

# THE KNARLEY



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# KNOWS

## 120

## *The Knarley Knews* -- Issue 120 Published in October, 2006

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### Editorial and Subscription Policy

The Knarley Knews is meant to be a general purpose fanzine whose primary goal is to maintain lines of communication between the editors and those beings they consider to be friendly. With this in mind, the following are the general guidelines.

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

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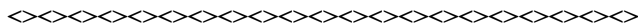


**Next Issue Deadline: December 10, 2006**

# Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

Welcome to the 20th anniversary issue of *The Knarley Knews*. I hope you enjoy it. In twenty years of fanzine publishing I have never explicitly commissioned a piece of fanart, but I broke down and asked Brad Foster to do a cover and by now you have seen the result. I suppose I'm misleading somewhat with my prior statement on commissioning art. I have been more than willing to make general requests for art or to accept an offer of art or cover art, but I have never gone out of my way to request a specific piece for a specific purpose. I suppose times can change and I might change with them, but I will probably go back to my old ways of using the wonderful art that makes its own way to me.



I have been collecting your responses to the special them of "Why do we do fanzines?" for about a year now and I certainly received a few. The longer pieces have been kept as stand-alone articles and the rest have been collected as various thematic pieces in the catch-all article "Why Fanzines..." I suppose that before going much further I should answer the question myself. There are some days that I think the answer is that I am just stubborn, but that would not really be true. (Not the part about being stubborn, but stubbornness as a reason for doing fanzines.) I certainly don't do fanzines because I feel that I have something to say or that I have an urge to write. I have no interest in being a writer and write as necessary to be a functioning member of the various communities of which I am a member whether that is work, school, social, or otherwise. To some extent I expressed the reasons for starting *TKK* back in 1986 with my editorial in the first issue. While I was growing up my family seemed to move every few years and like many children I suffered from the disruptions that that inevitably caused. Not that this was particularly traumatic, but for a rather introverted child it presented some challenges that I was always able to overcome, but not without some regret. I suspect that this first became a conscious thing after the seventh grade. In that year we moved from a suburb of Lansing, Michigan to Ann Arbor hardly more than an hour away. I had made a number of good friends and despite my best efforts to keep in touch with them most of them simply never got around to answering my letters. The same pattern repeated itself two years later when we moved to Virginia and much less so when I went off to college (this was because over 20 of my high school classmates chose the same college). However, upon moving on the graduate school I became acutely aware that I had friends I did not want to lose track of so I started *The Knarley Knews* as a mechanism to keep the lines of communication open. This purpose is clearly noted in every issue in the "Editorial and Subscription Policy."

In the end I think all it did was postpone the inevitable as I've grown to learn that most people simply don't take the time to keep in touch anymore. (This is even true in the modern era with the near painlessness of e-mail in this regard.) What I did, however, was develop a loose association of acquaintances who understood the importance of routine lines of communication. In the entire run of *The Knarley Knews* there has been no single subscriber who has received all the issues. Only one of the original subscribers still receives the fanzine today (this is not my mother who never saw many of the issues during the early years), but that hasn't been without periods of non-communication. I suppose that this person is a result of my communication success as he was randomly assigned by the university as the "triple" roommate my first year at Virginia Tech. Of such random acquaintances are the web of which humanity is made.

Since those humble beginnings I have met, re-met, and lost track of many fine people. Some drifted away, others lost interest, some passed on, and yet a few have hung in there with me over the years. For the most part I have enjoyed the ride and I see no reason why I should want to get off it at this time. Here's to communicating with some of you twenty years from now.



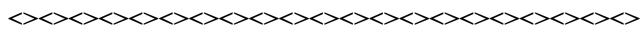
There has been much talk of the future of fanzines and the medium upon which they are distributed. This no more apparent than Bob Sabella's announcement about a month ago that he would cease printing *Visions of Paradise* and provide either posting at [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com) or by request via e-mail. I fully understand why Bob is making this choice. My single biggest out-of-pocket expense for *The Knarley Knews* is the postage. It costs me about \$450/year to send out *TKK* to the relatively small subscriber base. It would be so easy to save that money and use [efanzines](http://efanzines.com) or some other distribution vehicle, but there are so many reasons not to.

I have been putting copies of my fanzine online for years (<http://people.msoe.edu/~welch/tkk.html>) and every issue over the last 4+ years has been posted to that page. Yet, in all that time **exactly one** person has indicated that they saw it there and that was a student who told me he read the issues, but that was the only feedback he ever gave me. This distresses me. I edit this fanzine to maintain communication, not because I feel that I have something to say. Similarly I cannot recall ever picking up a subscriber through a freebie table at convention including a number of fanzine conventions where I "sold" the fanzine for "the usual." I have serious concerns that such an electronic move would result in the demise of my primary reason for publishing the fanzine. I would appreciate hearing from other fan editors who have

made this move in terms of how this has affected their LOC and contribution rate.

The other reason I am reluctant to go electronic is that I generally don't read electronic fanzines myself. Perhaps it is because I read so much material electronically already, but I suspect the real reason is my very nature. I am not a web surfer. I use the web for very focused things, but I never just browse. Consequently I rarely return to a web site unless there is information I need there. Without a specific reason I simply don't go to efanzines and have only been to that site perhaps six times over the years. I appreciate what the site does for fanzine fandom, but it doesn't do it for me. I also push e-mailed fanzines to the bottom of my "to read" list and if I really want to read them I print them out. Most of my fanzine reading occurs at the breakfast table, or in the waiting room of a doctor's office, or when I can scrape a few minutes together where nothing else is happening. At those times the computer is not a convenient vehicle for reading. Perhaps when I can afford a table PC like those featured in *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine* where it is light, convenient, and **very** portable I may change my habits, but until then I will continue to risk the paper cuts and toner smudges to get my fanzine fix. Many might suggest that this is inconsistent with my technology friendly career in computer and software engineering, but I don't see it that way. (I still have an analog wrist watch even if its internal mechanisms are quartz digital.)

So for at least the foreseeable future I will be continuing to print, copy, staple, stuff, and label envelopes to get my fanzine from Grafton, Wisconsin to the rest of you. For those of you who are going all-electronic I apologize, but your chances of getting a substantive response (or at least an acknowledgement) from me will continue to be slim. This is one tiger who is not yet ready to change his stripes.

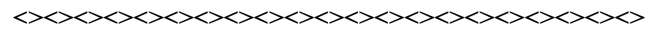


Law school has been quite a grind of late. In a moment of questionable sanity I agreed to join two law reviews and accept a 3-credit judicial internship. These have combined to put quite a strain on my time these past few weeks.

The judicial internship requires me to be in the judges chambers slightly over 12 hours per week. Given my general study habits these are the least cost-effective credits I've ever taken as a student. I am currently working for Judge Coffey who has senior status in the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals. I do various research exercises, review legal briefs, identify the key issues in cases the judge hears oral arguments on, and help with the preparation of judicial opinions that will eventually appear in the Federal Court Reporter (you know those books that line the walls of a law office). I selected this particular internship because it was three credits (most are two) and I was hoping that as a federal court I would get some exposure that might serve me in the intellectual property area (almost all IP law is federal). Alas, this has not really been the case. In 2005 the Supreme Court ruled that mandatory application of the Federal Sentencing Guidelines was uncon-

stitutional and made them simply advisory. This has triggered huge numbers of sentencing appeals and that is mostly what I see. That is not to say that some are not interesting and present challenges, but many are simply garbage appeals and have almost no chance of succeeding upon appeal. Despite this I have found this to be a valuable learning experience and a judicial internship is something I'd recommend to any law student.

The law reviews on the other hand present other challenges. The entire industry of legal scholarship is predicated on the idea that there are small armies of law students who, in exchange for a resume line and law school credit, will be willing to help edit law review articles. Unlike other areas of scholarship that I have been involved in there is an understanding that a law review article will receive a number of in-depth edits by students who will be checking the spelling, grammar, punctuation, and more importantly all the precedent cited in the article. This could involve, for a typical article, checking as many as 200 or more sources to see that not only are the quotations accurate, but the claims being cited actually appear in the original. Each of these citations also needs to be formatted correctly and the manual with the rules for these (The Blue Book) is over 400 pages long. What this means is that in a typical semester a law student will be responsible for editing two articles; each in an approximately one week time frame (in my case two law reviews so four edits). Each edit takes from 20 to 40 hours to complete (on top of all my other responsibilities) and I managed to get three of my four edits assigned over a two and a half week period. Nothing like scraping an extra 67 hours together in such a short time span. During one five day period I managed only about 15 hours of sleep. On top of this I have to write my own scholarly article for each of the law reviews. This wouldn't be so bad, but we are not given much help in selecting a topic and we are warned that our topic must be original. My topics will be on the statutory protection for caves (about half written) and the experimental use defense for patent infringement by senior design projects (not even really started). Nothing like putting together a fanzine as a reduction in workload.



To top it all off the hockey season started during the final week of my three consecutive edits. Kyle made the B-team this year (this is the semi-elite team for his age group) and I was named the head coach. So far we've had two games (both losses), but the team has been showing that they are learning from practice and they don't give up. I suspect that will have at least a good a season as last year. The only hassle has been that I don't really have enough players and needed to get a player moved up from one of the C-teams. This decision took at least a week longer than it should have, but it is finally over and I can now concentrate on coaching the kids that are now the final roster of players.

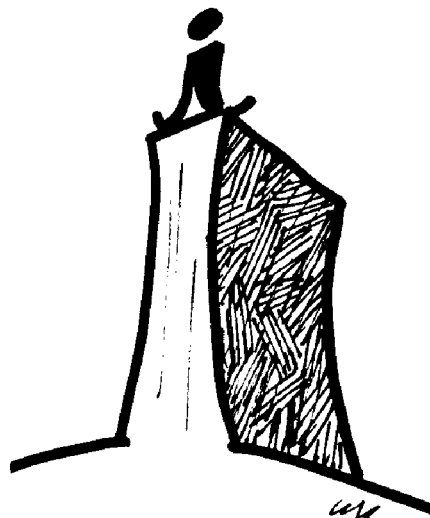
My league has also been playing for two weeks. Due to a reduction in the number of players in the league I was put on waivers by my team from last year and I ended up traded to

the team I played for my first year in the league. So far we haven't done very well, but that isn't why I play.

Letha has gotten very involved with our cave work and I've been participating when I can find the time. I wrote a detailed development plan for the main cave we are working with in Cherney-Maribel Caves Park so that work there is less haphazard and so that Manitowoc County is better informed about what we are doing. Letha has helped develop a number of flyers for various aspects of the park and has just put together a web site [maribeltcaves.com](http://maribeltcaves.com) to help publicize our efforts. There has been significant activity in the cave and we continue to enlarge to cave by removing the old glacial fill. Every bend sees us uncovering something new and interesting.

Our long-term goal is to get a caves and karst research center (kind of like a nature center, but more focused) in the park. This will take a number of years, but in the meantime the progress is both tangible and rewarding. My goal is to try to get up there at least twice a month, but that may be problematic with the start of the hockey season.

Kira decided to try out for the high school play this year. Yes, she is only in fourth grade, but they are doing *The Wizard of Oz* so there was a village-wide tryout for munchkins. She was one of two selected from her class and she is very happy about it. The rehearsal and show schedule further complicate our lives, but in a good way. So in the meantime, all of us should "follow the yellow brick road" until next issue...



## TRIUMPH OF THE INNER CHILD

# The Millennial Publication

by Guy H. Lillian, III

It's providentially coincidental that, at this time, *Knarley Knaws* should call for fanzine editors to write about the whyfores of our hobby. Sometime soon – perhaps this very month (June) – I will append to a zine under my construction the label "GHLIII Press Publication #1000", and be forced, by the common human obsession with numbers ending in zeroes, to reminisce about the origins of fanzining in my life and – more to your point, Henry – why the bug bit, took hold, and infected me forever.

I'll write a mini-article on the subject for that publication, #1000 – possibly a *Challenger*. I won't repeat myself, in advance, here. But I will say this. Long before I racked my first mimeo stencil over my first platen, in 1969, I was addicted to the sound of my voice. From what other motive could all of the letters to comic books that I wrote as a teenager have come, than the irrepressible urge to express myself? Why else did I get involved with my high school newspaper, rising – if you can call it that? – to the editorship. Why else, when I was introduced to SF fandom during college days, did I so fervently take to the "oneshots" done by the New Orleans club? What other compulsion than the lust to see my name below or above a rack of print would have caused me to jump at the chance to become editor of the house newsletter, the *Bull*, at Berkeley's Barrington Hall co-op – a post once held by no less a figure than Terry Carr (assisted by Ron Ellik) – and create the GHLIII Press?

Whatever urge it was – and the compulsion to self-expression has to be it – it has never weakened or waned. Since that first *Bull*, in October of 1969, not a month has gone by without at least one zine being added to my logs.

Crazy? Oh yeah. I wasted thousands on mimeo supplies, and later, on Xerox. I should have used the creative energy splurged on my apas – principally SFPA, the mighty Southern Fandom Press Alliance – to work bringing my ambitions to write fiction to fruition. Those ambitions ran up against the substantial wall of my lack of talent, but who knows, had I not frittered away my strength on fanzines, that wall might have been breached. I might have ten novels instead of a thousand fanzines to my credit. Who knows?

But I would have had to have done without the company of like-minded wastrels – the members of SFPA, the community of fanziners – who have made the last 37 years pretty damned interesting and, in an emotional sense, rewarding. I may have nothing more to show for my lunatic hobby than a trunk full of paper – the GHLIII Press logs – but hey: it was fun, too.

Bottom line: we do fanzines for the Egoboo – self-expression amidst others who know what it's all about. How's that for a reason to squander your days?

# So why do we write fanzines?

## An articulate, succinct, and well thought out thesis by Sydrous

I think that in these modern times, we might forgo all personal responsibility and consider reframing the question as “who can we blame for us writing fanzines?” Well, we can blame lots of people, places, and things of course; I will do my part by crediting (I mean blaming) several. However, given my recent appearances (or lack thereof) in *TKK*, one might say, “so dude, you actually claim to write fanzines? How can you have anything to say on the subject?” Ouch, touché. Well, try as I might, I just haven’t been consistent over the years. But I am proud to say I have been inconsistent for about 20 of them. That’s got to count for something. Anyway, I assure you; I will quickly present facts, make relevant point, and tightly wrap up this discussion with an irrefutable conclusion, as requested by his Grand Knarliness Supreme (sucking up here for a prominent location in the *TKK* 20th anniversary issue no doubt). So let us start by blaming....

*The Doctor* – It was around 1979 that I started watching *Doctor Who* on the local PBS station. I remember being initially confused as I watched my first half hour episode. Where was the Hollywood musical score, why did the lead actor have a long scarf, and what were those giant salt and pepper shakers with plungers doing on my television screen? Somehow, I got hooked, and I watched as many episodes as I could for the next 15 years until the series was cancelled. I was absolutely thrilled when the BBC brought back the series after such a long absence. Interestingly, my daughter (16 months at the time of writing) has found a new “lovie”. It’s not a doll per se, but could be classified as such. It’s my talking toy Dalek. She loves carrying it around, playing with the plunger (we could sure use a plumber in the family), and pressing the button (causing the toy to utter familiar phrases as “Destroy the Doctor” and “Exterminate”). We are so proud. Warp ‘em at an early age, I always say. Oddly, I was occasionally crept out, yet fascinated by many of the episodes with mutants and such (Davros, the Master, etc.). It reminds me of a story that I wrote back then. It was a horrible, post-apocalyptic story (my first and last) and was filled with lots of mutants. I like mutants, always have, but I received a horrible grade on it. But had I only saved it, I could have mined it for lyrics to write my heavy metal opus. Then I would have been rich and famous. But alas, that was not meant to be... Uhh, where was I? Oh yes, fanzines. What do I take away from all this? Why that I shouldn’t write fiction, and Daleks rule supreme.

*The Teacher* – My teacher for individualized English in 12<sup>th</sup> grade was Susan B. In 1980, After learning about my interest in Science Fiction (my Mom and I also watched *Star Trek* and *The Twilight Zone* together in the 70’s), Teach recommended reading Asimov’s *Foundation Trilogy* and JRR Tolkien’s *The Hobbit* (and a few others I’m sure, but my memory is fuzzy). After I read the latter, I stormed through *The Lord of the Rings* and the *Simarillion*. Interestingly, one of my classmates said she would never read *TLOTR* because it would spoil her

wonderful memory of *The Hobbit*. Whatever! My wife had quite a different reaction. She wasn’t that fond of *The Hobbit*, and that caused her to not read the trilogy for many years. When she finally did (after seeing the first movie), she loved it. Go figure. Then we finished watching the movies together a few years later. I can remember the final teary-eyed scene as many of our heroes sailed off with the elves in those beautiful ships. I like ships, always have. Nora and I just read a few pirate books this year. We also enjoy talking like pirates on “talk like a pirate” day. Avast ye scurvy bilge rats, prepare to be boarded! Aaarrh! ... Aah, hold on, I think I’ve gotten a bit off subject. Where was I? Oh yes, fanzines. What do I take away from all this? Why that my memory is rather fuzzy (quite like Bilbo’s feet I imagine), and that reading and having an imagination is important.

