



The Knarley Knaws 121

December 2006

*The Knarley Knews* -- Issue 121  
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**Next Issue Deadline:** February 10, 2007

# Editorial

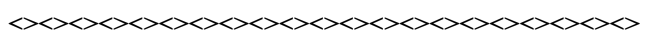
(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

Welcome to the end of 2006. I survived the 20th anniversary issue and am happily plugging away at the next 20 years. I haven't got much to say here in this editorial except to thank all of you for your contributions and letters over the years; they are the real reason I take the time and spend the money to put each issue out even if I grumble a bit from time to time. It is all about keeping in touch and the periodic e-mail lacks the formality and commitment to really keeping in touch.

The real reason I'm not going to write much in this editorial has a lot to do with the two law review papers I have to write. They are technically not due until February, but it seems foolish to postpone the writing when I have the better part of two weeks off without work or classes to attend. I have managed to complete the substantive draft on the first article on the experimental use exception to patent infringement as it applies to senior design projects. This is a question I have been asked by students and faculty over the years and have not been able to give a good answer until now. Without getting into all the details (over 30 pages double-spaced) only student projects that are selected by and largely funded by the students are likely to get the full protection of this. Projects sponsored by industry clearly don't qualify and university-sponsored projects are not likely to get the protection. If you really want to see a complete copy you can e-mail me or send a SASE that can handle 16 sheets of paper (about 3 ounces).

I also got a jump start on my editing duties by volunteering to do an edit over the winter break. So, during the week before Christmas, I spent 30 hours editing a paper on school funding that was **not** written by legal scholars. Thus, I had to do a lot of the detailed legal research to properly cite everything. I still have a few more hours of work left on that, but this will require some items to come in from inter-library loan.

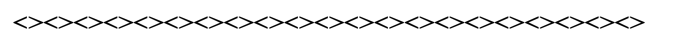
I did fine in my judicial internship and my other two classes, but grades won't be out for a few weeks yet. I technically haven't passed the internship as I still owe five hours of time, but that will happen by Monday the 8th. Classes for the spring start on the 10th and I'm taking courses in Patent and Trade Secret Law, Patent Prosecution, and Qualitative Methods for Lawyers (Statistics). The good news is the Qualitative Methods course has no text book, but the Patent Prosecution course has a \$500 textbook. Life can suck sometimes.



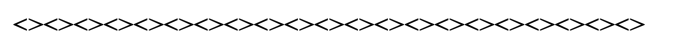
Kyle's hockey team continues to struggle somewhat. I have never seen a youth team work so hard, improve each game, and still lose most of their games. So far they have been competitive in all but two games this season and yet they only have three wins to show for it. Last Saturday's game was a prime example. Right from the drop of the puck they came out and put a flurry of shots on the opposing goalie and didn't

manage to score. This was the theme for the rest of the game as we out shot the other team two-to-one, but lost 4-1. This will correct itself in due time and the kids don't seem to be too frustrated by things. I can see how they are improving each game and the parents who are willing to be honest see it as well.

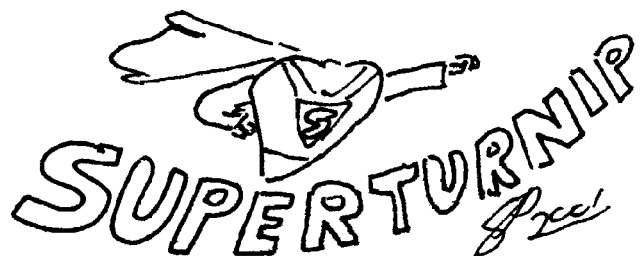
My hockey team just flat out sucks. We have effectively no offensive fire power. I am one of the few players who will actively hustle after the puck on offense, but I am no where near good enough to keep us in any game. Things were so bad that during one two game stretch I scored all three of the team's goals. I'm certain that some roster adjustments are coming as we have lost two players for the season for medical reasons. I hesitate to call them injuries as one player had blood clot problems (possibly due to a bruise from one of the games) and the other dislocated his shoulder during warm ups. I still think hockey is the safest team sport; especially one that allows contact.



Work on New Hope Cave at Maribel has slowed down somewhat. The park closes during the winter and once the snow is here to stay the hike from the road can become quite brutal. (Actually it is the walk back up hill to the cold car to change at the end of the day that is brutal.) The amount of material that has been moved this past year is phenomenal. Letha and J.D. (a Manitowoc-area local who has taken a huge interest in the park) spent countless hours working in the cave and helping organize the crews of country volunteers (typically country prisoners on work release for things like drunk and disorderly). On top of this Letha is learning a lot of geology and she is hoping to get some local geology professors interested in the work. The long-term goal is still a cave/karst visitor/research center in the park and the cave group is in the process of applying for a grant to get brochures printed and to pay a naturalist to give two tours a month during the summer.



