

Henry Welch's

The KNARLY KNEWS ©

number 118



"Raconter une histoire de pêche"

SHIRIM 2005

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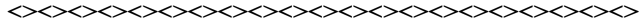
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Editorial

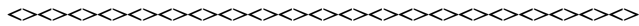
(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

June is finally coming to an end which means another issue of *TKK*. Once again I have not made the time to look into a landscape formatting so you get the same old two-column portrait format.



I would like to thank all of you for providing your suggestions for the 20th anniversary issue of *TKK*. This will be issue #120 that should be published in October.

Based on your feedback and my editorial whim I have chosen the topic “Why do we do fanzines” as the central theme. I am, therefore, making an open call for editorials and commentary on this topic. As items arrive or comments occur in LOCs I will try to generate a more detailed set of issues, questions, or topics that fit this general category. **As I did ten years ago I will probably remove substantive commentary on this subject from the various LOCs I receive between now and then and compile them for publication in October.** Please help me make this a great issue by sending in your input and feedback.



The first summer session of law school is now complete. I just finished my final research exercise for Advanced Legal Research. This is a somewhat annoying class in that the amount of work is a bit disproportionate to the number of credits (only 1). However, the numerous exercises where we were limited in the research resources we could use were helpful in forcing me to use resources I wouldn't otherwise have found the time to look into. The downside of this was the amount of time I had to spend in the law library (as opposed to on-line research from home) which was at least five hours per week. I see no reason not to expect an A in this course because the enrollment was small enough to avoid the mandatory curve and the only assignment I received back was a 100. A good grade in this course was really a matter of good diligence and then explaining how you researched as much as what you found.

I am also enrolled in the mediation clinic. This is a very different course in that we work to help small claims litigants to solve their own dispute. This is done primarily by acting as a neutral third-party that gives no legal advice, but rather puts in place a structure where the issues can be aired, discussed, and resolved. When this is done well it results in about a 70% success rate. So far I've observed three mediations and performed one. I expect to perform two more before the end of the clinic.

My sole mediation involved a divorced couple who were determining who was paying for which of the marital debts. Confidentiality prohibits me from discussing this in any more detail except to say that both parties were very cooperative

and with some help from my supervisor they were able to come to a settlement. What is interesting about this is that a good settlement is anything that leaves both parties feeling reasonably whole. There is often a huge emotional component and often the exact dollars or pennies are not what are really in dispute. The professor for the clinic (a retired Wisconsin Supreme Court justice) refers to this as relationship mending. Mediation is certainly a better way of handling this than 10 minutes in front of a small-claims judge.

My grades for the spring were a bit disappointing. I received a B in Constitutional Law. Much of this stems from my vastly different approach to the material and how were to learn it than the professor's. He was originally a historian and preferred the subtlety of the long view and I am much more pragmatic looking for how it is applicable now. I suspect in a true constitutional case knowing the long view would help an attorney craft an argument that did not bring up failed arguments in the past and would cater to the actual justices on the bench. The final exam had both a take-home and an in-class part. The take-home was a single legal explanation of the constitutionality of an existing law. A similar earlier law had been struck down and the simple reality is that this law will never come into challenge. No district attorney would every prosecute under this law for fear of the protracted appeals that would likely result. (If you care this was on the latest version of the Gun Free School Zones Act which makes it a federal offense to knowingly possess a gun in school zone as an application of Congress's Commerce Clause power). The in-class component was a series of short answer questions that I thought were rather tangential to what we were being taught.

I got an AB in Legal Writing 2. I was frustrated throughout the term by the delay in getting feedback. I adapt best to my writing teachers when I get feedback and understand their likes and dislikes. Since I got very little feedback I was unable to fine-tune my work enough to get the A. Some of this is due to the mandatory curve which meant that maybe five or so students in the course got an A.

I participated in the write-on competition for the Intellectual Property Law Review and was invited and I was also invited onto the regular law review due to my grades. Both require about 60 hours of work a semester (4 hours/week) and the writing of a publishable note (one per year). I have been struggling with whether I will have the time to do this, especially if I get the judicial internship for the fall. I talked to some other students and an attorney I know who did both and they all felt that it would probably work out. My fall schedule at MSOE is certainly conducive to this, but I am wary of anything that requires that I spend extra time at the law school. I suspect I will accept both invitations.

I was unable to find a legal internship and a legal research assistantship that I'd lined up fell apart at the last minute. My summer course at MSOE was also canceled so I'm left with projects (~100 hours) and the summer camp program at the end of July as my only work. It has been nice an leisurely as a result, but my bank account also notices the difference.

The yard work has been fairly involved this year. In addition to my annual spring crusades against garlic mustard, dandelions, and dame's rocket I continue the work with the buckthorn and some of the other annoying, but not necessarily invasive species. The side yard to the north had some ground-creeping vine used to stabilize the hill. It has started invading the neighboring gardens so I weed whacked it down and then sprayed it with RoundUp. It is too early to tell how effective that will be. My next move will be to roto-till the area and rake out the vegetation. We will replant the area with hostas and woodruff which will both be comfortable with the limited sunlight. I also made a major assault on the honeysuckle in the yard. These are typically 3'-10' tall bushes that are very difficult to kill. You can cut them down and like the buckthorn the stumps will grow back. I spent most of a day with the chainsaw and cut down about 100 bushes. I then poisoned the stumps with RoundUp concentrate. I hadn't realized how much they'd taken over the woods until I saw how open things now were and how few other plants were actually growing. At first I thought I'd taken too much vegetation out, but then I remembered that 10 years ago we removed a similar amount with the buckthorn and the woods and wild flowers responded marvelously.

Letha and I continue to get more involved with the caving community. We were both elected to the Board of Directors for the Wisconsin Speleological Society (WSS). It turns out that I have some of the most extensive caving experience among the members of the WSS; I'm hoping I can leverage some of this for the various projects that the group is involved with. So far this spring and early summer we've installed two cave doors and cut stainless steel to cover up the cement work for one of the doors. (The locals have a habit of using portable hammer drills to chip the cement work out from around the doors.) We try to take a cave trip at least twice a month and typically they are tied to a cave dig. Wisconsin is home to the western edge of the Niagara escarpment. This is often a good source for caves, but in Wisconsin they were mostly crushed and then filled by the glaciers. We are in the process of removing much of the silt and clay left behind by the glaciers. It is a lot of hard work, but one of the caves has finally been excavated to the floor and has developed a small stream. The return of moisture to the cave has done wonders to bring it back to life and both the walls and the ceilings have become more active. We frequently get local groups (e.g. boy scouts) to do service projects where they help us with a dig or invasive species control in the park.

(See <http://www.co.manitowoc.wi.us/recreation/cherney.asp>, http://www.co.calumet.wi.us/departments2.1ml?dept_id=70, and <http://www.caves.org/grotto/wss/> for more information.)

The odyssey of the cats continues. Stumpy, the cat who has lost considerable weight, has finally been diagnosed with irritable bowel syndrome (IBS). If left untreated it can turn into rather aggressive cancer, but the treatment for both is the same so we put him through his first course of chemotherapy last week. He didn't seem too bothered by it and has shown an improvement in his appetite. He is also on anti-biotics and steroids. So, when he was on the chemo that was six pills a day which is about six more than any sane person wants to try and stuff down the throat of an uncooperative cat. He is now down to four per day and shortly that will reduce to two when the anti-biotics run out. So far it is too early to tell if he will gain the weight back, but the vet says there is no indication that he has cancer that has spread into the lymphatic system. We continue to search for a food that both the cats will eat and not have Cheetah throwing up all the time. I so tire of cleaning up the barf puddles and crusty spots from around the house.

As far as I can tell there will be no Ditto in 2006. Apparently no substantive bids have come forward. I toyed briefly with the idea of hosting it again this year in Milwaukee because many locals had suggested having an annual relaxacon. Unfortunately, when I suggested the idea to many of the locals who would help me run it all of them said they were too busy this fall for one reason or another. I'm certainly too busy to do it all by myself and without any substantive commitment of help I refuse to take on the task.

All of this is somewhat distressing as this could have significant fall-out in the coming years for Ditto, but I can't take responsibility for this. It is frustrating to see something you've worked on helped build unravel in front of you, but that is the nature of evolution. I am capable of watching it happen (nearly 20 years of working with college students is great practice), but I don't have to like it.

Until next issue...



The Viewing

(c) by Jim Sullivan

I've lived next door to an elderly lady for the last 10 years. She passed away a few days ago at age 85. Her funeral is scheduled for 2 pm tomorrow, with burial following in a local cemetery. Viewing at the nearby funeral home was this afternoon.

Though I didn't know the lady well, she always gave me a cheery "Hello!" whenever she caught sight of me. And I responded in kind. So when I learned of her demise, I decided to pay my last respects. I went to her viewing early to beat the crowd, which I did, being the first to arrive. Immediately, I signed the guest register then walked into a huge viewing room/chapel.

Greeting me just inside the doorway were three older women, all sisters of the deceased, I later learned. They formed a receiving line of sorts. I really dislike such situations, for I never know quite what to say, which happens repeatedly as I go through the line. But in this case those weren't problems. I didn't have much of a chance to say anything to any of them.

The three ladies each shook both my hands and kissed me on both my cheeks. They surprised me with a group hug, taking my breath away. I had a difficult time separating myself from their collectively powerful grasp. Normally, I avoid such sentimentality in public, and in private, too, but these women gave me no way out.

Frankly, I was embarrassed. I knew they were grieving, but this was ridiculous. Moreover, I didn't know any of these ladies, all of whom were old enough to be my mother, maybe even my grandmother.

After I took a deep breath, refilling my depleted lungs, and straightened my suitcoat and tie, one of the three females grabbed my hand and pulled me toward the casket at the far end of the room. Let's view my sister's body," she exclaimed.

At the casket, I looked at my escort who now looked at me and said, "Well, mister, aren't you even going to take a look? She's now in all her glory. Isn't she just beautiful?"

"I'm sure she is," I muttered before looking at the corpse. Then I gandered at the dear departed. "Geez, Louise!" I gasped, putting my right hand over my mouth and my left hand over my eyes. The body was laid out buck naked, head to toe.

Peeking discreetly between my fingers, the deceased's face looked nice and serene, just a hint of a smile. I couldn't help also noticing her body was extremely well preserved, even perky in places, if you know what I mean. Certainly the em-

balmer and his or her cosmetician had to be congratulated for those fine highlighted features.