*The Collective* – When I met them in 1982 (yes I was the ugly bastard step roommate thingy from Virginia Tech), my first thought was, “Quite an impressive bunch of young men.” But then I met Scott and Henry... After a few difficult weeks, we reached an agreement, and I was quickly assimilated – resistance was futile. At the time, I had never heard of fandom or fanzines. It was they who caused me go to my first convention, meet my first professional author, and significantly expand my reading selections. They both also encouraged me to write and draw for fanzines. I really am unsure if those were wise moves on their part, but you must suffer the consequences of their decisions. Interestingly at that convention so long ago, “The Collective” introduced me to S.P. Somtow (who was going by a slightly different yet similar name at the time). As many of us were driving around in a car heading up to Mountain Lake, he asked what we all liked to do. I said of course that I liked to meet girls (that was indeed a fib, as I was hopelessly unable to meet girls at the time). Anyway, he thought I said “beat” girls, and he was correctly quite appalled. Let me state for the record that I, in no way, have ever hit, competed against, served the pickled variety to, or played the drums on said girls. I like drums, always have. Do butt bongos count? Oh my, I think I’ve blown the “G” rating of this fanzine. Knarley will surely be furious. Sorry about that, bud. It seems I’ve wandered a bit from my point. Where was I? Oh yes, fanzines. So, what do I take away from all this? Find good friends, stick with them, remember to enunciate, and be careful with percussion.

So as we conclude this thesis, I think my conclusion is obvious on why we write fanzines. Get a few hobbies (or hobbits as the case may be), find friends that share your common interests, and keep in touch with them. I do all of the above by writing these occasional essays for *TKK* and by reading yours. And after 20 odd years, I’m just too darn old to change. Besides, a Dalek told me I had to write this, and I OBEY! Happy 20<sup>th</sup> Knarley

# “Why is a fanzine?”

by Jan Stinson

To answer the first question, I believe fanzines exist because they provide their makers and readers with something they're missing from other parts of their life. What that something is, is a little different for each person one might question on this topic.

Undoubtedly, some people create fanzines to become part of the group we call faneds, to show what they can do with layout and design, what kinds of art and articles they can lure from fanzine fandom (and even other fandoms) at large, and for the satisfaction of having published something. It is a voice, archaic in comparison to the modern communications options, that can still be heard after seventy-some years, and its very age is an attractor to some. Those attracted to traditional things, to activities which are not merely a decade old, are likely those who are looking for something with a foundation, something less ephemeral than a blog or a news-group (though even those things have staying power, existing as they do on the Web and available to anyone who has the correct URL, as long as the items are left uploaded to a Web site). In a world with so many uncertainties, the fact that fanzines continue to be published (and perhaps are on an upswing with the advent of desktop publishing in combination with uploading to a Web site) can be reassuring.

It's a safe bet to say that many fanzine readers read fanzines because their content is unique, and that that content speaks to them about things they find interesting and entertaining. Some will stick to the fannish brand alone, often because they no longer read SF and would rather socialize than discuss the fiction that first brought them to the fanzine world. Others will go for the sercon model, or those fanzines which combine the two, because they're just as interested (or more interested) in the fiction as in the socialization and want to read what others have to say about the stories.

To tackle the second question requires, I think, a personal approach. I started *Peregrine Nations* for several reasons. I'd seen a number of fanzines by the time I started thinking about my own fanzine, and I hadn't found one that exactly matched my own interests as far as SF, fandom and publishing were concerned. The title had been with me for a few years, written on a slip of paper and thumb-tacked to the wall near my computer desk. It just appeared in my head one day, and I wrote it down, having no idea how I'd use it but knowing that I would, indeed, use it some day.

What I wanted in a fanzine was a more sercon approach, because I'd reached the point in my SF life, so to speak, where I wanted to discuss the literature with others in a less-formal setting than a book review or essay for a magazine, both of which I was already doing. Because I'd grown up an Army brat, I had an idea that my fanzine would include things

about traveling and journeys, both physical and otherwise. I had some things to say, and hoped that other fen would respond with locs, art, articles, etc. and a conversation would ensue.

Most significantly, though, I started a fanzine because there was no one else in my neighborhood at the time who knew enough about the breadth of SF to be able to talk about it with some knowledge, and who had had the time to develop logical opinions about it. It appeared to me that I could locate this kind of person through fanzines, and through the N3F, so I pursued both. I'm still active in both, so perhaps that says something about their longevity. It was such a relief to finally find a community, though geographically distant, that would understand what I was talking about, without needing a lot of explanation, when I got enthusiastic about a novel or short story I particularly liked.

Much has been written about those who leave the fiction behind for the social contacts, and those who still read the fiction into their 50s and 60s (contemporary and classic). I don't believe that people like me, who still read contemporary SF, just haven't grown up yet. I believe we still read SF because we still find it brings us what wowed us as teenagers. Not all of it works that well, of course, and many people in my age group who are still readers have their favorite writers upon whom they depend, but there's so much SF being published now that we can usually find something to interest us. The details of what we find interesting will change from one person to the next, but I think we can all still find that sensawunda in contemporary SF, otherwise we'd have stopped reading it long ago.

I'm still pubbing *PN* because it's still fun – because I love the cover art I get from people like Alan White and Trinlay Khadro and Sheryl Birkhead, because I'm tickled to see articles come in from Jim Sullivan and E. B. Frohvet and Lyn McConchie, and because I get letters from Lloyd Penney and Joy Smith and Jason Burnett and Joseph Major and Paul Di Filippo and Ned Brooks and...

But you get the picture, right?



# Our Fanzines

by John Hertz

Fans have been writers since the earliest days. Emerging in the letter columns of commercial science fiction magazines, which were themselves emerging, we commented on what we saw, and commented on the comments. It seemed the fannish thing to do.

We started writing to one another. This bred amateur magazines. The first were with us by the 1930s. Then as now *amateur* was the key note: we do them for love. Then as now they were by fans, for fans; a few pages or a few dozen, sent to a few dozen people or a few hundred, periodically or sometimes, briefly or for decades; written by us, enriched by our own graphic art. The word *fanzine* was coined in the 1940s by Russell Chauvenet.

Then as now fans and pros mingled. Some are both. Fanwriting is no junior league for pro writing; you might just as well say that “I breathe when I sleep” is the same thing as “I sleep when I breathe”; but when Aussiecon III the 1999 Worldcon invited Greg Benford as Guest of Honor, he could answer “Are you asking me to be Pro Guest of Honor, or Fan Guest of Honor?” He stood in established custom. Bob Tucker, whose most celebrated fanzine *Le Zombie* began in 1938 (and was not his first), who won three Hugo Awards for fanwriting, and who remained an active fan to his death, published a dozen s-f novels and a bushel of short stories, and was placed into the Science Fiction Hall of Fame in 2003.

We care remarkably little, here in the Imagi-Nation, who is old or young, male or female, rich or poor, as we meet in fanzines or in person — s-f clubs and conventions too began around the 1930s. To a remarkable extent, we love you for your mind.

It was an early controversy how far fanzines should confine themselves to s-f. *Not very* won. Perhaps under the influence of fans like Walt Willis, who wrote wonderfully about hotel

bellhops, or losing footgear in the Pacific Ocean while on the U.S. West Coast and having to watch a slow boat to China, we came to publish what had a love of s-f running through like a thread, or resonating like a tone, but not necessarily more apparent.

In the 1960s a surge of interest in other communications media was going to be the end of print. There were, however, many fine fanzines. At the turn of the 21st Century electronic mail and the Internet were going to be the end of paper. So far that has not happened either. It seems truer that any medium has its own strengths, its own character, and calls for adoption in what it does best. Sometimes you want to sing, sometimes you want to dance.

There is a joy in art. Some belongs to the artist, some to the audience. The art may be co-operative — like some singing — some dancing — some fanzines. An artwork may not celebrate joy, it may grieve or protest or a thousand things, but even in presenting a wrong it can have rightness. That may result from thought or instinct or providence or luck.

We have long said fanzines were communication. Art has been called communication. I have proposed a triangle, the artist one point, the intended audience a second, unaddressed bystanders a third, ideally each satisfied and none at the expense of the rest. In the Fanzine Lounge at Chicon VI the 2000 Worldcon, I held in my hands a copy of Chauvenet’s fanzine *Sardonix*, printed in multicolor hectograph, a technology of such annoyance as to disgust even Harry Warner, Jr., in this case yielding a thing of beauty. I was not born when it was made, but it reached me.

To produce what is worth writing, and worth reading, can be demanding, nourishing, exhilarating. That triangle, or something like it, may keep us at honest work.

Fanzines rejoice us with interchange. There is the sending and receiving of fanzines; there is conversation, in letter columns, reviews, essays, where some of us contribute expectedly and others unexpectedly, where a joke will be caught and volleyed over seas or time — in my fanzine, a cartoon from a woman of Hawaii took up one from a man of Yorkshire, neither of whom I’ve ever seen in the flesh, nor did we think this was odd — where tortoises and trap doors may speak, and talk of whether pigs and even bananas have wings.

Two hundred years ago Sam Johnson said, “Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason.” That is not the language we use today, and the falseness of oppressors has made us touchy about truth, but as with much of this amazing man, it has merit. Another time he said, “Those dogs don’t know how to write trifles with dignity.”





# Why Fanzines...

## by a potpourri of readers

### *To be creative/write/art*

**Jeffrey Alan Boman:** I want to express myself in print and want to be heard. Professional print and the fame and profit it can bring are excellent (especially the money) – but it can be at least a year before anyone gets to read your words, and even then you probably won't get personalized feedback.

**Brad Foster:** As far as the question of "Why we do fanzines", and your more direct "why you... art": I've always been doodling out these odd little critters and off-kilter cartoon ideas, with no real home for them. Then I found sf fandom, a place that was eager for weird bits of artwork to use. Since my own writing skills are rather limited, I found it was great that I could pay my way, as it were, in getting all these great free zines by contributing work I was already having fun creating. I've been a working professional artist about my entire adult life, but I've never thought twice about the hundreds of hours I've spent creating art for zines. It's my own fannish thing, my little corner of this weird world of zines.

**Terry Jeeves:** I would suggest one reason would be the creative urge buried in all of us.

**Robert Lichtman:** With a break for the '70s I've been doing fanzines continuously since the end of 1958, and feel no less interested in producing them now as I did then – and certainly more capable. Besides the occasional *Trap Door*, I produce fanzines for two quarterly apas and two monthly ones. I have my own home copier that I use for all of them, which makes it much easier than having to deal with copy shops for small jobs (and just as cost-effective, really, since in the quantities those are produced the prices are on a par with the cost of paper and toner for my copier – *Trap Door* is another story, where size of print run and sheer number of copies dictates hiring it done). I enjoy writing and appreciate the need to do so on a regular basis (I also do a fair number of LoCs), and I like having the file copies of my many years of apazines as a sort of ongoing autobiography.

**Joseph T. Major:** Out of the desire to see our words in print. Because we fancy we may have something to say. Because there are things we say that won't be sellable, but we want to get them in print anyhow.

**Lloyd Penney:** As someone who has been interested in writing most of my life, zines presented an ideal opportunity to combine several interests.

**Bob Sabella:** My reason is fairly simple. I have three recreational pleasures in my life. Two of them are writing and reading, while the other is having discussions with people about my love/thoughts/ideas concerning the science fiction genre. Since I am not particularly good at in-person social interactions though, I began to write my thoughts and ideas

about sf in *Visions of Paradise* instead and share them with other people that way.

**Alex Slate:** There were reasons I couldn't put certain content in the clubzines I was editing so I started my own non-club zine *PhiloSFy*.

**Dave Szurek:** Largely for self-expression.

### *To exhibit part of oneself*

**Terry Jeeves:** I would suggest it is basically exhibitionism, I like to draw and write until this Parkinson's struck. My other hobbies were amateur radio and woodwork, but whereas you can show off art and writing with reasonable responses, you don't get far saying "I made this six inch oscilloscope."

**Trinlay Khadro:** The rush? I did editions of 5-10 copies, often by hand, of small zines from about the time I was 9 or 10. Very primitive stuff and given out to family and friends. I've also enjoyed playing w/ layout & typography, especially since taking design courses as an art student years ago. I do find zineing somewhat addictive, though lately I'm just doing a little thing semi regularly for a local APA. For now funding, time and energy are really in low supply. The APA gives me something to get me out of the house for the collation "parties"

**KRin Pender-Gunn:** In my front study is an approximately 4 foot high stack of fanzines

These fanzines (and others I don't have copies of) contain Ian's history as well as my own. For about 20 years our lives were reported in and influenced by zines. Ian drew cartoons for scout publications as early as the late 1970's. His last zine was 1998.

I entered fandom about the time of the second Australian Worldcon in 1985. It took me a while to discover fanzines. My first sad few pathetic attempts – my zine called *Pink* – look so awful now. They were produced when I was stuck in rural New South Wales. Why did I do a fanzine at that time? To let people know who I was.

I moved to Melbourne and got engaged to Ian in 1989. Why did I still produce fanzines then? I didn't want to get overshadowed by Ian's obvious talent! I had this fear of becoming just that woman that Ian lived with – I hope this fear was unfounded! Having a cartoonist in the house had its advantages though and I did use Ian to illustrate my fanzines.

After Ian passed away I did a couple or more fanzines but the thrill seemed to have gone. I am comfortable with myself now and no longer feel the need to present myself to strangers through fanzines. Now what I want to do is not let Ian be forgotten. I will collect together all the cartoons I can find and publish them. Whether this be on a CD, in print or on a website only time will tell.

## To communicate

**Jeffrey Allan Boman:** Zines can come out sooner (maybe bi-monthly), you can get more rapid feedback... AND you get to meet people from around the globe with similar interests – all while expressing yourself, as I said above.

**Terry Jeeves:** Second a wish to communicate with people of similar tastes and interests. Normally one's immediate circle of local friends have no interest in SF so the fanzine widens one's contacts to a global range.

**Joseph T. Major:** Because we like the communication.

**Dave Szurek:** Secondly, in hope of getting mail.

## To belong to a community

**Trinlay Khadro:** Every excuse to socialize is a real mind saver. I also find zine-ing a way to keep in touch with far flung friends.

**Joseph T. Major:** Because we find the community pleasant.

**Murray Moore:** I participate in fanzine fandom to be a member of a creative community. I receive fanzines that I enjoy reading; I reciprocate by trading or locating. I have common ground with members of this community when I meet them. Publishing a fanzine, and locating, is as much fun as receiving and reading fanzines. Fanzine fandom is positive feedback; the egoboo goes round and round. Fanzine fandom is (not original with me) a gift economy.

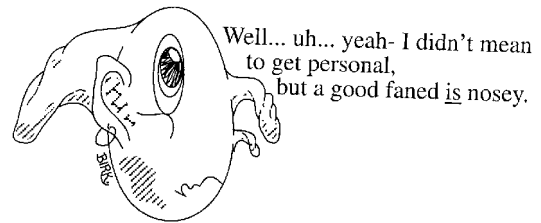
**Lloyd Penney:** We produce and contribute to fanzines to express ourselves in an abstract sense, and to express our enjoyment of science fiction, to paint ourselves as member of a community we wish to be a part of, to communicate with each other, to have fun and perhaps make others smile and laugh, to display our writing and design skills, to personalize our own interests and showcase our talents.

**Alex Slate:** Why do we do fanzines? Because we can! In my case there's more than a grain of truth to that. I started doing fanzines because I wanted to be involved with the sf clubs I was a member of and felt that the fanzine should be an important part of the club. It was also because I wanted to write, and frankly as a fiction writer I've got problems. But I can do non-fiction writing pretty damn well and can edit up a storm. So doing fanzines was a way to get myself into print in the SF/F world.

That was why I became the editor of *The FACTSheet* and *The Texas SF Inquirer* (for F.A.C.T) and *SASFact/Fiction* (later *Robots & Roadrunners*) (for what was SASFA – later Ursa Major).

**Mark Strickert:** The reasons have varied with the years and my interest(s):

**1970** – Our small neighborhood horror-movie club had a newsletter, *The Daily Fang*. The founder, having the attention span of a hummingbird, tired quickly of producing it. I switched from contributing to publishing, keeping it going (as the more-or-less *Monthly Mortuary*) long after the club fizzled. My sarcastic, satirical nature got an even more vigor-



ous workout in 1973 with the *NewsLeak* series and the *TV Guise* one-shot

**1976** – My first attempts to keep scattered friends and relatives connected, and also informed of my whereabouts and activities. The 1976 zines would be the most direct ancestors of my present-day *MarkTime* and APA-contribution zines. Of course, they weren't commonly known as "zines" 30-36 years ago...I called them "mags."

**1977** – *Tape News & Radio Report* was the first of a long string of hobby-oriented perzines. The radio interest and writing peaked in 1980-82 with my co-founding the still-running *DecalcoMania* club and newsletter, and with my stints as regular columnist for radio news-zines such as *Gridley Wave*, *Golden West DX Association*, *IRCA News*, and several others. The first two publications were great outlets for my sharp tongue, but my fiction writing never recovered

**2006** – see 1976 ☺

## Just because

**Chris Garcia:** So many others may live? No, that's not right. I personally do them because I have too much time on my hands. I don't really go in for egoboo (oh how I hate that word) and there's no financial gain from putting out an issue a week, so I can't really say that it's anything other than the desire to keep away boredom. I know others do it for reasons like they have something important they have to say (and I don't), or that they have something to plug (you know, like if they're running for TAFF...like I just happen to be doing right now!) or they need to feel that good ol' feeling when they get a praising LoC from someone they know and love. Maybe I'm a freak and don't really have a reason.