Until next issue...



# Mind Porn

by Gene Stewart

Ask any mundane. A mundane being someone outside sf-dom, which is the world of the science fiction fan. They'll tell you: Science fiction started out getting no respect. It was considered, in Hugo Gernsback's days, one step sideways from pornography. It was called mind-rotting.

Think of it: A pornography of the mind. Fiction focused on exciting one's mind. Writing intended to spark thoughts about technology, the future, and the individual's place in it. That's not a bad definition of science fiction.

No wonder the stuffed-shirt conformists hated it. Hell, thinking might break out at any moment, with that sci-fi stuff rotting everyone's mind. And where might thinking lead?

Maybe because science fiction can provoke thinking, it quickly became the genre of choice for writers in fascist countries. Where dissent was crushed and criticism of the status quo was considered political insanity, science fiction provided a way out. Metaphor, extrapolation, and speculation set on other planets, in alien cultures that never were, somehow escaped the dictator's paranoia, at least often enough to allow many seminal dystopias to rise from the cultural ashes of many a nation-state.

Fantasy had always had this use. Kafka, Gogol, and even Lewis Carroll used flights of fancy to make barbed points about the world they found themselves in. It was a way of getting away with saying what could not be said.

Science fiction mated fantasy with a new kind of realism. Technology and other scientific advances were taken into account for the first time. Implications of new machines, new ways of doing things, became a valid topic for writers, and imagining both good and bad futures was suddenly compelling.

On top of that, science fiction also allowed contemporary problems to be approached in a way oblique enough to pass political muster.

Had Shakespeare been able to use science fiction's tropes, he would likely have been considered an outright enemy of the state, not just the occasionally-insouciant and inconvenient playwright and poet.

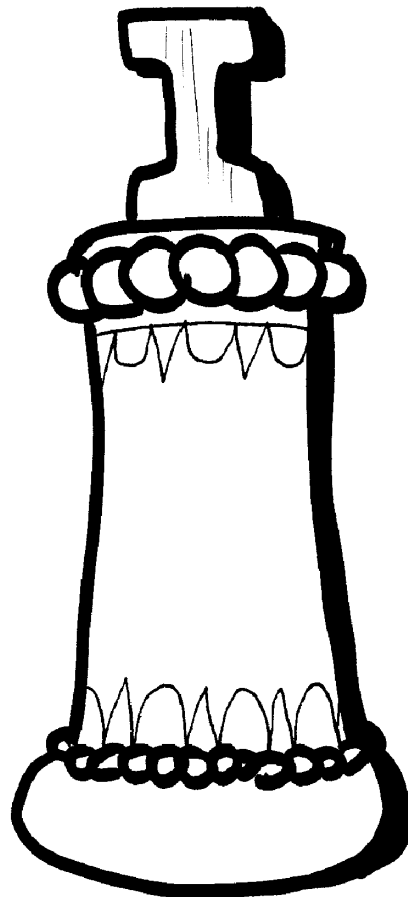
Science fiction allows direct comparisons to be made, and contrasts to be drawn, between what is, and what should never be, as a Plant once sang.

The trick is to keep a straight face. Even the Ticktock Man realized that, which is why the Harlequin was asked so vehemently to repent. We need sober satire, and deadpan dissent, if we're to slide past society's censors and into the minds of thinking people.

So it is sad to report that science fiction, in times so interesting that the curse is becoming obvious to all, seems to be retreating into escapism. Exceptions prove the rule: *Jigsaw Nation*, an anthology edited by Edward J. McFadden and E. Sedia, from Spyre Books, (<http://www.ekaterinasedia.com/anthologies.htm>), offers stories imagining a future when the red and blue states, as defined by the neo cons, split up, to become, essentially, two separate countries.

Note that this is not a major publishing house featuring such stories. Note that there simply aren't that many protest stories out there, in print.

Write some mind porn before it's illegal.