I had an overwhelming urge to ask the living sister why on earth my neighbor was undressed, but lacked the nerve. I wanted out of there. Quick, my eyes shut tight, I mumbled a few prayers for the body on full display. Then, slowly backed away from the casket, turned, and made a beeline for the door, nodding my goodbyes to my escort and her sisters who nodded back in unison.

The doorway was now blocked with incoming mourners. I, therefore, had to wait until the throng thinned out. As I stood there, I overheard another visitor exclaim at the casket, "Doesn't she look grand. I hope my body's in such good condition when I die. She doesn't look a day over 79. She's in the pink of health. It must have been those vitamins."

A sister replied, "Oh, no, my dear. It wasn't the vitamins. It was the aerobics that made her look so good. That's why we decided to show off her attributes one last time.

"We were going to have her laid out in a white organdy gown. But it would have hid her finer points. This way, her friends can see how supple she really was."

"Her aerobics instructor will be here in a while. She's signing up senior ladies at the door after they've viewed the body. For this, the aerobics company agreed to pay funeral home expenses for my sister. Isn't that decent? As a bonus, for every lady who signed up, the company is contributing ten dollars towards the cemetery plot and tombstone."



Nor Dashed a Thousand Kim

by Garth Spencer

(previously published in *BCSFAzine* 384, May 2005)

I have also been fighting a secret war with Dr. Geronimo® fandom, a threat to all North American fans everywhere.

Under previous authorship in the 1940s, the title character, then named “Tym Fasst”, was a favourite ongoing character in Danish science fiction; but in translation the series failed to capture market share from the Tom Swift franchise. Then came the reinvention from world-travelling boy genius and scientist/entrepreneur into Dr. Geronimo®, “The Brazen Man”, conflicted anti-hero and man of action, whose every adventure mirrored the major issues and moral conflicts of the year – so much so that ten novels were banned from publication in English, and two of them brought down as many governments in the Benelux. While Dr. Who inspired “Dalek Fever” in the United Kingdom, Dr. Geronimo® inspired several of the James Bond movies (and the copyright litigation continues to this day).

Until the 1970s, Dr. Geronimo® was a foreign craze that Anglophone fans rarely heard about, like Perry Rhodan, or that French thing about Jerry Lewis. But it is useless to deny now, because it is impossible to conceal the steady growth of Dr. Geronimo® merchandise, clubs, “fanzines” and conventions across North America, outnumbering and outmarketing classic, traditional fandoms such as Star Trek, Star Wars, anime



and LARP gaming. Suddenly every old-fashioned mediafan and gaming fan is surrounded by nine Dr. Geronimo® fans! Traditional Creation Cons belatedly find themselves scheduled directly against nakedly Philistine Dr. Geronimo® conventions! It’s appalling!!

My first clue to this insidious encroachment came in 1989, at the first Banffcon. I knew that Dr. Geronimo® fandom had advanced from its bases in Greenland outposts, and had established small colonies in Labrador City, Truro and Métis-sur-Mer (in Walloon translation); I even heard rumours about affiliated clubs in Hamilton and Scarborough. But I had no idea that Dr. Geronimo® fan-club comics had penetrated the Canadian heartland as far as Regina, but there it was in the Banffcon fan lounge, a fan-drawn DR. GERONIMO® comic from Saskatchewan, inexpert Danish and all.

I now believe that what I thought was a sophomoric gag at the University of Victoria – the war with Greenland, sponsored by “Generals” Bentley and Armour – was a *serious* campaign against cultural imperialism. I now believe that *Buckaroo Banzai* was a gallant, but unsuccessful attempt to combat the DR. GERONIMO® franchise directly. I have to wonder whether the spate of US-Canadian “co-productions” in the last decade, especially in science fiction, were another attempt to stem the Danish tide.

There are horrifying rumours of a DR. GERONIMO®-inspired movement, mimicking the “SCIENTISM®” brainwashing cult from the early-1970s story arc, not only “programming” followers in Danish but preparing them to campaign for a “National Socialist” party; and there is a long record of litigation against misuse of their trade marks, which is why I have been scrupulous about the use of their marks. But of course these are just rumours - or else, they are *entirely legal* proceedings.

The problem with such a franchise, as I perceive it, is that it destroys actual imagination and creativity; it attempts to force a monopoly on the sense of wonder at what might be possible, which was the heart of science fiction.

I have done my part to promote an older, purer form of fandom, to remind fans there was science fiction before DR. GERONIMO®, by printing nothing about DR. GERONIMO® clubs and zines and cons; and now I am all but spent.

So now it is time to share the burden, expose this secret war, and beseech fans everywhere not to dissolve our fannish cultural identity in the tsunami of DR. GERONIMO®. Practice your English! Be masters in your own homes!! REMEMBER WHO YOU REALLY ARE!!!

Sue's Sites: Indiana

by Sue Welch

"Mom, can you baby sit the kids in April? I have a meeting in Hawaii and Letha would like to go along."

"Certainly," was my reply, thinking of a week of reading and dozing in the hammock underneath the gigantic maple tree in Henry's backyard. Anyway it was November now and I am generally quick to agree to anything that I don't have to do today.

Sometime later Henry sent an email saying that the kids will be on spring break that week and would like to go camping.

"Huh?" I answered back. "You are kidding?"

Time passed and April came. And then it was the night to go the airport. I boarded the redeye. Arriving at the Milwaukee airport, I found three children calling me Grandma plus a car loaded with camping stuff. After a visit to the grocery to buy everyone's favorite food that did not require refrigeration, we were on our way south to southern Indiana, known as the corn state. Three hundred miles later, we arrived at Shades State Park. Out of the car jumped three kids with all the enthusiasm that children have after a day in the car, snacking, reading, fighting and dozing. "We will find the perfect camp site," they chorused

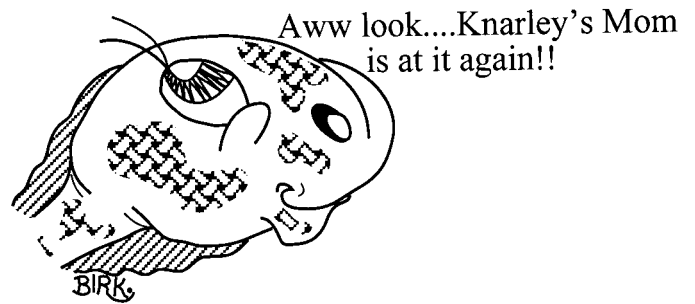
"This way Grandma," they motioned for me to follow them in the car to our own site.

"This looks perfect," I muttered. "Set up the tents. I am going to the bathroom." Upon my return the tents were up. "Whosever's night it is to make dinner, go for it. By the way can you also heat water and throw a spoonful of coffee in it?" I asked, collapsing into a lawn chair Henry had thoughtfully put in the car.

"My night," said Connor who likes to cook and over the years has perfected the art of making ramen noodles. Sometime later I was handed a plate of delicious food and another cup of coffee.

Awaking to warm seventy-degree sunshine the next morning, the beauty was breath taking. Everywhere were gorgeous wildflowers and trees in bloom. The silence, save for the birds, was staggering. The leaves were just beginning to form and the air was sweet with the smell of springtime. I must be in heaven, not Indiana, I thought. This must be the most beautiful spot on earth.

After breakfast, we bought firewood and headed for the canoe livery on the river. "Sorry guys," said the owner, "the river is very high and too dangerous for canoes. Check back later in the week. But have you been over to Turkey Run State Park yet? There is an awesome trail that goes through



the gorge; you might get your feet wet though. Are you up for a little adventure?"

"Hurry Grandma, we want to go hiking."

And so the days passed. A little hiking, visiting a village of 1800's buildings, a boat ride on a nearby lake, sitting around the campfire telling stories but mostly just enjoying the scenery and each others company.

Indiana, carved up from the land ceded by Virginia to the Northwest Territories as a compromise to the smaller states in order to pass our Constitution, entered the United States on December 11, 1816 as our 19th state. Current population is estimated at 6.2 million and it ranks 38th in size of the states. Nicknamed the Hoosier State, Indiana is known for, let's see, nothing really comes to mind except its famous Universities, Purdue and Notre Dame. A line is drawn through its capital, Indianapolis; north of this line the weather matches the harshness of the upper Midwest but to the south the climate is similar to Kentucky and Tennessee, mild winters and hot muggy summers. South of Bloomington sports many caves. The northern part is excellent farmland and corn is grown up to the shoulders of the roads.

On our return trip Sunday, the sunshine and balmy temperatures continued until we rounded the curve of Lake Michigan in the Chicago area. Twenty degrees immediately came off the temperature and looking towards Wisconsin yielded nothing but dark rain clouds. We stopped at Cracker Barrel, my favorite fast food restaurant on the Illinois-Wisconsin border. Now, don't misunderstand but to get the job done I am not above bribery and I put my plan into action as soon as the kids finished eating their first real food of the week. Here's the deal guys! When we get to your house, if you empty the car, put the camping stuff in the kitchen, leave the food and dishes by the frig (I will take care of these), put your dirty clothes in the laundry and vacuum the car, there's \$5 in it for each of you. And if you take a shower including washing your hair and get into bed with lights out by 9 there's another \$5. Works every time.

The Ethics of Government - Part II

by Alexander Slate

Last time I left off with some thoughts about the Supreme Court nominations of Robert Bork, Clarence Thomas, Samuel Alito and Michael Brown. Let's take them in chronological order.

First Robert Bork; I believe that he should have been confirmed as a justice. Bork was a well known judicial theorist. He was a proponent of strict interpretation. This was not a very popular position among Democrats, particularly of the liberal wing. In particular, many were afraid that his position on strict interpretation would have led to his voting against there being an inherent constitutional right of privacy, leading to the overturning of *Roe vs Wade* (which is interpreted by many to be based upon the right to privacy). It was this, along with politics (*Demo v Republican*) which led to his not being confirmed. Yet are either of these sufficient reason not to confirm? Let us return to this in a little bit.

There was a lot of hoopla concerning Clarence Thomas with regards to Anita Hill. Many believed that Clarence Thomas should not have been confirmed because of his actions with regards to her, yet when they occurred the actions were not illegal, and therefore not a basis to deny confirmation. Yet I still believe that confirming Clarence Thomas was wrong. Why? Clarence Thomas had been quoted as stating that there was a law higher than that of the US Constitution! Part of the basis of our system of government is that the Constitution is the highest law of the land. Therefore to allow one's religious beliefs to trump that is WRONG! One may allow one's religious beliefs to influence thinking about legal matters coming before the court, but the first Amendment is that Congress shall make no law concerning the establishment of religion.

