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#115



The Knarley Knews -- Issue 115
Published in December, 2005

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1. All contributions may include a pseudonym (e.g. Knarley, Sydrous, Shit-for-Brains) at the contributor's whim.
2. To get this fanzine you are required semi-yearly to initiate contact with the editors (black-holish behavior is not rewarded). This could be a postcard, phone call, your fanzine, or contribution of your choice. The editors, of course, prefer a contribution so they don't have to write so much. This notwithstanding, you may purchase copies for \$1.50 each.
3. Advertising is free provided that the ads are of interest to the editors and that it is for a non-profit organization.
4. It is the editors' policy not to unduly censor or restrict the ideals of free speech. (We like a good argument as much as the next guy.) However, we reserve the right to make minor content and format changes to fit your piece in or to add appropriately denoted editorial comments.
5. Contributions are currently acceptable using the following computer formats.
IBM: Virtually any format
MACINTOSH: Virtually any format
6. The editors are open to bribes of any size, although their efficacy is highly suspect, and have never turned down a financial contribution.

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Next Issue Deadline: February 10, 2006

Editorial

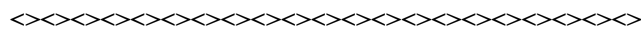
(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

Welcome to another issue of *The Knarley Knews*. I'm not feeling very chatty here at the end of the year so this editorial isn't going to be very long. Just a couple of updates on my general threads: law school, hockey and more on the upcoming 20th anniversary issue next year.

First, though, I want to have the rest of you consider some ideas that I saw in *Banana Wings* 24. The discussion there was reflecting on the growing presence of web zines (especially web-only zines) and how most of them seemed to be constrained to the standard portrait layout for US letter and European A4 paper. This is generally a poor format for the typical computer (and more importantly laptop) screen which would be much better served by a landscape layout. This wouldn't be perfect, but it would also serve the needs of those who feel compelled to print out their issues.

In light of these issues I thought I might experiment with one or more issues of *TKK* done using a landscape format. (I'm thinking of a three column page.) This would necessitate a few changes. The most obvious one is cover art; I'd need something oriented for landscape. I think that article titles would probably not span the entire page, but perhaps only span two columns. I'm also concerned with any effects this will have with "Carry on Jeeves." I've tried to stay very faithful to Terry's original layout including the relative sizing and placement of his custom artwork. This would be disrupted unless I kept those pages in a portrait format. Any thoughts that any of you have would be appreciated.

Please don't worry if you think this means I'm planning on going electronic with *TKK*. *TKK* has actually been electronic for three years now. Each of the last 18 issues (including this one, plus some older issues) have been available on my website regularly for the past three years. I am not aware that this has generated me any feedback and I'm still very much interested in doing *TKK* as an active stay-in-touch mechanism. The web format does not seem to meet that need and I have no interest in going the direction of a blog or live journal. I may at some point ask if anyone on the mailing list is interested in receiving issues electronically so that I can save somewhat on my postage costs.



As advertised, *TKK* is rapidly approaching the 20th anniversary issue of #120. As with the 10th anniversary I'd like to try to put together some kind of coherent theme. In 1996, the theme centered on how things had changed over the intervening decade. I can't think of a decent theme for 20 years so I'm soliciting ideas. So far here is what has been suggested:

Joy V. Smith: I was thinking about changes in SF stories and/or movies. Readers will argue about recent SF stories...

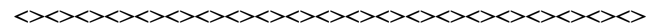
And there are a lot more SF movies recently. We can discuss, among other things – briefly – those formulaic movies (slice and dice and the hero, heroine, and possibly a sidekick or brother live and nobody's sorry about all the people who were killed) that are proliferating on the SciFi channel.

Lloyd Penney: A 20th anniversary theme...how about asking aloud what we're getting out of this form of fannish participation? Why do we do what we do? How about ideas on how to contribute to any fanzine, or solicit ideas on new ways of participating?

John Hertz: How have things stayed the same?

Rodney Leighton: An analysis of the difference in visible mailing lists; i.e. those who appear regularly as LOCers and contributors. Or perhaps commentary on the currency of fanac; what exactly do people get out of their fanac.

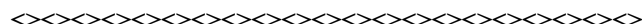
Any thoughts?



The fall law term finally came to an end in the middle of December. For those of you with short memories I took courses in the fall on Torts, Legal Ethics, and the first course in Legal Writing and Research. The later is the one with the extensive out-of-class non-reading. I finished my major legal memo near the end of the term and I got to a point with it where I'd had enough of it. Whether it is A material or not remains to be seen, but from what I can gather from the professor the legal writing style comes rather naturally to me. Legal Ethics had an interesting take-home final exam. It contained a number of factual scenarios and we had to apply the model rules of ethical behavior to determine the responsibilities of the various attorneys or how they might argue a motion to disqualify another attorney or to assert client confidentiality. Torts, overall, was probably the most interesting course. Torts is the civil equivalent of criminal law. Its most prominent component is personal injury law, but it is much more diverse and interesting than that. The final exam was a traditional in-class three-hour exam. I found it easier than I expected and I believe I saw some of the subtler aspects in the problems presented. The final was also part of an experiment at Marquette. Interested students could opt-in to a program where we wrote the exam using our laptops rather than in the traditional blue book. I found it much easier to rearrange some of my thoughts and to proof read the final result. To eliminate cheating (e.g. the exam was closed book) we used a piece of software called Secure Exam which essentially shut down everything on the laptop (network connections included) except a single-document version of Microsoft Word that even had things like the spell checker and help tools disabled. At the conclusion of the exam the results were uploaded to the professor. They

are kept anonymous because they are only identified by each student's unique exam number. Overall I thought I did well in all my classes.

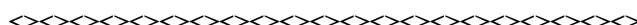
I am now officially (pending my grades) over 1/3 of the way to my degree. It was quite the slog because I took three courses and one of them required stretches of significant work outside of class other than reading. I am still, exclusively, taking required courses and that will continue through the spring term (Constitutional Law and the second Legal Writing and Research). From there on out I have almost exclusive control over the courses I want to take subject to a few courses from broad categories (e.g. a survey course, an advanced research course, etc.). I am planning on concentrating on intellectual property with a few courses in business law and alternative dispute resolution.



Kyle and I are still busy with hockey. His team is doing well and while they are not the most talented team they do show a lot of heart. They never give up and have come from two goals behind to win and three goals behind to tie. This is the first year where I've worked with a team that didn't give up somewhat once they were behind. We have two tournaments in January followed by the two-stage state tournament in February and March. His team has officially become the "B" team from Ozaukee because they beat the other house team in both of their head-to-head games. I think the talent between both the teams was well-matched, but Kyle's team is much more cohesive as a team. This means that the state tournament will be much more difficult to compete in, but ultimately they will be better players as a result.

My hockey team continues to struggle. Not because we don't play well, but rather that the league has become faster, younger and more competitive. We have a lot of players who never played hockey in their youth (myself included) and it shows when we play more disciplined teams. I still play largely for the exercise and to do something so it doesn't bother me all that much to lose. What annoys me are the other players in the league who take the games too seriously. They use questionable tactics and borderline dirty tricks rather than just to play the

game for the enjoyment of it. I know it is bad when they are doing stuff to me because I am clearly in the bottom third from a talent perspective. I've only managed to score two goals this year and both have been against the best goalie in the league. In fact, I have two of our team's three goals against this guy in two games. That seems to be the nature of my game; I score goals when I shouldn't and then struggle the rest of the time. My assists are way down from a few years ago because I'm typically placed on a very weak line or with the one talented guy who misses goals he should make given his talent level. I won't complain too much, though, because he essentially gave me his old hockey skates to replace my ancient pair that had been sharpened so many times that there was almost no blade left. To put this in perspective and decent pair of skates in my size runs at least \$200 unless you can find a good deal somewhere.



Until next issue...



A New Sect is E-Merging

(c) by Jim Sullivan

Well, it was bound to happen sooner or later. Now it has come to pass. Some electronically astute, technically competent person recently declared for all on our planet to hear, "The Computer is our new God!"

To established creeds, that announcement came as a shock and is considered a heresy of the first rank. Luckily, it's the 21st Century; otherwise, a new Inquisition would be underway. After all, those old-time religions have to protect their turf. But to numerous individuals enamored of the Computer for Its being the port of entry into the world wide web, a.k.a. heaven, it makes complete sense to say, "Cyberspace to Earth: We have a new Supernatural Being!"

The Computer is almighty (and, therefore is the Almighty), goes everywhere, and does virtually everything accurately and fully. It, and we're talking Main Frame, Personal Computer, and Laptop here, provides all the answers to each and every question persons might have. And It's getting smarter with each passing day. Moreover, the Computer is tireless (some are even wireless) and fast.

How else could you or would you define, or divine, your true Spiritual Leader?

Surely, the Computer has come to be thought of as the Supreme Deity to users, known also as hackers, geeks, or just plain folks. They all spend their spare time nowadays on-line worshipping the new Creator. And users never tire of telling anyone who'll listen, or pretends to, about the Lord Computer, as if He were the Ruler of the net-universe.

On the internet, people meet, communicate, educate, compute, research, read, write, e-mail, play games, tell jokes, etc. Has there ever been such a grand and glorious device? We think not since the electric can-opener. And the internet can be accessed in all its wonderment, generally speaking, anywhere on Earth.

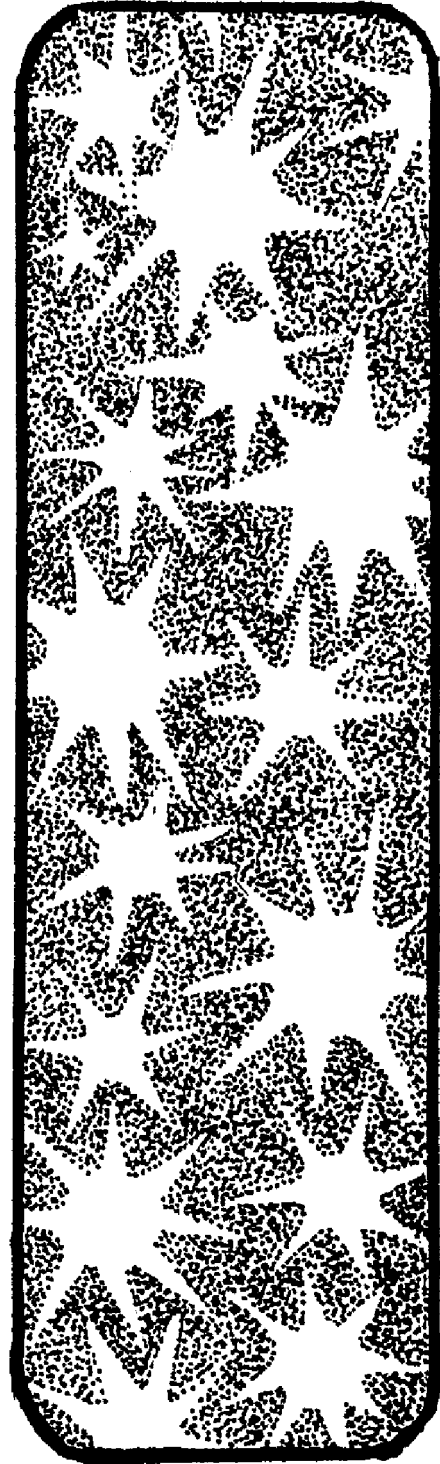
Computer owners place their haloed Computers, bedecked with screens, modems, printers, and what have you upon valued altars of respect in the home, workplace, or public institution. There, hordes of people learn daily how to bow, scrape, and genuflect to their Lord the Computer.

The high priests and priestesses of this new religion are, naturally, Its programmers, many living today like monks and nuns of yore, along and totally wrapped up in their constant communicating with God.

Bill Gates is the titular Pope (Western Rite, Software Division). All kowtow to Him, to His minions, and to His Trinity: Computer Software, Computer Hardware, and Computer Corporations.

Now let us pray: "My Computer is my shepherd, I shall not want! Praise Computer from which all blessings flow! That old, rugged, amazing Computer! Amen/I can!"

The End (of the Beginning?)



RMS

Rajiv's Fire Drill

by Garth Spencer

(previously published in *BCSFAzine*, December 2004)

Rajiv Witherspoon-Li was preoccupied one evening with abducting domestic cats and dogs for the less scrupulous pharmaceutical labs, so at first he did not realize someone was trying to kill him.

"Pss, pss, pss, pss." He twiddled his outstretched fingers invitingly. The overstuffed Persian watched him from the unlit backyard, and didn't approach. "Hello, puss, puss. Puss-y! Want to say hello?" Rajiv tried to look dumb and innocent and harmless, which was how he usually evaded trouble, but the cat evidently wasn't buying it. "Maauw?" Rajiv said in falsetto. That didn't work either.

Rajiv was squatting, rather than kneeling, and now he lost his balance; his ass smacked the broken alley pavement and he went "Oof." At that moment something went v-w-w-i-i-p past his forehead, right through the space his head had occupied. Rajiv flailed his hand around; trying to brush away what he thought was a mosquito. He didn't see or hear the hole that appeared in the fencepost beyond him. The Persian had vanished when he looked up again.

Rajiv sighed, got up and dusted off his jeans. Tonight was obviously a bust. He wasn't going to have any experimental subjects to call in on his cell, not from this borough anyway; the most gullible and vulnerable pets must have been hunted out here already.

Turning, Rajiv spotted a gray, foreign-looking vehicle moving out of a cross-street into the alley. He froze for a second, then relaxed. City people usually ignored each other, and if someone actually inquired what he was doing, he could say quite truthfully he was on his way home. If they asked about his overtures to the cat, he could even say he was trying to make friends, which was even true.