**E.B. Frohvet:**

The only good reason to do a fanzine is "because you want to." I no longer publish a fanzine because I currently lack motivation. I just don't care about it enough to put in the time and effort – at least for now. The future will have to take care of itself.

**Milt Stevens:** You would have to ask a tough one. I presume "dementia" is not an acceptable answer. Maybe everybody needs a hobby, and fanzine publishing is cheaper than yacht racing. It's also less risky than sky diving. It keeps us off the streets where we might otherwise fall in with bad company. This way we can stay home and still fall in with bad company. It allows us to express ourselves, although we also risk revealing that we have nothing worth expressing. It gives us something to do other than watch television. Because we have always done fanzines, that's why.

# Bill Legate on Opinions

Fans meet fans, make friends, and show interest in locs by writing interesting replies; and a loc is interesting because it's a fan's self-representation. In all the zines to which a fan subscribes, he may develop various alliances, join teams, enter games or start new ones, or assume a persona by contributing to an ongoing research project. And all of that is just different ways of expressing the same activity: play, telling tall tales, self-representation.

I made up all of the above, and it's a reprehensible lie. You might bog down thinking about it, though: sort of like

Cramer's transactional interpretation of Wheeler-Feynman absorber theory: "instantaneity" via radiation back and forth in time. Dare you form an opinion? We all share a number of opinions that we don't even perceive, involving questions which by their nature cannot be logically addressed without first framing, enclosing them in an arbitrary construction, a vocabulary which by its nature misdirects and obscures what is actually in question. Perhaps such opinions must be a byproduct of something we -cannot- even know about. If the truth-value of an opinion I hold depends on my holding that opinion -- can I change it? But whether discussion of such an opinion can be meaningful may be impossible to decide.

Just suppose that opinions actually do have consequences. Can an incorrect opinion even cause our death? Okay: let's say that death is either caused by correct opinions, or caused by incorrect opinions. Now, I believe that death is caused by correct opinions, while you instead believe that death is caused by incorrect opinions:

If it is in fact caused by correct opinions, then I'm right, you're wrong, and because I'm right, I will die.

If it is instead caused by incorrect opinions, then you're right, I'm wrong; and because I'm wrong, I will still die.

This proves it safer to believe that death is caused by -incorrect- opinions.

How fanzines and the covers that represent them have selected each other

may be only partially describable, like the elective affinities in Goethe's chemistry-fiction romance with unrecognized randomness in an oscillation, or say unpredictable in principle where effects vary exponentially with causes.

In the July-August 1970 *IF* letter column, a note from Scott Edelstein says, "Mr. Lafferty is completely and incurably insane."



# “Why Write?”

by Gene Stewart

If it's to entertain, then, other than yourself as you write it, who are you entertaining? The editors who slog through slush piles and reject 99% of all they see? The email snoops and postal carriers dealing with your torrent of words? If it's not to entertain, or not just to entertain, then is it to deal with important matters? Is it a way to keep sane? Is it a way to quiet the voices in your head?

Perhaps it's for the sake of craft. Writing for the story's sake – a good story well-told – won't get you into any guild. There is no Master to show your piece to.

Dealing with what matters in fiction allows us to get at the truth in ways journalism, history, and other nonfiction can not and do not address. Fiction, via imagination, adds a human factor. Why write if not for that?

So you're writing to give a human element to things that matter. What matters?

Things that affect humanity.

Genre fiction can actually address such things, and must, if it's to be worth reading. Or writing. Science fiction addresses technology and science's advances. Mystery stories address the chaos of crime and restoring a social order of sorts. Horror deals with that most universal human experience, and fear, death, and the possibility of an afterlife.

In fact, each genre developed – genres grow on their own, to be recognized later; they are not created by fiat, announcement, manifesto, or determined effort – because a succession of writers addressed some basic thing that mattered in a similar way. Genre tropes proved useful to get at certain discussions, and their human aspect, in a way no other form could match.

Metaphor rears its ugly head here. Consider: What better way to portray mankind's terror, confusion, and catharsis over a nuclear age, with radiation, fallout, and unknown affects, than giant insects and mutants? What better way to express the paranoia cultivated by the Red Scare and the McCarthy hearings than body snatchers and pod people?

Just as our hopes and dreams for a heroic future are demonstrated by the 1950s space rockets – and the exaggerated rocket bumpers and streamlined fins on the cars back then – so too our fears and worries show up as metaphor.

You might not want to read a treatise on global warming and desertification, but Frank Herbert's *Dune* offers an exciting story straight out of Greek myth and compelling details on how to survive when one's entire planet is a desert.

Harry Harrison's novel, *Make Room! Make Room!* became *Soylent Green*, a movie that brings home the costs of unchecked population growth. Vivid depiction of soulless consumerism taken to logical extremes becomes *American Psycho* by Brett Easton Ellis. And what better exemplifies the ruling elite's merciless depredations on people than Anne Rice's vampires?

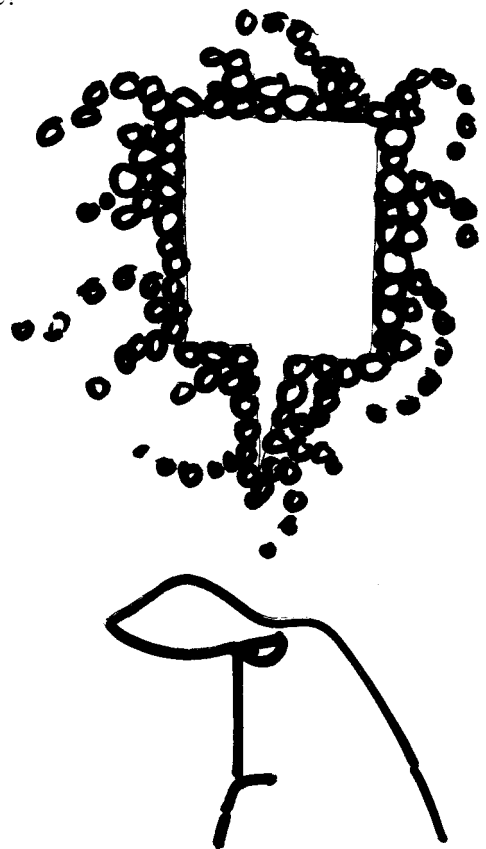
*Beauty and the Beast* is a metaphor of marriage. *Beowulf* is a metaphor of settlement and survival. These genre tales are old, and the ones that have lasted deal with the basics of human life.

There is nothing wrong with escapism and entertainment. Each has its place, and time. We cannot be cognizant of the world's problems, even one at a time, around the clock. An amusing bit of fluff, be it a tea cozy mystery or a Ferdinand Feghoot pun story, restores us like a laugh.

To make that one's main fare, though, is to die slowly of malnutrition.

If you're going to write only diversions, and fill the Enterprise with the fluff of Tribbles, which can be seen as a metaphor for trivialized troubles, then ask yourself.

Why write?



# The Ethics of Government – Part III

The Ethics of “Congresscritters” (with thanks to E.B. Frohvet and Milt Stevens for the term)

By Alex Slate

Let’s start with some of the responses from *The Knarley News* issue 119, that addressed my statement that this was where I was going next. I asked the question, how should congress persons conduct themselves?

Milt Stevens states “First off, I don’t care about their sex lives. For all I care, they can sow their wild oats with men, women and goats. However, if they try to screw me, I will object.” In response to this, Knarley says, “I suppose you might care if the sexual practices of congresscritters involved children (in the act, not as a result nine months later).

E.B. Frohvet says, “Well, anything that would pound them over the head with a little shame and humility would be welcome. Unhappily, that’s not likely to happen. Honest, decent people don’t go into politics. They do journalism, or work for philanthropies, or teach like Henry.”

And I think that both Milt and Knarley have very good, valid points worth supporting. Now, I think that it is important to note that my focus here is a little different than it was when dealing with the judiciary. I am less concerned with who should be elected, than I am with what they do once in office.

And that said, there needs to be some little separation between personal morality and the ethics of performance. Therefore I too don’t really care about the sexual lives of Congresscritters. Except that Knarley does bring up a very good point that cannot be ignored, and therefore we can’t completely separate the two. But let’s examine this a little further. It isn’t the sex part that bugs me. But, let’s face it, sex with children is also illegal, and therefore someone who would do so is a felon and therefore ineligible to be in congress.

Ah, I see it coming from someone... “But, Alex, given sodomy laws sex between two members of the same sex is also illegal, and therefore the practitioner of homosexual sex is also a felon. And further, in some places, adultery is also illegal, therefore the adulterer would also be a felon...”

And I would agree, **except** that these laws are just plain wrong. We should not be legislating morality. And the real thing is that laws forbidding sex with children isn’t legislating morality. It is about protecting the essentially powerless (juveniles) from the powerful (adults). But sex between two consenting (and please note the word “consenting” adults) is their own business and should not be the focus of law. **So, yes**, I do differentiate between laws. The quality of mercy is not strained, but the quality of law can be. (Slate, with apologies to Shakespeare)

Remember folks that I never claimed to be totally consistent. I believe it is Emerson or Longfellow who said that “consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.” I also never claimed to be completely right either. I might be wrong here, but I doubt it.

Changing the discussion to a degree, E.B. Frohvet goes on to state, “Everyone in politics is a self-serving liar, starting with the President and working down”. That is a particularly strong statement, and one that I think many people might agree with. But is it indeed true? And if it is, what of it?

Is everyone a self-serving liar? To some degree I think it might be. And I think it is probably most true in the real political aspect of things, that being during the election cycle. But, I think we need to keep in mind the question which I believe may be from the *New Testament of Jesus Christ* (but I do know at least comes from Lloyd and Webbers’ *Jesus Christ Superstar*), “What is truth?”

When is a campaign promise really a promise? And when is misrepresentation a problem. Let’s look back at the type of issue we were just looking at, the question of sex. “Mr Desires to be Congressman Smith, isn’t it true that you were in a brothel on the night of 26 September and didn’t you there indulge in whore-tipping with a number of your fraternity buddies?” Granted we just discussed above how this should be irrelevant; that’s just the opinion of those of us who have weighed in. We haven’t heard from all parties concerned. And even if we agree you know that this type of question is going to be asked. And we also know that the media and the public-at-large are not going to let the poor Mr Desires to be (etc) get away with a non-answer. At the very least a non-answer is going to be considered an admission of guilt. So is the poor schlub allowed to say no when the answer may have been yes? None of us are without sin that we can pick up stones.

But what about other types of campaign “promises”. Is a statement such as, “If I am elected I will work towards removing the import tariffs on cotton candy,” a promise that the cg (for congresscritter) will vote for all bills that would remove the tariff and against all bills that would keep it? I don’t think so. Nor would it be smart to expect this. The world is not black and white, and bills before congress even less so. Yes, one bill would remove the tariff on cotton candy, but triple the tariff on Nestle chocolate – an issue even more important to the cg’s constituents.

Now, no politician should be making contradictory promises. I can’t promise one group I’ll eliminate the cotton candy tariff and promise another group to triple the cotton candy tariff.

How about this situation, though? I personally don't like abortion as a general rule. However, I believe that abortion should be legal (the two positions are not diametrically opposed). I'm speaking to one group and I tell them that I don't like abortion. Specifically, I'm asked, "CG, what do you think about abortion?" My answer is, "Don't like it. I would never counsel a woman to get one except under certain conditions such as rape or extreme risk to the woman." That's it. I tell another group, "I will not vote for any bill that would criminalize abortion." Did I lie to the first group?

Well, I look forward to seeing what everyone has to see about the points raised here. Something else for the next part, in issue 119, Milt Stevens, says, "I also seem to vaguely recall something about elected officials representing their constituents, but that pretty much never happens." Yes, elected officials certainly represent their constituents, but this does not mean they agree on everything. And what does this really mean? How does it, or does this, have anything to do with how a cg should vote on various issues?

Take care, everyone...

## A Type of Plastic Surgery

(c) by Jim Sullivan

Everyone I know is caught up in an operation on his or her plastic these days. This mania is sweeping the nation. And it doesn't look like it will let up anytime soon. What's more, it shouldn't, for it's a blessing to many individuals who, otherwise, wouldn't be able to leave home without it.

Take, for example, my cousin. He's getting his major credit plastic downsized, not the card itself, but his credit line. This particular operation is very popular plastic surgery. I only hope it slows his addiction to borrowing. He's in over his hard head already. With less credit potential, maybe he'll be less tempted. At least his family has renewed hope.

My plumber is another plastic operation recipient. He had plumbed the depths of despair. This craftsman hadn't realized that every time he employed his debit card, money was actually being deducted from his checking account. That startling revelation came to him only after he closely reviewed his monthly bank statement. This led to his having to have the beloved card curtailed (bopped, in fact). This guy is again working on stopped-up toilets and plugged-up sinks but minus his debit plastic. As a direct result, he's more flush now than he's been in a long time.

The missus loved to use ATMs. They gave her money without making snide remarks, too. Not surprisingly, she was aware of the exact location in our community of each of the bank's 27 machines. Along with all those ATMs, her plastic card was also a little too accessible. Money had been flying out of our bank account to beat the band. We, well mostly me, mutually agree, then, to remove her ATM card. Though it pains her, she now shops without recourse to plastic.

Then there's myself. My favorite piece of plastic is my library card. Yes, it's useful, convenient, and valuable to me. And that's particularly true because I love books. And brand new ones are my main weakness. As a result, I take home far too many volumes. Few ever get read. Who has the time? In

any case, I often forget when they're supposed to be returned. Consequently, I have numerous overdue fines. The late penalties per book are relatively small, but with so many checked out, the totals were always mounting.

I've tried to keep this book problem to myself, so as not to worry my spouse with minor matters. But she found out all about it. I suspect that she mistakenly opened one of the library's dunning notices. In any case, she's been bugging me to quit bringing home so many books. But I couldn't stop. I, therefore, finally did something drastic about it. Though I still carry my beloved plastic library card everywhere I go, it's been officially operated on so that I can now get only two books per library visit and that only if I have returned the same number.

Thanks to this plastic surgery of sorts, I'm feeling better and reading just as much as I ever did. Moreover, I'm no longer hiding things, well not as many anyway, from my wife.

My sister has had a supermarket plastic card pulled away. It gave her discounts and special deals. She couldn't resist sales of canned goods, even though she didn't need them. Cases in point: stacked and stored in her basement is a three-year supply of canned tuna. It's right next to four-years' worth of Spam. Now, if a tornado strikes, she won't have a place to stand in her basement for protection. Had it not been for her supermarket card, these purchases could and would have been avoided. She, thus, saw a professional and right in his office, he removed, without benefit of anesthesia, that card from her purse.

These are just a few cases that show why plastic surgery, so to speak, is so vitally important in the modern world. Without such operations, people would soon be over the top with financial and related problems. Plastic surgery, of this variety, is a social service whose time has finally arrived.

# Sue's Sites: The Mausoleum of Qin Shi Huang

## CHINA'S FIRST EMPEROR'S TERRA COTTA ARMY

by Sue Welch

The most remarkable thing I have ever seen, I thought, when I first saw the terra cotta warriors in 1994 in Xian. And when I saw them again this July, I was even more overwhelmed not only by their beauty but also by the ability of the society that produced them. Imagine the resources required to build this tomb, the skills of the workers and the wealth of the culture that could support the people creating this masterpiece.

The person responsible for this remarkable tomb is Emperor Qin Shi Huang, born Ying Zheng in 259BC. He ascended the throne at the age of 13 upon his father's death. Very ambitious, he set about unifying the six or seven states to his east. He then changed his name to Qin Shi Huang which means first emperor. He introduced taxes and standardized coinage, metrology and writing characters. He built defensive works to the north, the forerunner to the Great Wall. In 246BC work began on his mausoleum. It is believed that 720,000 individuals worked on the tomb. Legend has it that these people were entombed alive within this massive complex upon its completion, thus burying with them not only the technology needed to produce these life size clay figures but also their location. Unfortunately for the Emperor, he died prematurely from heat exhaustion in 210 BC while riding in his chariot on an inspection tour.

In March of 1974 three local farmers drilling water well found pieces of terra cotta soldiers. The government paid them a few yuan for their discovery; only one is still alive. He sits in the newly constructed air conditioned visitor center, signing his character on souvenir books for those tourists who are willing to pay \$20US, an outrageous price in the Chinese economy. Rumor has it that he is now quite well off.

