And I don't do enough of it. I feel my way around a concept I have in mind, and check to see if it 'works'. If it doesn't, I put it away somewhere, hopefully to find and use as a quasi-lesser; either marvel at how I could've tried something like whateveritis, or wonder how I could've missed the obvious solution to its 'problem', or face the same impasse which made me give up on it. Dave's seen some of my sketches for fanzine illos and has given me weird looks after looking at some of them. They are 'sketchy' indeed, sometimes. Howsomever, if it's useable I keep it, to flesh out. I know it'll 'work', even if there's only a dozen lines going off into seeming unconnected directions, and with some of the lines so lightly-drawn that they're virtually invisible.

NITROMORON
DEAN GRENNELL

Pleased to see you manage all those various factors necessary to producing another of your first-rate apazines, Dean. Special praise goes to the Political Correctness of that (simply stunning) wide LH margin. (Of course some of that praise may lose some of its gloss because I also must complain about the decidedly cramped upper and lower margins. How'd you manage to type so far down on the page? Start off with a sheet of legal-size paper? This could be considered somewhat of a compliment to the abilities of your typer.)

I enjoyed McDonald's CONDOMINIUM, which you obviously didn't, so don't feel that my recommendation of ONE MORE SUNDAY and THE LONELY SILVER RAIN would (or is that should?) have any relevance to you. One of the local reviewers gave the latter book a really bum rating (one star, out of a possible five) and called it one of the worst he'd ever read by JDM. Different strokes for different folks, and all that. I don't consider the novel to be one of his best, by any means, but I find even mediocre McDonald better than the bulk of the wordage being put into paperback print nowadays.

Oh dear, you're trying to make me actually think in this here apa? Come up with phrases to match your list of nonsensical acronyms? Well, you've really got some nerve, that's all I've got to say! Hmph.

TBEC=To My Building Concern. BROW=Bestow Nukes On Whales. KPBK=Keep Perpetuating Badminton Fandom. FYTU=Flaming Youths Theorize Unendingly. PRCU=Precedes Rational Common Understanding. FMBY=Fandom Might Bewilder You. KLRA=Kangaroo Leaps Really Astonish. JFFN=Jaded Fans Prefer Nitrous. KNOT=Knowing Why Only Titillates. SFYU=Science Fictional Yuppies Unite. HDWC=Hard Backs Without Covers. IOTA=It's Only The Attitude. PWLC=Perceptive Writers Loosen Comments. RTPB=Really, Though, Pretty Bad.

Okay, now who devises a scoring system for this "test"? Are we going to be graded?

MISSED MAILINGS
ERIC LINDSAY & JEAN WEBER

The mention you (E) made about a "thick pile of little notes" reminds me to ask you if the use of Post-It® notes has spread to Australia yet. Dave brought some home about a year or so ago and has thoroughly infected me with their use. We have itty-bitty pieces of yellow paper stuck to almost everything that doesn't move in this apartment. We make memos to ourselves, each other, write lists, use them as bookmarks, scribble shopping needs/instructions. Use them (and post them) virtually every day. (Thank ghod we don't have to actually pay for the ubiquitous thingees!) Oddly enough, I've never considered using them to note comment hooks in the apa...you may have given me an idea there.

The Aussie dollar has sunk to 67¢ U.S.?!? That croggles me even more than the dismal depths to which the Canadian dollar has fallen. (I think it was 73¢ last week.) I mean, after all, the Canadian dollar never was worth all that much more than the US dollar, while the Aussie dollar was virtually always worth half-again the Yankee buck. Economics baffle me; I have no idea what causes a particular currency to rise or fall in the international market.

It's damn close to impossible to find a bank that doesn't charge outrageous fees for maintaining a checking account or require stiff minimums to be held in the account. I have no idea what amount of cash you keep in the U.S., but our bank charges a sliding fee, ranging from free with a balance of \$699, to a \$4 fee if your account drops below \$199. The Savings and Loan, where we keep our meager savings (actually by now, most of it is the cash Joni sent Dave for GALLIMAUFRY), has an interest-earning checking account, but I believe they require a \$500 minimum balance (or it may be that they simply won't pay interest if the account drops below that point). Would you like me to check out this area for you?