Rajiv shrugged and turned to go.

It was three or four blocks later, standing at a darkening bus stop, that Rajiv saw the unfamiliar vehicle's outline again. For a paranoid second he wondered if a plainclothes outfit was tailing him; then he shrugged it off.

When he saw the same gray vehicle a third time, after getting off his bus, Rajiv was certain.

Without a change in step or a turn of his head, Rajiv marched past his street and back to the nearest commercial zone. It had more than a mini-mall and convenience stores; it actually had a supermarket, bookstore, cafés and a single-feature movie house, unusual in a suburban neighbourhood, and therefore a high-traffic area. Rajiv walked into a café as if it were his original destination. He spent a half-hour there pretending to

read his textbooks, then went to the movie house and bought a ticket he couldn't afford. Halfway through the movie he slipped out, intending to zigzag home.

They caught him in the first alley he entered.

Rajiv never knew why he ducked. Something spanged off the bricks above him, and fragments stung his neck. He sped behind a dumpster and tried to spot the shooter. No movement; no sound.

He counted to fifteen, then tried to dash for the man-high recycling bins. v-w-w-i-i-p – no luck.

Rajiv thought fast, harder than he had ever done. Then he called "I'm coming out! I surrender!" and inched up slowly, putting his hands up first. No shots yet ... nothing yet ...

v-w-w-i-i-p – and he was crouched behind the dumpster again. He didn't even remember getting there.

"Stop that!" he yelled. "I'm unarmed!"

"Sure you're unharmed," an accented voice called, "if we got you you couldn't talk!"

"I'm NOT ARMED, I said! Who are you, anyway, and why are you shooting at me?!"

"Never you mind, just come out of hiding!" a harder voice commanded.

Dark as it was, Rajiv thought he could spot the shooter now, on a fire escape ... and then he spotted two more man-high figures, one standing in shadows at each end of the alley.

So this was it. Rajiv felt more pissed off than anything, because this end was *pointless*. That faintly surprised him.

He stood up and stepped out, not bothering to raise his arms until the nearest figure stepped up to pat him down. Rajiv saw a husky figure dressed in drab black clothes, wearing black gloves and a balaclava; his partners looked just the same. The big man pulled out Rajiv's wallet, pulled his knapsack off his shoulder, then stepped back to examine the contents with a penlight. The shooter approached. Rajiv didn't recognize the weapon, any more than he had recognized the make of vehicle.

"Tempus fugit, guys," the remaining team member called.

"Yeah, yeah ... it's him ... funny! Don't see the notes for his paper here." The penlight turned and glared in Rajiv's face. "What are you studying?" the hard-voiced man demanded.

What was he *studying*?? Rajiv knew this kind of heat couldn't be motivated by his catnapping; so what *did* ...? "Uh ... sociology, mainly, since I quit Fine Arts. Some make-up courses in hard sciences ..."

"Found'em," the hard-voiced man said. "Applied logic, and a psychology elective. But none of his theory yet; we're just in time."

"In time for *what*?" Rajiv was bewildered. He was almost ready to be killed, but not ready for this craziness.

The hard-voiced man silently produced a plastic bag containing a switchblade. As he opened it, the shooter said conversationally, "To stop you from inventing " and the third man growled, "Shut up!"

Rajiv felt flooded with relief. He said, "Oh, you mean that crank theory about sociology? I burned the manuscript."

There was silence for a time in the alley.

The hard-voiced man said furiously, "Jesus, I *told* you to transpose us –" and the third said "Shh!"

"It doesn't matter," Rajiv said. Ridiculous as the situation was, he knew where he stood. "You thought I was going to originate the first rigorous theory of human behaviour, did you? You thought I would explain, and predict, and even control behaviour, from mass actions right down to individuals, at least within limits of tolerance? Hell, lots of people have had the idea, but almost everybody discounts it ... and I sure as hell can't get it together."

The hard-voiced man said, "Oh yeah? Then what about your courses?"

"That was my brother Ari's idea," said Rajiv. "I had to make up my course deficiencies somehow."

The shooter had lowered his weapon at this point. He said doubtfully, "Hang on. You said *lots* of people had this idea ...?"

"Sure," said Rajiv. "Look it up in any science fiction section."

There was a somewhat longer pause.

"'Science fiction section'," the hard-voiced man growled. He cradled his face in one hand. "I wondered if we were at the wrong address."

"*Time*, guys!" the third man said insistently.

"Are you worried about the cops?" Rajiv said brightly. "I think you've got a good half-hour's wait. We haven't made much disturbance, and even if anyone *has* noticed us, this is a quiet, relatively upscale neighbourhood. The cops in this city take a while to believe that shootings or knifings happen here."

The third balaclava-face asked, "And you know this because ...?"

"I've been working with the police for a year now," Rajiv said simply. "I'm infiltrating a catnapping and dognapping ring, posing as a dirt-poor student trying to work his way through college. I joined the force just to work as a clerk-typist, but because I *am* a dirt-poor student working his way through college, I got reassigned. While I was still at the precinct, though, I overheard a lot from their dispatch centre."

The three men groaned with disgust and turned to their vehicle. The one with the weapon and the one with the switchblade practically threw them into the back. The third man silently handed back Rajiv's possessions.

The third member of the team entered first, and put his head out again to announce, "Yeah, we're off our coordinates. We're at –" and the hard-voiced man said "Shh!"

The man who had been designated shooter paused, and turned to Rajiv. "We can leave you alone," he said, "partly because you burned your manuscript, and partly because you report that your theory is a science-fiction idea ... but mostly, because you're working with the police."

"My cognates don't do that, eh?" Rajiv said interestedly.

The shooter froze.

"You found the name you expected on my ID," Rajiv said. "And outside of the arts community, who's going to have a name like mine? You found the course materials you expected in my pack. You were assigned to eliminate a threat, though I hadn't done anything threatening ... yet. So I had to conclude, 'time travel'. And *still*, I wasn't the Rajiv you were sent for. So I have to conclude there is more than one timeline, and you aren't in quite the right one."

A police siren began to emerge from the urban background noise.

"I shouldn't pursue my crank theory again. You know where to find me," Rajiv added. "And I can't say anything about time travel either, for the same reason. Is there anything you *would* prefer that I do?"

The man in front of him relaxed, and punched him lightly on the shoulder. "You could have helped to create a slave society, and destroy all the chances and choices people could have. Or you could open up choices and opportunities." He nipped into the vehicle and closed the door before Rajiv could respond.

Both the vehicle and Rajiv were gone when the squad car arrived.



SUE'S SITES: Treasure Island

By Sue Welch

The first rays of light began to spread over Treasure Island on the morning of Saturday, November 5. Already the area was teeming with the boundless energy of the 737 participants for the Treasure Island Triathlon scheduled to begin at 7:15 a.m. As the beautiful California sun rose over San Francisco Bay to provide its famous picture perfect day in the low 70's, the men and women lined up in wet suits to begin their efforts in the 57 degree bay water. First came the 0.9 mile swim in the bay, then the 25 mile bike ride followed by a 6.2 mile run after which these amateur athletes were treated to delicious free lunch, leaving the rest of their day free for pursuit of their normal Saturday activities. Men and women were split into different groups by gender and age, each group separated by 15 minute starting time. Two laps, each .45 miles around Clipper Cove were the first requirement; jumping out of the water swimmers began taking off their wet suits as they jogged toward their bicycles to begin 6 laps of 4 miles each. Ditching their bikes, the final effort included two laps of 3.1 miles each on foot.

Henry's brother, John, already famous for his 100+ mile bike rides, had become bored this past summer so he checked out new adventures: kayaking, motorcycle riding and this triathlon. He could stay afloat in water but had never really swam; he could jog a few feet but was not a runner. His two goals were to raise the \$2400 for The Leukemia & Lymphoma Society and to finish the event. He achieved both goals, quite an accomplishment I might add. His local Team in Training (www.teamintraining.org) group alone raised over \$100,000 in the fight for cures for the diseases of Leukemia and Lymphoma. A pretty spectacular amount! But beyond this is the personal benefit for John's body.

Treasure Island, the largest ever-manmade island at the time of construction, was built in San Francisco Bay from 1936 to 1939. The city of San Francisco hosted an international exhibition in 1939-1940, named the Golden Gate Fair, in honor of both the construction by the city of the world's two largest suspension bridges, the Golden Gate and San Francisco-Oakland, and Pacific unity. Pacific unity sought to express a common spirit between the islands of the Pacific and was the forerunner to today's concept of the Pacific Rim.

The actual construction of Treasure Island was quite a marvel; the site was the shoals just to the north of a pre-existing island, Yerba Buena. These shoals were only 26 feet below the water's surface, creating a danger zone for area ships. 287,000 tons of quarried rock were dug out of the ocean floor and placed to build wall structures, 13 feet above the waterline. This material was leached to remove the salt and reinforced with 50,000 cubic yards of loam. All of these ef-



orts formed an island measuring one mile in length, two-thirds of a mile in width and 400 acres in area. The fair-goers reached this destination by a 900-foot long causeway that connects Treasure Island with the Bay Bridge, which today is Interstate 80 between Oakland and downtown San Francisco. There were also landings and ferry slips for small boats to dock. A major technological advance for this time was the illumination of the island by laying three 9,000-foot underwater cables. Administrative buildings were built, including two hangars. These structures became San Francisco International Airport in 1941.

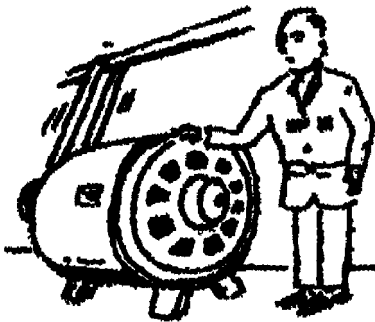
In February of 1941 the island was leased from the city by the US Government, becoming the Naval Station Treasure Island, headquarters of the 12th Naval District. The U.S. Navy seized Treasure Island from the City and County of San Francisco on April 17, 1942, stating that Treasure Island had become a vital necessity in meeting the Navy's requirements for the WWII. After the war, the Island was primarily used as a naval training and administrative center with 3,000 military and 1,000 civilian personnel on base. In 1993 the Department of Defense decided to close the Naval Station and returned it to civilian use in 1997. Today the base lies within San Francisco Bay and within the jurisdiction of the City of San Francisco.

At its creation, Treasure Island was 14 Feet above sea level; today it is 9 feet. Officials estimate the cost of shoring up the island for redevelopment at \$100 million depending upon reuse. However, just minutes from downtown San Francisco, the island has spectacular views of the city, the bay, the Golden Gate Bridge, the Bay Bridge, Alcatraz, Angel Island and more, offering the potential for housing in a rural setting.

Time Magazine picked *1491* as the top nonfiction book of the year.

DING, DONG, BELFAST

On arriving in Belfast along with 29 others, I was billeted on the third floor of the Central Presbyterian Hostel on Howard Street only a few yards from Queens University where we were



to do the first 17 weeks of our training. To our delight and amazement, we had separate rooms, each with hot and cold water, and a proper bed as well as a wardrobe and chair. "Lights Out" was controlled from a master switch which the porter operated sadistically at ten P.M., but the judicious use of a nail file soon had them on again. Being on the third floor had its amusing side as we were served by an antiquated lift. Much to the annoyance of the squads on the two floors above us, this could be intercepted as it rose, by leaning against the locking handle. A procedure which stopped the lift at our floor and kept those above waiting until our squad had all been ferried to ground level.

Each day saw us from up outside the hostel, then march around the corner to Queens where we had courses in Mathematics, Electrical Engineering, and Radio Electronics. Just to ensure that we didn't forget we were airmen, we also got regular dollops of foot drill. To ease the very light workload of our Flight Sergeant, it was proposed that one of use became an acting Corporal to handle the marching and drill. I and another older chap tried out. On one occasion, he got us inclining on the march, but couldn't recall the order for straightening us out again. We took great delight in tramping across the grass verge and ploughing relentlessly into the privet hedge alongside the University. Despite this setback, he got the tapes and I remained a humble AC2.

Once inside Queens we were treated like civilian undergraduates as we attended the various lectures and practical sessions. In the engineering lab they had huge motors, dynamos, generators and even the chassis of a tram for us to play with. We learned how to operate all these as we ran them up and down their speed ranges and took measurements with voltmeters and tachometers before plotting the results in our note books. In Practical Radio we learned how to build oscillators, receivers and transmitters. I worked with another chap and we were delighted when our first humble two-valve radio picked up the BBC. However, a fellow worker had built an amplifier which he wanted to test. He hooked it to our radio and nothing happened. We disconnected the amplifier and the radio worked again. We repeated this process several times, always with the same results, but Paddy refused to accept his amplifier was at fault and insisted it was our radio. You can't convince some people.

After classes we marched back to the hostel for our meals which were taken in the downstairs restaurant shared by civilians. An admirable arrangement, as not only did it ensure

Carry on Jeeves

By Terry Jeeves

that the food was good, but when I started taking out one of the waitresses (yes, we had waitress service!), she saw that extra sweets and puddings arrived on my plate whilst the bill landed on someone else's table.



Other delights included picnics along the banks of the River Lagan, dancing in the Hilltop Hazelwood ballroom, browsing for SF magazines in the large Smithfield market or wandering around the Botanical Gardens with their steaming tropical house. Despite the war, Belfast was a lovely place in those days. We were ordered to avoid the Falls Rd. area, but otherwise we experienced no problems. The civilians either totally ignored us or were as friendly as anyone could wish. It suited us fine. I spent five happy months in Belfast, but eventually the end of term exams came along and those of us who passed were given postings to Cranwell for the second part of the course. First, however, we were given a week's leave and this time we traveled from Belfast to Liverpool. The ship sailed through a lane of sunken vessels, I don't know whether they had been sunk by enemy action or simply scuttled to make it difficult for U-boats to creep in, but the looked a sorry lot.