I'M TOO VALUABLE TO  
USE UP

# The Ethics of Government – Part IV

## The Ethics of “Congresscritters” - The Sequel

By Alex Slate

Well, it turns out that I found some outside support for what appears to be (at least) the plurality position on sex and the congresscritter [CG]. *The New York Times Magazine* publishes a regular column called “The Ethicist”, written by a fellow by the name of Randy Cohen. In the July 17, 2005 issue of the column, Mr Cohen addresses the following question from Washington State Senator Ken Jacobsen (Seattle), “I have always believed that an elected official’s private life is not part of the public record. Before and after the Mayor Jim West episode, I have heard colleagues discuss outing legislators who oppose gay rights but are rumored to be gay. What are the ethics in this case?”

Mr Cohen states “An official’s private life should remain private unless he or she makes it relevant to a public position freely taken.” Now, Mr Cohen also states, “A counterargument could be made in defense of hypocrisy, or at least for its irrelevance: a policy should stand on its merits, not on its advocate’s behavior.” This is an interesting academic and philosophical point, but the realities of politics deem otherwise. [Further note: When Mr Cohen talks about an official’s private life, he refers to family and intrapersonal dealings, but not business.]

And so, on to what is meant to be the main topic of discussion for this column, for this issue of *TKK*. Who does a CG represent while in congress, and what does this mean in terms of how he or she should vote on issues while there? Does it make a difference if the CG is a representative or a Senator?

Now it might appear somewhat obvious that the CG is sent to congress to represent the wishes of the people who elected him or her. That would be the people who actually voted for the CG. But can it really be so simple? There is one school of thought that would say, yes, it is that simple. But I don’t think so.

In fact, it is not clear that it was ever so. Justice Sandra Day O’Connor quotes one of the founding fathers that he wished that elected representatives would be able to put aside parochial interests and legislate in the interests of the country as a whole (from *The Majesty of the Law* by Sandra Day O’Connor). I agree with this viewpoint for a variety of reasons.

The first is that it is simply the right thing to do. This is consistent with the fact that I tend to the utilitarian view, that we are best served doing the most good for the most people.

The second is more practical in nature. How do you represent a group of people according to their wishes? Did all the people that voted for you share the same opinions on all the different issues? Did the people even vote for you because of the issues? And did they even really vote for you at all, or did they simply vote against the other poor schmuck? And was that majority really a majority after all?

After all, recent data indicates that at best 1/3 of the registered voters actually go to the polls, this in the most important (we hope) or (at least) the best publicized elections. Now that is all registered voters, which does not equal the sum total of all citizens eligible to vote, which is less than the entire populace (since the very young (<18), convicted felons, and non-citizens are not even eligible). Now, it is true that since a lot of motor-voter bills have come about that the registered voter numbers are hopefully beginning to approach the number of eligible voters.

But, even assuming the best and the winner gets 100% of the vote that is still only 33% [but we know that number is truly high]. If the winner gets 75% then the representation is only of 24.75%. At 65% that drops to 21.45% and at 51% (a bare majority of the vote) it is a little under 17%. So what is the real will of the populace?

Now let’s turn a little philosophical. The role of the congresscritter is to uphold and preserve the Constitution. The stated goal of this document is “... to form a more perfect union.” {At least at the national level.} To me this clearly means to look beyond narrow parochial interests, and to sometimes even protect the minority at the expense of the majority. So even if 65% of the vote represents the will of 65% of the populace, sometimes the will of the majority needs be thwarted when that will intends something not ethical or correct.

Not to even mention the fact that the will of the populace is notoriously short sighted and fickle. Sometimes we need to sacrifice the *wants* of the present in order to preserve the *needs* of the future.

I asked the question does a being a representative vs. being a senator matter? Practically the answer is yes. Representatives, up for reelection every 2 years tend to blow more with the winds of the present. Senators, elected for six years, tend to be more insulated from fickle voters. But, on a philosophical basis I don’t think that it should make a difference.

As for how to vote; I don’t think there are any clear guidelines how one should vote. There has to be a delicate balancing act between the present and the future, between voting to get reelected versus voting for what’s right (not necessarily the same thing), and between voting for what should be law as opposed to the need to get something done. It may be that “the government governs best is that which governs least,” but I would also say the government that governs not at all should also be taken out and shot.

Well, I’ve just about run out of gas on this topic. I haven’t decided what to talk about next, and it may get delayed for a while anyway. Keep tuned for news...

# A Curious, If Spurious, History of January

(c) by Jim Sullivan

Each of the twelve months in the year has had a strange and, in some cases, a circuitous history. Several of the those time periods' stories are both exciting and romantic; others are merely tragic. But because together the stories of all twelve months make for rather cumbersome reading, only January will be discussed in any detail here.