Many believe that this means that there can be no laws concerning religious institutions; that religious institutions cannot be taxed, and there shall be no mention of religion and government together. I do not subscribe to this. My interpretation is that this means that no religion (or groups of religions) shall be established as the official church of the United States, and there that all religions must be treated on as equal a basis as is possible. If you tax one, you tax all; but not that they cannot be taxed. Therefore, if you consider the point of one religion on a certain issue before the court, you need to consider all of them, even if you end up ruling in a way that appears to be more in accord with one. Clarence Thomas' statements appeared to contradict this.

I cannot find anything in Michael Brown's earlier conduct or statements that should have prevented confirmation. In fact, given

what I know of his testimony during the confirmation hearings (which granted is not extensive), I would rate his testimony during the hearings as masterful.

Truth is, I'm still not sure about Samuel Alito.

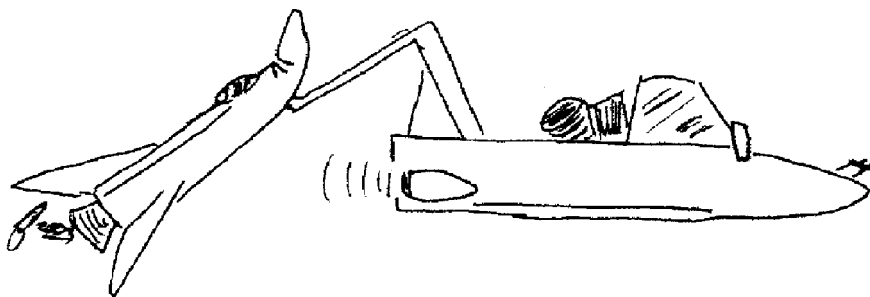
So, what would I look for in order to determine whether I would confirm or deny a particular nominee. I would not look at their political affiliation in the past. I would look to see if there are any public statements that contradict established theories of American government; basically anything that plain out flouts the Constitution. The Clarence Thomas statements come to mind. Another example is statements made by Attorney General Alberto Gonzalez regarding wire tapping and the Guantanamo detainees which would disqualify him in my book.

I would ask questions concerning their reasoning on various types of situations and look for a reasoned argument that considers the various sides consistent with a logic leading towards one type of ruling over another (irrespective of whether I like the final answer). They need to be open to debate on all issues. I would not use any one particular legal issue as a litmus test.

There really needs to be some established record that the nominees are more than generally conversant with more than a single area of the law, or extensively familiar with one area and somewhat conversant with others. Oh, and their conduct must be pretty much above reproach. No flouting of felony laws, no gross impropriety, and looking to see whether they have recused themselves from cases as appropriate.

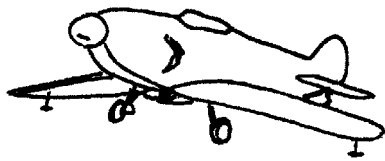
I believe that while it is appropriate to consider ethnicity and gender in choosing a nominee, that these should play no role in deciding whether or not to confirm. And that's about all I can think of.

That is all I have to say on the issue of Supreme Court nominees pending issues raised by you, the readers. The next thing I will probably touch on concerns congresspeople (both representatives and senators); how should they conduct themselves once elected? Any opening thoughts here, anyone?



Life at Juhu

Once away from Deolali and installed at Juhu, only twenty miles from Bombay, life was pleasant. The aerodrome was separated from a lovely beach by a stand of palm trees and we had little in the way of discipline to worry us. Our Wireless Establishment consisted of Flying Officer Curtis who spent most of his time in Bombay, there was a Sergeant who spent most of his time nursing a bottle. Then we had an affable Indian Sergeant Ninan plus myself and two other Wireless Mechanics named Hazell and Foster. It was a small aerodrome right on the coast and belonged originally to Tata Airlines. It now housed No. 2 Flight I.A.F.V.R. (Indian Air Force Volunteer Reserve). A grand name for a few huts, a couple of hangars, and a gaggle of aircraft. As benefited far-flung defenders of our Empire (very far-flung) we had some modern aircraft (modern when Gunga Din was a lad). They comprised a Westland Wapiti biplane, a twin-engined De Havilland "Dominie", a venerable Westland "Wapiti"



dispersed around the perimeter just in case we ever had an air raid. However, the real on FLEW ... just. I was allowed to go inside the real ones and even touch the radio gear if I promised not to break it. Seeing that it was built like a battleship R10802/T1083 combination, there was very little danger of that.

Better still, I was given a chance to fly in the Dominie on some of the anti-submarine patrols! My official duty on such flights was as message passer. I sat perched precariously between the radio operator and the pilot so that if by some miracle an important message should arrive I could hand notes across the two-foot gap between them and, thus, justify my highly illegal presence on the aircraft. Important or otherwise it was a rare event to get any sort of message from that set-up. We never came across any submarines – indeed, on one flight, a thick fog rolled in soon after take-off and we couldn't even find the sea. Our pilot, Flt.-Lt. Chaturvedi, cruised around for a while as we all carefully observed lots of misty grey nothingness – until suddenly we flew out of the fog bank and equally carefully observed that we were only about three feet about the Indian Ocean. At this point "Chatty" decided to call it a day and we headed home, back into the fog. Finding Juhu again was a feat which rather overtaxed his navigational powers. The next time we came out of the murk it was in a 30-degree bank and heading straight into a palm-covered hill side. We missed it by a miracle and eventually go safely onto Juhu's tiny airstrip. Definitely a day when it was good to be down and out!

When off duty it was but a short stroll to the beach to enjoy a pleasant swim – providing you were careful to avoid the huge floating jellyfish known as Portuguese Men Of War with



Carry on Jeeves

By Terry Jeeves

their venomous, often lethal, stings. These creatures could be two or three feet across and their tentacles trailed far more than that. Between swims we would sun bathe or drink the milk from freshly-opened coconuts. For two annas, a vendor would slice off the top of a soft, green nut which held about a pint of lovely cool milk and was perfect to drink under a blazing sun. These nuts bore not resemblance to the dry whiskery things one sees in England, being larger than a football and very green. There were also several sea-front cafes where we could get a variety of drinks and there was even a snooker table where we had many a game.

At Juhu we operated the main radio transmitters for BHQ in Bombay. Three of us ran a twenty-four hour shift rota keeping the station operating round the clock. This was a very nice system as we were excused from such onerous tasks as guard duty, fire piquet, and all the other diversions designed to keep the rank and file amused and out of mischief. Moreover, staggered hours allowed us to make day trips into Bombay on the electric line for a cost of 14 annas or less than 1/6d whilst everyone else was working.



After coming off shift at midnight it was a common practice to stroll down to the beach for a moonlight swim. Jack Hazell, a Wireless Mechanic from Barnsley, made himself a surfboard from a bit of planning and took up surfing – usually dispensing with his swimming costume. He was having a whale of a time when a large comber carried him right up the beach and deposited him at the feet of a courting couple. Unfazed, Jack stood up, bid them goodnight, tucked his board under his arm and strode blithely back into the sea.

Our job was the operation and maintenance of the transmitters by which BHQ kept in touch with the rest of India. At first we boasted only two T-1087 transmitters remotely controlled by land-lines from Bombay. These lines were raised up on poles where they crossed the road outside the cabin and terminated in a multi-point plug board on one wall. One sunny afternoon I was sitting idly beside this plug board, sipping a cup of char, when with an almighty crash the board suddenly leapt off the wall and vanished through the window.

Quick as a flash I knew something was wrong. Further investigation revealed that a high-sided lorry had run slap into our cables and yanked them all apart. They were not colour coded or numbered in any way and to make matters worse they included the telephone lines linking us to Bombay. It took quite a while to sort that one out.

Our equipment expanded with the arrival of a large trailer holding two spanking new T-1190 transmitters along with a Meadows petrol-electric generator to run them in case of a power cut. These hadn't been in operation long when a design fault appeared. Insulation began to burn in one of these transmitters and some smoke rose up. It was only a minor fault, but a passer-by, not knowing how to switch the thing off grabbed a fire extinguisher and sprayed everything in sight with a coating of foam. It took a week to clean the stuff out of everything.

Perhaps the most unusual mini-disaster came when a large swarm of hornets settled on the ladder leading to the roof of our transmitting station. We had to climb this several times a day, both at sunrise and sunset, when changing aerials from day to night frequency and vice-versa. Only a dozen rungs, but how do you get past a king-sized bunch of hornets?



The Signals Officer took one look at the buzzing swarm and solved the problem immediately by turning to the Sergeant and saying, "Throw a bucket of acid over them." He then walked away, rather quickly, I thought.

The Sergeant also knew how to delegate, he turned to me, the last man in the chain and said, "You heard him, get a bucket of acid and throw it over 'em." He too, turned and walked away; probably a bit faster than the Officer had done. I looked around, but everyone else had already vanished, it was up to me to do the great deed. The only thing to do was grab a bucket, tip in some acid, and sling it over the hornets. Acid at the ready, One or two swings, a deep breath, and heave! I dropped the empty bucket and took off down the read at top speed. I was *almost* quick enough. Only two hornets caught me, but they were the high-velocity, super-charged variety with red-hot needles on the rear ends. If you are ever troubled by hornets, just delegate!

Occasionally a young Indian lad would come to the door of the transmitting cabin and ask, "Char Manta," meaning "Want tea?" Almost invariably, we did and he would wander off to the Tata canteen and return with a tray holding cups, milk, teapot, and water. Now and then he would ask "Cakes manta", asking us if we wanted cakes. Our usual answer was, "No cakes." Off the lad would go and return with a plate full of cakes. This happened several times until we realized that "No" was the Indian word for "Nine".

I experienced my first monsoon at Juhu, imagine the most torrential rainstorm you have ever met, double it, throw in thunder and lightning, then let the whole thing run for several hours and you have a pale idea of what goes on during the first day of the monsoon. What made it more delightful was sitting beside several transmitters, each with a very high aerial poking up into the sky and just waiting for the next flash

of lightning. This near endless rain continues on and off for weeks, the sun is seldom seen, clothes, bedding, papers all get all clammy and damp. If you didn't keep turning and airing your kit regularly it would acquire a delicate green mold.

A monsoon may look exciting and glamorous on film, but in practice a life of gumboots, wet clothes, and endless mud is not a fun thing.

Once the monsoon ended life resumed a more pleasant manner. Strolling on the beach was resumed, including dodging dried up jellyfish, watching snake charmers in action, and handling the monkeys offered as photo props by native trainers. The monkeys were warm and friendly, but handling the snakes produced a cold, clammy feeling.