My leave in Sheffield included the ritual round of visiting all the relatives. As every ex-serviceman will know, this involves two standard questions. "How long are you home for?" and the heart-warming "When do you get back?" The first query never needed an answer and the other didn't exactly make one feel the fatted calf was in any danger. I often wonder just how many servicemen received such welcomes.

My leave flashed by and I set off to report to No. 1 Signals School at Cranwell. This wasn't as easy as it may sound. A word here about the RAF system of posting. When posted airmen usually traveled alone. You were given a travel warrant and, it lucky, transport to the local station. Here the warrant was exchanged for a ticket to the railway station nearest to the destination aerodrome. Then it was up to you to sort out transport to get you the rest of the way. Thus, to get to Cranwell, my train ticket only got me to Lincoln. From there I had to pay my own bus fare to reach Grantham and from Grantham I had to hitch a lift to get to Cranwell. Reclaiming the bus fare was almost impossible so postings usually save the RAF some money.

This sort of thing was one of the snags of Air Force life. Army bods tended to move as units, airmen, as I said before, usually traveled alone.

I eventually reached Cranwell and located a Padgat-type bedspace in a long barrack room, a great comedown from my private room in Belfast. Then began an intensive course on all the RAF's advanced and highly technical equipment. The range of this gear was astounding. At one end of the scale was the T-1083, which resembled a cross between an old-fashioned meat-safe and a one-armed bandit. It consisted of a metal-grilled box with a huge lever on one side (this was the aerial change over switch for moving it from a "straight" set to a superheterodyne. The IF cans had little switches to flatten their response to make for easier tuning – which was done with the aid of a huge handbook full of calibration charts.

Remember that sleek and wonderful Spitfire which was radio directed to targets? In the earlier days that radio was a box-like TR-9 which had to be re-tuned before each flight, believe it or not, but the standard test to ensure it stayed tuned in a vibrating aircraft was to drop it four inches!



One also had to master such beasts as the five-foot high T-1133 VHF transmitter with its crystal oscillator, two frequency treblers and a doubler to boost the crystal's frequency to a hundred-odd megacycles. Megacycles have since been renamed Megahertz, probably to avoid confusion with fairycycles, but they still work in the same way. Its companion was the R-1132 receiver, another enigmatic black box. Then we had wavemeters, tyre insulation testers, bridge and wee meggars to make life more interesting. The "wee meggar" had a hand crank and could churn out 250 volts DC to test insulation. We found a much more interesting use for it. One would charge up an 8 μ F condenser to 250 volts, pick an unwary victim and call out "Hey, Fred!" As the chap turned you lobbed the condenser to him. His reflexes took over and he would reach out and catch the condenser, inevitably getting his fingers across the terminals and collecting a hefty shock. It wasn't fatal, but was, er, shocking.

We were also introduced to a highly secret doodad called the I.F.F. After looking both ways and under the carpet the Instructor informed us that this stood for "Identification, Friend or Foe." It was much later that we found the thing was a transponder which sent out a regular signal to say that the aircraft being scanned by radar, was one of ours. Tuning it was highly technical, you took a screwdriver, turned a screw until the mysterious box squawked, then backed off three clicks on a ratchet. Job don – apart from giving a sigh of relief that the in-built detonator hadn't exploded. This was intended to blow up the device if the aircraft crashed in foreign territory and had a gravity inertia relay to ensure it did. Sod's law saw that it occasionally blew up during ground testing.

We also studied such essential subjects as Workshop Practice, Petrol Engines, Maths, Ratio Theory, PT and of course,

the inevitable Square Bashing and Weapons Training. The foot drill always began with "Sizing off to the right," followed by "Form three ranks." This was in order to get the tallest to the front of the squad and the smaller ones to the back and involved thirty airmen shuffling to and fro like demented earwigs. We eventually ended up in descending order of magnitude. I always ended up behind a big bloke called Newby. When marching he always kept about six inches too far back. This meant I had to waddle along in a sort of Charlie Chaplin walk with feet splayed out to avoid trampling on his heels. This most tedious business kept on for quite a while until one day I "accidentally" stepped on his boot heel and tore it right off. Forced into a limping march he eventually got the message.



The course also included "Air Operations." Of goody, goody, this could only mean that we would get to FLY! Mad ambitious fool, no such luck. We were marched to an old decrepit hangar stuffed with badly bent and time-expired fuselages without wings, engines, or undercarriages. The idea was for us to practice on these where we couldn't damage the more expensive ones out on the tarmac. You might think that even Jeeves could keep out of trouble when working on a busted airframe. My first "black" came when I was told to install a beam approach serial (a four-foot long metal rod) in an Anson fuselage. This antiquated machine was maintaining a steady altitude of two feet while perched precariously on three large oil drums. Never having seen a beam approach serial before and having no clues how to install one I set to work to batter a hole through the cabin roof. The Instructor heard the sound of my honest labours and politely informed me (and everyone within a two-mile radius), in his best Stentorian tones, certain unusual facts about my personal history. He had a wide vocabulary of words seldom used in the Bible Class. I don't think he liked me.

Despite such unkindly treatment, I survived. The next day I devoted half an hour to surreptitiously removing a pane of Perspex from the window of one of the hulks. Such materials was in great demand for the making of brooches, rings and other objects d'art with which to beguile the fair sex. After much labour I carried off my prize. It was only when I started trying to carve the stuff that I discovered it wasn't Perspex at all, but "Triplex." The latter had a thin sheet of glass sandwiched between two layers of plastic thus rendering it totally unsuitable for making anything.

Ethics of Cloning - Part II Digression

by Alex Slate

In the last column I stated that, "There is no essential "right" to existence. There are limits to the use of other creatures to continue a particular life." I think that this is a sufficiently important point to embellish upon, because if it is not so, then my whole argument falls apart.

Life itself is the most precious thing that I can think of. Life is its own justification. And it is something that should be preserved. Yet, are there limits to this. I would say (and have said) that there are. Some of the reasons for this last are philosophical and ethical in nature; some are a matter of logical sense.

First, I would differentiate between being and the potential for being. The bible is a marvelous document, full of wonderful truths, but it is also a much misused document. It is not the unvarnished word of God. I don't intend to get into the discussion of which particular form of religion is correct, and frankly it is unimportant. I am Jewish, and my cosmological constructs have this as its basis. But whatever the source of inspiration for what Christians call the Old Testament (or the New Testament for that matter), and Jews call Tanakh or Torah, it is filtered through the minds of men. Worse than that, it has been translated a number of times, with shifting meaning as a result.

The life that exists is more precious than a potential. That said, we are stewards for the future, so all excesses in the name of enjoying life now are not excused. And the living should not be sacrificed for the unborn without care. In fact, that decision must be made by the living concerned and not made for them.

There is also a hierarchy of being. There has to be or the hypocrisy of the situations we face are just too great. What do I mean by this? Simple, carnivorous diets are a natural fact of life. If all life was equal, then how could I eat meat? But I do and feel no guilt over it. But, in thinking about this column and what to write, I started to examine the nature of the argument. The issue of hierarchy of being was something I may have talked about before, or I may not have. It may be something that I understood, but might never have stated outright.

Frankly, when I started thinking about it this time, I don't remember ever talking about it. My first-and-a-half thoughts (the ones which follow almost immediately after my very first thoughts) concerned the hypocrisy of eating meat given the premise that there is no absolute right to the preservation of a particular life.

Now there are limits to the hierarchy. I would say that it's a hierarchy by classification and that everything is not stratified ad nauseam. By this, I mean that people rank higher than animals, and some animals rank higher than others. But different people do not rank higher than other people. All people stand on the same step of the hierarchy.

So what does this mean on a practical level? First, and probably easiest to determine; it means that I have the right to defend myself and others. If someone comes at me with a knife or gun I can use violence, even to the point of killing them if I have to. Similarly, if I see someone going after another person I can use violence to stop them, even to the point of killing them if necessary.

War is a bit trickier. But I believe there is such a thing as justifiable war. Defense of country is the same as defense of individuals. But even in the case of an unjustifiable war, soldiers need to defend themselves and the violence done in these situations is also defensible.

This basic philosophical standing also provides the argument against slavery. The work of someone is theirs unless properly compensated. In the last column I mentioned the movie *The Island* and the creation of clones as spares. This falls under this general area. The fact that something was created from me doesn't make it mine. While it is part of me it is mine and any life is only potential, but it is not life. However, once some part of me is taken and through super science given a completely separate existence, particularly when it exhibits an independent sentience, then it becomes a separate and unique life and equal in potential and hierarchy.

Now, we can get into some really tricky areas, quite grey in their ramifications. What if I create a mass of tissue that isn't a separate, living creature and has no sentience? I see all sorts of possibilities for abuse here, but as long as it is not a separate sentient creature it is probably all right. The closest real analogy here is the transplant of organs from a dead person into a live person. This is totally acceptable, in fact it is laudable.

There is all sorts of ways that this discussion could continue. I will be happy to continue and discuss any particular question, but I think I've tapped myself out for now.

Best to all...



A tip of the hat to...

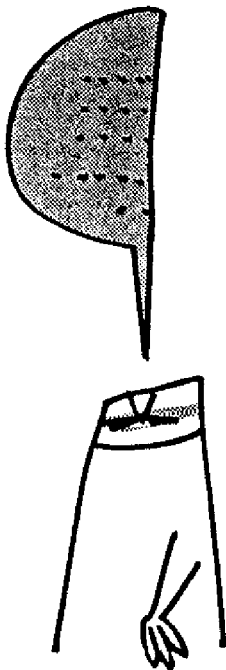
INTERLOCUTIONS

Robert Lichtman
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18 Nov 2005

Dear Henry:

Thanks for *TKK* No. 114, which showed up yesterday. That's a very interesting and striking cover by the late Joe Mayhew. Is it meant to illustrate something in particular, a story or whatever? It has that look.

Having your first "real" accident after a quarter century of driving is pretty good. I had two minor accidents back in 1968. One of them was my fault – failure to yield right of way at an ungoverned intersection on the west side of San Francisco was the charge, but actually the other driver had waved me on and then charged ahead right into the side of my car. That was weird! The other was not my fault – someone trying to pass me on the right to make a right turn at an intersection where there wasn't enough room and sideswiping the right side of my car. I collected enough insurance from that one to replace the car, a 1961 Chevy Biscayne, and was happy to do so, even though these accidents hadn't rendered it inoperable (just ugly).



RIGHT THINKING

After that I went 31 years before my next accident, which definitely wasn't my fault. I wrote about extensively in my editorial column in *Trap Door* No. 20 back in 2000, so won't rehash it here. The car was totaled, and I got a very good insurance settlement – but I would have preferred it not have been (it was a '91 Toyota Corolla station wagon I bought in 1998 with only 35,000 miles on it) and I definitely would have preferred not to spend two weeks in hospital and have neck problems that persist to this day.

Like you, I also had some junk mail from lawyers after that. Annoying, but totally predictable.

Your teeth and your digestive system are no doubt thanking you for giving up Coca Cola as your beverage of choice. It's probably at least partly responsible for your weight adjustment, even though you seem to think not. I also lost a lot of weight this year, after my retirement. I went from an essentially sedentary life – working in front of a computer during the day, fanning in front of another computer most evenings, exercising insufficiently – to spending the month of August moving out of an apartment in which I'd lived for nearly twenty years. That involved a lot of lifting on both ends of the move, and on the Oakland end negotiating forty steps with every box of stuff I moved. After that month, I spent a lot of time in September and even October unpacking. In the course of this I dropped maybe fifteen pounds, and I also bought a bathroom scale. I've gained some of it back now, and am at a weight somewhat below what I had been – and am pretty happy to be there since in my view I'd gotten a little too hefty (though by no means anywhere near fat – through it all my BMI has been in an acceptable range).

It was interesting to read of your law school "grind." I worked for an attorney for a couple years back in the '80s and am well aware of the "stringent" requirements for legal writing. So I know that when you write of having to make a citation for every sentence of your legal memo it might sound easy to a lay person, but that *finding* the proper citation can be incredibly time-consuming. Good luck with it!

Like **Sue**, I was aware of the National Geographic Society's Genographic Project – but unlike her I wasn't interested enough to put out \$110 to be tested, and I had concerns about where the information would end up on the other side of the equation even though I recall assurances that no one's identity would be compromised. As somewhat of a student of Native American history over the years I was aware of this hemisphere's pre-Columbian history and how the Eurocentric view of world history is totally skewed, but it was good to read it in a fanzine.

I enjoyed **Murray's** Ditto 18 report, and remember seeing first-hand the bumming of cigarettes by **Art Widner** at the

1997 Corflu in Walnut Creek, California. I share **Trinlay**'s desire to get a hybrid car, but my present car averages well over thirty miles per gallon on the road and in the upper twenties in city driving and has many thousands of miles left to go before it needs replacing, barring some incredibly expensive mechanical mishap, so actually doing so is (I hope) many years down the, er, road. Although it's somewhat ungainly looking, I love the spaciousness of the latest model of the Toyota Prius.

Trinlay writes, "I had a great uncle who even after he wasn't able to see or hear like he ought to continued driving." My late father kept driving after he probably should have given it up. His mind got glitchy, and one time he drove his Cadillac over the edge of a parking lot on a hill and almost down to the road below. Fortunately, he wasn't hurt and the car was only scratched a little, but he had to pay a hefty bill to the owners of the shopping center for damage to their landscaping on that hillside. He quit driving not long after that, thankfully.