Xian is in the center of today's China and served as its capitol for hundreds of years. The mausoleum is located 21 miles east of Xian in the Lishan Mountains; the layout of this area is shaped like a dragon (a dragon is the all powerful animal in China) and the tomb of Emperor Qin is at the eye of the dragon. This area is many times the size of the largest Egyptian pyramids. Archaeological excavation of the entire complex is on going; only 4 pits have been opened to date. This is largely due to the fragile nature of the material and its difficult preservation. Terracotta is baked earth which is kiln fired at a relatively low temperature. It is believed that the figures were made in much the same way that terracotta drainage pipes were manufactured at the time. After firing, each figure was coated with a lacquer finish and colors (blue, green and red) were applied. These brilliant colors disappeared by the third day after the figures were unearthed. Approximately 8100 figures have been unearthed so far. They include infantry, archers, officers, generals and horses. Each figure had a real weapon such as bronze spears, swords and wooden crossbows. Although the faces of the individual warriors all have different lifelike expressions, it is known that



some were mass-produced in large workshops. The figures are about 5 feet 11 inches tall; the lower part of the body is solid and the upper part hollow. Their eyes focus on the distance; they have square faces with broad foreheads and wide, thick-lipped mouths. The horses have big eyes, large nostrils, stout legs and plump waists and hips and are poised ready to gallop.

Visitors to the site are deposited in a large parking lot and must walk approximately one-half mile to the site. Upon entrance, to the left is the visitor center, complete with IMAX theatre, bathrooms, restaurant and gift shop. There are three pits. The largest, No. 1, is oblong, 755 feet by 203 feet. It is 16 feet deep and constructed from earth and wood. It has five sloping entrances and ten partitioning walls, separating the underground army into different columns. There are more than 6,000 warriors and horses marshaled into battle line formation and armed with crossbows. They face east, the direction from which their enemy will come.

Pit 2 is 64,583 square feet and subdivided into L-shaped four-square sections; 1000 warriors, 500 horses and 89 wooden chariots have been found here. The horses pull chariots as well as carry riders. These are the mobile combat units ready to attack independently or en mass.

Pit 3 was the headquarters or command center for the other two pits. It is only 5598 square feet. It is a concave structure with 68 unarmed warriors, four horses and one chariot. No battle formation or weapons here. Nothing was found in Pit 4 when it was excavated. Archeologists assume that this pit was under construction at the time of the Emperor's death.

Completing this complex is a museum. The basement houses two large scale-models of bronze chariots unearthed in 1980. Both required extensive restorations (2.5 years). They are half size scale-models of real chariots, faithfully copied down to the last detail, complete with horses and people. They are constructed of bronze and cast bullion and decorated with 1720 gold and silver pieces. They were encased in a wooden box buried 25 feet in a trench and faced west. They were to serve as vehicles for the emperor's inspection tours during his afterlife. The carriages are decorated with geometric and cloud patterns; the coachmen, armed with sword, guard the chariots on both sides.

Emperor Qui's tomb has yet to be excavated.

Going to China? Put Xian as your first priority.

# Reflection On ... Nero Wolfe

by Rodney Leighton

In response to the recent discussion of Nero Wolfe in *TKK* I decided to check my own collection of Nero Wolfe in relation to that of Bill Legate. The following is the order in which I put my hands on them:

## *The Golden Spiders*

*All Aces: A Nero Wolfe Omnibus*. Hey, it looks like I have one Bill doesn't. It contains *Some Buried Caesar*, *Too Many Women* and the collection *Trouble in Triplicate*. This was published in 1958 when I was 10 years old.

*Full House: A Nero Wolfe Omnibus*. Contains *The League of Frightened Men* and *Be a Villain* and the collection *Curtains for Three*. Published in 1955.

## *Murder in E Minor*

*Silver Spire* (purchased not long ago in paperback with the idea in my head that I had this book; couldn't remember it; paid \$3 for it; just found the hardcover).

## *The Missing Chapter*

*Three Witnesses*. Read it again not long ago.

I have a big omnibus published in 1983 which contains: *A Silent Speaker*, *Might as Well be Dead*, *If Death Ever Slept*, *3 at Wolfe's Door* which contains *Poison a la Carte*, *Method Three for Murder*, and *The Rodeo Murder*. This answers one of your questions Bill. *Gambit*, *Please Pass the Guilt*, and *A Family Affair*.

*Trio for Blunt Instruments*. Three stories: *Kill Now-Pay Later*, *Murder is Corny*, and *Blood Will Tell*. The collection was published in 1964. Info includes that *Kill Now-Pay Later* first appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post* in 1961. It's about a shoeshine guy who is killed and Wolfe solves the case because he will miss him. *Murder is Corny* is well titled. It's about a farmer who supplies Wolfe with sweet corn and who kills someone and tries to blow Wolfe up. *Blood Will Tell* originally appeared in *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*. It is about, well, a murder, what else.

## *Death of a Dude*

*The Black Mountain*. A stand alone novel published in 1954 and at least five times since. My Bantam paperback has 75¢ on the spine.

Bill seems to be missing *Over My Dead Body*. Copyright 1938, 1940, 1968. My Pyramid paperback lists 95¢. I think I will go read some of it. Ah, I started reading and found a couple of quotes that Bill listed and I came back and noticed he has it listed as being published in 1939. I remember it more or less. Going to read it again.

## *Too Many Cooks*

*More Deaths than One*, published in 1949, 1958, 1969 seems to not be on the list. Bill quotes from *And be a Villain* using the name of one of the characters, Debby Oppirl. It seems to be different books.

*The Blooded Ivy*. This is a Goldsborough (RG) novel.

*The Doorbell Rang*

*Too Many Clients*

*Homicide Trinity*. Some answers for you Bill! This includes *Eeny Meeny Murder Mo*, *Death of a Demon*, and *Counterfeit for Murder*. According to this book, *Eeny Meeny* first appeared in *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* and the other two in *The Saturday Evening Post* in which *Counterfeit for Murder* was published as *The Counterfeiter's Knife*. My copy of *Death Time Three*, first published in 1985 states that *Assault on a Brownstone* appeared in substantially different form as *The Counterfeiter's Knife* in *The Saturday Evening Post* and as *Counterfeit for Murder* in *Homicide Trinity*. Re-reading *Homicide Trinity*, the final story, *Counterfeit for Murder*, I was struck by the notion that I read this story not long ago, except it was somewhat different. Sure enough; I had read *Assault* not too long ago. It is a very different story although all the characters are the same. *Assault* is 70 pages; *Counterfeit* is 59. The big difference is that in the former, the old woman is killed, Archie does some investigating, and ends up involved with the female Secret Service agent named Tammy. In the later, Tammy is killed and the landlady, Hattie Annis, survives to try to pay Wolfe more than he charged here. Miss Annis offers to pay Wolfe \$42,000 through Archie. When he reports this to Wolfe, he halved it to \$21,000. I wondered if this was a typo or a copyeditor error or what. Later, she tells Wolfe about it, citing \$42,000 and Archie says "Okay, I sliced it some." I would have thought that would be an issue to be resolved, but it was never mentioned again. I have read both of these stories previously, but at considerably different times and have never made the connection. My copy of *Death Times Three* also contains *Bitter End* and *Frame-Up for Murder*.

*The Last Coincidence* (RG)

*Fade to Black* (RG)

*Three Men Out*. Contains *Invitation to Murder*, *The Zero Clue*, and *This Won't Kill You*.

*Death of a Doxy*

*The Doorbell Rang*

*In the Best Families*

*The Red Box*

*The Second Confession*

*Not Quite Dead Enough*

*Might as Well be Dead*

*Prisoner's Base*

*The Rubber Band*

*The Mother Hunt*

*Plot it Yourself*

*Champagne Hunt*

*The Father Hunt*. I have two copies of this one.

*The Nero Wolfe Cookbook*. A compilation of short excerpts from books followed by the recipe for whatever Wolfe/Goodwin was eating. It even has a note from Fritz Brenner.



Over the last couple of days I reread *More Deaths Than One*. This morning, in one of my unable to work spells I determined that *Full House* and *Be a Villain* are the same book.

In the back of *The Father Hunt*, there is a bio-type thing. It states that Wolfe made his debut in 1934 when Stout was 47. It gives Wolfe's weight as 286 pounds. It claims 46 mysteries as novels only. I think Bill lists 31 as novels and I have about 17 of those. I have some vague memories of *Fer de Lance*, but no idea if I still have it.

One of the most intriguing aspects of the Wolfe books is the relationship between him and Goodwin. It's like a father and son who feel deep affection for one another but neither one really likes the other one. In one of the books I read not long ago, the title of which escapes me already, Archie pulled a trick which caused Wolfe to think he could be hurt and not only abandoned his dinner, but got in a taxi and traveled a couple of miles to save him in *Invitation to Murder*, part of *Three Men Out*. In *Death of a Dude* virtually the entire Wolfe mystic is thrown out the window when he flies to Montana to solve a murder so that Goodwin will come home. In *Too Many Cooks* Wolfe receives a minor bullet wound and Archie is frantic. Yet, in that same book, he makes many rather derogatory comments about Wolfe.

Another strange thing is that it is always made plain that Wolfe is the boss and the guy with the brains. Yet, Goodwin is always challenging him, complaining about this or that, and making suggestions which do not make much sense. I suppose, given that the character of Archie Goodwin is that of a supremely arrogant male, having him blithely following orders would be out of character.

I find it weird that it is suggested or outright stated that Archie is making reports of actual cases and they are being published. That being the case, it stands to reason that Wolfe would read them. In which case, he is aware of all the stunts Goodwin pulls to get him to take a case or to cure a relapse and he reads all the comments about being pig-headed, eccentric, and so forth. Why not fire this insolent pup and hire someone who would not make derogatory comments about him to strangers, who would follow orders without protest, and who would not try to tell him how to use his brain? Well, it would make a different sort of book, of course. In real life, I doubt very much if Wolfe or Goodwin would have spent more than a few months together, certainly not 25 or 35 years in story line and longer than that in reality.

There are a number of inconsistencies. There are some things which make no sense at all. Like in *Too Many Cooks* Wolfe is shot through an open window. Archie sees something and throws the script for Wolfe's speech which deflects the bullet. Okay, I'll accept that, but then they both completely ignore the open window. Wolfe wants Archie to look, he does by God, blood, he runs around getting towels and things. Neither one pays any attention to the fact that the window is still there, it's still open, and any sensible person wanting to kill Wolfe would have shot him again before Archie saw he was shot or certainly when Archie ran into the bathroom for towels. I suppose I know that Stout could not kill Wolfe. Still, it is a rather silly scene.

I don't know if the changing widths of the front door means anything. I suspect it is a case of Stout not thinking any of the readers would care enough to notice. The smoking in some books and not in others could be a natural progression. People do quit smoking, some don't. Cramer smoking cigars constantly in earlier books and chewing on them, but never lighting one in later books (a totally absurd idea) does not explain Goodwin stating that he had never seen him smoke one. I wonder if Stout smoked and quit at some point in the 1950s and had Archie and Cramer quit as well?

The weight variances could be legitimate fluctuations or simply a lack of care in writing. I am interested in this aspect. Wolfe is always portrayed as huge, a giant who can't fit anywhere; fat or fatter. Yet, 250 or 260 pounds is not really all that big. Perhaps it was in the 1930s – 1950s. It is not small, but I'm sure we all know people that large or larger. I was, myself, once at 245; big and fat, but hardly outlandishly so.

Reading a number of books in quick succession with no regard to publication dates I noted a shift in language although I have no idea when it happened. In early books there is no swearing (in *Too Many Cooks* (1938), Archie says "darn") and in *Death of a Dude* (1969) various people use "damn" and even "goddamn" appears. Stout never did get to using the F-word though.

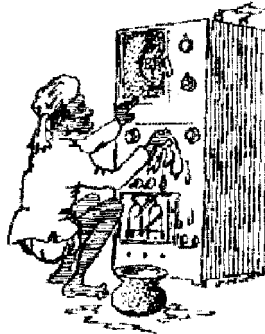
Unlike Spenser I have, a couple of times, pondered Bill's suggestion that the Spenser novels have some likenesses to Goodwin or, say, Spenser and Archie. I can certainly see some. The Spenser novels are more modern. Both Archie and Spenser are supposedly lady-killers although each has one special lady. The differences are that it is never suggested much less stated that Archie and Lily share a bed at any time whereas Susan is one of the hornier females of fiction and there are lots of sexual stuff and there is not doubt whatever that Spenser and Susan screw. There is also, in later books, no question that Spenser ever touches another woman. He's faithful to Susan whereas Goodwin plays the field. Of course both are arrogant guys who consider themselves the toughest guys on earth. Spenser might, if pressed hard, admit that Hawk might be tougher, but certainly no one else. Archie never met a man he couldn't take or even two. Both consider themselves to be comedians. And each series has someone who cooks fancy food. Spenser himself and of course Fritz. There are, of course, many big differences. The Spenser books are more violent and less cerebral. Wolfe dislikes or perhaps hates women where as Spenser loves them all and in later stories gets crazy if he is away from Susan for more than a few hours. Spenser and Susan have an obnoxious totally spoiled dog and Archie would have shot the poor beast.

By the way, Wolfe's dislike of females is something one might think reflects a feeling of Stout's, but he had, what, six daughters?

I would love to find those few Wolfe books I don't have. I have enjoyed reading practically nothing except Wolfe books for the past few weeks, but I admit that after 10 or so in succession I am starting to think it's time to read something else.

# Transmitters and Typex

The transmitting station was kept fairly tidy by a native bearer who wandered around using a twig broom to re-arrange the dust. One day, in a fit of zeal, he decided to spring clean everything with a bucket of water and a dirty rag. I was just in time to stop him as he raised a dripping wet cloth to wash the 2,500 volt power unit of one of the transmitters. A shocking thing to have done.



On another occasion we had a right royal Christmas party in the transmitting station. All went well until one operator rang up to say his transmitter frequency was wandering all over the dial. Investigation revealed a very tipsy mechanic happily spinning the tuning dial and watching the little dial numbers roll by as he tried to win a jackpot.

Night duty was usually peaceful until around 10pm when the duty mechanic was kept very busy changing aerials and transmitters over to night frequency. Not an easy task scrambling up on top of cabins and trailers in pitch darkness. Then things got quiet, so much so, that one mechanic fell asleep, was discovered and got fourteen days in the glasshouse. This phoney peace lasted until dawn's arrival and the whole procedure had to be reversed. Otherwise, during the night there was little to do apart from an occasional frequency adjustment. Very occasionally, a loud bang would denote a burnt out bias resistor or other nastiness in a transmitter and panic would ensue as a spare one was brought on line and repairs carried out on the duff gadget.

To brighten up the lonely hours we had the perk of "Night Rations" in the form of lashings of bacon and eggs. On one particular night, being in a hungry mood, I fried up bacon and two (duck) eggs, three times during my shift. By morning I felt ill and reported sick. Yellow jaundice was diagnosed and I was immediately whisked into Colaba hospital at the tip of the Bombay peninsula. Treatment entailed two weeks of idleness on a fat-free diet. At the end of the fortnight I was discharged with a document saying, "Medicine and Light Duties." Hollow laugh! I never saw any medicine and the following week I was sent on an assault course.

Every morning at 8am, a group of us were loaded into a three-tonner and ferried up the coast to the torture area. Actually, I rather enjoyed playing around with assorted guns, Bren, Sten, Lewis, and standard rifle. Even chucking dummy hand-grenades to and fro wasn't too onerous. The uninitiated might think that such activity isn't dangerous, think again. The system was to form two ranks, about fifty yards apart. Members of Rank A would each heave a dummy Mills bomb (solid metal weighing two or three pounds) towards Rank B. The members of Rank B would step forward, retrieve a bomb each, retreat to their base line and heave the bombs back. This went well until one chap didn't retreat far enough and was hit by a missile heaved by a potential Olympic shot

# Carry on Jeeves

By Terry Jeeves

putter. He collected the chunk of iron at the back of the neck and was rushed off to hospital. Rather an extreme way of getting off the course.

During this jolly entertaining week, we actually came under fire from *real* bullets! We had knocked off for lunch break whilst on the top of a hill above a clump of coconut palm trees. Our officer decided to go down and get himself a coconut. He took his pistol, wandered down the hill and solved the problem of getting a nut or two by trying to shoot through their stalks. Naturally, he pointed his gun **upwards** and rounds began whistling past our ears. That was when we learned the Bombay **duck**! Someone courageously dashed down the hill and politely informed the officer that he was a silly bugger.

I think my stay in hospital must have got my name on the list of those people who should be sent on unusual tasks. Having survived the delights of the Assault Course and just prior to my 21st birthday, I was sent off to Delhi on a mysterious mission called a Typex Course. The kind organizers gave me a Travel Warrant valid from Bombay Central to Delhi and left the rest up to me. This involved getting my kit to Churchgate Station, buying my own ticket to Bombay Central and taking the electric train via Marine Lines, Charni Rd., and the infamous Grant Rd. to Central Station. Then I had to fight my way through hordes of troops, travelers, beggars, and purveyors of native foodstuffs which closely resembled marmalade covered tobacco leaves. My nose was already inured to India's pong, present here in good measure with knobs on, and I eventually located my berth on the legendary "Frontier Mail." This was to be my home for the next 24 hours.

Punctually at 4:20pm the 3:50pm Frontier Mail crept out of the station accompanied by much whistle blowing, the excited screams of numerous minor officials and the cursing of a char wallah who hadn't yet been paid for the tea he had just handed to some passengers. The Mail's coaches had no corridors so you couldn't nip to the dining car for a drink and had to rely on your water bottle or wait until the trains stopped and then char wallahs were there to meet your needs with tea and cakes. A chatti of tea cost about 2 annas and you got to keep the chatti, a small earthenware pot holding about a cupful of ta. Handy for shaving mugs.