January has always been interesting. It's the first month of the year, the first of twelve months, and the first month after the end of the year. Are you beginning to see the circularity in all this?

In the Gregorian calendar, January has always been the first month of the year, too. But the world hasn't always used the Gregorian calendar. Much of the work still doesn't.

Named for the Roman god Janus, the god of gates and doorways, January is – Janus' month. He is said to have had two faces, one looked forward, and the other looked backward.

Many early-day scientists recognized January for what it was – darn cold. The first person, though, who did something about it was Tribute I, procurator of ancient Estrogen and northern New Jersey. It was he who first had the temerity and chutzpah to take January out of the calendar line-up, inserting in its place, the new month of Tributary. New Year's Day, then, was celebrated on the first of Tributary. If someone was born during that month, he or she was forever (actually, unbeknownst to Tribute, only for two more years) known as a Tributary baby. The months of the year, then, were Tributary, February, March, April, etc. You may recall a song from those days – *Tributary to December*.

Tribute's successor, Humphrey of Bodacious, not only took Tribute out of the castle, but Humphrey also took Tributary off the calendar, following his palace coup. That calendar, along with Tribute I, were take out to the castle's backyard, and, there, buried under the old olive tree. Though his calendar was dead when interred, unfortunately, Tribute I was not. He did expire on the following day, no doubt because of lack of nourishment.

It is too bad that during Humphrey's reign no one got wet nor did he ever re-insert January in the calendar. This put quite a strain on December and February, not to mention all the scribes and record keepers. They had to record events that occurred during the missing time slot, now unnamed. Historians call this period – Hempl Stoddly (that's middle-German for 31 missing days).

Luckily for all concerned, this confusion was cleared away upon the elevation to the throne of Farley the Short and Stout, King of all Estros. He placed January back into the

monthly line-up and greatly reduced the pressure building up at calendar printing offices everywhere. But, not all would stay well.

Not long after Farley's coronation, he fell in love with the powdery, beautiful, and diminutive Queen May of Dextrose-land. Farley was always telling his troubadours, not to mention his haberdashers, how sweet his May was. Anyway, the romance ebbed and flowed, seldom rising above sea level, for several years. But the relationship lost all of its sweetness one fine day when May, in a fit of pique, called Farley and old fatso. He took umbrage, which led to their breakup. In reality, they had never formed a solid bond, nor a profitable share of stock, for that matter. She did write to Farley, later, asking if they could still be pen pals. He turned bitter over the soured affair, or vice versa, and took revenge by removing her name-sake month, May, from the year-long sequence of months.

After a while, though still a little ticked off, he put May back in the calendar, but made it follow October. This raised havoc, instead of corne and wheate, with farmers. They had always planted their corne and wheate, not to mention their deceased, during May. This they continued to do. But now, their crops wouldn't grow because of the terribly inclement weather that follows October. And planting their deceased became a problem because they had to be kept through the warmer months. Farley's advisors begged him to reconsider his placement of May. Finally, to get his advisors to quit bugging him, he reset May after February.

This shift made May only two months early, but the farmers were happier. Though some of their crops now did grow, many still did not. And burying their deceased was even more of a chore with the frequently frozen ground. So, when Farley's son, Farlow the Rotund, came to full power (about 5,000 gigawatts), he restored May to its rightful sequence after April. Things were finally getting back to normal. But, then, this treatise isn't about May.

Farlow, who was to remain airless (making it hard for him to breathe), was succeeded by his nephew, Sigman the Hollow. This royal nephew started playing around with the month of January again. Seems as how he took offense to the coldness of that month.

His theory was that if he could shorten January and put it between a couple of solidly warm months, perhaps it, too, would warm up. So, he shortened it to 7 days and placed it between July and August. Much to his and his advisors' surprise, January finally did warm up. In fact, it became the hottest month of the year. Sigman was mightily pleased. In place of the shortened and shifted January, Sigman added 24

days to December, making it a month with 55 days. Now, it was the longest month of the year. Because December had always been a cold month, anyway, Sigman wasn't upset with temperatures throughout that month.

Birthdays and wedding dates became somewhat startling to see or hear in the newly elongated December. Many subjects in that kingdom were officially born on such dates as the 43rd of December. Others were born on December 55th. And marriages were held, for example, on the weekends of the 33rd and the 52nd of December.