E.B. writes, "Though one did rather expect #113 a trifle earlier, you are still far ahead of more famous fanzines. Even 'late,' the *KNEWS* has done five issues so far in calendar 2005. I could name half a dozen 'current' fanzines that had done one, and some that have not published any at all." One could include my own *Trap Door* in that latter category; it's not going to have a 2005 issue. But **E.B.** doesn't take into account that many fanzines these days are published electronically and available for download at www.efanzines.com. At that site are quite a few fanzines that have published far more than five issues in 2005, and several of them publish weekly or near-weekly. For instance, Arnie Katz's *Vegas Fandom Weekly* has had 45 issues this year ranging in size from four to eighteen pages. Earl Kemp's *eI* has had five issues this year totaling 311 pages and will have a sixth issue before year's end. But perhaps these don't count in **E.B.**'s pantheon because they're (a) electronic and (b) published by members of the "Corflu cult."

I appreciated your comment to **Elizabeth Garrott** about **Tim Lane** and the attacks he makes on his letter writers and on contemporary politicians in *FOSFAX*. I got that fanzine for many years in trade for *Trap Door* and then, when I didn't publish frequently enough to suit them, got dropped from the list. I didn't mind, because many a time as I leafed through *FOSFAX* I felt like I was holding hate literature in the guise of a fanzine.

Karen Gory writes, "One of the benefits of renting an apartment is not having to worry about a garden." In terms of landscaping, that's true; but during the nineteen-plus years I lived in my apartment in Glen Ellen I did a small backyard vegetable garden each and every one of them, and got plenty of fresh produce that made the work entirely worthwhile.

Terry Jeeves writes of awakening to find himself "stone deaf in [his] one good ear" and that until he gets it syringed he'll be living in a "silent world." My guess is that, like me, he gets ear wax build-up that doesn't take care of itself naturally. I

get my ears syringed every six to ten months in order to avoid that "silent world" of which **Terry** writes.

Regarding **Lloyd Penney**'s comments about how Cheryl Morgan "has left fanzine fandom," I submit that she hasn't really been part of it due to her policy of not printing letters of comment or even responding to people who write contesting her point of view. For more information on this, go to www.efanzines.com and check out rich brown's article in Earl Kemp's *eI* No. 18.

Best wishes,
Robert Lichtman

□**TKK**: *I lost almost all the weight before giving up the Coca Cola so I don't think of it as a significant contributing factor. E.B. is like many fans and does not have regular internet access. As such I do not expect him to keep up with all things electronic. I have regular high-speed access and I rarely go to efanazines.com. I am simply not good at routinely going out to see what is there on any web site. Frankly I get enough fanzines the old-fashioned way and I'm happy with that. I've had issue of TKK on my own web site for years and that has generated very little interest.*□

Cuyler W. "Ned" Brooks Jr.
4817 Dean Lane
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November 18, 2005

Dear Knarl,

Thanks for *TKK* 114.

I don't know how many Cokes you drink a day – I'm told that much sugar is not good for you. I used to drink several Pepsis a day until I was told after a physical that I had elevated triglycerides. I have since limited myself to 1 a day. My father had diabetes mellitus late in life, so I may be at risk for that. I have never been overweight – but neither was my father. Most of my working life I weighed 160, but I lost 20 lbs. in 1998 packing the 25 tons of stuff I moved when I retired. I have never gained it back – probably because I ate steak and fries 3-4 times a week at a Greek place in Virginia, and haven't found anything like it here.

I think you are right about the New Coke being intended to mask the switch from cane sugar to corn syrup. I wonder when Pepsi switched!

Jim Sullivan might console himself with the thought that most advances in civilization were brought about by someone who was obsessive about something. It's in our genes... I myself am addicted to books and typewriters.

Glad to see **Jeeves** still Carrying On! But either he (or you in copying it) have gotten something wrong with the test equation in the second column on p. 11. " $2\pi fL = \frac{1}{2}\pi fC$ ", as the f simply cancels out and no information can be gained about it.

Or perhaps you meant " $2\pi fL = 1/(2\pi fC)$ ", which is a simple quadratic in f .

Five days does seem an excessive wait for **Terry** to get treatment on an ear gone deaf – an infection could get a lot worse in five days. I have had eczema in both ears since I moved to Atlanta – never had it before. I have pointed it out to two doctors and neither seemed to have any idea what to do for it. No effect on my hearing, but it itches.

Best,
Ned

□**TKK**: *You are correct with your analysis of the circuit. I suspect the word processor changed the 1/2 into a □ and I never caught it.*□

Joy V. Smith
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20 Nov 2005

Dear Knarley,

I'm glad you're fine after that car accident; it's heartwarming to see how many people were worried about you... You're keeping busy with your travel, drink studies, exercise, hockey (possibly it's a girl thing, but it bothers me that little boys are encouraged to be aggressive), and, of course, law studies. Just reading about your classes, research, writing memos (that was a memo?!), etc. makes my hair stand on end. It sounds hard and tedious, and I am so impressed.

I enjoyed **Jim Sullivan**'s article on support groups, and I'm curious to see what a knitted full body suit looks like. "Close Encounters of the Fast-Talking Kind" by **Garth Spencer** was fun too. I look forward to more of **Terry Jeeves**' RAF adventures; and **Sue Welch**'s tidbit in "Sue's Sites" about the seeds of corn being in the shuck was interesting. I never thought about that.

Murray Moore's Ditto 18 report was interesting, and I didn't know that Wisconsin cavers are digging glacial debris out of the state caves to make exploring them more interesting. (I took a geology course at UW-Oshkosh, btw.) Re: cloning. There are possibilities for abuse and SF stories here.

LOCs: Thanks to **Karen Gory** for her mention of Mary Grant Bruce's Australian adventure stories. I'd like to take a look at them. Knarley, I think frog eggs can come in on plants and birds' legs. I mentioned the Jamestown excerpt (thanks to **Bill Legate**) to someone, and they wondered if the man who killed his wife was arrested for murder. Thanks to **Marc Schirmeister** for the background on the *Phantom Empire* robots.

Appreciatively,
Joy V. Smith

□**TKK**: *It isn't just boys who are learning hockey. There is a difference between healthy and unhealthy aggression. We teach the players to work for something they want and to obtain it within the rules.*□

E.B. Frohvet
4716 Dorsey Hall Drive #506
Ellicott City, MD 21042
November 20, 2005

Dear Henry,

A local 16-year-old was arrested, then released into the custody of his parents, when police found him operating a "crude but workable" still in the woods. The boy said he got the idea from high school chemistry (see, you teachers: students **do** pay attention) and was "curious to see if it would work." Not surprisingly, it did; both the technology and the chemistry of distillation of alcohol are simple and well understood. My mother says that in her childhood, Great-Uncle Arnold used to make homebrew; great-uncle being partial to a glass of beer with steamed crabs. I would love to claim a genuine moonshiner in the family, but it appears Uncle Arnold confined his efforts to beer for personal consumption.

There must be a vast supply of Joe Mayhew art; you're still using pieces I've never seen before, and Joe has been gone for several years.

My late father was also a serious Coca-Cola drinker. Once in a while in the summer I'll get one Diet Coke, but in general, I don't drink soda much. Lemonade is staple in the summer, and coffee year-round.

Alex Slate, on cloning: "Would a cloned being be the same as the originating being?" I think this is a very different question when you're discussing people, who have extremely complex learned behaviors, compared to when you're discussing sheep, which don't. Supposing that one could clone *H. sapiens*, as appears likely, variants in environment and learning would produce a much different person. There are ample treatments of this in science fiction, e.g. Cherryh, *Cyteen*, or Bujold, *Mirror Dance*, in which clones are being produced for the purpose not of transplanting organs to the "originator", but of removing/discarding the brain of the clone and transplanting the brain from the original body. This is of course Science Fiction – now! I know it's what you said rather than what you meant, but any lawyer and most citizens would question "there is no essential 'right' to existence."

Eric Lindsay: *Smallville* is still being produced for the American TV market. When, how, and whether it's shown in your part of the world, I don't know. Also available on DVD.

Joe Major: No, actually I don't know much about S&M, and have little desire to learn more about it. You brought up this topic because...?



Trinlay Khadro: Concerning what I said about art shows and what Henry responded, my limited experience with the subject was years ago. Or it may have been that Henry's experience was with a very different type of concom. I described my experience; I don't claim that's the way it is everywhere. There are multiple schools of thought on writing. I wanted to be published, and failed at that. If your daughter is merely writing for her own needs and has no wish to be published, she is within her rights to keep it all in a locked drawer. Of course, as you say, some people might like it, but she's not obligated to show her writing to anyone but her teachers, and not always even to them. You're probably right about the bookstores. I just approve of order and system – would it be easier for me if they used Dewey Decimal as I'm fairly familiar with it (cookbooks, 641).

If any school teacher/administrator had attempted to beat me, I would have regarded it as assault and felt free to fight back. Doctrine of necessary force: any person who is attacked may use any necessary force to defend himself.

Elizabeth Garrott: I would think, in general, you're not bound by any contract which you have not agreed to. However, an employer has broad rights to dictate conduct as it applies to the workplace. Interesting case making its way through the courts, of a company that claims the right to fire

employees who smoke, even off its premises. I could make a case that "Pern" was always SF, we just didn't know it at first. Similar to the case of C.J. Cherryh's "Morgaine Saga" novels, which read like fantasy but are based on technology.

I quite enjoyed **Marc Schirmeister's** account of the cheesy robot costumes recycled for an unrelated film. In musical theater in the 1920s, if the producer of a show didn't like a song written for the show, the songwriters would recycle it to the book of some other show.

Robert Lichtman: Fandom is amply supplied with "experts" who methodically denounce current fandom for not being about 1958 fandom. I can't imagine you don't know the sort of people I'm talking about here. I have no grievance with Redd Boggs; my point was that he was a fan of his times and I'm a fan of my time. Judge me as a bad fan of my own time, fine (though I could make a case of having done more for fandom than many more prominent fans). Judge me because I refuse to offer slavish deference to the way things were decades ago – this is neither fair nor acceptable.

E.B. Frohvet

☐**TKK:** *In the second year of Chemistry in high school we actually distilled alcohol. The teacher said she put something in it, but that didn't stop some of my dumber classmates from trying their drop or two that we managed to get during the course of the experiment. My stash of Joe Mayhew art is getting rather thin. I can trickle it out for a year or two at best before I'm stretching to find new pieces. Technically you are talking of battery. Assault is apprehension of imminent harm.*☐

Brad W. Foster
PO Box 165246
Irving, TX 75016
November 21, 2005

Greetings, oh Knarley ones –

Sitting in my booth at a church crafts bazaar, hoping there are enough folks with weird relatives who are looking for the "odd" gift to buy some of my stuff. While I wait, going through *Knarley Knews* 114 and making notes to be typed up later. (Indeed that would be right now...maybe I should have typed out that previous sentence in the past tense? Naw, let's do some skiffy time-travel stuff!)

Sorry to hear about the car accident. It's been quite a while since I last had one (truck took a fast turn in front of me after they had already lost the turn signal and I was halfway through the intersection on a green). When I was in my mid-twenties, for a couple of years I would have sworn there was a bulls eye painted on the side of my car, visible only to bad drivers, that read "strike here," as it seemed that I was being run into every year or so.

On the other hand, glad to hear you were able to kick the soda habit. Drinking Diet Coke is the one vice I still allow myself.

I tried quitting several years ago, but I notice I was extra sleepy and headachy, and decided “screw it,” I’ll stick with the caffeine. I have tried to be better, and slip in a bottle of water now and then to make an effort at cleansing the system. But since I don’t smoke, drink alcohol, eat too much sweets, have lost weight, just had a physical that gave me a clean bill of health across the board...well, gimme that can of Diet Coke! (At least I work for it. Set a small fridge upstairs in a small storage loft area at one end of my studio, so if I want a soda, I have to climb some stairs each time to get it.)

Speaking of weight loss, yeah, I think you might be moving into the “skinny” phase there, son! At 6 feet tall, I was around 175 for most of my adult life, then started adding the weight after I got married, ended up at around 245 when we seriously decided to cut the weight back down, and I am now at around 200 (I got to 190, but I back slid a bit this past year). I would love to get down to 180 or so and be happy there. A work in progress still.

On “Ethics of Cloning” from **Alex**, to just comment on this introductory material, as he requested, his opening statement of “...hopefully develop the conclusion that cloning is ultimately wrong, or at least most of us view cloning...” strikes me as kind of defeating the argument before it starts. Or, to put it another way, most people have the wrong idea of what cloning is, and what it can do. If that idea was true, it would be something horrible. But since most people have it wrong, there really isn’t much to fear from cloning. The end. Most of the arguments of horrors all revolve around how people will abuse a new scientific breakthrough. So, if it is possible to be mis-used, it must not be used at all. Given that line of reasoning, we’d all still be living in caves (no fires, by the way, someone could push you into that fire and hurt you!) I don’t buy it. But, I’d be curious to see where **Alex** goes with this.