At bedtime, three bunks were swung down from above the three permanent ones. You scrambled up and wriggled under a blanket. At meal times the "Mail" would stop long enough for passengers to amble along the trackside and climb up into the dining car. The train resumed its journey and an hour later another stop was made to allow you to return to your coach. I still have the menu. This was quite an impressive affair printed in two colours on a card. It bore the legend "Citadel of Agra – Menu." Inside beneath the legend of the

Buri Bunder and Central India Railway and the headline of "Frontier Mail," you were offered Mock Turtle Soup, Boiled Fish in Parsley Sauce, Roast Leg of Mutton with Mint Sauce, Fruit Macedoine and Custard, Cheese and Biscuits, Dessert, and Coffee. Not bad going for a wartime railway. I could have got used to it. Breakfast on the "Mail" followed the same routine and this is where, alongside your plate, you found a copy of the daily newsheet. During the night, train staff had laboured to produce a single sheet, mimeoed news letter. Presumably using news collected at one of the halts. I still have my copy dated September 12th, 1943. It includes such varied news items, "Germany is not calling up men to the age of sixty," "Salerno has been captured," "Floods in the Jumna river are now subsiding," and "Sir John Herbert is making slow but steady progress." I often wonder where he was progressing to.

These occasional halts along the way were usually at some lonely outpost on a treeless, dusty plain, the only feature being a cluster of huts. There was the inevitable smell of wood smoke, two or three char wallahs, and usually hordes of small, chattering monkeys eager to snatch any scraps thrown from the train. Once under way, calls of nature involved using the small, phone box like cabinet in each compartment. This featured a four inch hole in the floor, so you hoped your companions were good shots.

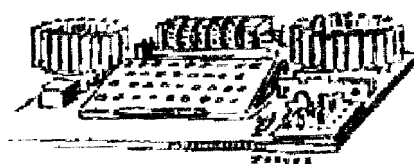
Twenty four hours after leaving Bombay we reached Delhi where, after the usual hassling with RTOs (Route Travel Officers), a wheezing three-ton lorry dropped me at a hutment several miles outside of New Delhi. RAF chaos ruled. The cookhouse was a two mile walk away through a snake infested cane plantation. Delhi was a further four. There was no transport between billet and mess, you had to walk it. Transport was not available for that two miles in between, so you either walked it or missed a meal.



I've mentioned char wallahs before, but here's a bit more detail. Each had a long pole slung across his shoulders rather like a milk-maid's yoke. Hanging from one end was a large metal urn full of tea and with a small wood burning tray beneath it to keep the tea hot. From the other end depended a large tin trunk full of assorted cakes, buns, and sticky pastries – hence the phrase "Char and Wads." This vendor supplied the sustenance for my solitary 21st birthday celebration. I didn't know a single soul on the camp so I celebrated with a couple of buns and a mug of tea. Very poetic, "Here beside a mossie net, a mug of tea, a pair of cakes and a char wallah singing out 'Char Wallah' in the wilderness." Not exactly Omar Khayam like.

The Typex course was in the palatial Imperial Secretariat Building right in the centre or modern, spacious, and impressive New Delhi. Outwardly as imposing as the Pentagon,

within the building was a labyrinthine as the Minotaur's maze. I suspected that people could be lost in its confines for days. I finally found myself in a room holding half a dozen other Wireless Mechanics and a number of Heath Robinson contraptions – this was the mysterious Typex, a highly secret device for coding and decoding top secret messages such as home many airmen had measles and how many Charge Forms the Secret Police handed out in happy pursuit of their hobby. I was to learn how to operate it and more importantly, how to repair it when it went bonkers.



The machine itself was a monstrous gadget, akin to the German "Enigma" machine and resembled the mating

to two giant typewriters flanking a central keyboard. Between them was a row of five drums and as an afterthought, someone had added a plug board with wandering wires off to one side. The print heads were operated by solenoids, each thumping a letter or number on to a long thin strip of paper tape at the dictates of the typist. The whole thing was driven by an electric motor which kept doing clever things to the five cylindrical drums.

To code a message you switched to "CODE" and began typing. Let's suppose you typed "THE QUICK BROWN FOX." Both typeheads responded, the one on the right producing (only in capitals) whatever you typed in. The one on the left did no such thing, it would produce five letter groups of type such as: "HLPJE KTRST WMOLP" and this was the code message that got sent. This crafty magic was achieved by a set of ratchets. Each time you pressed a key, the first drum would advance one click of the ratchet. After a certain number of advances, the second drum would advance one click and so for each drum in turn. This had the effect of changing whichever letter was printed, so even if you kept bashing "AAAAAAAAA", the code head would print "WKYOL GHYWA" etc. Further complications were added by changing inserts inside each drum and by moving the plugs in the plugboard. For further security, settings were changed each day. For decoding, the machine was switched to "DECODE", the settings were reset, and the operator typed in the code groups in the ordinary way. This time, the right hand head produced the groups of code and the left hand head came up with the plain language. Dead cunning! We had to learn how it all worked and how to repair it in the event of a breakdown. We had to memorize everything as the taking of notes was forbidden on pain of unmentionable penalties. Gradually we learned how the thing operated, what each bit did, and how it could go wrong. The instructors were adept at inserting scraps of silver paper between contacts to short them out, or putting paper in the discs to break the electrical path. They loosened clutches, removed fuses, and invented every way they could to drive us batty. The three-week course ended with a hands-on test. To my amazement I got over 90% and passed out as a Qualified Typex Instructor.

# INTERLOCUTIONS

Rodney Leighton  
RR #3  
Tatamagouche, NS B0K 1V0  
Canada  
Aug 8, 2006

Dear Henry:

In #115 **Joseph Nicholas** described a car accident in which his family was nearly involved, stating that everyone, including, I gather, his father, was “traveling at well below the then maximum speed limit ....” In 118 he lambastes me, stating that “we, driving at normal speed ....” Huh. **Nicholas** makes a couple of assumptions. He writes: “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 his chest ....” I don’t have to imagine it. At age thirteen I was the first person at the scene of an accident between a VW Bug and a one ton truck. Since I knew the driver of the Bug I ran over and leaned in and said: “Paul, are you hurt.” No response. The steering column was, in fact, embedded in his chest. Broken ribs were protruding and bloody froth was coming out of his mouth. He died before he reached the hospital. He was 17 years old and a nice young man. The accident was his fault. This is not something one forgets and anyone, **Joseph Nicholas’s** father or anyone else, who is driving below the speed limit who refuses to allow following vehicles to pass is at fault if an accident occurs. Later he suggests that I have read so much science fiction that I have become addled; obviously **Joey** has not paid much attention to things I have written over the years or else he would know very well that I don’t read any science fiction. In fact, I received a brand new book written by my friend Lyn McConchie which I tried hard to read, since I do always try to read anything sent as a gift and especially something written by a friend. But I gave up on it after 35 or so pages due to the amount of science fictional material.

But one of the reasons that fandom is not much fun any longer, and one reason I don’t “talk” to loccers much is just this sort of controversial bullshit. I admit to being responsible. I try not to write anything which might be taken as controversial or adversarial. But sometimes it happens. Then someone shoots back at me and I tell myself to ignore it. But then I sit down and type up something and ....

Here’s a somewhat similar anecdote: recently, coming home from work, 2 land highway, I was traveling about 15 or 20 km/h above the posted limit. I came up behind a van traveling 20 km/h below the limit. We finally reached a straight stretch; I started to pass and saw a car coming. With my other truck I would have hit the passing gear and been by. This truck has no pick-up at all so rather than take the chance I ducked back

in . At the next opportunity the guy in the van hit his brakes and pulled over until I was past. That is courtesy. And, yes, if I had insisted on trying to pass the first time and failed I would have legally been at fault, but I would have considered the guy in the van to be to blame. Not that **Joey** will agree with that.

Well, **Sheryl**, thanks for the various good wishes that you have offered me recently. I find some fun here and there although there does seem to be a counter attack of some sort.

The main reason I continue writing these long LOCs to a couple of fanzines and shorter ones to 2 or 3 others is a strong belief that if someone sends me a fanzine I should give something back. But another strong reason is that I am well aware that once in a long while something good comes from this activity. As witness the exchange with **Bill Legate** and my re-acquaintance with the Nero Wolfe novels. ☐**TKK**: *See the article elsewhere in this issue.*☐ I will confess that although I no longer enjoy feuds and fussing, I found **Joseph Nicholas’** letter and **Tim’s** response in the latest *FOSFAX* the most amusing thing I have seen in a long time and got a good laugh out of that. I doubt if either of those gentlemen found it funny.

I briefly contemplated doing a photocopied letter/LOC/sub thing. I was going to entitle it: “I’m Still Alive, Damn it!” but I guess I won’t bother. Lyn is now the only correspondent I have who writes with any frequency. All the other letters I receive can be answered when time and energy allows. And I can type something for fanzines whenever.

**Joe Major**: I have read, of Rex Stout’s writing, on anthology of short stories. I forget the title and don’t know where it is; they were mostly mysteries, but none involving any of the Wolfe characters and some were rather weird. One of the Tecumseh Fox novels, actually I believe I abandoned it partway through and I can’t recall the title, but I do recall it was crap. That’s all other than Wolfe. I would love to read that novel in which Cramer solved a crime, what’s its title? I have read all 3 of the *Lightning* you mention. I wonder what the other 16 are about?

One the things which turns me off of fandom and participating in letter columns is that people tend to read what they want or not read accurately and then make disparaging or scoffing remarks. In a letter which appeared in *TKK* 117, I mentioned some things about the situation with my neighbour and the cops and a bit of an argument I had with one cop. I stated clearly that the other people suggested I might have ended up dead or in jail in the U.S. and also in some other parts of Canada. Anticipating a response from **EBF** I wrote directly to him that it was a comment made by someone who

was here, not me. Yet, what do I find in *TKK* 118 from **EBF**. “Your assumption that offering a protest ... is ridiculous anti-American prejudice and you should know better.” I think what I should know better is to write things to fanzines and to expect people to actually read what I write.

But, hell, I think the biggest hassle I have had in sfandom is the TAFF think which all started with some things I wrote which appeared in *Twink* and although lots of people had lots of things to say to and about me, many of them nasty, not one single person responded to what I actually wrote. No, I’m wrong, I believe **Robert Lichtman** did.

Best  
Rodney

□**TKK**: *The accident sounds horrific. I have fortunately never had a similar experience. I think you should expect that no one will ever read exactly what you write because the written word is an incomplete way to communicate.*□

Joseph T Major  
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September 6, 2006

And now the knews...My condolences on your loss. We just lost a cat too (on Monday, and today’s Wednesday), and another is now very sick, but recovering.

Perhaps as prediction, last weekend we also went to see my 105-year-old WWI vet stepcousin. He told us about how one of his drivers takes him to this group’s monthly all-you-can-eat breakfast, the WWI commemoration he was going to later this fall, and so on. He’d been on the radio because a WWI vet in California had died, and California being the way it is, they said that he had been the last American WWI vet. (At the current writing, the figures are 66 worldwide, including 19 in the US, 7 in the UK, 4 in Australia, and 3 in Canada. Subject to change without prior notice.)

“Sue’s Sites”: My younger brother taught English Literature to Japanese students in Japan for three years without speaking Japanese. So it can be done. Did **Sue** see any striking examples of Engrish in Yangchow? For the definition of “Engrish” with many fine examples, look to the Engrish.com website. Let’s do fanac together!

“Carry on Jeeves”: I’m going to repeat myself, but I don’t think **Terry** published this comment when I wrote to *Erg*. Obviously, Ian with the 10 rupee note had read Mark Twain’s “The Million-Pound Bank Note”. The thing to do, therefore, would be to keep track and then approach him one day and say, “Ian, old bean, here’s the list of your debts and you know what? It bloody well comes up to more than ten rupees. So pay up, old boy.”

InterLOCutions: **Jeffrey Boman**: What were the ways I tried to lose weight? 1) Cold sores; 2) Crohn’s Disease; 3) Hiatus hernia; 4) Student poverty. I’ll note that they all worked spectacularly. At the same time I don’t recommend them.

My last grandparent died in 1966. Lisa’s lived a little longer. Her grandfather Les used to abuse his body no end, smoking, drinking, eating fatty sausage for breakfast, and so died young, a mere 98 years old.

**Trinlay Khadro**: Both my parents had open-coffin funerals.

In America there are three different branches of Judaism: Orthodox, Conservative, Reform. How do their weddings go? At an Orthodox wedding, the bride’s mother is pregnant. At a Conservative wedding, the bride is pregnant. At a Reform wedding, the rabbi is pregnant.

I had about half a dozen automobile accidents over a year. That was the year I was delivering papers, on back streets, at the hour of the morning when yesterday’s slush had frozen and the salt trucks hadn’t been around yet. And no, I couldn’t use chains, because I had to drive on cleared downtown streets too.

Salvador Dalek is the one the Doctor doesn’t have to worry about because his weapon droops.

**Terry Jeeves**: The doctor sent me to the hospital for a blood test. The hospital sent the blood to a lab out in California. The lab does not take Humana. The lab billed the insurance company, not the hospital. Who has to pay it? Me, or so they say.

**Ned Brooks**: The Kroger nearest to us even has Kosher for Passover Diet Coke in season. How that works I have no idea.

**Joy Smith**: Okay, how about the *FoxTrot* strip where Jason is eating alphabet soup and after several sets of letters all of which are “N - A - C - L” announces that the soup is too salty?

**E. B. Frohvet**: Regarding geography and the like as shown or not shown in *Smallville*, I once tried to plot out the cab ride in the opening scenes of *Stripes*. It passes by several easily recognizable landmarks in Louisville. But the route makes no sense whatsoever.

The tax protestors didn’t say the names were misspelled. They said that the name stated in the tax bill, etc., was someone else — that, say, “**E. B. Fro:hvet**” was not the person in the bill, whatever, namely “**E. B. FROHVET**” and therefore they didn’t have to pay his taxes.

They call the discussion of those sorts of things “Idiot Legal Arguments” for a reason, you know.

**Eric Lindsay**: On cheap repro, how much are toner cartridges anyway? If it’s cheaper to buy a new printer than a new cartridge, there must be a financial issue here.

I bashed in the oil pan of my car and it was \$175 including transmission fluid. But I'd done it at a relative's house and so couldn't claim damages.

Small claims court can be abused too. There was the guy who used to sue companies in small claims court; it would cost more for them to send someone to California to defend themselves than the cost of the settlement, so they usually settled, or I believe defaulted. Then it came out that the chronic litigant resided in the California prison system ...

However, I can see the point about the guy getting to bill for renting a car, even though he owned a car rental service. If he had to use one of his own cars, he couldn't rent it to someone else and so he would have to forego the income.

**Jeffrey Boman(2):** *The Watchtower* is also the American Jehovah's Witnesses magazine, so I guess it's international.

Clarence Thomas was nominated by George H. W. Bush.

But if you don't patronize those online pharmacies that only offer medicines designed to increase or decrease body sizes, won't that solve your problem?

**Murray Moore:** For two lane highways, I only have to drive half an hour, into Shelby County, or even into the remote fastnesses of Metro Louisville (formerly Jefferson County). There are lots of winding little roads, which gets fun when I have to take Lisa to the librarians' Christmas party, in some McMansioned subdivision in the back end of nowhere, following the crudely drawn map (they can spend \$\$\$\$ on the house but can't put out \$40 for Microsoft Streets & Trips ©™ Bill Gates is GOD!).

**Alex Slate:** Well, we hope to see you more often when you finish the move to Dayton. There's Millenicon, Octocon, even ConGlomeration here in Louisville (though I think it

conflicts with NASFiC next year and DenVenton 3 next), and, if they can find a hotel, the Sherlock Holmes/Arthur Conan Doyle Symposium right there in Dayton.

Namarie,  
Joseph T Major

☐TKK: *You left giardia and crypto spiridiosis offer your miracle weight loss plans.*☐

Joseph Nicholas  
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07 Sep 2006

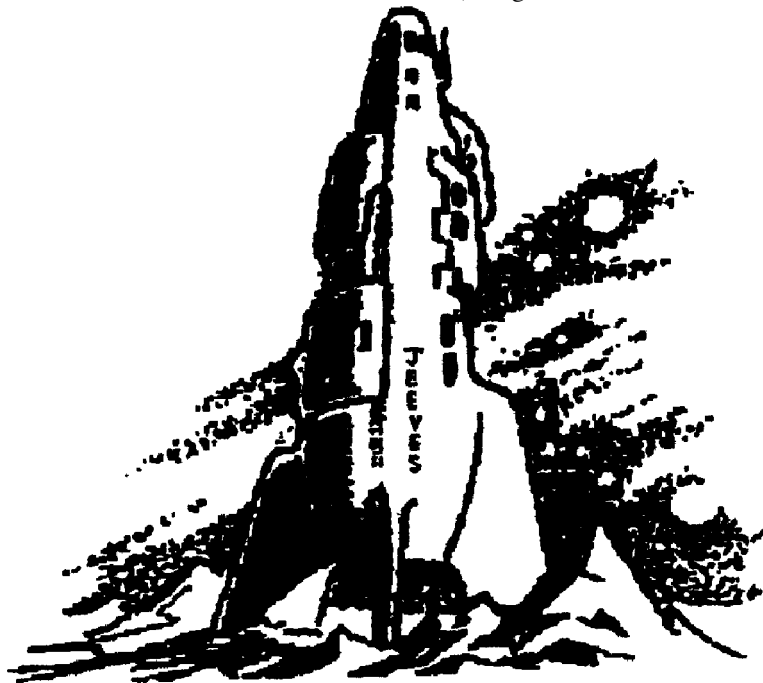
Dear Henry and Letha

Many thanks for your latest issue.