(J) So (E) was being pessimistic when he quoted that 67¢ figure? *Phew* I'm relieved....

Re yct Arthur: actually I was a bit surprised that Martha got as many British votes as she did, considering the all-out campaign against her that the London fans mounted. Skel wrote to us about it and seemed to be shaking his head in an awed manner all the while he was typing. I know he and Cas and Presford accounted for half of the ballots; have no idea who cast the other three votes.

(J) Hey, no need to apologize to me for the poor stencils last mailing; it only cost me a couple of minutes worth of time to find out that there was no way I could get them to ink properly. If I were a Better Person I would've retyped them.

The fact that I chose to avoid this onerous chore reveals the utter contempt and disregard I have for all of you in this apa. Why should I have put myself out just to save the members from suffering eyestrain? I have better things to do with my time. (Y'know, believe it or not, there are times I really experience feelings like those -- well, not that bad, but uncomfortable bouts with guilt feelings when I see various things I could do to correct or improve contributions sent in for repro by me. I know it's not my Duty, or anything like that, but I guess I was raised with the thought that you should help out where you can too strongly ingrained.)

Pity shipping costs are so darned high between our countries. Quill, the office supplier I use for mimeo needs, carries an excellent line of stencils, and quite reasonably priced. The green pliofilm-topped ones I use cost \$4.39 aquire regularly, and go on sale every so often for as low as \$3.59 (they 'list' at \$5.19, but I've never paid that price). The yellow stencils that Dave sometimes uses run 50-75¢ cheaper, but I don't like the way they cut as well. The green ones also take to hand-stenciling for illos and/or headings very well while the less said about the yellows on that score, the better.... Rick Gellman, a Mpls. fan more usually noted for selling other things, operates a by-mail, at-conventions, and I suppose from a store in Mimmesota as well, spice service. He gets his things in bulk, repackages them in handy sizes and puts together a few blends of his own devising. One that I've grown very fond of is a mixture of ground ginger and mustard. It's a tasty addition in virtually anything I've tried it with (well, suppose it wouldn't go too well with chocolate cake, but...).

(E) When I came across your comment "there are no good media fans", I thought to myself "That's a bit extreme, isn't it?". Then you added "there are no good fanzine fans", and I realized you meant "no-good". Is that a style difference between Aussie and 'Murrican, or just a slip? (The Canadian -- and I suppose UK -- practice of putting a hyphen into "no-one" is the sort of stylistic thing I mean.)

NIHIL NEQUAM No. 3

YALE EDEIKEN

I passed on one of the extra copies of NN to Mike Resnick, another boxing fan. Don't know if he had any comments to make as I haven't seen him lately (he's in England at the moment, though he'll be back by the time you get this). My feelings about boxing are too vile to express. Thanks for the explanation of what NIHIL NEQUAS means. Being raised as Catholic, I heard a lot of Latin, but no one ever bothered to translate, so I have little knowledge of the language per se.

Uh-h-h. Methinks I prefer even full justification to RH justification only. Ghod, but that looks weird! (Wonder if a native Arab would consider it that way?) I was at Hippotocon, in fact I was the one who took Tucker's phone call begging off his Goh duties because his son had had an accident not far out of Jacksonville on their way up. Then I had the fun of trying to track down the supposed 'Committee' to let them know. Actually I had fun at the con, but it was quite poorly run. (And I say that knowing full well there's more than a tad of Sour Grapes in effect. It was my idea to hold a con in that hotel, but I would've Done Things a hell of a lot differently....)

ILLUMINATI PINE (33 FZ)

MARTY HELGESEN

Too bad your zine got wet. It was pouring rain on the day it arrived, and, as it wasn't delivered at the same time as our other mail, I suspect someone (would BeeDee hit me if I mentioned the word "mail carrier?") dropped it into a puddle. The only thing holding the envelope together was the tape you put around it, and one two-inch untorn piece on one side. After the pages dried, the other material stacked on top helped ease out the worst of the wrinkles. I don't know if it's worth the bother or not (this situation doesn't come up all that often, after all), but I note that Eric sends his preprinted stuff in a plastic bag which is then either wrapped in kraft paper or a manila envelope. You could start saving those dime-store bags for that purpose if it concerns you.