Elizabeth Garrot’s comments on evil employment contracts reminded me of the contracts I signed at a couple of Renaissance Festivals I was involved with in the past. They both went on for pages and pages, carefully outlining all of the things I could get in trouble for doing, of how I had to take all sorts of steps to get anything I wanted, but how the festival could do pretty much whatever it wanted, whenever it wanted. Again, this was all spelled out in quite excruciating detail. When I got the first one, I spoke to a friend who had been exhibiting at one of these for a while, and he explained how, when most of these things started up, it was pretty much a lot of old hippies getting together, with little business sense or much sense of the future. Things could fall apart pretty fast. He said if you knew what you were doing, there was little chance any of the draconian measures would fall on your head. I agreed and I also felt they should just take it one step further, saving us all the time having to read that stuff. The contract should simply state that the Festival was now God, and I was now Dirt, and they could do anything they wanted at any time, and I could not complain. So much simpler for all.

Karen Gory’s comment that “One of the benefits of renting an apartment is not having to worry about a garden” implies that, having a house myself, I now **must** worry about a garden. Hmmm, missed that in the pages of the mortgage agreement, I’d better go look it over again. I also appreciate the dour comment at the end of her LOC about the sequence of events on what to do with your body when you no longer require it. Sounds like a very reasonable idea.

Finally, that was some **great** info in **Marc Schirmeister**’s LOC on the origin of the bots in *Phantom Empire*!

Stay Happy -
Brad

☐**TKK**: *Your climbing concept works fine unless you are already in your studio. Your Renaissance Festival contract sounds like the type of unconscionable contract the courts would likely throw out. It will, though, cost you some amount of attorney fees to get that far.*☐

Joseph T Major
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November 21, 2005

And now the knews ... I’m glad everyone had a good time at Ditto, and we’re sorry to have missed it. My property tax went up.

You are fortunate to be losing weight. Under the combined effect of steroids and insulin I have managed to put on thirty pounds, and only lost about five or so by cutting back and walking more. Also, they tell me that metabolism slows down as you get older.

Isaac Asimov had to handle a similar problem in citation and cross-reference as a clerk in the army. He replied by writing a fictional memo that used every possible form of cross-reference, had a citation in every sentence, and was as stultifying as possible. He was surprised to learn that it was used as an exemplar. I don’t think Asimov understood some things.

“Excessive” by **Jim Sullivan**: As with so many attempts at parody that I do, this is falling short, parodying something impossible to parody. Glad to see **Jim** branching out.

“Sue’s Sites”: Martin Morse Wooster sent me an issue of the *New Yorker* with an article on the Fawcett Expedition. Colonel Percy Fawcett disappeared in the Amazon basin looking for a fabled lost civilization. According to colonial-era reports, there had been natives there living in great cities with broad streets, defended by palisades and moats. Later explorers found no trace of them and concluded that Fawcett had gone haring off after a hoax.

The author of the article reported on meeting an archaeologist who was digging in the Amazon basin and had found an ancient city with broad streets, defended by palisades and a

moat. It was all built in wood, see, and when the inhabitants all died off, the jungle reclaimed the place with blazing speed.

“Carry On Jeeves”: I may have referred to George Macdonald Fraser’s experience with a commissioning board (or at least, the version of his self-based fictional character Dand MacNeill in *The General Danced at Dawn*). The first time, he had replied that he was looking for excitement, and the psychologist then asked him why he had not signed up for service on a Norwegian whaler. Psychologists get strange ideas, or idee fixe. (Fraser was commissioned in the Gordon Highlanders. The motto of that regiment was “Bydand”. The stories in *The General Danced at Dawn* were published in the regimental journal under the byline, “By Dand”.)

Lisa tells a story about her father. Two boys in one of his classes had just learned Morse code, and so spent a boring test tapping out answers to each other. After a few minutes, Mr. Thomas began tapping on his own desk. His signal was “I was a Navy radioman and I know Morse code too ...”

Ditto 18 Con Report: Shouldn’t that have been “Universal Exports, Ltd.”?

“Ethics of Cloning”: Even as we write, a dozen mares are in foal. With clones of a great five-gated horse champion. These are geldings, you see, and therefore obviously have no chance of passing on their genes, unless in this fashion. For the record, Thoroughbreds cannot even be legitimately produced by artificial insemination, so dreams of a raid on the grave at the Kentucky Horse Park to produce a dozen Man o’Wars can be strictly ruled out. (And raids on the Hall of Champions to produce a dozen John Henrys even more so, but that’s because he would stomp the would-be cloners.)

InterLOCutions: **Eric Lindsay:** It looks like there will be so much available that no one will ever find anything. Is it me or is there a contradiction there?

Trinlay Khadro: I’ve heard a great many descriptions of Crohn’s Disease, but “something creative” has heretofore not been among them.

Given his activity in publicizing his forthcoming marriage, are you sure that the “neighborhood psycho [going] off their antipsychotic meds” hasn’t been Mr. Cruise himself? (Or strictly Mr. Mapother; the Mapothers here, a prominent family, are his cousins.)

My cousin Virginia was finally persuaded to quit driving, not long after she turned ninety.

Steven H Silver: I’ve read a few novels like that (where the character merely happens to have the same name and profession as the author), mostly spy thrillers. Usually claiming that the character just happened to save the world from destruction. The spy journalist “Nigel West” does a bit of debunking of this sort of thing.



E. B. Frohvet: Better you instead of me inviting Ursula K. LeGuin. I’d be inclined to ask her what she intended to do to make up to Minik’s people. (Her father Theodore Kroeber was one of the people involved in the abuse of the Inuit brought to New York in the early

nineteen-hundreds: read *Give Me My Father’s Body* for the full unsavory story.)

Has the DC-verse reset the characteristics of red kryptonite, too? Back in the sixties it was a sort of wild-card change, and about anything could happen. But only once.

Elizabeth: In the interview in *Science Fiction Review*, McCaffrey described how JWC worked out with her the scientific consequences of the dragons, long before *The White Dragon* was ever conceived.

Karen Gory: Fortunately none of our cats are paper chewers, so the origami dragon is safe in spite of often having fallen to the floor. Now the toilet paper ...

Terry Jeeves: I understand your problems, but I have to stick myself three times daily, plus something different monthly at the doctor’s. Then there was the time I went blind in one eye ...

Bill Legate: Ghouls in Jamestown? That sounds like an early episode of “Buffie ye Vampyre-slaier”, that wildly popular series of plaies by Will: Shaksapur.

Marc Schirmeister: *Dancing Lady* is available, on VHS only. It was also Fred Astaire’s official film debut. It also included Robert Benchley (who also was a screenwriter for it) and Nelson Eddy. Something for everybody.

Namarie,
Joseph T Major

☐CKK: I’ve heard that the metabolism slows and I thought that was why I put on all the pounds. It doesn’t explain why most of them came back off. Of course, I did weigh 135 pounds when I moved to Wisconsin in 1990.☐

Gene Stewart
1710 Dianne Ave.
Bellevue, NE 68005
23 Nov. 2005

Knarley,

Creepy cover, but nicely done.

Sorry to hear of your car crash. The average, they say, is three per driver, per life. Always something to look forward to. Coke denies the sweetener change dodge, but I'm with you. Think of law school as an endurance marathon, as much as anything.

Jim Sullivan shouldn't joke about addictions as moral flaws; not within hearing of the current regime, which seems intent on instituting the Victorian idea of debt as a character flaw.

I have no clue what **Mr. Spencer** thought he was up to.

Sue Welch used the word "civilization" with a straight face. Bravo.

An amusing and informative **Jeeves**, as always. His memoirs deserve a NESFA volume.

Once again, I missed Ditto, this time thanks to my money axis intersecting the price of gas axis in a way I found disadvantageous.

The comments about modern art offended me. Philistines suck.

Bless **Trinlay's** dreams.

Alex Slate is evidently not a twin.

Eric Lindsay pegged it. SF sales are dropping because fans aren't expanding their numbers fast enough and the remainder can't find books that appeal at those prices.

The parallel of TV and publishing is good.

Joe Major needs to be spanked. BD/SM comprises at least four distinct things.

Steven H. Silver raises the fascinating possibility of Quentin Tarrantino one day doing a kick-ass retro-noir depicting Jessica Fletcher's real life and not her fictional alter-ego.

E.B. Frohvet dreams of Ursula K. LeGuin only to disavow the interstellar drive we all know is being built in Chey Frohvet's basement. Dream espionage, no doubt.

Sleep apnea improves dream recall.

Karen Gory has my current favorite name.

Terry Jeeves will be able to hear again as soon as the brain dragons hatch.

Crater Lake is worth visiting.

Cheers,
—Old 815

☐**TKK**: *I'm keeping each installment of COJ in a separate file should someone want to publish them as a stand-alone volume.*☐

Rodney Leighton
RR #3
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Canada
Nov. 24, 2005

Dear Henry:

Thank you for **TKK** 114.

I was interested in **Bill Legate's** comments on Nero Wolfe, one of my favorite all time series of books. I have noted some inconsistencies. Unlike **Bill** I cannot quote book titles, but I know that there are stories in which Archie is a smoker and others in which he has never smoked. There are stories in which Archie has declared he never smoked, but I wouldn't want to swear to it. However, I am certain that there are books in which Inspector Cramer smoked his cigars and other books in which Archie states that he never lit one. Theodore lives with his sister in some books and up on the roof of the old brownstone, which I confess to never noticing what number it was, in other books. Which is entirely possible.

The Black Mountain was copyrighted in 1954 and first published in October 1954 and again in January 1955, November 1955, July 1964, and February 1970. The copy I have was sold by two different used bookstores way out in British Columbia and then by one in Truro where I got it for 40 cents.

But everyone is inconsistent. For example, the quote by **Bill** attributed to *Over My Dead Body* on page 8 is actually on page 12. At least in the copy I have. Which, since it was copyrighted in 1939, 1940, and 1968 and published who knows how many times, it might well be on page 8 in his copy.

And I write lots of things and then forget all about doing so. I have read a few times and places that Stout did no revision and did not even read his manuscripts. He would write his manuscript on the typewriter and when it was done he would ship it to the printer and that was that. It is easy to forget some details.

My sister is allergic to 10,000 things including cleansers. She uses Coca-Cola or something similar to clear her sink, bathtub, and toilet. She says it works extremely well.

This same sister was recently asked what she was going to do when she graduated from university. She reeled off about 7 careers she would like to pursue. Someone suggested that she should try to figure out what she wanted to do before she grew up. But I see it as a big difference in people. She

is 4 years younger than me and is attending university, doing work or various projects and is almost as busy as, say Knarley. She has a lot of things she would like to do and be. I, on the other hand, have no ambition, no energy and no idea what to do with myself. She wants to write books. I just want to sit and read them. But, lately, I seem to be losing interest in even that. Sigh.

And I am enjoying some aspects of the “new” NHL Tonight. The Montreal Canadiens play in Toronto so I can watch them lose on English television. It used to be Hockey Night in Canada, but sometime after it became Hockey Night in Toronto then they changed it to Saturday Night Hockey or something. I sued to get really pissed off at the fact that CBC, a publicly funded network, basically ignores the only NHL team with Canada in their name except for those games when they play the Maple Leafs. Why in the hell do they have to inflict the damned Leafs on the viewers every single Saturday night. But then again, the French version broadcasts nothing but Canadiens’ games and watchers of that station only see the Leafs when they play Les Canadiens. I suppose there might be some French speaking Maple Leafs fans. My other sister, the baseball fan says she thinks it is political; the government doesn’t want people in the U.S. to think Canadians are all French. She says they wouldn’t broadcast Expos’ games and that team is now in the U.S. somewhere. Actually I think it is because Labatts buys a lot of commercials and, surprise, guess who owns the Leafs? The Canadiens are now owned by some dude from Colorado or some such place.

Rodney

□**TKK**: *I told my students recently that they should strive to take something and make a difference with it. To coast through life with no ambition to make something better is sad.*□

Eric Lindsay
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27 Nov 2005

Dear Henry,

I liked **Terry Jeeves**’ matter transmitter dating service. A new variety of magic mirror on the wall. Looks a bit like Amanda Vanstone (Australian senator – don’t ask).

Regarding laws, the Australian tax acts are about to have 2400 pages cut, mostly redundant and obsolete material with deadlines. Considering the current government managed to expand them from around 3000 pages to around 10,000, few are impressed. Doing my tax return now takes me around 4 hours (spread over many days while I hope all the documents are on hand). I’d rather be a pirate! I am reminded of Radar O’Reilly’s comment regarding paperwork in *MASH*, that trying to understand it just slows down the processing.

I think thermite is great stuff, now I am reminded by **Terry**. However everyone lights it with magnesium strip, not matches.

Was your InterLOCutions deliberately made to look like Pez candy? Or was it an accident?

People don’t bother me on my cell phone ever since I took the battery out of it. I try to remember to check for missed calls once every few months. However call centres in India keep phoning my land line to tell me I can save lots of money by getting a new phone from them. Actually, no, I really doubt I can save anything. Your phone bills on a phone without a battery are really pretty low. Jean found a second answering machine, so soon their automatic phone dialer can talk to my answering machine. I’m sure the pair of them will be very happy.

Australian sporting colours were green and gold. I wonder whether than has a Harry Potter reference.

Regards

□**TKK**: *I try to choose interesting fonts. Every few years when we upgrade machines I lose a font or two and have to find another. I deliberately chose the InterLOCutions font for its look, you’ll have to ask the designer if Pez was the inspiration.*□

Joseph Nicholas
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27 Nov 2005

Dear Henry and Letha

Thanks for *TKK* 114, and for the preceding issues too.

Congratulations – if that’s quite the right word in this case! – on surviving your car accident without injury. As I’ve never held a driving licence – I failed the only driving test I ever took so spectacularly that I thought it pointless to waste more money on driving lessons – and, living in north London as we do, don’t need a car anyway (we chose our current house precisely because it’s close to an Underground station), car accidents are not something that are likely to happen to Judith or I. But then I have actually seen two car accidents, as a teenager, when a passenger in a car driven by one or other of my parents. Both took place in the late 1960s, and both almost involved us.