**Lloyd Penney** says that he'd like to hear my views on the Bush administration's attitude to stem cell research, but I'm not sure that I have that much to offer. After all, the United States isn't my country; its domestic politics don't affect me in any way; I don't therefore have any locus in the matter – other than to note that the neocon/religious war on science has already led to a few scientists moving their laboratories from the US to the UK, to the benefit of our science base; doubtless there will be more to follow. (Thanks, guys!)

What I can comment on, however, is the difference between the US and the UK as regards the place of religion in society. There's something of a paradox here: the US has a constitutionally enforced separation of church and state (itself principally the product of a desire by the non-conformist founders of the US to evade the clutches of the Church of England) while the UK has an officially sanctioned ("established") religion in which the head of state is also the head of the church – but in the US some two-thirds of the population believes in and/or claims to have a personal relationship with a living god, while in the UK less than a quarter of the population can be bothered to attend church with any regularity and the rest of us think the whole business is a complete pile of superstitious bollocks.

Having said which, religion has been creeping back into both public and private life in the UK, primarily via the establishment of faith-based schools. This has come about because of New Labour's decision to continue the previous Conservative policy of allowing parents to exercise choice in the selection of schools for their children, a policy which more thoughtful Conservatives realised couldn't work because the good schools would be immediately oversubscribed and (thanks to space constraints) be unable to offer places to everyone, while bad schools would haemorrhage pupils and eventually have to close as uneconomic



– leading in the longer term to a reduction in the provision of educational facilities. Blair's solution to this problem was to allow the private sector to take over the building and running of schools, to allow the creation of a "market" in which parental choice could be exercised. As anyone could have predicted, this immediately allowed the issue of selection back onto the agenda – not selection by skin colour (which is outlawed by the Race Discrimination Act), but by criteria such as ability and religion, the latter of which merely ensures the segregation of Muslims and Christians (and Catholics from other forms of Christianity) and will consequently store up a number of problems for the future.

But faith-based schools can be worse still – as in the case of those run by the Emmanuel Foundation, an evangelical Christian sect run by one Peter Vardy, who made his fortune as a used-car dealer and who rejects Darwinian evolution in favour of creationism and the literal truth of the Bible. This is taught as the "science" curriculum in his schools, to universal derision by actual scientists. Taxed to condemn this, Blair could only respond with blither about "choice" – firstly because he's not a scientist; secondly because as a lawyer he's primarily trained to select those propositions which will most usefully advance one argument or another rather than to search out absolute truth; and thirdly because he's an evangelical Christian himself, who is known to have prayed with George Dubya for divine guidance prior to invading Iraq. (Which just shows you how useless any such guidance must have been.) But he knows that he has to keep quiet about this ("we don't do religion", as his former adviser Alistair Campbell once said) because this is the UK, where people are immediately suspicious about those who parade their religious convictions in public at every opportunity, and where evangelical Christians are perceived as a bigoted, ranting minority who seem to be primarily concerned with keeping sex off the television and trying to bring prosecutions for blasphemy against those who disagree with them.

But although these developments are slightly worrying – an attempt, in some senses, to undermine the principles which underlay the eighteenth century enlightenment and reverse the tide of secular rationality which has rolled across the world since then – they are small-scale. The religious fundamentalist anti-rationalists, who elevate their reactionary, feudal theologies over intellectual enquiry and open debate, are small in number: a fraction of the UK population, which has to make a lot of noise to cover for the fact that they are so few. Faith-based schools (especially faith-based schools which teach creationist drivel as science) constitute only a tiny proportion of the UK's total educational facilities; they will doubtless wither in time, as the children who are "educated" there emerge into the world with no understanding of it, leading future parents to shun such schools. The result is that stem cell research – or indeed any research and experimentation in the field of human biology – in the UK isn't under threat from religious zealots. They may call down the thunder of the gods on those who would traffic in the immortal souls of the innocents (etc. etc.) but most of the rest

of us respond to lurid threats of eternal damnation with pithy suggestions concerning intercourse and travel, and go about our business. As do our scientists.

Meanwhile, reverting to the subject of one of my previous letters, **Trinlay Khadro** expresses surprise that my parents "didn't stop at the next farm or gas station to call for help". The working assumption here seems to be that driving in anything other than an urban environment involves long journeys across largely unpopulated rural areas – which I'm sure is typical of (parts of) the US, but is certainly not the case in the UK, where nowhere is more than 72 miles from the sea and the south and southeast (where the two accidents I described happened) are the most densely populated parts. Meaning that my parents could have stopped anywhere had they chosen to do so...while the suggestion that they were "probably not educated to be able to do so" appears to rest on an inapplicable cultural assumption: unlike the US, the UK is not (does not imagine itself to be) a pioneer society where everyone has to look out for everyone else lest the community implode and dissolve. Instead, we pay (have for centuries paid) police, firefighters and medics to do such jobs instead. In consequence, the distinction that she draws between the semi-rural and the city doesn't exist here.

**Joseph Major** asks **Alex Slate**, if *Gulliver's Travels* was satire, "why is there so much comment about contemporary English politicians in it?" Because that's what satire is, of course: attacks on contemporary politicians, in the seventeenth century as now. But if **Major** doesn't think it's satire, then what exactly does he think it is?

Regards to you both  
Joseph

☐**TKK**: *I firmly believe that parents should have choice in where they send their children to school. I also believe that they don't have the right to get me as a tax payer to pay so that their children can learn utter crap as science and I doubly resent their attempts to get it taught in the public schools.*☐

E.B. Frohvet  
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September 8, 2006

Dear Henry,

A Howard County-based firm, Omitron, Inc., does the software for the gamma-ray-burst satellite Swift. A wide-scan sensor picks up the burst (thought to be indicative of black holes) and quickly rotates the satellite so other sensors can pick up as much as possible. The data is then transmitted to Earth and posted on the Internet so scientists can study it nearly in real-time. The system was launched in November 2004 and is still working fine.

I'm curious as to why you are interning with a federal judge. Does the court have a special training relationship with the

law school; or did you choose it yourself on the theory that federal courts were a wider range of legal issues? I grasp in a small way the connection between carrying guns and the Commerce Clause; it still seems to me a considerable leap of imagination. Fortunately for the United States, I'm not an attorney.

Review of an alternate-history anthology: What might have happened if the Chinese understood what caused the Black Plague? Seems unlikely, it would have required to great a leap forward of technology and theory. Pasteur and Lister did not reveal such things to western thought until the 19th century. I'm also unclear over how the assassination of Nicholas II would have greatly influenced the Great War. Of course, it is the business of SF writers to explore the far-fetched.

**Sue Welch** writes that "International teachers are welcomed and made comfortable" in China. May one remind her of the "Red Cat Theory" attributed to Deng Xiaoping: "It is irrelevant if the cat is red, so long as it catches the mouse." They may well have been courteous to you; the intent is still to siphon off your skills for the long-term benefit of a still very restrictive ideology.

"Carry on Jeeves": Properly cared for, snakes are not "clammy." They are cool and dry and smooth, rather pleasant to touch. The description of the arbitrarily numbered systems reminds me of Delany's *Fall of the Towers* trilogy, in which a solidier is quite expert in repairing/maintaining a particular machine, without ever being told what it's for. (Relevant to the story.)

**Jeffrey Alan Boman**: If you run out of floor space to store fanzines, you can send them to the Paskow Collection at Temple University libraries. I can send you the address if you want. I've sent several boxes.

**Trinlay Khadro**: I'm not into "Depression Glass." I do, however, have a cookie jar which belonged to my grandmother, in the form of a monk, with "Thou Shalt Not Steal" across the front. Research revealed it was made by Red Wing Pottery in the 1930s-40s and would be worth \$300+ to a collector, if I wanted to sell. The custom of the open coffin and "viewing" served a solid legal purpose before coroners and death certificates: If any doubt arose, a sufficient number of competent witnesses could testify that the deceased was indeed deceased. I think the custom that one ought to be friends with the neighbors is of rural origin (see Bill in Heinlein's *Farmer in the Sky* attending a barn-raising: "I had to see how it was done.") and now has largely died out. Some religions (Catholicism for one) require pre-marital counseling; though the emphasis is on making sure you follow church policy.

**Joseph T. Major**: Actually, there are at least three important races at Indianapolis Motor Speedway: The 500 in May, a NASCAR race in July, and the U.S. Grand Prix on an improvised road course in September (used to be at Watkins Glen, NY). It's Henry's back yard, he should do what he wants with

it. However – plug for one of God's better ideas – apple trees are useful and low maintenance.

**Eric Lindsay**: After several weeks without rain, central Maryland recently slipped into "mild drought." Over the next two weeks we got several inches of rain. Someone was paying attention! Race cars have about an inch of ground clearance – of course, going over a bump at 210 mph becomes an issue.

**Jeffrey Boman** again: The President nominates candidates for federal courts. They must then be approved by the Senate. The swearing-in can be done by the President if he so chooses, or by the court itself. I believe in the case of the fairly new Chief Justice Roberts, he was sworn in by Justice Stevens as the senior member of the existing court. Perhaps someone can check me on that?

**Murray Moore**: My few excursions to Ontario were mainly in the immediate Toronto area – I used to know someone who lived there. She may still live there for all I know. Ah, well, a California Ditto is out of my range. Let me know if there's going to be one on the East Coast. ("New York is a coast too." – Dustin Hoffman to his agent in *Tootsie*.)

**Alex Slate**: Adams and Jefferson died on the same day. And it was July 4th. No, really, look it up.

Of fanzines: I did my part. Do you get *Tortoise*?

E.B. Frohvet

☐**TKK**: *The law school coordinates a number of court internships. I selected the federal court because most JP matters are federal, but I have only dealt largely with criminal sentencing matters. The Commerce Clause is the broadest federal power and so Congress tries to connect marginal issues within the Clause. I already have four apple trees. I do not get Tortoise.*☐

Joy V. Smith  
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10 Sep 2006

Henry,

Interesting cover. It reminds me of an early magazine cover.

I am so sorry about Stumpy. I've had to put a few animals (dogs and cats) to sleep over the years, and it's always hard and sad.

You're moving on and keeping busy with your law courses (Congratulations on your A!), along with everything else. I'm glad you said that you'd get rid of some of your load at the end of November because I was worried about you getting enough rest and relaxation and seeing your family! Are you enjoying your cave projects as a chance to get out and limber



up? I think it's great that you all are accomplishing so much there.

I enjoyed **Janine Stinson's** review of *ReVisions*. I agree with her about the revision points. I don't read much AH, but it would be helpful to know what changed.

And, oh, wow! I truly admire **Sue** for flying off to China to teach!! I have only an inkling of her busy schedule, but it sounds like she hit the ground running. What a great opportunity for her! And I'm glad that regular Americans are getting a chance to meet Chinese children and adults.

**Terry Jeeves** continues to keep busy and travel too in his interesting reminiscences. I appreciate your reprinting them because they're certainly worth sharing.

LOCs: Henry, only mid-40s in the caves? I didn't think it'd be that cool. **E.B.**, thanks for sharing the officers' club anecdote. And I hope you have a good crop of oranges. I'd love to have an orange tree, but every time I plant one, it freezes. **Eric Lindsay**, thanks for sharing your experience in small claims court. That was certainly a complicated affair. I'm glad he didn't get totally away with it... **Murray Moore**, I love your line – Nobody will line up to see my naked body when I'm dead. Nobody would line up to see my naked body now. Re: viewings. I remember seeing my grandfather in his casket (Wisconsin, btw), and Mom saying that they'd over stuffed his cheeks and he looked like a chipmunk, as I recall.

Thanks for the Hugo nominees and fanzines lists too.

Appreciatively,  
Joy V. Smith

☐**TKK**: *Cave temperature is a function of the average yearly temperature and thus caves in Wisconsin will be cooler than caves in Florida. There are an awful lot of people with strange fetishes on the internet that would pay good money to see just about anyone or anything naked.*☐

Marc Schirmeister  
The Same Ol' Place  
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9/10/'06

To Henry and all the Knarleyites everywhere: Hello.

Thank you all for the nice egoboo about my last cover drawing. Just for your elucidation: **Murray Moore** almost got it right, but the proper translation of "Raconter une histoire de peche" is "Telling a fish story," that is, "Telling a whopper." That's the polite French way of calling someone a liar, just as "Moulin a paroles" (cover of *TKK* 116, remember?) lets you get away with saying so-and-so's a "blabbermouth" elegantly. And as to what all the other French idioms I've adorned my fillos with since issue 114 mean, well listen up: A "Bon vivant" is, of course, a gourmet, though it can also mean somebody who is a Lover of Life's Good Things, not



just vittles. "Jem'en fous" can either be "I don't care" or "I couldn't care less," depending upon your inflection and "Navet" is both a turnip and an exceedingly dumb person, but not at the same time. Oh, and going back to the subject of *TKK* covers, **Brad Foster** hit the rusty ol' nail right on the head, wham, about the "mystery" word balloon on the front of issue 117. What the prancing fuzzy mammal maiden is supposed to be saying is that number's number, hence the seemingly meaningless "No." I forgot to fill that word balloon in before I mailed the original drawing to Henry, so I apologize for any confusion that I've unintentionally created. Kudos to **Brad** for noodling it all out.

Oh yeah, I like to needle the Jehovah's Witnesses when I'm in the mood. Me and Steve Stiles, both. Now, I don't hate the *Watchtower* crowd like some folks I know, but I'm not too fond of them either. And that's because, well, decades ago, I worked a 6pm to 6am security guard job, and by hard necessity became nocturnal, that is, a day sleeper. I lived at the time on a quiet block, but a week after I started my job, the Jehovah's Witnesses targeted my neighborhood as a hunting ground for converts, and as a result I wasn't getting any decent sleep. Ignoring the big "Day Sleeper, **Do not Disturb**" sign taped to my front door, they kept waking me up, figuring that my so-called salvation meant more to me than a decent eight hours rest. Nothing stopped them, not my pleas, nor my threats, **nothing!** They were on a mission from God and Nathan Knorr, who was their leader back then. At least that was who was signing the editorials in the copies of the *Watchtower* that were left jammed in my mailbox. Well, this went on for a couple of weeks, when suddenly I had a brain storm, and went out and bought the biggest mezuzah I could find and nailed it next to my door. As a crucifix is to a vampire, a mezuzah is to a Jehovah's Witness, and afterwards I was left alone to catch my beauty sleep. But since then I've had it in for J.W.s. Me and several million other people, and not a lot of them are ex-day sleepers, either.

I'll close with a classic Jehovah's Witnesses getting it-in-the-neck story. Way, way back in the 1940s, the J.W.s used to carry 78 rpm records and spring-powered portable phonographs with them on their rounds, and if you were sucker

enough to let them get past the front door, they'd proselytize you by playing these dreadfully boring sermons by their dreadfully boring leaders while you say there glassy-eyed and sweating, wishing you were with the rest of the family, which had already ducked out the back, hopped the fence, and were heading for the hills. Well, there was this Witness couple, a husband and wife team, that had been wandering this Los Angeles neighborhood all morning, and the only thing they had to show for their efforts were sore feet. Finally, at one bungalow, they found a potential convert, a guy who had been drinking beer since breakfast, and was boozily convivial, i.e. "sloshed", and happy to have company. So he invited them in, and they all went into the living room, where the Jehovah's Witnesses cleared a space on a coffee table that was covered with empty beer bottles and snubbed out cigarette butts, set up their phonograph, turned it on, and sat down on the couch. Their host was across from them in a worn easy chair and listened intently to some dull "Turn or Burn" sermon by whoever was the J.W.'s head honcho in 1946. And after the two Witnesses had played both sides of their record for him, the host slapped his knees, looked at the expectant couple sitting on the couch, and said in a slightly slurred voice, "Well, not that was pretty nice. I've listened to your record, now you gotta listen to one of mine." And with they the potential convert got to his unsteady feet, shuffled to a closet, tough out a record, slapped it on the Witnesses' phonograph, and played for them Lucille Brogan singing "Shave 'Em Dry," considered by some experts to be the filthiest song in the English language (Opening lyrics: "I've go ----- on my ----- big as the end of my ----- what I've got ----- my ---- would make a dead man ----. Oooh, Honey, won't you ---- - - -.") Hey, let's crack a beer for the Good Ol' Days and those humorless religious fanatics that hand us unintentional, cheap laughs. Roscoe would want it that way. And that's -30- for today, gang. See you later.

Yours-  
Schirm

□**CKK**: *Actually I missed the "No." as well and could have easily filled in the number once I knew which issue to which the art would adorn. I miss the Hari Krishnas in the airport with the free for a donation items.*□

Brad W. Foster  
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11 Sep 2006

Greetings Henry and Letha~

Nifty cover illo, and though there is no credit line that I can find inside, I'm assuming this is another of **Alan White's** computer pieces? Always a distinctive look there.