No. Flight I.A.F.V.R boasted a small canteen where one could buy tea, coffee, egg biscuits, sandwiches, "nimbu pani" (cold lime juice), and other items to tickle the palate of a hot and thirsty airman. We had always been warned to avoid imbibing anything not safely stowed within the confines of a bottle or can. Thus, I went in one evening and ordered a bottle of lemonade. The Indian bartender picked one out of a crate, uncorked it before my gaze and set it on the counter before me. I took one look and immediately gave up buying bottled lemonade. Floating inside the bottle was a large winged insect, the size of my thumb. I pointed this free little extra out to the bartender and he kindly scooped out the offending insect and handed the bottle back to me. He took some persuading that I really didn't want the thing any more.



Occasionally we would walk to the nearest rail station "Vile Parle" (pronounced Villa Parla), though it was pretty vile. Surrounding it were several mud huts, umpteen beggars, and the perpetual smells of Mother India such as woodsmoke and burning cow dung. From here we would page the huge sum of 14 annas (about 6p) for the forty minute ride into Bombay where the Women's Guild dispensed such delights as iced tea or coffee. One of my first stops was a bookstall out on Colaba Causeway where I was able to purchase a monthly copy of *Astounding Science Fiction* – a feat impossible in England.

Maybe I had an innocent expression in those days, but twice I was called upon to be a chaperone. The first occasion found me sitting peacefully in a second-class seat in a train in Bombay's Churchgate Station, waiting for the thing to pull out. An Army Captain pushed his head in and asked if I would transfer to the First Class coach and accompany his lady as far as Santa Cruz. Naturally I obliged and this later resulted in my being taken out by the Captain and two other officers for dinner in a large Bombay Hotel. The place was Officers Only, and when the resident blimp-types saw a humble ranker in their hallowed precincts, eyebrows went through the roof, but happily no one questioned my right to be there. Funnily, a similar chaperone job was landed on me on the Frontier Mail on the way back from Delhi – but more of that in due course.

INTERLOCUTIONS

□**TKK**: *First off some LOCs that fell between the cracks. The first was on a postcard that got severely eaten by the postal service and the second disappeared who knows where.*□

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Hello Henry.

My favourite item in *TKK* 115 was **Joseph Nicholas's** LoC in which **Joseph** described car crashes which he has witnessed. Very vivid writing. While driving a rented van to a Toronto comic convention, I bumped a car in the adjacent lane. My Ellen was alone when she was T-boned in our Escort by a drunk in a pickup truck. She suffered whiplash. The Escort was written off. Subsequently she was driving my Spitfire for me to the dealership. The Spitfire spun on invisible ice and slid sideways into a deep ditch. Happily Mary Ellen was OK. The passenger door window was shattered. The roof was ripped. And then there was the winter day on a divided highway when I lost control of the steering. The car despite my braking and moving of the wheel passed through the empty adjacent lane, off the highway, down a gentle slope plowing through deep snow. We (myself, Mary Ellen, Russell, and Dennis) were very lucky. The only damage was a broken muffler.

^^
Murray

□**TKK**: *Accidents are inevitable. It is always nice to hear when they result only in property damage.*□

Milt Stevens
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March 28, 2006

Dear Henry,

In *Knarley Knews* #116, the most pointed item is **Brad Foster's** cartoon on page 15. "The difference between genius and stupidity is that genius has its limits." A great truth.

The events described in "Carry on Jeeves" sound familiar. The military in any country and any age always seems to stay as the military. **Terry** learned about fixing radios, and I learned about celestial navigation, but the process was the same. I suppose most of us suspected that what the military called attention to detail was just a system to get us to follow

orders blindly especially in cases where they didn't make any sense whatsoever.

Talk about smoffish power, **Randy Byers** observes that **John Hertz** is a quite good fan writer and almost instantly **John's** name appears on the Hugo ballot. Wow! Of course, it is possible that a few other people had also observed that **John** is a quite good fan writer

Alex Slate certainly picked an ambitious topic for a one page article in "The Ethics of Government." Even reducing the topic to picking Supreme Court justices is still quite ambitious. The exercise of choosing the last two Supreme Court justices seemed pretty silly. There was no serious doubt that both nominees would be approved. All the huffing and puffing didn't accomplish a darned thing.

Ideally, Supreme Court justices would be chosen on the quality of their thinking rather than on which way they decide a particular issue. A person using rigorous logic and a person using a Ouija board may both come to the same conclusion. However, I think the decisions made by the person using rigorous logic would be better decisions in the vast majority of cases.

In answer to **Joseph Major's** question in the letter column, it's auto insurance that the illegal aliens lack. Or at least, that is the lack that I care about. If they lack medical insurance, it is their problem. If they lack auto insurance, it is my problem.

Yours truly,

□**TKK**: *I'd love to claim that the Supreme Court justices always use rigorous logic, but then I'd certainly be bending the truth a bit.*□

Joseph Nicholas
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03 May 2006

Dear Henry and Letha

Thanks for *The Knarley Knews* 117. And for the previous issue, and for printing my previous letter therein – although I note that you didn't print my follow-up to your e-mailed initial response, in which I suggested that the reason my parents didn't stop the car to assist the victims of the accidents in which we'd just missed being involved was because they didn't want to subject my siblings and I to the sight of mangled human bodies. (Can you imagine how you might

have felt, if at the age of thirteen or so you'd been subjected to the sight of a human body with the steering column driven through its chest and blood everywhere?) But this is a consideration which clearly hasn't occurred to Rodney Leighton, who suggests that we were somehow responsible for the first accident. Let's take that in slow motion, shall we? We, driving along at a normal speed, were the direct cause of the driver behind us trying to repeatedly overtake in the face of a stream of oncoming traffic. Or perhaps even slower motion: the driver behind us, repeatedly trying to overtake despite the fact that the oncoming traffic was too heavy to allow him any space to pull out into the opposite lane.... **Leighton's** suggestion is absurd. (And insulting.) The most charitable assumption must be that Leighton has read so much science fiction that it has completely addled his commonsense. (Perhaps he thinks my sister and I, in the back seat, were deliberately beaming telepathic thoughts of suicide into the other driver's brain.)

Jan Stinson's response to my comments in a previous issue about Jared Diamond's "biogeographical determinism" having killed off alternate history are very muddled. "I'd treat Diamond's paradigm same way I view Vinge's Singularity theory: they're theories. They may be theories which seem to fit well with the available evidence, but they're still theories." I suspect that here she's confusing scientific theory with the common usage of "theory" to mean "conjecture", "speculation", or "opinion", as something which is not factual. (Exactly the same usage, of course, which creationists deploy in their attempts to rubbish evolutionary biology, in the process demonstrating that they have zero understanding of what science is and how it works.) In science, a theory is a theory – and not a hypothesis or a speculation – precisely because it does fit the available evidence; because it attempts to construct a coherent, internally consistent, all-embracing and above-all not-falsifiable (the Popperian replacement for "provable") explanation. Thus Diamond's "biogeographical determinism" is a theory, as robust as the theory of gravity and the theory of relativity – and for **Stinson** to compare it with Vinge's Singularity is a category error of gargantuan dimensions, because the latter is not a theory at all. It is not only unsupported by any evidence: it's a piece of fantasising wish-fulfilment speculation which doesn't explain anything.

Her other comments about Diamond, in response to **Garth Spencer** (?), are much more focused, but I'd need to know more about the Mexican disease discoveries to which she refers before commenting in detail. Two immediate questions, nevertheless – firstly, is there evidence on the bones of Aztec skeletons (lesions, etc.) to confirm that *zahuatl* was smallpox? And secondly, what is the evidence (physical, such as lesions on bones, rather than verbal descriptions) that the real disease was a hemorrhagic fever? (On the face of it, such a fever seems somewhat unlikely, as it would surely have had equal effects on the Spanish conquistadors, killing them in the same numbers.) But even if such evidence exists, and withstands scrutiny, it won't necessarily destroy Diamond's

arguments about the effects of disease, for the simple reason that smallpox is not the only one.

Eric Lindsay refers to the "latest idiocy [of] the sedition laws, which I assume means that on 5 November when I celebrated the 400th anniversary of Guy Fawkes Gunpowder Plot....I was indulging in seditious behaviour". (NB – GUY Fawkes, not "Gay" Fawkes!!) The UK has recently enacted similar legislation of its own, after a long Parliamentary battle (in both Houses) to get provisions concerning the "glorification of terrorism" onto the statute book as part of the new Terrorism Act. Government ministers repeatedly insisted that these provisions were necessary to control, for example, radical Muslim imams resident in the UK and delivering hate-filled sermons about Jews and Crusaders, and the backbench lobby fodder in the Commons would dutifully vote them through; and the Lords would repeatedly reject them on the grounds that existing legislation was sufficient for the purpose – for example, existing criminal sanctions against incitement to murder, which would have dealt with those carrying placards demanding the beheading of non-Muslims during the Danish cartoon controversy earlier this year – and send the Bill back to the Commons.

As the Lords pointed out time and again, the government's preferred wording was so lax that it could apply to almost anything – for example, a discussion of the causes of the Easter 1916 Irish uprising, on the grounds that seeking to understand the reasons for the rebels' actions amounted to support for terrorism. (Indeed, at one point early in the battle over the Bill, the government actually sought to set down a list of historical events which should not be discussed – a piece of intellectual censorship characteristic of this New Labour government – but the reaction was so vituperative that it was soon withdrawn.) Not that the wording of the relevant clauses in the eventual Act was improved any: terrorism is now deemed to have been encouraged in the case of "a statement that is likely to be understood by some or all of the members of the public to whom it is published as a direct or indirect encouragement or other inducement to them to the commission, preparation or instigation of acts of terrorism", which includes "every statement which glorifies the commission or preparation (whether in the past, in the future or generally) of such acts or offences". The Act further states that it is "irrelevant" whether such statements lead to the actual commission of acts of terrorism; the mere existence of the statement is itself an offence – meaning that even works of art (paintings, films, novels) could be at risk. Take, for example, the recent film version of *V For Vendetta*, which begins with a cameo of the arrest of Guy Fawkes rolling in the gunpowder to blow up Parliament, continues through the blowing up of the Central Criminal Court, the assassination of targeted individuals and the taking of hostages, and is accompanied throughout by a rhetoric asserting that "true democracy" can only be achieved through the removal of politicians by revolutionary violence. Under the definitions in the Act, the film is clearly an encouragement to terrorism.

The government's sole attempt at an explanation for this ridiculously lax wording was to assert that it would be plain to ordinary people what was meant. Well, it may be (eventually); but in the meantime the provisions will allow police officers looking for an easy arrest another means of targeting anyone they don't like (British police have a track record of misappropriating the powers given in new legislation for as many other purposes as they think they can get away with – for example, the arrest of a heckler at last autumn's Labour Party Conference under the previous Terrorism Act); and will give the legal profession one wallet-fattening field day after another as the courts clog up with arguments over what the wording "really" means.