Many people came to like the long December, mainly the kids. They usually were out of the dungeon school on vacation between Christmas and New Year's Day anyway, so they had a rather nice long holiday. Government workers, too, had all that time off, making them ecstatic. But, like all good things, it came to a sudden, if not abrupt, end.

Sigman was defeated, losing three out of the famous Five Battles of Pastings (which evoked today's cliché, "getting pasted"). The victorious opposing general, at these battles, was known as Roman Numeral V. He immediately buried Sigman beneath the old family olive tree. Sigman is believed to have been dead, or very, very sick anyway, before Roman Numeral V interred the body. By the way, Sigman was buried

in a standing position with his arm bent into a perpetual salute. Anthropologists aren't sure if this symbolizes that Sigman is reviewing his troops or that he is saluting the family olive tree.

After that burial, Roman Numeral V decreed that December return its extra 24 days to January. Then he removed it from between July and August and stuck it back in its first-month-of-the-year position.

This corrected calendar was to remain in existence for 300 more years. Then, in 1345, a Pope, without so much as a by your leave, took ten days out of January. He was sincerely motivated by the desire to cut down on the time peasants had to sin during the winter each year. Alas, it was a waste of 10 good days. The peasants just sinned more in the time they had left. So, a decade later, the same Pope restored the 10 days to January. Since then, no one has even so much as touched January.

Now, that's not true of the third month of the year. Beware the Ides of March, the warning put on every soup can label made during that month, was no idle threat. But that's another story. This one has been mostly about January, so you'll have to look into March yourself.



# Sue's Sites: Canoeing in Quetico Provincial Park

Or is it ethical to take wood from a beaver dam to burn in your campside fireplace?

by Sue Welch

"I knew I should have been lifting weights or at least finding out where the gym is," I thought while drinking coffee on my flight from LA to Duluth. My nice brother, Fred, is going to be totally embarrassed in front of his friends by his out of shape sister. My pack weighing a mere 20 pounds felt too heavy to even get it on my back to say nothing of the tent and sleeping bag plus of course my paddle, life jacket, stove and various other equipment as well as food. Sitting on my couch, watching *General Hospital* tapes from the month when I was in China, all of the sudden did not seem like a very wise use of the past 10 days.

Ely, Minnesota or our departure point lies 120 miles north-east of Duluth; Fred, my brother, our trip leader, had arranged for a taxi for us from the Duluth airport to a motel in Ely, less than a block from our outfitter. Even though we had arrived at 1:30 am, next morning found everyone, except me, outside ready to go before 8 am. "Hurry up, let's go, Sue", came a chorus of the 7 others (five men and two women, from the Detroit area), all of whom looked as if they lived at the gym. At last hours later, all our stuff had been loaded into a van, a huge breakfast had been consumed and the bathroom used for the last time for the next 8 days. Due to the fact that it was now afternoon and it is a three/four hour paddle to get into the Quetico Area, we opted for a water taxi to drive us to our starting point; motors are allowed on the US side of this lake.

After the first shock of getting my shoes and pants wet during the loading of the canoe, **I WAS IN LOVE**. For eight days we paddled here and there, portaged between lakes, swam, laid on rocks in the warm sunshine, ate, sat around the campfire, talking of this and that and enjoying beautiful August weather and each others company. We encountered no bears but did hang our food between trees at night. We saw mule deer, spotted flying and nesting eagles, constantly heard and saw loons. Each lake was different and even more beautiful than the last. The number of people allowed into the park is limited. Rarely did we see other canoes. There are designated campsites with more or less flat areas for tents and stone built fire places but camping is allowed anywhere as our fires. No problem finding good fire wood, just bend over and pick it up. In 1999 on the July 4th weekend, hurricane force winds of 90 mph spent 20 minutes tearing up this area; this ensures firewood for campfires as well as forest fires for years to come. (In fact you may have heard of

the fire on the Gun Flint Trail this past July; which took firefighters from all over the US to put out.) Only noise came from a seaplane, which flew overhead once a day; I suspect in case help was needed.

Quetico Provincial Park is a large wilderness area in north-western Ontario. It has 1.18 million acres, shares its southern border with Minnesota's Boundary Waters Wilderness Canoe Area. To the east lies La Verendrye Provincial Park and to the west Voyageur National Park. These four areas form the largest protected area in the heart of the North American continent. Permits are required to enter Canada but the actual border seems a bit sketchy. It is also necessary to pay a camping fee. No one asked to see this paperwork.