Someone was *gasp* careless at Boskone? I'd always thought those were about the most tightly regimented conventions in all of fandom. Actually, not posting what's going on in various program rooms is the norm for cons I've attended. That's the purpose of the Program Book, after all.

Well I suppose, as ever, it depends on whose ox is being gored, but frankly I've found anti-Negro and anti-Semite feelings to have always been far more prevelent in this country than anti-Catholicism. Sure, it exists, along with a bunch of other attitudes toward those not among one's own particular ethnic/cultural/religious-outlook group, and the current public debate on abortion is allowing the expression of actual anti-Catholic (as opposed to genuine disagreement with Catholic theology) bigotry, but that doesn't mean that anti-Catholicism as such is widespread. In citing the history of the English-dominated colonies, for instance, you neglect Maryland. And some of the laws struck down in other former colonies weren't actively enforced. Altogether, Catholics have fared a lot better in the US than they have in some other English-speaking countries.

You ran some very funny 'Button Breaks'!

Thanks for including some good words about Richard Burton. It rather disturbed me to hear several nasty comments made about his acting/personality after his death from people I know. (And, no, people I know did not cause his death...) My admiration for him dates back to the otherwise unmemorable SILVER CHALICE's initial release, what?, in '52? Whatever, I found him to be an excellent actor, and though I skipped most of those "turkeys" you mention he was in, I don't think his "drinking problem" affected his acting talent. Many actors and actresses did (and do) films that are, by any criteria, awfully bad, and most people generally agree they are done for monetary reasons. Drinking is not what I'd call an expensive habit (though it can be, if one is hooked on arcane things like Glenfiódich), unlike being addicted to pricey stuff like heroin. Sheesh! It just occurred to me that it was Paul Newman who appeared in SILVER CHALICE, not R. Burton. Now what was the name of that dumb Biblical costume movie I first saw him in? Memory fades....

Re: recovery from my surgery. I'm all better now, at least as far as being over the direct effects from the operation. The thing I'm not over is back problems. In some ways they're better, in some they're worse. Pain is a constant, though I don't want to give the impression that it's unmanageable. I've had a 'sore back' for a couple of decades now, so dealing with that aspect really (honestly and truly) isn't a Big Deal. What does bother me is the searing, burning pain I feel when I do certain things with my right arm. I assume it involves the placement of the rods of steel in my back, but it's a case of knowing the cause not easing the hurt. Since I'm now able to walk some distance without gasping for air, I consider it a trade-off, even during those depressed periods when I wonder why I ever decided to go through with the surgery.

Yes, I did miss the point of your comment to Suzi. DaveL pointed that out to me a couple of days later, after I'd typed my MCs. Viewing FLAP as a conversation-in-print, as I do, I decided to let my gaffe stand.

Hey, FLAPpans. If those of you who attend Midwestcon this month feel inclined to, I think THE GIBBER ISH would make a jimdandy title for a one-shot. I'd be interested in knowing your reaction to THE SILENT CONDALIERS. I thought it sweet, though slight.

WHISTLE POST #9
JODIE OFFUTT

Jonquils; daffodils, whatever they're called, are among my Favorite Flowers (along with lilies-of-the-valley, bleeding hearts, and pansies). I envy you actually having a yard to call your own so you can grow the flowers and plants you like.

One of these years I WILL ATTEND Rubicon. It sounds so much like 6.

the sort of cons I enjoy the most (e.g. PeCon, Cham-banacan) that I feel deprived not to have gone to one yet. Mammoth Cave is not noted for its "formations", as is Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico. I was 12 when I first visited Mammoth, and the tours given then are (were?) different from the ones offered now. The 'Self-Guided' section didn't exist. The All-Day trip took 9 hours to complete, and included a boat-ride along the Echo River (a subterranean segment of the Green River), which is now closed to the general public. Hearing the yarns the Tour Guides spun about the cave, the history of the area, and the various aspects of certain structures in Mammoth's many "rooms" affected my appreciation of what I was seeing, and that appreciation has never left me. I was awed.