I expect another Terrorism Act in another couple of years, to "correct" the "deficiencies" which will be seen to have "emerged" in the new one – i.e., as the government tries to clear up the mess caused by the courts throwing out various prosecutions on the grounds that the wording is unworkable gibberish and the whole thing contravenes existing human rights legislation in any case. Assuming, of course, that this rotten, ideology-free, intellectually corrupt and morally bankrupt New Labour government is still in power in a couple of years' time.

Finally, though, **Milt Stevens** refers to a time when he was drinking in a bar and getting on famously with a woman there until he discovered that she was around twenty years old than him. "Oh shuckyderns! Up until then, the whole thing had seemed like a great idea." Er, well, I may be missing something, but why exactly did he consider the age difference to be such a problem?

But enough for now, I think!

Joseph

☐CKK: *I generally don't archive follow-up exchanges to e-locs. This is probably a poor approach, but I don't like e-mail clutter. As a result some interesting and relevant comments often get ignored.*☐

Ned Brooks
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18 May 2006

Hi Knarl –

Thanks for the zine. Spectacular **Schirmeister** cover!

Jim Sullivan's "One Size Fits All" notes a marketing ploy based on the manufacturer's desire to cut costs by simplifying production. It works better with some sorts of clothing than others, I suppose. I myself have had little trouble - but then I



am a "Medium" with small feet and hands. I find most work gloves too large. And long-sleeve shirts can be weird – I have examples that fit fine except that the sleeves are too long – or too short. Perhaps the head and the feet most require a good fit. I seldom wear a hat, but certainly wouldn't wear one that was too large or too small. I've never had any trouble finding socks that fit well enough, but shoes are another matter – I need something like a 8EEE. And even if the size is right, many of those are useless because the arch support is in the wrong place. For years I was happy with HushPuppy – and then they changed the arch support. Now I wear SAS, which are comfortable – but often too hot. The high-top HushPuppy ventilated itself as you walked, while the SAS has insulating padding at the top to prevent chafing – the HushPuppy design was better.

I always enjoy **Terry Jeeves'** memoirs!

Best, Ned

☐CKK: *I am a 10.5A or 10.5AA where shoes are concerned and the fit varies by manufacturer and style. I once spent 2 hours at the Allen-Edmonds shoe factory trying shoes on until*

they found one that worked. The best buy I ever made was custom-built hiking boots. I had to wait 7 months for them, but it was worth it (and still is, it is 18 years later and they are still holding up and fit well).□

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19 May 2006

Knarley,

I really have no response to the articles in 117, but do have a few comments to continue some of the discussion in the locs.

On the personal news side, our house here in Texas is up for sale. Sarah and Melissa graduate on 30 May, and each will be starting at Wright State University in Dayton in the fall. Melissa intends to stay at Wright State, but Sarah intends to transfer to Ohio State at some point. I am interviewing for positions at Wright-Patterson AFB, but no luck yet. It's not a matter of if, but when. In the meantime we have made an offer on a house in Dayton, they counter-offered, and this week we will put in a counter to that. Laurel and the girls will move up to Ohio in the summer (after we sell the house here) and I will follow when a job becomes available. Until then I will get myself an apartment.

Re the locs...

Sheryl, cloning of individual parts has promise, and I have absolutely no ethical qualms over it. Whether it does any good remains to be seen. It is my understanding that they can also now clone skin cells, and this shows real promise for burn victims.

Joseph, remembering that *Gulliver's Travels* was satire. Yes, the practice of law often leaves much to be desired. Precedent (or in legal parlance, *stare decisis*) is simply that, a precedent to guide judgment. However, sometimes you can find precedent on both sides of an argument, what to do then? But, reiterating my earlier article, sometimes precedent needs to be overturned, sometimes the law must change.

As for the cow, why is the neighbor suing?

I don't remember the story in *Galaxy* you were citing. Of course I missed a lot of issues in the 70's.

E.B., people in government, whether in congress or the courts may or may not care about real people. But, that shouldn't end discussion on the issue of government. In fact, it makes it all the more necessary. Let's shout out the discussion, make it much more widespread – then perhaps those in government might someday care!

Terry, of course there's going to be no such thing as perfect government. It has been said, "I know that this compromise is good, no one likes it." And there it more than a grain of truth in statements like that. That said, government is a necessary evil, so somehow we must muddle through. The only alternative, anarchy, is tremendously frightening. I would not like to live in Iraq right now, which to all effects is an anarchy. I am a big fan of Bentham and John Stuart Mill philosophically. Utilitarianism is a tremendous guiding principle when it comes to government. But I would modify classical utilitarianism in what I consider a very important way. Instead of "the most good for the most people," I would say, "the most good for the most people, while causing the least amount of harm." A subtle difference, but very important on as I see it.

To **Jeffrey Allan Boman**, please note that the issues between Democrats and Republicans is not government, it is politics. We need less politicians and more statements. I don't care for Bush, but sometimes he takes a good stand. An example is a portion of his stand on the immigration issue. He goes counter to the majority of Republican politicians and certainly to the reactionaries in his party. I only wish that when queried on the difference between him and other Republicans on issues like this that he would respond, "Politics shouldn't stop us from doing what's right."

Well, Knarley, hope you did well on your tests. That's going to do it for now...

Alex

□**TKK**: Good luck on the relocation plans. There is almost always precedent on both sides of an issue; at least one that is likely to result in a law suit. All of our legal writing exercises were designed to be right down the middle as much as possible.□

Terry Jeeves
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19 May 2006

Dear Henry,

Many thanks for the latest *TKK*, I liked the front cover which introduced umpteen different ideas.

Sullivan's attack on the one size fits all brigade, was amusing but what are the rubbers he keeps mentioning? I know he doesn't mean contraceptive, so what are they, meanwhile, I hate one size fits all socks. they only fit midgets.

Sue's proposal to have a birthday party for a plant sounds crazy enough to catch on, does our apple tree merit one do you think.

Here's a bit from another letter I just wrote, do you think it merits a record in Guinness – Our daughter went to college in

the USA and to get there she donned a tight skin suit, She left home at 10 am, we drove her to the airport and waited two hours for her departure on a six hour flight to Boston where she had to change airports and catch another long flight to St. Louis. Here she had to arrange local transport to Principia College, getting there at some unearthly hour. Why mention all this? She probably qualified for the Record Books as because of the tight skin suits, she did the whole trip without going to the toilet!

Nice large LOCcol and a good issue.

Terry

☐*CKK: Rubbers are synthetic rubber overshoes that you slip over your dress shoes to keep them out of the snow and road salt during the winter. I suppose they also help keep your feet dry.*☐

Robert Lichtman
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21 May 2006

Hi, Henry—

Thanks for *TKK* No. 117, which arrived the other day. I don't keep track of the intervals between issues of the fanzines that reach me, so I hadn't noticed that this issue was "a bit overdue." Perhaps **E.B. Frohvet** will take you to task for being insufficiently "regular" — or maybe not. I'm in much the same sort of "goofing off" limbo you describe as regards the next issue of *Trap Door*. I'm waiting for various pieces of the issue to turn up in my mail, and in the meantime feel no great sense of urgency. It's been my experience in the past that once all the outside material *is* on hand, I can quickly get serious about completing the issue. This generally means doing the letter column and then, finally, writing my editorial column. I have notes and odd bits for the latter, but it doesn't seem to ever come together until the bitter end. After that, it's just production grunt work — assembly of the printed pages and mailing out the many copies. Next comes the fun part: the letters of comment.

In his letter in this issue, **Rodney Leighton** remembers how some years ago I told him that the resources of fanzine editors were limited and that the situation might arise that someone would write in for an issue and the editor would not be able to supply it. In this context Rodney wonders how much I've "embraced the electronic zine." The answer is "hardly at all." I put one issue of *Trap Door* on efanzines.com. It was a special issue that was largely taken up with a long SF/faan fiction story by Gordon Eklund, illustrated with many full-page pieces of art by Dan Steffan, and I wanted it to reach a wider audience because I felt both Gordon and Dan were worthy of consideration for Hugo nomination and/or the FAAn awards. (It turned out that Gordon *did* win that year's FAAn award for Best Fanwriter, in fact.) But I've resisted turning *Trap*

Door into an electronic fanzine, all or in part, because many if not most people producing all-electronic fanzines report that the level of response to them is very low. Since I produce *Trap Door* in order to entertain my readership and to produce response, this low response would be a serious disincentive.

I notice that you, Henry, have posted *TKK* on your own Web site. Have you attracted any new readers that way? Or, more precisely, have you received letters of comment out of the blue from people not receiving *TKK* through the mail?

Eric Lindsay notes, in response to **Rodney's** comments on *FAPA* in the previous issue, that he "gets the impression apas are in serious decline. The internet is quicker, cheaper, and feedback is much closer to instant." It's true, as **Rodney** noted, that "the average age of *FAPA* members [is] somewhere around 65," and not all of them *want* to be in a milieu where the "feedback is much closer to instant." I like both quick and slow interactions, and find the pace of *FAPA* (and *SAPS*, my other quarterly apa, where the average age is even older than 65) quite relaxing. But increasingly people like me and some of those who hang on in *FAPA* are the exception to the current norm of speed-at-all-costs.

That's about it for a LoC. Beyond that, I was wondering what's happening with this year's *Ditto*. Last we talked, it was going to be somewhere in the greater Bay Area. But I've seen nothing more about it anywhere....

Best wishes,
Robert Lichtman

☐*CKK: I know of exactly one reader of the electronic version of CKK. This is a now graduated student who told me once in my office that he read the fanzine. He never felt compelled to respond in any more formal way. Beyond that I am not aware of any luck attracting readers electronically. I suppose it may have happened indirectly where a electronic copy of another fanzine led someone to my address, but I don't think this really counts.*

As far as I know there are no plans for Ditto in 2006. I looked into hosting it again in Milwaukee, but I got little to no tangible support or offers to help from the local fan base for a fall relaxacon in Milwaukee.☐

Joy V. Smith
8925 Selph Road
Lakeland, FL 33810
pagadan@aol.com
22 May 2006

Dear Knarley,

Cute and clever cover! I love the banner and the furry.

Sounds like your current law courses are challenging, that is, hard to get your teeth into them, which I can see would be frustrating. I hope you enjoy your summer courses more.

Sorry about your research assistant position not working out. The mediation clinic opportunity sounds interesting; I see you're looking forward to it.