The first was driving through a wooded area in Surrey. It was a long and reasonably straight road; traffic was medium, and everyone was traveling at well below the then maximum speed limit for out-of-town areas. (Whatever that limit was – 70mph, I think.) But we were being tailgated by a red Mini (a small, cheap car which was very popular in the 1960s – it’s recently been brought back into production, but although it bears the same name is quite different and much larger than

the original) which was constantly trying to overtake – and just as constantly being forced back by oncoming traffic. But then the driver sensed his moment and put his foot down, pulling out to pass us. But again he'd misjudged it, and was again confronted by oncoming traffic. But this time, rather than drop back into place behind us, he chose to accelerate.

I didn't see the actual impact; but there was a tremendous BANG! as he hit the oncoming vehicle. I didn't see what happened to the other vehicle; by then, we were braking furiously as the red Mini spun in front of us. For a moment, he was side on to us, and we only feet from him; I had time to notice that he had brown hair and a beard, was wearing a brown corduroy jacket, and that he was opening his mouth in horror as he realised that he was about to be rammed by us; then (presumably) the drive wheels of his car got traction once again, and he shot off the road at right angles. I didn't see what happened to him; but, given that this was a wooded area, I imagine that he hit a tree at speed and was killed instantly.

The second accident in which we were nearly involved was in Dorset on a stretch of dual carriageway (two lanes in each direction -- a sort of sub-motorway) which (absurdly) was crossed by a minor road. The traffic density could again be described at medium. As we approached the junction, I noticed a small saloon car emerging from the minor road at the right, accelerating to get across the dual carriageway ahead of the oncoming traffic. But it was obvious that the driver had misjudged it; the car in front of us braked sharply (as did we) and began turning to the left, as though trying to enter the

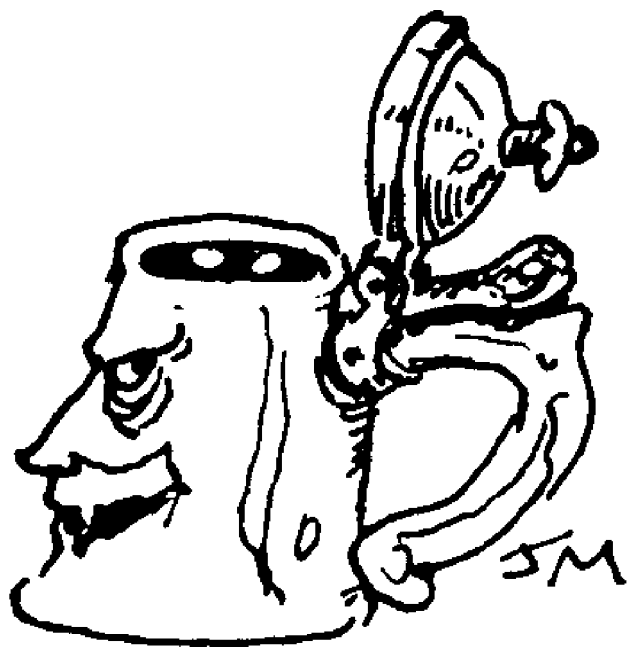
minor road ahead of the saloon. Instead, they collided front-wing-to-front-wing.

There are two images I remember from what happened next. The first image is of the moment of impact: the air around the two colliding vehicles seemed suddenly full of little bits of glass and chrome, spinning and twinkling in slow motion. The second image was of the driver of the saloon car; having bounced off the car ahead of us (which by now was no longer ahead, but somewhere behind and to our left), the saloon was sent plunging into a ditch at the side of the dual carriageway. What I noticed most about its end was that the driver's door was open, and that the driver appeared to be trying to get out of the car before the final impact. (I also noticed that the driver was a woman.) As with the first accident, I didn't see the final moments; but if she wasn't wearing a seat belt (I think that at this time they were not compulsory) she was probably flung against the steering column and presumably suffered fatal injuries to her rib cage.

And on that cheery note –

I'll continue with something else. I'm fascinated to see that **Sue Welch** has discovered that she belongs to the K haplogroup; I should perhaps undertake a similar exercise for myself, to see which haplogroup I belong to. But if **Sue** is interested in finding out more about the world's haplogroups, and in particular how their lineage can be traced back to a single group which successfully migrated out of Africa by the southern route (i.e. across the southern end of the Red Sea) 80,000 years ago, then I can recommend Stephen Oppenheimer's *Out Of Eden: The Peopling of The World*, first published in 2003. It's a synthesis of research into mtDNA and DNA markers by a variety of persons (although Oppenheimer himself has contributed to this), drawing on recent discoveries in palaeo-archaeology and palaeo-anthropology; but what I think is original to him is the argument that the migration took place only 80,000 years ago, rather than the 150,000-120,000 years ago that others have assumed – basing their assumption on the fact that this is the period during which archaic homo sapiens arose in East Africa. But they left Africa by the northern route, via Suez, and died out 90,000 years ago, trapped in the Middle East by the ice age which then dominated the northern hemisphere. (What may have stopped anyone else leaving Africa until 80,000 years was that, until then, other species of homo also shared the planet with us, and had already laid claim to other territories.)

What the book also demonstrates is that archaic homo sapiens was essentially a beach-comber. The easiest route was the coastal route; in addition, it gave our ancestors ready access to a variety of fish and shellfish. (The oldest midden heaps seem to consist primarily of shellfish remains.) Only when the coasts were fully populated, or fished out, did human begin moving inland – usually along the river courses, again because this was an easier route. (The alternative would have been to try to hack a path through the forests.) Through mtDNA, it's possible to trace the different routes that groups of humans took, and the points (geographical and chronological)



at which the groups split. Amazingly, the mtDNA distribution in southeast Asia has left us markers of the Toba eruption of 74,000 years ago – the eruption, it was once suggested, came closest to wiping out homo sapiens entirely, because all of us now alive are descended from such a small number of haplogroups. But Oppenheimer seems to suggest that the number of haplogroups at that time was small anyway.

From which springboard I must offer a correction to Sue's statement that native Americans died from previously unknown (to them) diseases on first contact with Europeans because they carried the same DNA. We all carry (pretty much) the same DNA; but what the Europeans had which the Native Americans had not was immunity to those diseases, acquired from close contact with the animals which were their vectors in the first place. The suite of animals available for domestication in the ancient Middle East was far larger than that offered by the Americas – in particular, it contained animals which the Americas didn't have, such as pig, sheep, goat, and cow – and by cross-species transmission of their diseases gave Europeans the immunity on which their eventual domination of the world was to depend. One can read more of this in Jared Diamond's *Guns, Germs and Steel: The Fates of Human Societies* (first published in 1997; subsequent editions have the variant subtitle "A Short History of Everybody"), which also points out that the Middle East had a larger suite of domesticable plants than anywhere else: of the world's 56 most important species of grasses (wheat, barley, oats, maize, rice, etc.), 32 are native to the Middle East. The final kicker is that the Middle East and (southern) Europe lie in the same climatic (temperate) zone, a geographic orientation which greatly facilitated the transmission and adoption of knowledge and techniques (particularly agricultural knowledge and techniques). And with new knowledge came new ideas; in short, civilisation.

Native Americans could never have beaten the Europeans in the race to global domination because their geographic orientation was north-south, meaning that agricultural techniques developed for one region could never have been adapted to another (different climate, different soils, different plants). So although the Americas had flourishing societies, they seem to have interacted less; and although it's fun to speculate what the world might look like if they'd been allowed to continue their development unhindered by the Europeans, the facts are otherwise. The only way these societies could have survived, and world civilisation remained more diverse, would have been to take the Europeans out of the equation altogether – which you may recall Kim Stanley Robinson did in *The Years of Rice and Salt*, which was written in the wake of Diamond's book and which was, intriguingly enough, first trailed under the title of *A World Without Europe*. That it's his response to Diamond seems unquestionable. As is the fact that, albeit without realising it, Diamond rang down the curtain on whole swathes of alternate history. Anyone who now writes an alternate history has to work from established chronology, and within Diamond's paradigm; anything else is just fantasy and wish-fulfilment.

On which note, I think I'd probably better stop. I do seem to have written quiet a bit, don't I....

regards to you both
Joseph

□TKK: *As you can imagine, driving is much more of a necessity in all but the largest cities of North America. The transportation infrastructure is not there for getting yourself around much less your family and all their hockey gear. The most curious thing about your accident stories is why your parents never stopped to provide aid.*□

Dave Szurek
505 North F #829
Aberdeen, WA 98520-2601
02 Dec 2005

Evil Ol' Henry,

Whether your medical woes pale in comparison to mine is relative at this point. I'm a walking pharmacy right now, but remember that most of the medicine works remarkably well, none of it works not at all or poorly and that except for "major attacks" I'm generally in fine condition. I shouldn't tempt fate by saying that, but it's true. Tomorrow morning could bring illness anew, but what I expect is for it to bring a day pretty much like today and today wasn't bad at all. I do not customarily think of myself as sickly. The "incidents" just get reported in letters and such a lot because they stick out. There are certain infirmities I hope I never come down with, but I won't tempt fate by mentioning them.

If it had not been for the exam and the one or two months of symptoms I'd have totally forgotten that I have diverticulitis. I've had no symptoms at all in a good long time. I do not consider it even a minor health problem.

I don't remember anybody ever being whacked on the palm at my school, just on the butt and once slapped across the face. The latter, however, elicited a lot of clamor and if I remember correctly the teacher ended up losing his job. Struck me as kinda ironic though. There were fairly severe "paddlings" inflicted in the place, but the moment a slap landed on some portion of the anatomy other than the behind... Come to think of it I'll have to semi-take something back. I recall once seeing a gym teacher kick a male student at least twice, maybe three times in the butt in high school, but that's the only time I ever witnessed anything resembling corporal punishment in those grades and come to think of it, the teacher stayed with the school just a single term so maybe he was "silently ousted"? In the junior high grades we had a number of pupils who already thought of themselves as "career criminals" or something. I observed it as truly ironic, however, that back in those days even these guys sheepishly accepted teachers and the principal as "unquestionable authority figures." They might bad-mouth them to their buddies later on – even postulate what they "should have done" – but still passively

submit to the specific mistreatment. That was a sight that was hard to believe, but I saw it numerous times.

As for the ethics of cloning, I believe that we do have a right to existence; providing we are not serial killers, rapists, child molesters or whatever and it's a question I couldn't answer until it became a reality or at least was being put to a vote, might support a system such as that in *The Island* and previous fiction and films.

Yes, one of the biggest hazards is becoming an addict of any kind is that you're setting yourself up for an eventual encounter with an applicable counselor or applicable 12-step group.

My dreaming has been strangely vivid and in glorious Technicolor (or do I just remember them that way?) since I was a teenager and off and on before that. They "feel" just like waking hours – on relatively rare occasion I've even had to stop to go to the bathroom – although if something strange happens I usually let it slide off my back as if it were an everyday part of "normality." On rare occasion my psyche has even granted the convenience of background music, but true to form, I've accepted even that as an everyday occurrence. I've also had serialized dreams. They end up at one point only to start up again where I left off the next night. That one is a phenomenon that I won't even try to explain. Yes, the vividness can make nightmares even worse, but fortunately nightmares (or at least the ones I remember) make up less

than 40% of my nightly wanderings – odd in that I've been diagnosed as suffering from an anxiety disorder. Some are dramatic, some are pretty much the opposite of that. There have been quite a few wherein I am simply walking down the street. That landmarks no longer there are present is all that I have to fully assure myself these have not been a part of consensus reality.

Dave

☐TKK: *I have no idea if I dream in color or not. I rarely wake and even recall that I've had a dream and almost everyone of those fades within minutes of my awakening. I doubt I have more than one or two dreams a year that I can remember for any length of time.*☐

Jeffrey Allan Boman
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4 Dec. 2005

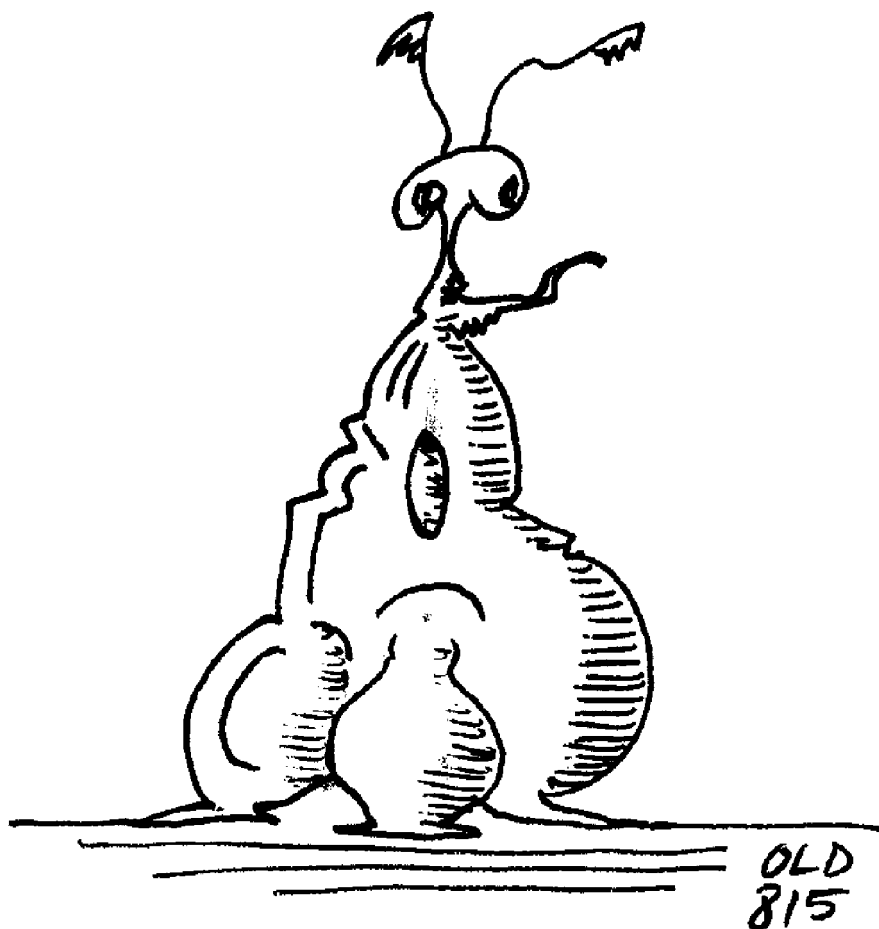
Dear Henry:

It's finally December, so I can start this! I'm a 3rd-year participant in NaNoWriMo (the National Novel Writer Month. All of us who take part attempt to write the first draft of a novel from scratch, 50 thousand words). I won my 3rd attempt, 50,194 words on Nov 25th – but I stayed around to encourage others. We had 44 of 105 participants winners, and racked up more than 3 million words between us. Pretty awesome achievement!