Re: Andy's contribution. Dave and I had a long talk about what we wanted done with our remains after we died quite some years ago. What we didn't do was to write them down somewhere (which we said we were going to do but never got around to actually doing). I'd like to be buried without a coffin, but I don't think that's allowed. Barring that, I want to be cremated and my ashes scattered wherever--just so they're not in a marked grave. When push comes to shove, though, I don't really care what's done with my body when I'm through using it. After all, I'm not going to be around to complain....

SIX WHITE ROSES
LON ATKINS

So you're still disgustingly happy with your marriage. How disgusting. I'm kidding. It's really Neat to read you wax so rhapsodical about your life with Julie.

Hearts? HEARTS? You think Hearts is an interesting game to write about? Well, it is your zine, after all. Being what you so snidely call a "fish", i'd rather pass..... "I'll save it in this fanzine." Nice concept that. Storing ideas, memories, and thoughts on paper certainly is one of the purposes of writing these zines, after all. Thanks for the Cioppino recipe. Have you ever thought about writing for the food mags?

JUXTAPROSE JOURNAL #33
SUZI STEFL

"Somehow I don't believe there is anything about me that's quite "normal" or "right." I wouldn't touch that line on a bet!

Your moon/cheek puns were almost too much to bare. It's hi-low, split pot and I see your nickel. Wixon?

Thanx for the tip about candles. I've tried incense sticks and cones, but they only add to the smell, not eliminate it.

Seems your "welcome" was wasted for one prospective member. Haven't heard a peep out of Cesar since he told us a month or so ago that he would be doing a double-issue. Perhaps it's the 'Manana' attitude in effect (I hear it's endemic in Puerto Rico). Leah, of course made it last mailing and I guess *coff* Other Things came up to prevent her appearance in this Mlg.

From your recent phone call, I gathered more info about that car your brother is lending you (and will eventually sell to you). Gee, kid, you're going Upscale on us!

Our typer has only standard line-spacing (6 or 12 to the inch). I'd like it better if that aspect were variable as is the typing pitch, but then's the breaks. I think the Mini Gothic wheel would get a lot more use if I could use it at 8 lines per inch. 6 is too spacey, and 12 is too cramped.

I like your use of varying typefaces and line-spacing and character-spacing. Sets the various segments off quite nicely.

My mother remarried (no scratch that, she was 'going with' the fellow who died) shortly after her boyfriend was buried. Irked me to no end. She had been married for 27 years when my Dad died, and waited about three or four months before she even started dating again. When Gunner died, my step-father-to-be had the unspeakable gall to actually ask her out while they were standing next to Gunner's casket! What shocked me even more was the fact my Mother accepted!! People get strange when they get older....

MUGGINS' MUGGLES AND MUBBLEFUBBLES #28

MIKE SHOEMAKER

Hey! Peace, Michael! I was just making a [poor] joke at your expense for the way you worded your comments about RAIDERS. I found myself expecting more than I got in the sequel, too, but I'm not sorry I saw it. Dave, if anything, like ToD even better than he did RotLA.

Those extremely bright head lights are a European notion. While I agree with the idea that it's best to improve the driver's view of the road at night, I think the Halogen (?) lamps isn't the answer unless drivers are very careful to make sure their lamps are aimed properly. A lot of people never check headlight aiming, and oncoming drivers get temporarily blinded as a result. It's only an impression I have, but it seems that with the new headlights, it makes a difference as to which one you use on which side of your car; some sort of polarized screening is supposed to reduce the effects of the beams striking a car in the opposing lane.

Though I always enjoyed reading Lasher's columns, there were more than a few that expressed a philosophy of language I did not agree with. As the local paper has discontinued his column, I'm going to space out the ones I still have on hand (six or eight of them, I

think), and probably will agree less and less with his concepts as I go along. I used up the ones I thought were Best, and am now left with the also-rans. One should appear on the next page.

THE BIG BRONZE FAKE #25

DAVE WIXON

"Bleat and run," eh? Are ewe feeling sheepish for turning out such a miniscule zine?

Bob Tucker has tried both types of cataract surgery. He has a transplanted cornea in one eye, and a plastic lens in the other. (He'd been told before that it was a waste of time to operate on the eye which has the plastic lens now. To all intents and purposes that eye was blind. Well, he can't see all that well with it since the implant, but even something is better than nothing. I gather he can spot movement, shapes, dark-n-light and so forth, which is a huge improvement over zippola!)