Quetico Provincial Park was created in 1913; no logging has been allowed since 1971. Motor vehicles, including boats were banned in 1979 with the exception that the Lac La Croix Guides Association, which can operate 10 horsepower, boat engines; these powerboats will be phased out by 2015. Groups cannot exceed 9. No bottles or cans may be brought in and all non-burnable containers such as plastic food packages must be carried out. All mechanized devices are prohibited and it is illegal to damage live trees and plants. In 2007 barbed hooks and live bait will also be banned.

If you like the quiet of the wilderness, come canoeing in Quetico. You won't be disappointed.

As to the question of whether or not it is ethical to take wood for your campfire from a beaver dam, please send your opinion to Sue's Site, c/o *The Knarley Knews*.





## 356 Squadron



Following the Typex course, it was back to Bombay again on the Frontier Mail. This time my companion was a European girl re-joining her family. As had happened previously on the Juhu line, an officer had come to see her off and decided I was the most human looking character in the compartment so would I look after her? During the journey she kept telling me how lonely she would be in Bombay where she didn't know a soul. I was so India Service conditioned to the fact that common rankers like me were not intended to escort English girls, that I never realized she was angling for a date. Not that it would have been practical anyway. Service democracy decreed that all places of entertainment of any bottle were "Officers Only" and I don't think she would have appreciated beans on toast at Smokey Joe's.

I had been back in Bombay for a month before I was called upon to repair a stricken Typex machine. I was hauled out of my charpoi just after midnight and loaded into a chauffeur-driven staff car to be ferried some twenty miles up the coast to Santa Cruz aerodrome where a stropky Typex machine was steadfastly refusing to print anything out. A rather sheepish Indian Air Force officer explained that he had accidentally spilt a bottle of glue inside one of the print heads. The highly technical solution was to take a bit of rage and carefully wipe out all the gunk. At this point I became of no interest to anyone and was left to find a bed for the rest of the night and pay my own fare to get myself back to Bombay in the morning.

That was my one and only call to mend a Typex machine. A few days later, my promotion to exalted rank of Corporal, came through. This was closely followed by a posting to join a heavy bomber squadron being formed, "somewhere in Bengal." As far as I can recall, this was in January 1944 and my orders were to join 356 Squadron in a place called Piardoba, somewhere in the wilds of Bengal. I did the usual round of autograph collecting on my Clearance Chitty, collected a Travel Warrant and duly entrained for a long ride through the wilds of India headed for Calcutta which I reached the following day. Struggling through a horde of char wallahs and natives selling strange looking things laid out on fly-covered leaves, I boarded a local train which pulled out of Calcutta and wended its way through the desolate countryside and eventually dropped me at Piardoba just before sunset.

Journey's end? Not on your Nellie. The RAF had sent me to the wrong place. Piardoba proved to be an Indian Air Force camp and 356 Squadron was several stops back down the line at a place called Salbani which I had passed through on the way up. No doubt this misdirection was a cunning ploy to prevent the Japanese finding out that Jeeves was coming to

## Carry on Jeeves

By Terry Jeeves

operate against them. A very helpful Indian officer fixed me up with a meal and a bed for the night. Next day I caught the train back to Salbani which proved to be a teeming (with bed-bugs) metropolis of some five or six mud huts set like a jewel on the mudflats of a feeble stream trying hard for promotion into a river. With luck, I managed to find a truck heading off into the wilderness to my new home, 356 Squadron.



Salbani aerodrome was located several miles further into the wilderness. It boasted a few dispersal pens with concrete overhangs designed to keep the blazing sun off the B-24 Liberators, a handful of adobe huts with thatched roofs, a roofless cinema, a few workshops, a cookhouse, and a canteen run by a bloke called M.Hag. There was also a liberal population of snakes, spiders, scorpions, and giant (8" long) centipedes. Throw in a colony of vultures which spent their time hanging around outside the cookhouse, from which vantage point they would swoop down to snatch the uneaten food off a plate being taken to the waste bins. One airman got his own back by carrying out a plate on which was a discarded soya (a.k.a. cardboard) sausage to which he had tied a long cord with the other end fastened to a palm tree. That was the only time I saw a vulture do an outside loop. Another delight of that cookhouse was the eight foot long snake which lived in a nearby palm thicket.

The motto of our nascent squadron was, "We bring freedom and assistance." Just how that was done by dropping 500 lb bombs remained a mystery. When I arrived, it was largely academic as we only had four Liberators on strength out of what would eventually be a complement of sixteen. We shared the aerodrome with 355 Squadron which was about to go operational so there was much rivalry. The main repartee consisted of, "Get some flying hours in," shouted at us by 355 airmen, but our retaliation was more barbed, "Bombs away – bomb doors away," being a reference to the time when a 355 aircraft dropped its practice bombs without first bothering to open the bomb doors.