With all you're doing, I imagine the hockey respite is nice. Now you can concentrate on your weeds. Here I move from one weed variety to another, but the hardest ones to eradicate are all the crawling vines.

Oh, wow! A conference in Hawaii. Interesting background on Oahu. Would you say that if one had to make a choice for a first trip, it would be better to choose the big island?

I see **Sue** likes to party. The dog's birthday and plants' birthdays would be good excuses, and what a great opportunity to decorate the plant like a Christmas tree! And her own celebration in South America should be fun. What a wonderful birthday gift!

Terry Jeeves' military memories are fascinating and scary. Give them blankets!

LOCs: **Todd Bushlow**, I enjoyed your baby antics report; keep your eyes open for *Stellaluna* (a fruit bat adopted by birds) and the *A Frog and His Boy* series (no words). **Joe Major**, interesting about the books titled *Lightning; By Reason of Insanity* is also popular. I didn't realize that Peter Benchley was the grandson of Robert Benchley. **E.B. Frohvet**, I think it's nice that you repotted your mother's plant. I hope you enjoy it. I enjoyed **Brad Foster's** take on God damn it. **Sheryl**, sounds like a great opportunity for your niece; **Knarley**, I was surprised to learn that you had to pay for your judicial internship.

Interesting artwork on the back cover. Mutant plants?

Appreciatively,
Joy V. Smith

☐**CKK**: *I am more than happy that I do not have to deal much with smothering vines like kudzu. How one chooses to visit Hawaii depends on what you are interested in. If you like sand beaches, sun, and shopping then by all means go to Waikiki. If you want beautiful scenery and the power of nature then get off Oahu and try the Big Island.*☐

E. B. Frohvet
4716 Dorsey Hall Dr. #506
Ellicott City, MD 21042
May 23, 2006

Dear Henry,

The finches have returned to nest under the overhang of my patio. I leave them alone, they leave me alone, everyone is reasonably satisfied with the arrangement.

I've never been to Hawaii. However, the Supreme Court of Hawaii recently ruled that there is no legal obligation to call out a warning for a mis-hit golf ball. The court said it is



“common knowledge” that a golf shot does not always go where the golfer intended to hit it; and that while it may be the protocol of the sport to call “Fore!”, that is not an enforceable responsibility. That such a case got to a state's highest court tells you much about what's wrong with this country and its legal system... I'd guess the question falls under an act *per infortunium*, “a lawful act performed in a lawful manner under a reasonable belief that no harm would be possible.” Ask your professor.

Garth Spencer: My most successful piece of fiction, though never published, was about two people who coolly negotiated a cohabitation agreement; had sex; got married; and fell in love. In that order.

Todd Bushlow: A charming summary of two years in six paragraphs.

Sheryl Birkhead: Cooking may be defined as applying heat to substances in order to alter their molecular structure. I call that chemistry.

Joseph T. Major: I've had similar dreams in which Worldcon gets jumbled up with college. I have nightmares about high school, and often pleasant dreams about my military time. In correspondence with a friend in another country, the subject of pumpkin pies arose, so I sent her several recipes, including one that called for maple syrup as the sweetening agent – probably close to a New England original version, before the general availability of can sugar. Hate to break it to you, but “Clark” using X-ray vision to peer into the girls' locker room: they actually used that on an early *Smallville* episode.

“Active” sedition: Saying that the President ought to be shot is free speech. Shooting at him is sedition. Well, also attempted murder; there may be other federal statutes involved.

Rodney Leighton: *The Duke's Ballad*, has Andre Norton's name first on the cover because it was set in the “Witch World”, which she invented in the early 1960s. I believe that she reviewed and edited the book before publication. And, yes, I made some notes on aspects of the book which troubled me, and mailed them to Lyn. (For one, the characters find

some money in a house they rented and use it for their own needs without a second thought.) This is fair criticism and was accepted as such by Lyn. Your assumption that offering a protest to a police officer would have resulted in your being arrested or killed in the United States, is ridiculous anti-American prejudice, and you should know better.

Dave Szurek: What Henry said. I settle on calling Our Editor "Henry" as "Herr Doktor Professor Welch" seemed a touch formal for fandom, and I couldn't see addressing a grown man as "Knarley". What I knew "Lan" Laskowski, I called him "George".

Politicians: Bob Schieffer of CBS News recently proposed that the U.S. Capital Building be renamed the "National Monument to Wasting Time and Avoiding Responsibility". Precisely.

Best wishes,
E.B. Frohvet

☐**CKK:** *It may not necessarily be attempted murder. That would require the intent to kill, maybe the intent was only to injure.*☐

Brad W Foster
Box 165246
Irving, TX 75016
bwfoster@juno.com
24 May 2006

Greetings Henry & Letha~

Weeding the yard? I used to be a "Yard Nazi", one of those guys who fixated on every detail of his yard, keeping out the weeds, the bugs, making sure bushes and trees were trimmed, and the grass was almost regimentally regular in height. But that was when I was renting a duplex with a small yard to take care of. Since moving into a house with a front yard bigger than the combined size of the other four houses facing us around this cul-de-sac, I've noticed now the only plan of yard work I have is to run over it with the lawnmower often enough that everything, no matter what it is, will be the same height. If six kinds of weeds and three kinds of grass are all cut to the same height, from the street it all just looks like a nice, green lawn. I have fallen from such heights!

And speaking of growing things and my lack of any skill in dealing with them, congrats to Sue on the 50 year old plant. I sometimes think I not only do not have a green thumb, I actually have a black thumb, since without any effort of any kind on my part, plants will wither up and die after being in my presence for a short period of time. I am the anti-gardener, plants tremble as I pass! (My Mom, on the other hand, need only glance at a plant and it will triple its growth rate overnight.)

Hey, I finally figured out the cover. Okay, more specifically, I finally realized I had the bit of dialog wrong. I -thought- the

figure dashing through the snow was saying "No.", and kept trying to figure out why she would be saying this. No clue. Now as I just glanced over to pick up the ish again, it hit me that I am actually seeing the abbreviated word "number". whew, another fannish mystery solved!

stay happy~
Brad

☐**CKK:** *I would hardly say the yard, much less the lawn, is highly regimented. I'm simply working hard to keep the invasive species at bay so the yard is healthier and prettier.*☐

Milt Stevens
6325 Keystone St.
Simi Valley, CA 93063
miltstevens@earthlink.net
May 24, 2006

Dear Henry,

In *Knarley Knews* #117, you lament your lethargic ways and how they have detracted from your career as a trupubbing fan. This reminds me of the way the Coulsons used to apologize profusely for only producing 11 issues of *Yandro* in the previous year. This points to an important principle. It doesn't matter if you aren't perfect as long as you're better than everybody else. You don't have much competition as far as being a regular fanzine publisher is concerned. **Joseph T. Major** and **Dale Speirs** are about as regular as you are, and they even put their publications in envelopes to send them to people. Arnie Katz has been publishing weekly for longer than I thought possible, but he makes it easier by not putting it on paper. Fred Patten has published over 2000 issues of a weekly apazine, but again that's different from genzine publishing. So you may rest on your laurels for a bit. Take a half hour off next year.

When it comes to doing layouts I think everybody falls into sort of a pattern. There are only so many ways of stacking bricks, and even some of those ways aren't very likely. I know when I start doing a publication I develop an idea of how it should look. After that, I do variations on the Platonic form of that publication.

Garth Spencer has missed some of the history of Valentine's Day. Romantic love wasn't really the idea back when the Romans celebrated the Lupercalia. The idea was fertility. By Imperial times, it was probably just a freestyle orgy. In earlier times, most people were sincerely interested in the fertility of crops and flocks and Romans too. Fertility must have seemed like a much better idea back when there were a lot fewer of us.

In **Terry Jeeves'** account of his voyage to India, two months sounds like a long time to spend on a ship. It even seems like a long time to me until I think about it. When I was on an aircraft carrier our standard line periods in the Gulf of Tonkin were 45 days. We did seven or eight of those a year. All that

time at sea gave me lots of time for fanac (I think I was in three or four apas at all times in those days.) and even to read all the science fiction I could get my hands on. Doing all that stuff was in addition to going quietly out of my mind.

Yours truly,

☐**TKK**: *Two months on a ship with very little of any place to go would drive me nuts. I can get stir crazy if I don't have anything to do for 30 minutes.*☐

Jim Stumm
PO Box 29
Buffalo, NY 14223
May 30, 2006

Dear Knarley,

I disagree with your view that declaring laws unconstitutional is not the President's job. Members of all three branches take an oath to uphold the Constitution, and that means that all three should, in effect, declare laws unconstitutional in the course of performing their sworn duties. That is, besides the judiciary on which we agree, legislators who believe a proposed law is unconstitutional should vote against it, and a President who believes a bill passed by Congress is unconstitutional should refuse to sign it, and instead veto it.

But I agree that the President should not sign a bill and then refuse to enforce it. Except that there are so many millions of laws that the Executive Branch is forced to prioritize limited enforcement resources. If they would repeal 90% of the laws and return to a limited Federal Government in compliance with the 10th Amendment, then they could do a better job of enforcing the laws that remain. – I should live so long.

I'm skeptical of the entire concept of intellectual property. If I know something, I have it inside my head. It forms some kind of structure or activity in my brain, which means I own it if anyone does. I do not accept that some other person or corporation can own a piece of me.

Even if I accept the legitimacy of the concept, I believe the present copyright law is unconstitutional because Article I Section 8 of the Constitution provides for exclusive rights for **limited** times. What the Founders meant by "limited" is indicated by the copyright laws passed by the First Congress which gave protection for 17 years. "Limited" does not mean anything less than infinite. It also doesn't mean adding on another 50 years every time Mickey Mouse is about to go into the public domain. At the very least, if the copyright period is extended, the increase should apply only to works created after the law is changed. Pre-existing works should be protected only for the period that was in effect at the time they were created.

Any legitimate rights Disney Corporation may have had to the original Disney characters has long since expired and they now belong to the people (public domain). So I say: Steal This Mouse. Except, of course, as a practical matter a

prudent person ought to beware of the wrath of rich corporations and their hired gun lawyers.