This is not to say, of course, that I am neglecting to wish your Dad all the best in getting over the hurdles he's encountered with his vision. To be blind is my greatest dread.

I chuckled at your line about spring having arrived (a couple of times now...). So true! Isn't endless reruns a bore, though?

"I'll be back next FLAP." Sez you....

SLOW DUINN #30

DAVE LOCKE

Well, you wrote this zine the night before the deadline, and here I am, cutting stencils the day of the deadline. Naughty OEs, we is, we is. Once in awhile, after you've ~~delivered a pitifully good batch~~ used that Super Secret Sauce with a lavish hand and my sinuses are scrambling like mad in attempts to relocate to a more tolerable neighborhood, I dream of getting out that damn recipe and throwing it away so you'll never be able to whip up another batch. My Great Moment has come and gone, alas. If I'd done that three months ago you couldn't have gotten a duplicate from Dean, as he'd lost his copy. Now you go ahead and put it in your fanzine, where you'll always be able to find it in your files in future years. Oh, woe is me! (And woe to me li'l nose as well!)

Thought for sure I'd find some more stuff to comment on in your zine, but I was fooled. Poop. 9 lines to go and nothing left to remark upon. *Grump* Joni sent in a zine describing her surgery, so that's out as a topic. I don't think anyone in FLAP knows or knows of Fred Prophet of Detroit, so mentioning his severe stroke would do no good, and everyone's heard the news of Ted Sturgeon's death by now.... Guess there's nothing left to do but say Goodbye for now.

Goodbye for now, everybody!

Speaking of Language

By William E. Lasher

GIRL TALK

"The woman tripped and fell down the stairs, and lay prostitute at the bottom." The female student who had written this was, according to the story, called in to see her professor.

"My dear young lady," he said, "It's time you learned the difference between a fallen woman and a woman who has fallen!"

But why do we assume that a "fallen woman" is a prostitute? We don't make that assumption about a fallen tree, or even a fallen man. And why do we assume that the word "prostitute" or the word "virgin," for that matter, refers to a woman?

We have plenty of historical precedent. "Hysteria," according to the earliest dictionaries, was a disease of women only, caused by a disturbance of the womb. Even today, women become hysterical—at worst, men only "break down." "Slattern" is another word reserved for women, describing one who is slovenly or a "slut."

Why do we have so many words used to describe women, and why are most of them negative?

The answer lies in our prejudices. Every minority group, in every society, seems to be the victim of some prejudice that is reflected in the language. The larger the minority, the more intense the prejudice and the stronger the language.

The largest minority group in this country is made up of women—all the more surprising since they are in a numerical majority. But women have been treated as a minority, and English reflects that social situation.

The very worst words we use to describe a man are in fact comments on his mother. There are at least three English words in this category, the most polite being "bastard." The woman gets the blame, not her son.

And what is the worst thing we can call a woman? The list is long and not pretty, beginning with "bitch" and ending with "whore." The concern with women's sexuality and how they use it is at the heart of this darker side of our language.

So much for open prejudice; the hid-



den discrimination in English is just as damaging. One favorite expression of male employers is "girl," as in "Ask one of the girls if she could bring in that report." If an employer used the term "boy" in a similar context, no one would notice—unless he was referring to a black man, when everyone would notice.

No one hears "girl" as a derogatory term, except "the girls" themselves. Being "one of the boys" is a good thing; being "one of the girls" means a lifetime of servitude.

Many of us like to avoid obviously slanted words like "broad," but how do we use "lady"? We have a cleaning lady, a saleslady, and a lady of the night, but whatever happened to the real lady? She was, you remember, joined with the lord in a position of power and respect. Today we're as likely to hear about some little old lady as about the First Lady; in short, the positive connotations of the word have been lost for most people.

That's the story of women's words: they've either taken on negative associations—like "girl"—or they've lost their positive force—like "lady." The young lady who didn't know the word "prostrate" might just as well have written "prostate"—but that's a man's word, and no one would want to joke about that.

William E. Lasher is an associate professor of English at the University of Cincinnati. His field is linguistics.