I was put in charge of Maintenance, which meant that for the first few weeks my working hours were spent crawling around inside the big bombers during the daytime, preferably one in a dispersal pen and shielded to some degree from the sun. Unshaded Libs got so hot they could give you a nasty burn. In the evenings I spent time boning up on the technical manuals to find out how everything worked. The difference from Spitfires with their single TR-9 transceiver was considerable.

Each Lib had ten crew positions: pilot, co-pilot, front gunner, bombardier/navigator, mid-upper gunner, ball turret gunner, wireless operator, two waist gunners, and a tail gunner. Each of these crew stations had an intercom point with a two-valve pre-amplifier and two types of microphone and earphone connections – one for American gear, one for British. There was also a control box for each crewman to select which system he wanted from a choice of intercom, command transmitter, liaison transmitter, and an override position. All these had to be checked before each flight; a long and tedious job. This little collection only formed the tip of the iceberg. Each item of radio gear had its own built-in motor generator to convert the 24 volts from the aircraft batteries into 220 volts for the multitude of gadgets. These comprised: one liaison transmitter and its associated receiver plus an aerial winch for the trailing aerial; a command transmitter with a separate modulator unit and *three* receivers; and a radio compass unit with separate control boxes for pilot and navigator. This little lot had to be fully tested before a flight and if anything wasn't working it had to be fixed – FAST!

Testing required power in large dollops. The radio compass on its own could flatten an aircraft battery in short order. However, each B-24 had its own built in petrol electric generator (called an APU – Auxiliary Power Unit). On reaching an aircraft, the first trick was getting inside. If the hydraulic system was up to pressure, a pull on a lever behind a small flap on the starboard side would result in a banshee howl and cause the bomb doors to roll smoothly up and allow easy entrance. If there was no pressure you had to clamber up past the nose wheel and through the navigator's tunnel. Once there, a flick of a switch and a compressor would top up the hydraulics to make further ins and outs much easier. There was a third way – if you had the muscle power you could heave yourself up about four feet through the rear escape hatch. Caution was needed here. If too many airmen were in the rear end at once and the tail bumper hadn't been supported by an empty oil drum, the whole tricycle undercarriage aircraft would crunch back on its tail with expensive results.



Once inside, the next step was to start the APU. Naturally, Sod's Law insisted that nine times out of ten, it would be out of fuel so you had to hunt up a fuel can and top it up. Then it was a steady slog from nose to tail, testing each transmitter and receiver, the radio compass, etc., as well as each crewman's intercom point. Testing the ball turret was a real bind. This was a round ball some 3 feet in diameter and suspended on lowering gear from when the aircraft was in flight. First you had to fit a crank, then rotate the ball until you could open its hatch. The next step was to crawl inside, head first, locate the sockets and plug in your intercom gear, located the foot switch, and press it to test the equipment. Once that was done everything had to be closed up again. I don't envy the gunner who had to squeeze in there and stay hunched up with

two guns coming up between his legs – for hours at a time, heros all.

Once you had adequate power to run it the radio compass was a treat to operate. To get a bearing, one simply tuned in a radio station, switched to "Compass" and a needle would swing round to point in the right direction. All the pilot had to do was point the aircraft that way and he'd fly straight home. Easy? Nothing to go wrong? Well not usually, until the day the unhappy pilot found out during a test flight after an inspection that he was flying away from his home base instead of towards it. For some reason the compass was reading the wrong way round. On its return to base we changed the compass for a new one without any improvement. Next we climbed on top of the B-24, undid some twenty Alan's screws and replaced the loop aerial – the fault persisted. The trouble must be in the wiring, but what could cause it to give a reverse reading? We were about to offer prayers to Allah before we finally located the trouble. The mechanic who checked the equipment had managed to bend the pins on the aerial plug so that it went into its socket the wrong way round! Once the pins were straightened, all was OK.



When something couldn't be repaired inside an aircraft it had to be carted back to the workshop. This was complicated by the fact that we had no workbenches. Spare chunks of timber were rather scarce in that desolate environment.

However, a quick recce into the latrine block (several concrete-capped holes in the ground) revealed that each small cubicle had a crude wooden door. Not for long! The doors were soon removed and carted back to the workshop where legs were added and we had some nice new workbenches. Strangely, no one ever complained or came looking for the missing doors.