I actually began to read this zine last issue, 113. I couldn't finish it unfortunately, because one of my cats got ill on it. I know that sounds like the old "my dog ate it" excuse for homework, but this is something we do for enjoyment, so it doesn't apply. If anyone could send me copies of the pages ruined (17-18) I would greatly appreciate it.

Since this is my first LOC, I'll introduce myself: currently 38-years old, a hopeful prose SF author, currently racking up bylines on roleplaying games as Boman Allan Jeffries. This year alone I've written for 3 charity books (2 for Tsunami Relief, 1 for Katrina) and 1 adventure on contract.

I'm a proud Jewish Canadian, and I'm also a SMOF as a 3-year dealer liaison for local con Con*Cept (I met **Fred Lerner** there), then a 3-year charity rep (**Lloyd** and his wife **Yvonne Penney** were fan guests there in... 1998, I think? **Lloyd**, please help me out on this...). I was the founder of a comic APA



called *COMICOPIA* – now in its 16th year (so I’m well-used to this letter thing). Over the years and when finances allowed I was a member of a total of 4 different APAs, 2 others of which I was a founding member of. One of the others is still ongoing, but I left when it became an online only thing. I also write reviews and columns for fps magazine. ‘fps’ means ‘frames per second’ – an animation term. I studied animation with the magazine editor, so I had an ‘in’.

Enough about me though. Let’s talk about the zine at hand, 114:

Editorial: It’s hard for me to wrap my head around the attendance you mention for Ditto. I’ve been part of conventions where 500 attendees was a success, 3000 like Torcon 3 (Toronto Worldcon 2003) was seen as small but OK, and less than 100 (aka the Con of the Dead... **Lloyd** was there too) was an abject failure. 20 or so as you mention though can be very intimate and enjoyable though. I have fond memories of Milwaukee also (GenCon 1992 and 93), so that’s a plus! // Car accidents really suck. I was a passenger for 3 of them in my childhood. // Coca-Cola liker, eh? I’m a Pepsi fan myself. // Despite being Canadian, I actually don’t like hockey myself. // Law school really sounds frustrating. I hope you can force your way through it. // 19 years going on 20? Wow... I defer to the suggestions of others on what to do, being so new.

“Excessive”: This was an interesting character study. Will we see where it goes?

“Close Encounters of the Fast-Talking Kind”: Nothing like world destroyers being so gullible. :)

“Sue’s Sites”: Actually I never learned all civilization began in Iraq. In secondary school we were taught Africa. The Old Testament sets it not in Iraq, but somewhere in the Middle East.

“Carry On Jeeves”: I think it’s great to have a WW II veteran sharing stories of that time.

Ditto 18 Con Report: a con that makes you think of pumpkins is a cool idea, **Murray**! I remember the Safehouse from my two GenCons. I doubt their new home in Indianapolis has something that cool. A used bookstore in the airport is also a cool (though as you say expensive) thing!

We had a zine fair here in Montreal recently. Sadly, I learned about it only afterward. I hope you had much luck with your zines.

“The ethics of cloning...” I’m not very well-versed on this concept. I just know I’ll never have my pets cloned, and forbid it for me in my Will. Once the original is gone, copies are just that – copies.

InterLOCutions

Eric Lindsay: My SF reading has slowed greatly, even more than yours – but not from lack of interest. I just read slowly. I still haven’t finished the ones I bought at WorldCon in 2003!

Joseph T. Major: DC Comics has even reinvented the Superman mythos more than you told **Milt**: in the original stories Jonathan Kent was dead. The Kents have only been alive for about 20 years now. I concur with your words about a colonoscopy being unpleasant as well.

Trinlay Khadro: I seem to be less of a Wheedonite than I thought. I didn’t know he describes himself as Christian. Ironic how most of his priests except Shepherd Book in *Firefly* are evil. // I never realized Bela Lugosi had time to marry. I thought he was too busy with drug addiction. // Tom Cruise is just evil in my book.

Steven H. Silver: Harry Turtledove was GoH at Con*Cept last year. I’m not hugely into alternate history SF, but I bought one of his books to try. Hope it’s enjoyable.

E.B. Frohvet: If Ursula K. LeGuin still came on the convention circuit, I think many of us would invite her! // Yep, you were right about “*Smallville Creek*”... Clark and Lana hooked up. I have a bad feeling that Chloe will be the “sacrifice” for Clark’s resurrection. I’m a bit curious how he’ll eventually turn to Lois. After all, that’s an inevitable part of the mythos.

Elizabeth Garrott: Considering my religion, and that I know many, many other Jews in the States, I obviously also don’t share the idea that the US is Christian. :) // IP rules on the Web are a bit shaky too, which is why I rarely put fiction on it.

Karen Gory: Is the DP site anything like the Gutenberg Project?

Terry Jeeves: My e-mail provider better not mess up too! I can’t print stuff myself right now. My printer is on the fritz.

Bill Legate: We had a guest at Westercon 58 in Calgary who only got 1 panel for a fanzine Koffeeeklatch. He mentioned how Torcon didn’t even give that!

Dave Szurek: Not intending to play “Top the Illness” here, but I know what you mean about constant health headaches. Hope you’re feeling better right now.

Lloyd Penny: You have one up on me. My whole time in Calgary I never got to see the Rockies.

Marc Schirmeister: Reading more about *Phantom Empire*, my memories are all falling away! Mind you I’m a fan of pulps, so I expect them to be cheesy.

Julie Wall: I also beefed up my apartment security after a robbery. Since I’m on the 7th floor I don’t worry about anyone coming through the windows though (unless burglars try skydiving).

Robert Lichtman: From your description, Portland may be one of the few cities nowadays truly worth visiting.

Man, this is a long letter! No wonder my Mailing Comments in *Comicopia* are so thick!

Sincerely,
Jeff

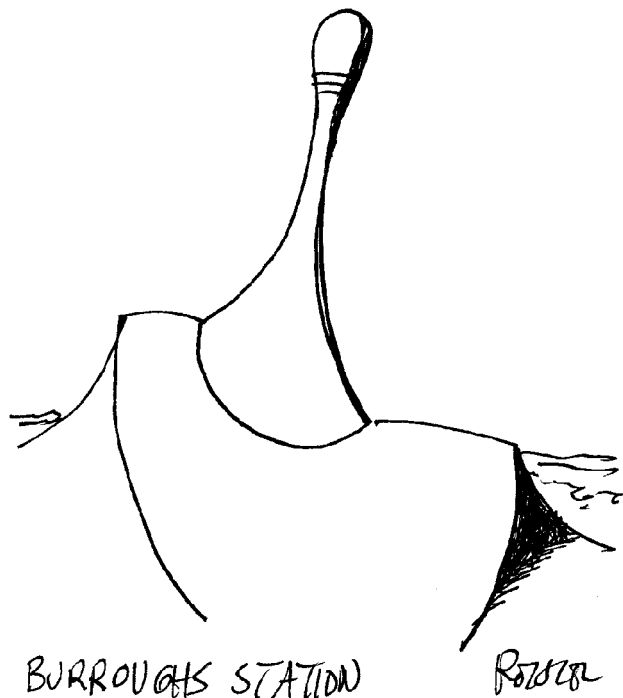
☐**TKK:** *A con doesn't have to be huge to be a success. It all depends on what you set your sights on and how you budget. 20-30 at Ditto was a bit smaller than I wanted, but was a good cozy number. Ditto certainly pales in comparison to an event like GenCon.*☐

Trinlay Khadro
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05 Dec 2005

Elric ferret passed away at age 7ish (he may have been older) 11/19 at about 10:30am, he is survived by Megumi kitty, KT and Trinlay who all miss him very much.

Thanksgiving was pretty good, considering my mom and the uncle (her older brother) were driving each other crazy. Keep in mind Uncle's only hobbies are watching CNN and driving everyone else nuts. This may soon improve since we have gotten him signed up to get books on tape from the Library for the Blind and Handicapped. He's making progress on a Western right now, and I hope to get him some SF and some Terry Pratchett's Disc world soon.

My craft sales at con art shows is interesting. I never can figure out what demographic/location is going to go for



which items. I'm tickled to see **Julie Wall** ended up with one of the scarves. The only con where I sold almost all the scarves I sent (there was one left) is the one that was in the South... at Windycon I sold **no** scarves... but did sell almost all the dragons I sent. Some of my work can be seen at: <http://stores.ebay.com/Silly-Kitty>

I'm hoping to be able to participate in the Nomads events. Thanks for the idea, **Hope**.

I don't think Henry has to worry about getting fat, but there may be some concern if you start losing weight. Most of my weight loss over the years has been the result of really cutting back on soda intake. Then again I've gone from drinking 4-5 colas a day at work, to maybe having 2 or 3 sodas per week. I've also met your mom and think that some of your slimness might be genetic, as well as generally eating healthy since you were a kid. I used to be skinny, but after the appendix surgery I put on a lot of weight. I now have some of the same weight concerns as "normal people".

I find that at certain times of the year I just don't have much to say about much of anything.

Close Encounters- fun read. Everything- RAE.

Joe Major: I think some of the feeling of "Crime rate outta control" is exactly the swiftness and the broad geographical area broadcasting news covers. Unlike the 50's and 60's though, a factory fire 2 states away gets reported in much the same way as if it were in town. I find that I often can't quite tell on the first hearing, if something is a local story or from somewhat further afield. Everything gets reported everywhere nearly instantly.

My grandma was born in NYC in 1908 she'd have been 9 or 10ish at the time of the 1918 epidemic, but she never mentioned it.

TKK: I suspect that stuffing the zine on the bed was enough cat scent to delight Megumi. She didn't even seem to notice the zine this time.

Bill Legate: Perhaps Wolfe's comments on his birth and childhood in Montenegro was for the purpose of the case at hand. The answer to the FBI agent being, most likely, the "real" one.

Dave S: on my good days I'm surprised by how OK I feel and wonder if the bad days are imagined... On bad days, I can't believe how bad they can be... and wonder if the good days are imagined.

Julie: I'm glad you enjoy the scarf. The break-ins seem worrisome to me, but I'm the nervous type. What if it would happen when you were home, or if it's not just stupid kids?

☐**TKK:** *I'm sorry to hear of Elric's passing. I was concerned about the weight loss until it stabilized at a reasonable level.*☐

Milt Stevens
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December 13, 2005

Dear Henry and Letha,

I have finally gotten around to writing a LoC on *Knarley Knews* #114 and only three days after the deadline for the next issue. I seem to have been busy for the last several months. Honest!

In your editorial, you mention giving up cola. Personally, I was never much of a cola drinker. I've always used coffee as my source of caffeine. Even back in high school, I was a heavy coffee drinker and being in the Navy and working around police stations did nothing to change my habits. However, when I retired in 1998 my coffee drinking did a nose-dive. I went from drinking 12 cups of coffee a day to drinking two cups of coffee a day. Those two cups of coffee are with breakfast. The second cup of coffee is really sort of symbolic. It's a tangible sign that I really am retired.

My sister and I naturally grew up in the same household, but our personal habits have always been completely different. She never drank coffee whatsoever. She just drinks Pepsi at all three meals of the day and at just about all times in between. For some reason, the idea of drinking Pepsi at breakfast sends a cold shudder up my spine.

You also mention having had only one traffic accident in 25 years of driving. I've been driving for a little less than twice as long as you have (47 years to be precise), but I've had something in the order of 10 or 12 accidents. None of them have been worse than a fender bender and none of them have caused any injuries. Most of them were the fault of the other party. When I didn't claim any injuries the other insurance companies were usually happy to pay for the minor damage to my car.

At one point, my last two traffic accidents had involved being rear ended by illegal aliens with no insurance. I was beginning to feel a little hostile about illegal aliens who didn't have any insurance. My most recent traffic accident was in 1993 where a woman came out of a parking lot and turned right into me. I was going down the street in a straight line at no very great speed, so I was almost able to come to a complete stop before she hit me. The result of the accident was paint transfer from her car to my bumper. For some reason, the woman felt I had maliciously appeared out of nowhere just to hit her and thus the accident was all my fault. Her own insurance company didn't even agree with her.