Jim Stumm

☐**TKK**: *I think we generally agree here, but let me clarify a few points. Since *Marbury v. Madison* it has been established that the Supreme Court has sole authority to officially interpret the Constitution. Yes, legislators can vote how they see things, but in the end they cannot change or reinterpret the Constitution through ordinary acts (i.e. passing laws). The President can veto a bill as well, but that does not change the Constitution. Presidents since Reagan have taken this an extra dangerous step. Rather than vetoing they have simply not enforced the laws they felt were unconstitutional. This clearly violates that separation of powers that *Marbury v. Madison* clearly established. Limited government is why the Articles of Confederation failed. Stripping the Federal Government of too much power could very well recreate the problems of the non-federal system.*☐

Dave Szurek
505 North F #829
Aberdeen, WA 98520-2601
5/30/2006

Ragin' Ol' Henry,

Well, now that **Sullivan** has attacked it, I guess the misery is no longer untold.

Sheryl – I always marvel at people who get into tow or three automobile accidents and are still living to tell the tale. With some, the first is also the last.

Joseph Major – I'm a leftie, myself. The kind of revolution my hospital roommate was suggesting, however, wasn't the result of being a new leftie, on old leftie, or a middle-aged leftie, it was just the result of being a nut case.

It's entirely possible that a clone would decide not to go along with the program it was meant to facilitate, and then, where would certain individuals be?

E.B. Frohvet – In truth, life in prison is crueller than the death sentence. Life in prison or even just long enough to significantly effect the id. Leaving one traumatized for good is crueller than ending it all for that person which is why I consider forcible rape a worse crime than physical murder. Neither of them are the greatest thing since white bread, of course, but ...

Rodney Leighton – I hate to be the bearer of bad tidings, but just because a person has even worse problems than you that doesn't mean you don't have legitimate problems in the first place. As far as physical ills go, I think a lot depends on how well or how badly a person adjusts to his or her ills. One's psychological health, for instance, means a lot more than one's physical health and then there are people who've

never learned to live with their psychological illness and pile needless guilt feelings and self-recrimination on top of the problems they already have, and that just makes it worse. At some point, I may be worse off than I am now, but sorry, expect during acute attacks, I feel I'm better off than close to 50% of the people I meet.

My own LOC – Did I write that unclearly last time? I mean, I noticed typos all over the place – feels alien became fills alien which doesn't make any sense. I figure that my own writing was more the source of the problem than any inadequacies of your own – or am I accepting blame too quickly?

I may end up writing you a witty article after all – or I might not. We'll see how things go.

Dave

☐*TKK: Even if the original typo was yours I always try to correct that sort of thing so that fault is truly mine. My least favorite fanzine editor activity is retyping LOCs and I rarely review the retyping except for the obvious misspellings.*☐

Sheryl Birkhead
25509 Jonnie Court
Gaithersburg, MD 70882
June 2, 2006

Greetings,

Your plans change so rapidly over the summer. What are your final plans for work? (As a professor do you have the option of year-round pay even if you don't teach summer school or do you merely get paid throughout the regular teaching year?)

I thought I finally had the timing down for spreading the fertilizer and weed killer so I merrily trundled the spreader around the yard way back in March. So it really irritated me when the dandelions starting blooming everywhere. I finally bought more stuff to spread and when I went to fill the spreader I suddenly realized what I'd done (or rather not done). Last fall I'd spread milky spore and never emptied the spreader. So I'd just repeated the milky spore application and the dandelions were having a literal field day. OK one more mistake I've made and one less to make again.

My brother and his wife liked Hawaii (and no, I don't know which island) so much they purchased a time share. They live in Kentucky and sold their home in Tennessee. And he wanted a warm place to get away so they tried Florida, but he did not care for it. I guess the far longer trip to Hawaii didn't deter them all that much. My sister and her family liked Hawaii (again – not sure what islands), but (she has a double-major – one in geology) they went to where there is active volcano action...

Has **Jim Sullivan** heard of the variant – one size fits most? (They don't.)

I have a black thumb. When I went off to college, our neighbor (who ran a nursery) vowed they'd give me a plant I couldn't kill. OK – it was a snake plant and I named it **Mordred**. I killed it by leaving it on the window sill and inadvertently dropped the window on it. R.I.P.

Ah yes, hammocks. You don't see them much any more, but **Terry** is so absolutely right about the logistics of first getting into the hammock and then, if absolutely necessary, rolling over...

E.B. – 2 or 3 years ago the Montgomery County Fair ran a toilet decoration contest. That's all I know, but I'd guess the winners were flushed with success.

Rodney – I use the internet more often to price objects. E.g. the local pharmacy prices a drug at \$199/100, another at \$75/100 and I found it on the internet for \$56/100.

Condolences to **Julie Wall**.

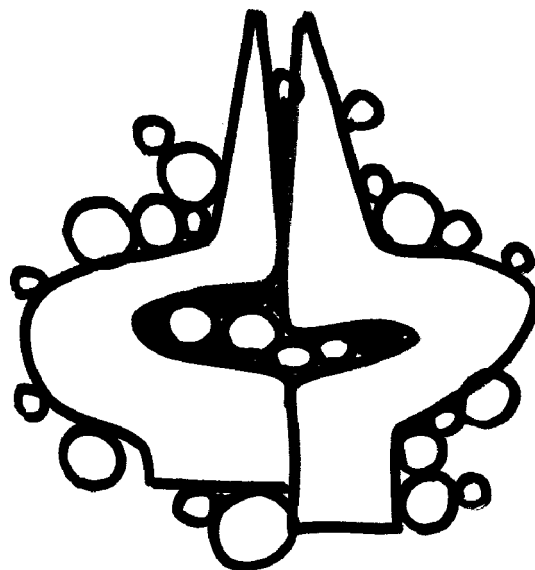
Thanks!
Sheryl

☐*TKK: I only get paid for when I work. I opt to have my 9-month salary paid over the 12-month year. If I teach in the summer then I get paid for that course as overtime.*☐

Joseph T Major
1409 Christy Avenue
Louisville, KY 40204-2040
jtmajor@iglou.com
June 6, 2006

And now the knews ...The house ate our copy of *TKK* so I had to borrow **Tim Lane**'s. I'm usually more prompt (i.e., holding up *Alexiad* for the results of the Belmont).

Constitutional Law tends to draw the fruitcakes: the sort of people who claim that lawyers aren't U.S. citizens because of the Hidden Thirteenth Amendment, or that since the warrant



refers to “Henry Welch” and not how they spell it, Henry Welch, that is someone else, or that the flag in the courtroom has a fringe, so is a military flag, so the court is an admiralty court and has no jurisdiction, or they sue the judges under the Commercial Code for “constructive treason”. Or so on. And I won’t even get into tax matters.

If you are going to do intellectual property matters, I wonder how you will handle the people who oppose copyright. “Information should be free” after all, and writers write for the love of it.

A Passage to India: As for labelling bags “VW-VW-X80” I would think “VW” would be the convoy code, the way that “PQ” and later “JW” were the designations for convoys to Murmansk. Unfortunately I can’t find a complete list of war-time convoy designations at the moment.

InterLOCutions: **Todd Bushlow:** Have you tried *Where’s My Cow?* One can never start Pratchett too soon.

Sheryl Birkhead: Identical twins (etc.) are clones. So far they have not demonstrated the properties of sfnal clones. Reality ruins a good story again.

Reply to me: Why does the cat choose the nastiest toilet in the house as its drinking vessel? The same reason she ignores the highly expensive bed you bought for her to sleep on a dirty old floor mat.

Ned Brooks: As I’ve said before, you can do a taste test between real sugar and corn syrup during Passover. The groceries here sell Kosher for Passover Coke® products. (Never seen any Pepsi® ones.) Kosher for Passover Coca-Cola® has real sugar, because corn syrup ferments.

In “FoxTrot”, the beleaguered Andy Fox, mother of the family, told her bright younger son Jason that she wouldn’t buy him any cereal that had sugar as its second ingredient. So he produced a cereal that didn’t. It had sugar as its **only** ingredient. It was called “Fruct-O’s”. Bill Amend (artist/writer of FoxTrot) sure does love his science.

E. B. Frohvet: Galvanized zinc would be preferable to lead as the material for a still. Of course, it used to be that moonshiners would use real corn, and now they’ve shifted to sugar as their basis. (Or worse yet, to making crystal meth.)

Dale Speirs: 1986 was the year I did not have a job at all. Not to mention having my car destroyed in an accident while transporting Mary Lou Lacefield to a job interview – hers, that is.

Rodney Leighton: Have you read Rex Stout’s lost world novel, *Under the Andes*? He got started as a pulpster, doing all sorts of things. And did diversify: he did one novel where Inspector Cramer, the butt of Archie Goodwin’s wit, solves a crime on his own, without Wolfe. Pfui.

Terry Jeeves: But increasingly, government is influenced and even run by people to whom the very idea of compromise is anathema. And we are seeing this more and more every day.

Joy V. Smith: Given the number of Nero Wolfe books, an annotated Wolfe would be disproportionately huge. It would be too much for one person, so the volumes would vary in content and style. And so on. There are two “Sherlockian-style” books about Wolfe that I know of: *Nero Wolfe of West Thirty-Fifth Street* by William S. Baring-Gould (1969) – yes, the guy who did a biography of Sherlock Holmes – and *The Brownstone House of Nero Wolfe* by Ken Darby (1983).

Eric Lindsay: The thought of the Microsoft MSToilet®™ Bill Gates is GOD! is frightening. Imagine finishing your business, clicking on the “FLUSH” button, and getting the Blue Screen of Death ...

Namarie,
Joseph T Major

☐TKK: *I think the wackos end up in Constitutional law because no sane set of statutes could possibly anticipate the bizarre twists of these individuals.*☐

Dave Rowe
8288 W. Shelby State Road 44
Franklin, IN 46131-9211
June 18, 2006

Dear Henry,

Thanks for *The Knarley Knews* 117, but it’s hard to credit that with your 20th anniversary coming up you’re still starting with a “This-ish-is-late-because...” editorial. Tsk, tsk.

How did your finals go?

The trouble with going to Hawai’i is that Waikiki houses an unbelievable 75% of all visiting tourists. Staying at Waikiki (which is an artificial beach) and thinking you know Hawai’i is like tourists visiting London and thinking they’ve seen Britain.

Garth Spencer can blame the failure of most western marriages on Eleanor of Aquitaine but a more probable reason is that people’s personalities change over the years. In effect, you are not the same person you were ten or twenty years ago and neither is your spouse. You either accept those changes or get out and with modern divorce laws most people are opting for the latter.