Sorry to hear about the passing of Stumpy. It's kind of tough to know that, even under the very best of circumstances, we

will outlive our pets. We feel lucky Duffy has come through all her treatments. Figure at this point she would have been gone, so each night when she climbs up on my chest in bed and starts purring, very thankful she is still around for another day. (And re the conversations in the letter column about giving pills to cats: we now have to give her a pill twice a day, but discovered it can be "mushed" nicely inside of a little treat ball she loves. Very handy, and each time I buy another bag of the treats, I feel like a drunk who wants to tell the bartender that it is "for medicinal purposes only"!)

I loved **Jim Sullivan's** "Analysis" article. We get those water quality reports here about once a year, and none of it makes much sense to me. At least the town of Stopat has items that we can all relate to. (And I loved the reference to "Arsenic and Old Lace" It showed up on TV twice last week and I watched it both times. I love that movie!)

**Sue's** article on the Beijing New Oriental Foreign Language School requires a follow-up for sure! If I'm understanding this right, someone is paying a lot of money to ship her and a lot of other people over to China to just "teach" for a couple of weeks. But what did she teach? How can you teach a foreign language to someone else if you don't speak that persons native language? It's all very interesting, so how about seeing if she can go into some more detail both on what she actually did at the school, and how it all worked out.

Sorry to hear about **Jeff Boman's** computer problems. Our own system decided it could no longer boot up about two weeks ago. Took about 12 hours with my computer-literate buddy to get it going again. (If you **ever** meet anyone with any sort of knowledge of the inner workings of a computer, do whatever you have to to keep that person close by!) Now working on multiple back up levels, etc etc.

Re; **Jeff's** comment here to **Dave Szurek**. I always thought my mid-twenties nephew was "kind of thin", but with him towering over me at 6' 5", I figured it was just part of the shifted perspective angle I had to view him at. Found out recently he is only barely registering on the scales at 130 pounds! The rest of the family is all trying to lose some pounds, but this kid we are trying to get to put a few more on before he snaps in half in the next strong breeze! I'll have to re-introduce him to the joys of the all-you-can-eat buffet.

Back to the drawing board! (Well, okay, back to work on the computer, but that doesn't make as nice sounding of a sign-off.)

Brad

□**CKK**: *I have no misconceptions about outliving our pets, but Stumpy was only seven which is quite young for cat. We had expected that all the children would be in their teens before we had to deal with this.*□

Alex Slate  
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14 Sep 2006

Dear Knarley & Letha,

**JT Major:** But on to issue 119. **JT Major** states “If [Clarence Thomas] had said it had been court decisions in other countries, it seems that many of the people who had opposed him would have become his supporters.” Well, **JT** may be right that some people might think that foreign court cases trump the US Constitution; I really can’t speak to that. As for my opinion, foreign court decisions do not trump the US Constitution. However, foreign court decisions can be used as precedent for decisions if no home grown cases exist. It is not unknown to quote other countries laws as part of precedent – especially English common law cases.

**JT**, that’s exactly what satire is – making fun of actual things. Exaggerating them for effect in many cases. In other words, you agree that *Gulliver’s Travels* is, in great part at least, satire. “satire: topical literary composition holding up human or individual vices, folly, abuses or shortcomings to censure by means of ridicule, derision, burlesque, irony or other method sometimes with an intent about improvement.” *Webster’s Third New International Dictionary*.

**Ned Brooks:** I have only been to one open casket funeral, that of my uncle in New York. All the others were closed casket. And we (the family) were sort of surprised that it was an open casket. We don’t know who actually determined there should be funeral, because my aunt was a stroke victim and could not communicate her wishes. So it may have been someone outside the family. In my experience closed versus open is a cultural thing, but I don’t know about north vs south, because no funeral I have been to in the south has been open casket.

As to Bork, you may be right. There probably was something just more than the strict vs loose interpretation question. But that’s what I remember most. Whatever it was it was political thing and not a matter of whether Bork was qualified.

**Jim Stumm:** I like your reasoning as to whether or not you would confirm a judicial nominee. I’m not sure I completely agree with you, I’m not sure that “originalism” can be fully used in these modern day and times, but I think that you would make a better choice for a confirmation panel member than many who are/have been on them.

**Jeffrey Allan Boman:**

John Roberts: George W. Bush (43)

John Paul Stevens: Gerald Ford

Antonin Scalia: Ronald Reagan

Anthony Kennedy: Ronald Reagan

David Souter: George Herbert Walker Bush (41)

Clarence Thomas: George Herbert Walker Bush (41)

Ruth Bader Ginsburg: Bill Clinton

Stephen Breyer: Bill Clinton  
Sam Alito: George W. Bush (43)

The president nominates and the Senate confirms or not.

As to Bush and stem cell research. I think that Bush made the wrong call, but I didn’t write him off because of that. It was other things.

**Lloyd Penney:** To continue on the same topic, as I said Bush made a mistake (in my opinion) regarding stem cell research. Looking at cost vs benefit I find that in the case of stem cell research the possible benefits far outweigh the costs. Of course, I think that there is a way to connect the rightness or wrongness of stem cell research with one’s beliefs concerning the rightness or wrongness of abortion. Yes, I know there is not a 100% connection, but there is a connection. Therefore if you are very against abortion, you will likely be very against stem cell research. Personally I believe that abortion is generally not a good thing, but that there is, and should be, a right to abortion.

I don’t think that religion and state are inextricably to be held apart. I think that it is hard for almost everyone to separate their personal morality (which is often religion based) with their philosophy or thoughts regarding law and life. As for me, there is a differentiation between morality and ethics. And it is ethics that should rule with the decisions of state, not the dictates of morality.

But I don’t think that the stem cell research veto will be what pushes the whole thing over the edge.

**Milt Stevens:** About the local judicial nominee, yet, you are right. Legal, but unethical, and since I also agree with **Jim Stumm** (see earlier) I don’t think that this woman should have been nominated, let alone confirmed to a judicial appointment (let alone should she ever be nominated to the supreme court).

Both **Milt Stevens** and **E.B. Frohvet** reply about the ethics of “congresscritters” (to use **E.B.**’s term). I will incorporate those statements into my forthcoming article.

On the personal front. I now have personal internet. The brooks.af.mil address is still good, but people can also get to me (should they choose) at aslate@satx.rr.com. The girls started at Wright State the day after Labor Day, and so far they enjoy it. Laurel is working at WalMart. The bus ride back to San Antonio was long, but okay. I would still prefer to fly, but won’t pay that much more to do it. For instance, for Thanksgiving I’m flying back. The difference is only \$10 (and taking into account having to buy food, probably actually works out cheaper) with Southwest Airlines. I have to fly out of Columbus, not Dayton, but the flight is at a reasonable hour (which it wasn’t last time). I have recently interviewed for two positions, one in Dayton, and one at Patuxent River, MD. We’ll see what happens.

Well, that's it for this loc. The article is underway, hope to have it to you soon.

□**TKK**: *Foreign court cases generally have little weight in this country. Of possible exception may be where there is an international treaty such as the Berne Convention or **TRIPS** agreement on copyrights.*□

Chris Garcia  
garcia@computerhistory.org  
15 Sep 2006

Howdy, I've been around for a couple of years now, looking to see what I can see and LoCing every last zine I come across. Sadly, until today, I'd never seen an issue of **TKK**, and now that I have I have to LoC or I'll feel all icky about it!

Sorry to hear you had to have your cat put down. I've never had to have a pet euthanized, but I have found several pets dead on my arrival to their home. I had the rough task of three times in the same week telling Evelyn, my ex's 6 year old that her pet had died. That was a rough one.

I've fallen in love with Joe Mayhew's cartoons. I wish I'd started fanzinizing sooner so that I could have had some of his pieces in *The Drink Tank*. Sadly, I missed my chance. I keep hoping that I'll come across someone who has a giant envelope of Mayhews like the ones that seem to constantly turn up from Bill Rotsler. It hasn't happened yet, but perhaps it will someday! I love the Dog Ate My Homework One. I just love the image of a dog going 'bow-wow' and then snickering like a Parisian bon vivant.

I'm an Alt History mark (and an Alt Country mark, but that's neither here nor there) and **Jan**'s review really made me wanna pick up *ReVisions*. Cory and Charlie Stross together at last! It's the best combination since Scroll button and the Lappy.

Sounds like **Sue** had one of those experiences that I've never managed. I've had the chance to take up an internship on a Whaling Ship (instead, I took an internship at The Smithsonian and thus, never learned to scrimshaw), to teach English in Russia (I chose, instead, to move to LA and try my hand at sitcom writing), work on the excavation of a classic temple (was thinking of getting married and didn't want to be apart from her for a year, though in hindsight, it would have been much nicer) and even go to China to teach English. It's these little opportunities that pop up that we must take or risk never experiencing the entirety of The Human Experience.

I really want to experience a typhoon. I've been in Earthquakes (The 1989 Loma Prieta and 1994 Northridge as two examples) and I've been in Blizzards, but never a Hurricane, a Typhoon or a Monsoon. Someday.

You gotta love **Terry Jeeves**. You just gotta!

This is a ridiculously long LetterCol. I mean seriously! Just Freakin' HUGE!!! There's so much of it. I feel overwhelmed when *The Drink Tank* gets five LoCs, but you, you've got hundreds! My sweet Lord that's a lot of letters.

Anyhoo, fun ish.  
Chris

□**TKK**: *I've been accused of having too many letters for the body part of my fanzine. As long as they keep coming in I'll be publishing them. If you want longer LOC columns then you should have seen **FOSFAX** at the height of its prominence.*□

Jim Stumm  
PO Box 29  
Buffalo, NY 14223  
September 24, 2006

Dear Knarley,

Yes, the Founders often disagreed. My point is that judicial review is not something that John Marshall cooked up all on his own, which is what some critics accuse him of.

By FDR's rubber stamp Supreme Court I mean the 9 Justices FDR appointed to the court between 1937 and 1943.

It's my view that the substantive due process doctrine of the Lochner era is a misinterpretation of due process used as a cover for judicial activism. But *Lochner v. NY* (1905) struck down a state law based on the 14th Amendment. That has nothing to do with striking down Federal laws, and in particular, nothing to do with the Commerce Clause.

The 10th Amendment says that states are to have broad powers, while the Federal Government is supposed to exercise only a short list of enumerated powers. Thus there should be inconsistencies between the Supreme Court's treatment of state laws vs. Federal laws. The abuses of the Lochner era were mostly excessive striking down of state laws.



The older, correct, narrow interpretation of the Commerce Clause that was “adjusted” in the late 1930s, which had prevailed for the first 140 or so years of this Republic, was not based on the substantive due process doctrine of *Lochner*. It goes back to *Gibbons v. Ogden* (1824), another one of John Marshall’s cases.

**E.B. Frohvet:** The original, long-established meaning of “commerce” in the Commerce Clause is: “selling, buying, and bartering, as well as transporting for these purposes.” And for it to be “interstate,” the item in question has to cross at least one state line. Anything else is not interstate commerce. Knarley says that carrying guns is felt to have an **impact** (others refer to **affect**) on interstate commerce. That may well be true, but the Constitution doesn’t give Congress the power to regulate activities that may have an **affect** or **impact** on commerce, but only the commerce itself. That’s because **everything** affects commerce, if only very tenuously. So a power to regulate anything that affects commerce would be virtually unlimited. The Founders certainly had no intention of granting such unlimited power to Congress. But Congress seized that power in the 1930s, and the Supreme Court let them get away with it.

While legal experts may sometimes reveal subtle aspects of a case that may not be immediately apparent, more often the “convolutions of their argument” is deliberate obfuscation, full of misdirection and logical fallacies and sometimes outright lies, used to justify an unwarranted increase in government power. You shouldn’t let such scoundrels intimidate you.

Indiana: To me Indiana is known for Fort Benjamin Harrison, where I was stationed for 18 months while in the Army in the 1960s. “Uncle Ben’s Rest Home” we called it, as unmilitary a fort as you could hope to find, which suited us fine. It was then home to the Army Finance Center and the Army Finance School, where, as a finance clerk, I worked in an office grading tests. Being stationed there gave me a reason to fly on Lake Central, a puddle jumping airline that made 5 stops between Buffalo and Indianapolis, once aboard an honest-to-God DC-3, in the 1960s.

**Eric Lindsay:** If laser printing is so terrible, why not use that wonderful invention – mimeograph :- ) I get my photocopies made at a copy shop that charges me 4¢/page, and maintenance and supplies for their machines is their problem. I’ve been going to the same shop for 30 years, sort of. Actually, it’s been at 4 locations, gone thru at least 4 owners, and changed its name, but in terms of continuity, it’s “the same” shop.

**Ned Brooks:** Here in Buffalo, all the funerals I’ve ever been to have been open-casket, tho all that’s ever visible of the body is face and hands. My impression has always been that the casket would be left closed only in the body, actually just the face, couldn’t be made presentable because it was mangled or badly burned or something. It never occurred to

me that the custom might be different in other parts of the country.

**Jeffrey Allan Boman:** Justice Clarence Thomas was appointed in 1991 by George H.W. Bush, the father of the current President. Off-hand I don’t recall which other Supreme Court nominations were especially controversial. But judicial appointments in the US have become increasingly contentious, which should be expected when judges increasingly act like legislators, so their views on public policies naturally are questioned just as you would question someone running for legislative office. If judges more often ruled in accordance with the original meaning of the Constitution, and left law-making to legislators, judicial appointments would be less contentious.

**Eric Lindsay:** To me the solution to spam is glaringly obvious. If every sender had to pay a penny for every e-mail sent, spam would become a money-losing activity and would disappear. For most other e-mailers, the cost would be trivial, certainly cheaper and more effective than putting out a contract on spammers. Spam is the inevitable result of no-cost e-mailing.

**Alex Slate:** What I advocate is a greatly reduced government, called a Nightwatchman State or Minarchy, with most government functions, except courts and defense, done privately or not at all. My conviction is that government activities are inefficient and/or corrupt, that they should be minimized. Less is better.

Excessive Federal laws can be attacked as unconstitutional, which they generally are. Excessive state laws, which I also oppose, have to be argued against as bad public policy, as they seldom violate the Federal Constitution, except possibly the Privileges or Immunities Clause of the 14th Amendment, which has been made inoperative by *The Slaughterhouse Cases*. Like most people, you probably oppose any great reduction in government. There’s no need to argue with me about it, because I realize that it’s not going to happen, much as I wish it.

**Dave Rowe:** I notice your name because I grew up next door to Dave Rowe and his brother Don here in Buffalo. Not you, obviously. My former neighbor Dave now lives in Florida. He was in the news recently because, sadly, his son Michael was killed while serving in the military in Iraq. Are you any relation to Don and Dave Rowe, who grew up in Buffalo? Their parents, now deceased, were George and Ethel.

Jim Stumm

☐**CKK:** *I don’t accuse Marshall of inventing judicial review, the Constitution did that. I accuse him of mis-quoting the Constitution to make his point and ruling on a case where he had a clear conflict of interest. He was the out-going Secretary of State who failed to deliver the letters of appointment that Madison refused to deliver. Substantive due process is a judicial fiction created to undo the mess created in The Slaughterhouse*

*Cases that gutted the 14th Amendment. You are correct that I sloppily conflated Commerce Clause doctrine with Lochner, but then the same Court was responsible for crappy jurisprudence on both issues during that time period.*

*Simply charging for e-mail isn't enough. Much spam is generated using hijacked machines (using viruses, etc.) and rather anonymous posting mechanisms. The result might simply be cost shifting to the unsuspecting or unaware user.*□

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

Herr Doktor Professor Welch,

Thanks for keeping me on the mailing list even though I failed to LOC #118.

Things have been a little crazy on my end, which made me FAFIA for a while and August was a forlorn month of hospitalizations. First came my fourth attack of pancreatitis. I'm really sick of coming down with that condition every so often. I'd barely been discharged (only a week) when I came down with a potentially fatal staph infection. I've spent so much of my life in the hospital lately that I wonder if I should fill out a postal C.O.A. cards. Hell, I'm too young to be so old. The nurses and I know one another on a first name basis by now. Anyway I am now home and feel "almost normal." (I know "what's normal"? but you know what I mean.) I still require periodic dressings, certain medications in addition to what I was already taking and yes, I'll admit it, grow tired more quickly than I used to. A hospital employed visiting nurse still comes out to see that I'm okay. I don't think I need her any longer, but it's nice to know that such a service exists to fall back on. I've understood that some people take more than six months to fully recover from a resistant staph infection and I worried about that in my case at first. But it seems I'm one of the lucky ones. The doctor agrees that I'm healing amazingly fast, almost a miracle considering that I'm a diabetic and diabetics are notoriously slow healers. I'd envisioned still hardly being able to do anything for myself by this date, but I was fortunately wrong. You ain't going to see me participating in a marathon any time soon, but I no longer qualify as an invalid in my eyes. One bad thing is that pancreatic surgery had originally been set up for only a couple days from now. They're postponing it until I'm healed and have been for some time. I hope my fifth attack doesn't occur before the operation occurs. Neither of the diseases I've recently suffered are exactly pleasant – and no, I'm not trying to qualify for medical marijuana.