Unlike **Alex Slate**, I don't see any ethical problem with cloning. Cloning is just producing a twin for someone years or decades after the first person was born. Except with heirs to thrones, twins haven't produced any particular ethical problems that I know of. Some fertility drugs seem to cause mul-

tipl births so a couple who wanted a baby now have triplets. I can see some possible financial problems in that situation but no ethical problems.

As far as replacement parts are concerned, I've heard the idea is to produce the parts without producing a complete human. Since clones are just twins, they would have as much right to stay in one piece as anyone else. If someone were to start producing under people with mixed human/other DNA, I can see serious ethical problems with that. I can't think of any reason anyone would want to produce under people except for a Joseph Mengele type curiosity.

Yours truly,

PS: I'm now in charge of the fanzine lounge at L.A.con. Among other things, I'm going to be trying to sell some copies of current fanzines. I don't know whether you would be interested or not. If you are, I could probably sell 10 to 20 copies. Proceeds can be either returned to you or donated to a fan fund or whatever.

☐**CKK**: *I can't stand the taste of coffee. I now drink ice tea on occasion, but have never really had much of a pick-me-up from caffeine.*☐

Lloyd Penney
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Canada
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December 22, 2005

Dear Knarley:

I'm way past the deadline, but seeing it's close to Christmas, who knows? Maybe I'm still on time. I'm trying to get a little caught up with the stack of zines demanding some attention, so here's some for the *Knarley Knews* 114.

I've never been a part of the Serial Diners in Toronto, simply because I already go to two fannish pub nights in Toronto, and the Serial Diners can go to some pretty expensive restaurants. I go to what I can afford, and there has been talk of a third pub night elsewhere in Toronto. Has there been an announcement about the location of the 2006 Ditto?

Everyone's got a support group. How about one for normal people? That's got to be one of the last minorities. Proving you belong to it will have to be awfully stringent, but once you're in it, there may be a 12-step programme to become an interesting people. Are normal people interesting? Perhaps they should belong to Bland Anonymous.

Sue Welch is making a big assumption that this day and age is civilized. We know civilization began; I think we need to find out when it ended, why, and who ended it. Of course, a civilization needs civilized people, and I know they are in high demand and short supply.

Terry Jeeves' article reminds me that Yvonne has been taking flying lessons, has been in the air over the Guelph Airpark, 90 minutes WNW of Toronto, dozens of times, and is only a couple of months and a few lessons away from doing her solo flight and earning her wings. She's training on a Cessna 150 or 172, and she's one of the best students there, according to her trainers. I often go up to Guelph with her, especially when there's a social event on the weekend.

Murray Moore showed off some of the contents of the Bowers Box at one of the aforementioned pub nights. I already have enough trouble finding space for the fanzines I do have; as much as I'd like to grab some of the remaining goodies from the Bowers Box, I shall leave them with others with more capacious closets. As long as they have good homes, that's the main thing.

Steven Silver's complaint about *Chronicle* being several months behind *Locus* was a complaint I had about *Science Fiction Chronicle* when Andy Porter ran it. Andy was usually a month or two behind; the new owners are up to three. Guess some things just don't change. No wonder *Locus* has won as many rockets as it has. As a journalism student, timeliness is one important factor in writing and publishing a newspaper or magazine, so the edge always went to *Locus*.

If fanac only paid minimum wage, it would certainly help those of us who are unemployed or underemployed. We could use the supplement, and we'd certainly be doing something we like. Wonder what the egoboo exchange rate ...

Yours,
Lloyd Penney

□**TKK:** *I've thought for years about taking flying lessons. The time and cost have been a factor and then having to deal with the vagaries of the Midwestern weather would likely limit my ability to fly when I want.*□

Elizabeth Garrot
PO Box 37281
Louisville, KY 40233-7281

Dear Knarley

Bill Legate: The way I learned it, a turtle is aquatic, only coming ashore to lay eggs; a tortoise is terrestrial; a terrapin is at home in and out of the water, preferring streams, swamps, and bayous.

Tim asked me, when I mentioned this, what the difference was between a rabbit and a hare. Again, what I learned was that baby rabbits are born naked, baby hares have, you guessed it, hair! By this criterion the jackrabbit is actually a hare.

Dave Szurek: My Aunt Saxon used to have TIAs. It stands for Transient Ischemic Attack. The blood vessels in the brain go into an angina-like spasm resulting in momentary black-out. It's enough like a short petit-mal seizure to be mis-identi-

fied in someone with a history of petit mal, but the cause is vascular rather than electrical. Ischemia is Greek for shortage of blood; I don't know, but suspect that the "is" of ischemia may be the same as the "is" of isthmus. Maybe one of the Byzantine Mafia can enlighten us.

Elizabeth

□**TKK:** *I had completely forgotten about terrapins. You must have had a fairly complete teacher. I don't ever remember learning any of this in school. Perhaps I was absent that day.*□



We also heard from:

Christa Behmenburg (who sent mail art), Sheryl Birkhead, Megan Bouchard, Kasey Fiske, John Hertz, Susan R. Higgins, Terry Jeeves (who enjoyed **Schirmeister's** LOC on *The Phantom Empire* and all the inside information), Hope Leibowitz, Guy Lillian, Linda Palla, Mark Proskey, Dick Smith, Garth Spencer, Sue Welch, and Leah Zeldes-Smith

Holiday Greetings:

Todd & Nora Bushlow, Kurt Erichsen, E.B. Frohvet, Karen Gory, Hetherington Family, Gene Stewart, Mark Strickert (who published *Marktime* 74 as his insert)



Fanzines Received in Trade

"The usual" generally refers to either a letter of comment (LOC), a contribution, or trading with your fanzine or generally any friendly means of communication.

Alexiad Vol. 4 No. 4-6 by Lisa and Joseph T. Major; 1409 Christy Ave.; Louisville, KY 40204-2040; bi-monthly; \$2 or the usual. A nice fanzine with lots of book reviews and a solid letter column.

Argentus 5 by Steven Silver; 707 Sapling Ln.; Deerfield, IL 60015-3969; shsilver@sfsite.com; annual; \$3 or the usual. The inaugural issue of an interesting genzine with articles from a large number of contributors.

Banana Wings #23 & #24 by Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer; 59 Shirley Road; Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES; UK; banana@fishlifter.demon.co.uk; irregular; the usual. A nice fanzine that has been to become more regular of late.

Bento 17 by Kate Yule & David Levine; 1905 SE 43rd Ave; Portland, OR 97215; Kate@BentoPress.com; David@BentoPress.com; irregular; editorial whim. A small but interesting fanzine with articles ranging from recipes to a discussion of *Battlestar Galactica*.

Ethel the Aardvark #119-121 by Damien Christie; PO Box 212; World Trade Centre; Melbourne, VIC 3005; Australia; ethelaardvark@yahoo.com.au; bi-monthly; AU\$30/year or the usual. This is the official zine of the Melbourne Science Fiction Club. Damien is the new editor and is injecting new direction with lengthy discussions of SF on TV or SF movies.

Extranjero 3 by Kris & Lola; Calle Obispo 4 bajo; Plasencia 10600; Cáceres, España; irregular; the usual. Interesting new fanzine. This issue mostly discusses the editors' trip to Finland.

Fanzine Fanatique by Keith Walker; 6 Vine St.; Lancaster LA1 4UF; England; KWalker777@aol.com; quarterly; exchange or editorial whim. A short zine composed primarily of capsule reviews of other zines.

File 770:145 by Mike Glyer; 705 Valley View Ave.; Monrovia, CA 91016; MikeGlyer@cs.com; irregular; \$8/5 or the usual. This has become a mostly annual news zine with plenty of con reports and discussion of Mike's rapidly growing daughter.

Future Times Vol. 8 Issues 8-11 by Jayne Rogers; %ASFS; PO Box 98308; Atlanta, GA 30359-2008; missjayne@minspring.com; monthly, \$12/year. This is the official fanzine for the Atlanta Science Fiction Society. These issues contain winning entries from recent ASFA-sponsored writing contests.

Gimmickry 1 by Max; 20 Bakers Lane; Woodston Peterborough; Cambridgeshire PE2 9QW; United Kingdom; irregular; the usual. A one sheet fanzine designed to be folded as a drink coaster. Not that I'd ever do that...

It Goes on the Shelf 27 by Ned Brooks; 4817 Dean Ln; Lilburn, GA 30047-4720; nedbrooks@sprynet.com; irregular; the usual. A compendium of Ned's eclectic reading which ranges across the spectrum to SF, fantasy, and genres I can't even put a name to. Also received a copy of *The New Port News 224* (a FAPA zine).

Lofgeornost 80 by Fred Lerner; 81 Worcester Ave; White River Junction, VT 05001; fred.lerner@dartmouth.edu; irregular; the usual. This is Fred's FAPA zine. This issue focuses on teaching SF.

Marymark Press Chapbook by Mark Sonnenfeld; 45-08 Old Millstone Dr.; East Windsor, NJ 08520; irregular; the usual. The best I can describe is as a combination of poetry and paste-up art.

The Best of MOZ 1 by Murray Moore; 1065 Henley Road; Mississauga, ON L4Y 1C8; Canada; mmoore@pathcom.com; unknown; the usual. Excerpts from the first six issues.

Nice Distinctions 11 by Arthur Hlavaty; 206 Valentine St; Yonkers, NY 10704-1814; hlvaty@panix.com; quarterly; \$1 or the usual. A small perzine.

Nth Degree 14 by Michael D. Pederson; 8600 Queensmere Place #2; Richmond, VA 23294; editor@nthzine.com; http://www.nthzine.com/; irregular; free or \$15/6 if mailed. A semi-prozine with clear fannish roots that contains a mix of fiction, articles, poetry, and humor.

Opuntia 58.1, 58.3, 58.5 & 59 by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. A very interesting zine with a little bit to appeal to any reader.

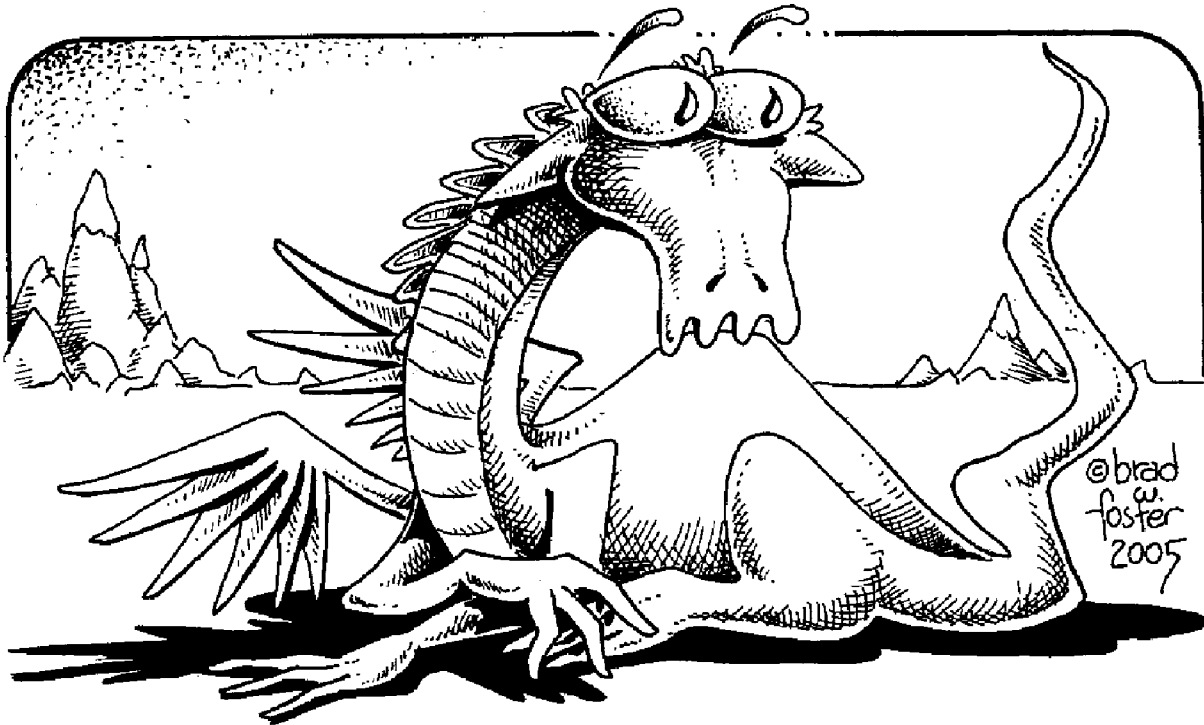
Vanamonde No. 598-617 by John Hertz; 236 S Coronado St No 409; Los Angeles, CA 90057; This is John's APA-L zine with interesting tidbits.

Visions of Paradise #103 by Bob Sabella; 24 Cedar Manor Ct; Budd Lake, NJ 07828-1023; BSabella@optonline.net; quarterly; the usual. This is a fine example of a personal zine which includes considerable commentary.

Yhos 62 by Art Widner; 35501 S. Hwy 1, Unit 122; Gualala, CA 95445-5122; irregular; \$2 or the usual. A long-running genzine with a discussion this issue on the global changes in fandom.

Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153) Marsport, Mars
Labor Day, 2095



You Got this Issue Because ...

- ☐ You are going to suggest a theme for the 20th Anniversary issue.
- ☐ The furnace is busted again and I'm sitting here slightly chilled waiting for the repairman.
- ☐ The usual is a powerful force that binds the universe together.
- ☐ You are going to write me some witty articles.
- ☐ We trade
- ☐ You sent me a contribution. Thanks.
- ☐ You sent me a letter of ~~complaint~~ comment.

You have ☐ issues left before you are designated a black hole and dropped from the mailing list.