This has to be at least the third printing of “Carry on Jeeves” and it’s still a joy to read again and again. Thanks be to **Terry!**

And thanks again for TKK.
Dave

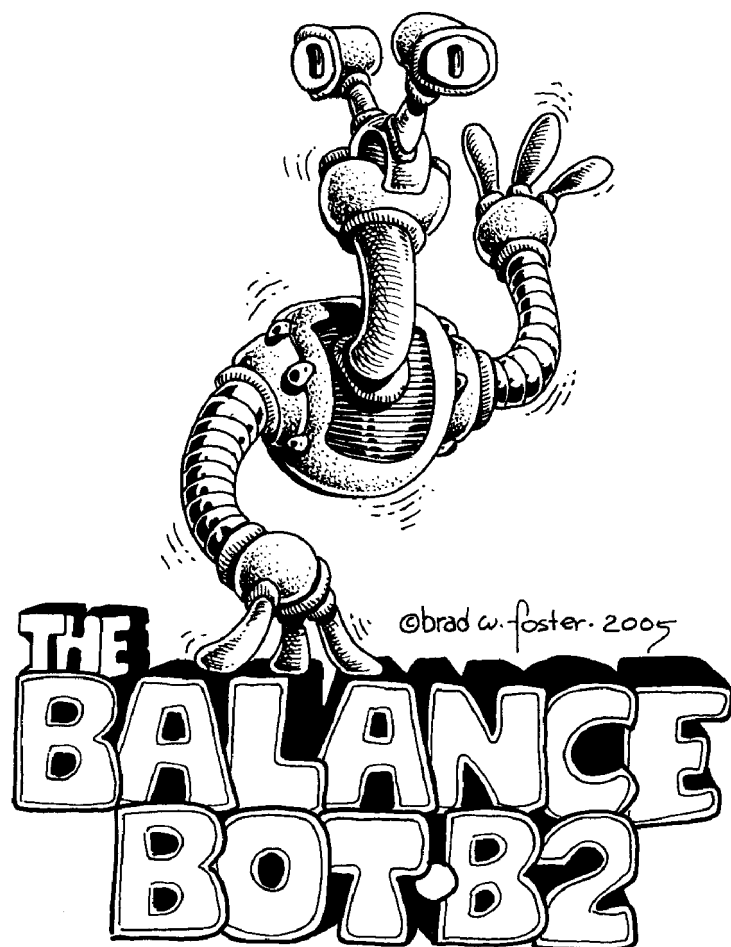
☐TKK: I think this is printing 2.5 of COJ. Terry was in the process of printing the second run when he shut down Erg and I offered to pick it up as long as I could start over from the beginning.☐

Lloyd Penney
1706-24 Eva Rd.
Etobicoke, ON M9C 2B2
Canada
June 22, 2006

Dear Henry:

Late again, but this time, I have confidence that I will get this loc on TKK 117 into the 118 locol. Onwards and upwards, and let's see what happens here.

One reason I'm late is that I've spent the last few months getting ready for Gaylaxicon. This annual convention for GLBT SF readers and viewers was held in Toronto just this past weekend. Yvonne was the treasurer, and I was in charge of the dealers' room. We were looking forward to it being here, and looking forwards to it being done, because a few months ago, we made the decision that after 25 years of being on the committee of Ad Astra and many other conventions, we'd had enough, and we wanted to get on with other things. Gaylaxicon 2006 was our last convention being on the com-



mittee. I am sure I'll miss it for a while, but I intend to keep busy with writing for zines.

It was just over 11 years ago that Yvonne was in Hawai'i with her sisters. She was on Kona, exploring the volcano. I keep hoping that money will some time allow the both of us to go, but that becomes less likely with each year.

I agree with **Garth Spencer**...I am suspicious of most holidays. Have you noticed that there seems to be a holiday every five to six weeks or so, and many of them require some level of spending? Is this a planned boost to the economy in the guise of celebration?

I noticed that **Terry Jeeves** mentioned food being served up when he was in the army, but he never mentioned what kind? Perhaps it was recognizable only as the typical grayish-brown unidentifiable slop?

I saw in another zine an illustration of the best-known Doctor Who villain, drawn like a certain famous artist's sagging pocket watches. That illo was signed Salvador Dalek...

I keep hearing about Tom Feller producing *The Reluctant Famulus* again, but I haven't seen an e-mail for Tom these days. Does anyone have one for him, and any thoughts that I might be able to get issues again? Perhaps a .pdfed version?

Many American friends have felt a need to apologize for the actions of their government based on what's happened over the last few years...no need, because I know no one voted for the actions of the Bush regime. The best way to make up for those actions is not to apologize, but to vote the Republicans out, and vote in a candidate who will solve many of the problems Bush caused. And, I think like most Democratic voters, I have no idea who that candidate will be. I hope one is found, and fast.

To **Jeff Boman**...Torcon's fanzine lounge was in a private room at the Royal York Hotel, and it was not advertised well. I stumbled across it while party-hopping one night, and I found out after the con that there had been programming in it. LA seems to have plans to have it in the open, which will be a very good idea.

Time to wrap it up, and drop it in the e-mailbox for timely delivery. We're starting to make plans for our full itinerary for LAcon IV, and also for conventions in Montreal and Rochester, and a space summit in Ottawa. Take care, and see you next issue.

Yours,
Lloyd Penney.

☐TKK: I haven't heard from Tom Feller nor seen any recent issue of *The Reluctant Famulus*.☐

Murray Moore
See address earlier
24 Jun 2006

Dear Henry,

In *TKK* 117 you told about your experience of Hawaii. The first week of July, Mary Ellen and I are going on a vacation which, curiously, has no conventions or fans in it.

We are going north, into central Ontario, into mining country, Cobalt, New Liskeard, Kirkland Lake, Sudbury.

For several years I have wanted to see what passes for old growth forest in Ontario, around Lake Temagami, north of North Bay. The first two nights we are staying at the grandly named Chateau Wanapetai.

The chateau is a two-storey log house built in the 1930s at the junction of Red Squirrel River and the lake. We exit the highway onto a logging road (the reason I typed above "what passes for old growth forest"). When we park our car, we walk for 10 minutes. The possibility of our visit being memorable is high.

Rain is the worst possibility. The density of mosquitoes and black flies is a big factor.

The last time that we went north we circumnavigated Algonquin Park in late August. We drove into the park from the northwest border to see a lake caused by a large meteor. Mary Ellen, Russell, and Dennis retreated to our car soon after we started to walk the trail. I persevered despite the stinging insects. I was rewarded by seeing, before it saw me, a black bear approaching on the trail.

I ran back along the trail and shook my car keys. The bear, aware of me, was equally disturbed and went elsewhere.

On leaving the park I told the attendant of my encounter with the bear. He told me seeing a bear in the park was unusual.

If our car hits a moose on the highway, at least the subset of British fans who are mooseophiles will enjoy the story.

Tuesday and Wednesday we are going further north and west and south to Sudbury. I was told by a distant relative (husband of a daughter of the cousin we will visit in Sudbury) that we should take a detour into Quebec to see a stand of cedars named the Enchanted Forest.

All of the community names above except Sudbury are played out mining towns. But Cobalt has a famous used book store.

I have been told that Inco in Sudbury does not have a tour, so we will have to make do with the fake mine at Dynamic Earth.

The next night we are staying with another cousin and her husband on Manitoulin Island. This cousin lives on the island because of her environmental sensitivities, to perfume, etc. We continue south via the ferry connecting the island and southern Ontario.

We will be home in time for me to see a screening of Kurosawa's *Throne of Blood*.

This is what you get for a LoC when I do not make note of comment hooks.

^
Murray

TKK: You've picked some interesting country for a vacation. Enjoy!

We also heard from:

Todd Bushlow, Lysa DeThomas, Judith Hannah, John Hertz, Joseph Nicholas, KRin Pender-Gunn, Marc Schirmeister, Sue Welch



It's not that life is cheap. It's just not cost-effective.

Fanzines Received in Trade



Congratulations to this year's fan Hugo nominees. For more information see <http://www.laconiv.org/2006/hugos/nominees.htm>

Best Fanzine

- *Banana Wings* edited, Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer
- *Challenger* edited, Guy H. Lillian III
- *Chunga* edited, Andy Hooper, Randy Byers & Carl Juarez
- *File 770* edited by Mike Glycer
- *Plokta* edited, Alison Scott, Steve Davies & Mike Scott

Best Fan Writer

- Claire Brialey
- John Hertz
- Dave Langford
- Cheryl Morgan
- Steven H Silver

Best Fan Artist

- Brad Foster
- Teddy Harvia
- Sue Mason
- Steve Stiles
- Frank Wu

"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.

Banana Wings #26 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 become more regular in the past few years. An interesting spectrum of articles in this issue ranging from fannish personality types to staging Aristophanes for fandom.

Bug for TAFF by Tony Keen; 48 Priory St.; Tonbridge, Kent TN9 2AN, United Kingdom and Tom Becker; 2034 San Luis Ave. #1; Mountain View, CA 94043; one-shot. A small fanzine plugging Bridget "Bug" Hardcastle for TAFF.

Ethel the Aardvark #123 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.

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

File 770:147 by Mike Glycer; 705 Valley View Ave.; Monrovia, CA 91016; MikeGlycer@cs.com; irregular; \$8/5 or the usual. Lots of news from all over fandom.

FOSFAX 212 by Tim Lane & Elizabeth Garrot; %FOSFA; PO Box 37281; Louisville, KY 40233-7281; irregular; \$4 or the usual. A very large genzine with generous quantities of SF related material and lots of political discussion.

Future Times Vol. 9 No. 5 by Jayne Rogers; %ASFS; PO Box 98308; Atlanta, GA 30359-2008; missjayne@mindspring.com; monthly, \$12/year. This is the official fanzine of the Atlanta Science Fiction Society.

Living Free 133 by Jim Stumm; Hiler Branch, Box 29-KK; Buffalo, NY 14223; irregular; \$2. An interesting zine dedicated to living independently.

Lofgeornost 83 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 has small items on a broad-range of topics.

Opuntia 61 by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. The primary feature in this issue is the history of envelopes.

Plokta Who and the Revenge of the iDaleks (34) by Steve Davies; 52 Westbourne Terrace; Reading Berks RG30 2RP; Alison Scott; 24 St Mary Rd; Walthamstow London E17 9RG; and Mike Scott; 9 Jagger House; Rosenau Rd; London SW11 4QY; Great Britain; locs@plokta.com; <http://www.plokta.com/>; irregular; the usual. A very humorous fanzine featuring lots of pictures

Vanamonde No. 638-42 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 #105 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. It is published in a three-part harmony (The Passing Scene - diary, Wondrous Stories - reviews and reading, and Halcyon Days - LOCs).

Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

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



You Got this Issue Because ...

- You are going to respond to the 20th Anniversary theme.**
- We are dog sitting; which is totally irrelevant, but I thought you might be interested in knowing it anyway.**
- It holds less chaos than the branches of a honeysuckle bush.**
- 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.