I agree with **Frohvet** that it's chiefly assholes who gravitate toward politics. I don't see that as a reason to give up at the polls and in regards to activism as some do, however. Quite the contrary. There's usually a lesser evil and I see this as all the more reason to see that the more loathsome evil doesn't

get too much power. We're going to get fucked either way. Let's try not to make it any more unpleasant than it has to be.

Good to be back, but I've now gotta take care of so much that's been left undone.

My condolences on Stumpy.

Dave

□**TKK**: *You must feel like a walking medical experiment. I hope you can get the surgery before you have any more significant problems.*□

Lloyd Penney  
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Canada  
penneys@allstream.net  
October 3, 2006

Dear Knarley:

At last, I am on time, and I have a copy of *The Knarley Knews* 119 with me. So, it's loc-writing time, and let's hope I do a good job.

As a Canadian SF reader, I am finding out how much Canadian SF I haven't read. I've found it difficult to keep up with any authors in this age, so as I'm sure many do; I go with familiar names and familiar themes to keep me reading SF. I hope there are modern equivalents to the SF authors I grew up with.

**Terry Jeeves** mentions that part of his flying equipment during the war was an Aldiss lamp. What did this do, **Terry**, and is this something that Brian's relatives created?

Greetings to **Jeff Boman**...looking forward to Con\*cept. Yvonne's laptop seems to have given up the ghost, or is having a severe software problem, so we may need something new. It's an old ThinkPad, and even used laptops aren't cheap. I don't think Tamu has any connections with the Primedia organization; Montreal needs all the organized people it can get. Primedia has lost a lot of money over the years running conventions, and it needs to do a little market research to see what people really want to see. I've known Rebecca Downey since Yvonne and I guested at Con\*cept years ago. Yvonne and I did help chairman Lance Sibley to run Gaylaxicon this year. Yvonne was the treasurer, and I ran the dealers' room. Looking forward to seeing her shortly, too.

I seem to have mixed up my Toms. I did indeed mean **Tom Sadler** as someone I had written to. I do have **Tom Feller's** older fanzines, but it is *The Reluctant Famulus* I'd like to see again. If I recall, he did an issue in February (**E.B. Frohvet** confirms this), he promised me a copy, and I never did get it. I might need to contact him again.

The rest of the zine I'll just state that I read and enjoyed it. Gotta get ready to go to work tonight, so this surfeit of time I had has run out. Take care, and see you next issue.

Yours,  
Lloyd Penney.

☐TKK: *Lloyd, you are becoming downright timely in your LOCs. Is this a sign of the impending apocalypse?*☐

Bill Legate  
Box 3012  
Sequim, Wash. 98382  
Oct. 3, 2006

John B. Clark's thing in the Jan, 1956 *Baker Street Journal* did aggravate me, as I mentioned a year ago (in *TKK* 114), where he never really accounted for Wolfe's statement in *Fourth of July Picnic* that "I was born in Montenegro and spent my early boyhood there", or for Wolfe's visiting Montenegro, in *The Black Mountain*, recalling childhood events there and identifying the house where he was born.

But these Sherlockians do enjoy stretching things. **Joseph** mentioned William S. Baring-Gould's *Nero Wolfe of West Thirty-Fifth Street*, and I found plenty of figure-figure in that. Baring-Gould (like Clark) has Nero Wolfe Born to Irene Adler, In New Jersey in 1892 or 1893 – and then suggests that Marko Vukcic is Wolfe's fraternal twin brother! Baring-Gould, and several others, produced detailed chronology examining all the Holmes adventures. These chronologies don't all agree, and the inconsistencies admit of several explanations.

I've reported Rex Stout's non-response to Clark's findings. But Stout was another Baker Street Irregular, and enjoyed those games, too. Dirk J. Struik, in the Jan. 1947 *Baker Street Journal*: "there exists an abortive theory, promoted by Rex Stout, that Watson was a woman. ... He based his theory mainly ... on the deep affection which Watson showed for Holmes. Mr. Stout explained it as the affection of a wife for a husband or a sweetheart."

The Baker Street Irregulars date their organization from Holmes's 80th birthday, 1-6-1934. As it happens, the Fortean society was founded in 1931, Charles Fort died in 1932, and the Fortean's magazine started in 1937. Both organizations attracted some current authors, and I've wondered just how many folks may have joined both. – Martin Gardner's old *Fad and Fallacies in Science Fiction* (1957) says, "Just as the Irregulars keep up the elaborate pretense that Holmes was an actual person, so the Fortean's keep up elaborate pretense that Fort's wild speculations are as likely to be true as the 'established preposterousness' of accepted science."

Cthulhu Fthagn,  
Bill

☐TKK: *Why must deep affection be thought of as a feminine thing?*☐

Jeffrey Allan Boman  
6900 Cote St-Luc Road #708  
Montreal, QC H4V2Y9  
Canada  
croft@bigfoot.com  
October 5th, 2006

Dear Henry and co.:

Thanks for *TKK* 119. This is the first one I've seen so far not with a cartoon cover! With nearly 20 years worth of zines, I'm guessing there have been many more.

My PC hell of almost 7 months is now mostly over. I was still dealing with it when I wrote my last LOC for *Alexiad*. About a week later, the shop found that my C: drive was fried and had to be replaced. I now have 2 brand new drives on which I've been getting my apps and data on. At first, I thought I'd lost some minor data (some extra fonts) but I had a backup to restore them from. Backups were the order of the day; the first thing I did was to install Nero burning ROM, and then burned all my photos, writing and e-mails, so that I wouldn't have to worry about losing them again. I did this fortunately before my main drive burnt out, and just in time... all my e-mail was on that disc.

I say it's mostly fixed because the sound card currently doesn't work. The shop didn't even check this because I hadn't mentioned it before. I'm not greatly impressed by them. I'll now look for a low-priced replacement card, then get a geek friend to install it (I'm Badluck Shleprock when it comes to tech).

The important thing for me is that I'll now be ready for NaNoWriMo next month. I'm going for a four-peat this year.

Getting ready for it means getting a lot of deadlines done: this LOC, finishing edits on my game book 2nd edition, Comicopia's deadline in less than 2 weeks... and being the secretary for my building's tenant committee, I have minutes to type up and prepare.

On top of that, Con\*Cept is the weekend of the 13th - 15th. As well as being on **Lloyd's** zine panel I've been asked to talk on others, up to 4 more. This will be a very busy month for me!

I think I'll stop this letter here so I can get to it all. I'll get back on track next time.

Sincerely,  
JAB

☐TKK: *I'm happy to hear that you seem to have whipped the problem PC into shape. There is nothing more annoying than recalcitrant technology.*☐

Sheryl Birkhead  
25509 Jonnie Court  
Gaithersburg, MD 20882

Dear Knarl

Agh- Issue #119 is sitting here and begging to be looked over again—and it would appear that I have just been neglecting it- poor baby! I thought I had already responded-but no notations to that-I was sure I had mentioned that the cover looked like something **Alan White** would do, but I could not find any credit for it... but I guess I was wrong (uh-in that I have not mentioned my thought...well, I hope you know what I mean).

Ah, 20 years of pubbing- only one more and you'll be legal.

R.I.P. Stumpy- I have been through almost the same scenario with an SPCA cat and it seems so simple to say inflammation—yet in a percentage of those cases, the never respond to the “usual” treatment and continue to decline. Nobody ever said life was going to be fair.

My niece is ecstatic in that she got a summer job offer from a small (and laid back) law firm in Las Vegas. Apparently quite a few of her classmates were vying for the position—one which the hints have it could turn into a permanent position once law school is over. This surprised me since I had been told she wished to specialize in family law and was the basis for her selection of the school. My sister now tells me Deanna is aiming at criminal law.

My brother spends quite a bit of time in China (and since he gets to keep all the frequent flyer miles from his compensated airfare his family has benefited with several trips to the Orient in the past few years). Right now he and his wife are spending two weeks in Thailand. He seems to enjoy all the junketing about and cultural input. Sounds as if **Sue** had a very good experience in the East, also.

I hope that **Terry Jeeves'** total memoirs will be put together in one published location. These snippets of daily life are so easy to enjoy! Thanks to both of you for running them... with the attendant illos!

Let me see, what are my thoughts about two decades of pubbing? Well, how time flies when you are having fun. I am not sure why pubs just fade away –be it FAFIA or GAFIA... or some other version of life getting in the way. Heck, I only pubbed about 6 issues of a perzine in apa – can't even be sure, but I think the apa was RAPS – don't think it was around very long. I think one of the factors may very well be the mere fact that you have not let fandom become a central focusing factor in your lives. This way you take it seriously but not overly so...at least that is a thought that comes to mind.

Let me see...referred to a dermatologist, a cardiologist, called back for a second and then a third look at my routine mammogram, and one cat is in withdrawal from refusing to

taker her fluoxetine (generic Prozac) – she lost 2 pounds and looked as if she was dying –we'll see if that is “all” it is or if her renal failure suddenly ratcheted up and is causing this. Cats won't eat if they don't want to and there is not a whole lot you can do about it short of having a feeding tube inserted. Been just a lovely month or so.... Yeah, and I have not seen any of the bills yet!

I, routinely, ask physicians for a copy of all test results so I can track a timeline as needed – it comes in handy very often. I also tell all my clients to ask for a copy of all test results for their pets – too often the lab neglects to highlight items that should be called to the vet/owner's attention. With one of my own cats, the thyroid value was 3.9 and the upper level of normal is 4 – so it was not highlighted. I noticed it and asked for a second test, which corroborated hyperthyroidism (there had been an increase of 50% in the value in one year which I caught and on its own would have prompted me to look into the situation). I would think that in the UK, with the PHS, tracking hospital stays would be simple...but, come to think of it, that would include one central computer overseeing all the records.

You can buy Pill Pockets or have chew treats formulated (for cats there are six different flavors- the pharmacy gives a sample set of blanks to the veterinarian and then the owner tries them out to see which flavor(s) the cat will eat and then make them up with medication) to get meds into a pet. Dogs are usually easy-tuck the pill in a small bit of cheese or cream cheese and toss it-gulp and gone...not so with a cat...If they don't want to be medicated they can make life very unpleasant.

Hmm-is it terminology or actually different things-viewing versus a funeral? Around here the viewing traditionally take place at the funeral parlor – followed by the funeral. The viewing is, usually, open casket-then, after the viewing, the casket is closed and transported to the cemetery for the actual funeral.

Hope **E.B.**'s orange tree produced! I noted that the dwarf apple tree I put in (second one really) seems to be surviving but the dwarf cherry tree (again, second one) has now dropped all its leaves and I am not sure it is just the fall...so I will be accepting bets in the spring as to whether it survives or not...

There is a fund to get **John Hertz** to Japan for the worldcon – he is a fine candidate for such a one shot! I think the last batch of *Vanamondes* he sent are now up to about September 2005 – only a year to go.

I may have to resort to an online pharmacy (but so far even they have not looked too promising). The prescription sad amoxicillin – so I presumed it would be tablets – my insurance does not have a drug plan, but they do have an agreement with a company to provide drugs at a “lowered” (but not very much) price. The amoxicillin arrived – as gelatin capsules and so far I am having a devil of a time locating



amoxicillin in v-caps (vegetarian capsules). I would prefer to use a local pharmacy, but so far none of them have such a product and only one had even heard of v-caps. It was not very reassuring when I was referred to a formulating pharmacy and their answering message informed the public that they were in litigation with the State Board of Pharmacy and could neither release records, nor fill/refill prescriptions. Not very inspiring!

I just stumbled over some Canadian TV shows running in the "new" CW regular network – really enjoying the photography in Calgary in *Stone Undercover*...gorgeous scenery!

Jackie Cosgrove (Frake) is one of the fan artists I am trying to get written up and art showcased – so far I have not made much progress (same can be said about articles/showcase for Atom and Ian Gunn), but I keep trying.

Here's to at least another 20 years of pubbing! Thanks!

Sheryl

☐**CKK:** *The general hiring strategy in the law is that hiring after the second year is generally done in anticipation of making a full time offer after graduation so maybe your niece will be going to Las Vegas full time.*☐

**We also heard from:**

Judith Hanna, John Hertz, Bob Sabella, Julie Wall, and Sue Welch



Congratulations to this year's fan Hugo winners

**Best Fanzine:** *Plokta* edited, Alison Scott, Steve Davies & Mike Scott

**Best Fan Writer:** Dave Langford

**Best Fan Artist:** 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.

*Alexiad Vol. 5 No. 5* by Lisa and Joseph T. Major; 1409 Christy Ave.; Louisville, KY 40204-2040; bi-monthly; \$2

## Fanzines Received in Trade

or the usual. A nice fanzine with lots of book reviews and a solid letter column.

*Banana Wings #27* by Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer; 59 Shirley Road; Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES; UK; banana@fishlifter.demon.co.uk; irregular; the usual. A nice genzine with a wide range of articles including a long analysis of *The Red Dwarf* television series.

*Bento #18* by Kate Yule & David Levine; 1905 SE 43rd Ave; Portland, OR 97215; Kate@BentoPress.com; David@BentoPress.com; irregular; editorial whim. A nice small format genzine with articles discussing organic vegetables and puzzles like sudoku

*Challenger 24* by Guy H. Lillian, III; 8700 Millicent Way; Shreveport, LA 71115; <http://www.challzine.net/>; GHLIII@yahoo.com; irregular; \$6 or the usual. This is a fine genzine with good articles including continued information on the slow recovery of New Orleans.

*Living Free 134* by Jim Stumm; Hiler Branch, Box 29-KK; Buffalo, NY 14223; irregular; \$2. An interesting zine dedicated to living independently.

*MarkTime 77* by Mark Strickert; 9050 Carron Dr. #273; Pico Rivera, CA 90660; busnrail@yahoo.com; irregular; \$2 or the usual. Mark catches us up on his recent travels and engagement (congratulations).

*MaryMark Press* by Mark Sonnenfeld; 45-08 Old Millstone Dr.; East Windsor, NJ 08520; irregular; the usual. Various strange publications with experimental writing styles.

*Nice Distinctions 15* by Arthur Hlavaty; 206 Valentine St; Yonkers, NY 10704-1814; <http://www.maroney.org/hlavaty/>; hlvaty@panix.com; quarterly; \$1 or the usual. A small perzine with discussion of exercise and recent reading.

*No Award #163* by Marty Cantor; 11825 Gilmore St #105; N. Hollywood, CA 91606; martyhoohah@netzero.net; irregular; \$5 or the usual. A nice genzine back from a long hiatus.

*Opuntia 62.1B & 62.3* by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. If there is one faned who may be more prolific than me over the past twenty years it would have to be Dale. Lots of great short pieces in these issues. Send for your copies today.

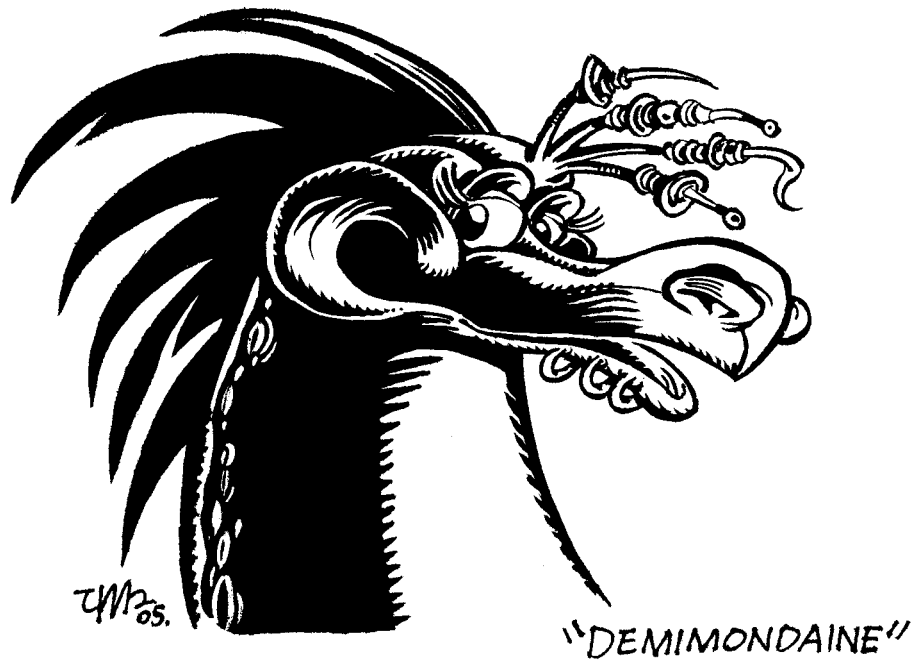
*The Reluctant Famulus 60* by Tom Sadler; 422 W Maple Ave; Adrian, MI 49221-1627; tdavidsadler@verizon.net; quarterly; \$2 or the usual. This is a nice genzine that is also back from a long hiatus.

*Vanamonde No. 653-57* 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 #106* by Bob Sabella; 24 Cedar Manor Ct; Budd Lake, NJ 07828-1023; BSabella@optonline.net; quarterly; the usual. This is a fine personal zine with personal commentary, letters, and book reviews that is unfortunately going all electronic.

## **Knarley's Planned Con Attendance**

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



### **You Got this Issue Because ...**

- ☐ A score of years is a pleasant prospect to behold.
- ☐ Over the years I've come to value you as a friend and someone worth corresponding with.
- ☐ You should receive some white before it begins to snow this year.
- ☐ You are going to write me some interesting 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.