Gradually we acquired more Liberators and the workload grew as we worked up to going operational. Working in the mid-day sun was a problem. Touching the bare metal could give you a burn. To get round this we had rather strange staggered working hours. First shift was from 7:30am until 8:30am, an hour off for breakfast, then a shift from 9:30 until noon. Rest until 4pm when we had another session until 7pm. By the end of each day, like a song, we didn't quite know where or when. Then there was the monsoon which presented quite a different problem. The heat was less, but very steamy, rather like a Turkish bath. To add to the trouble, Liberators leaked like sieves. Water got into the intercom boxes so that when you plugged in headphones, all you got was a banshee howling. Aircrew disliked this as it kept them awake. The howl persisted until you unscrewed the control boxes, carted 'em back to base, dried them over a fire, and then re-installed them – for all ten boxes.

# INTERLOCUTIONS

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01 Nov 2006

Wow, 120. That's a long run. Twenty years of a zine that has been nothing but high quality stuff (or at least all the back issues that I've been through have been high quality). I've been doin' *The Drink Tank* and I just made it to issue 100 a few weeks ago. There's a world of difference between our zines, not the least of which being that I think you proof-read yours where as I...not so much. Congrats and I hope you can make it to 240 someday...probably around the time I'm putting out *The Drink Tank* 1000!

I first came across *The Knarley Knews* through eFanzines.com. There's the tradition of folks who run eZines not getting nearly the numbers of LoCs, and this is true for many of us, but there are exceptions. I mostly stump up my own articles from folks, so I wouldn't know about contributions, but I get about 2 to 3 LoCs an issue, though I come out weekly and I've probably got 10 people who at least semi-regularly write in to me. There are some eZines, like *Vegas Fandom Weekly* and *Pixel*, that do really well with LoC rates, with *VFW* probably getting between ten and fifteen LoCs an issue and they come out roughly weekly. *eI* by Earl Kemp is another that gets a fair amount of response. I'd ask Marty Cantor about his experience, since I think more folks came across it on eFanzines than on paper.

\$450 an issue for mailing is nuts. I'm nearly going broke trying to print and mail things for my TAFF race. If you do get a chance, give a read to issue 102 of *The Drink Tank* on eFanzines. No need to respond, but give it a read. If you enjoy it, I'll try and get a print issue of *The Drink Tank Presents* out to ya every few months. That's about all I can do print wise.

Love the **Brad Foster** cover. It took me a couple of decades to really get **Brad's** art. I really didn't find myself enjoying it until I came back in the early oughts and discovered that yeah, he's a freakin' genius. It was one of those fannish moments of clarity.

**Guy's** look at his fanning is very interesting, and very much different from my own. Why do something for the reaction of others? I've never understood that concept. I'm just not much of an outside affirmation kind of guy, I guess. I know that's been the prevailing thought among fanzine fans for decades. I guess that's why I'm better suited to eZining than most: I just don't mind if I get no response. I also didn't know that Carr and Ellik did the Bull.

I think **Jan's** reasoning for zining seems pretty well-balanced. I've enjoyed the hell out of *Peregrine Nations* and it was a big part of my getting started in fan writing. Without *PN*, there'd be no *Drink Tank*, no *Claims Department* and certainly I wouldn't have started shipping out stuff to *Pixel* and *VFW*.

**John Hertz** makes wonderful points as well. He makes some good points about the blending of pros and fans. I've never made much distinction between the two categories, mostly because there's been no need to do so. Every writer I've met at a con has as much connection with SF fandom as the fen do: only from the other side!

All of the assorted short reasons are strong as well, but I didn't see the most important one for folks who used to do old Punk zines: To Impress Chicks.

**Gene Stewart** raises questions that I struggled with when I was seriously trying to be a writer of fiction. Luckily, I grew out of that phase. Thank Ghod, I was really bad at it.

I've often thought of running for political office. I've done a hoax campaign for Mayor of San Jose and once ran for the actual Mayorship of Santa Clara, CA. I don't believe all politicians are fakes and liars, just the ones who we end up hearing about. Think of all the congressmen in your State House. How many of them have you heard of? Most politicians are good people who want to do good things and have a smart world view, even if it differs from mine or anyone else's. The ones we tend to hear about are the hardliners. When the wrong people run and manage to win, and it happens more than most folks would think, they are usually the ones that end up with serious scandals. It's pretty easy to see that only the truly ambitious make it to the higher levels of Government, and that takes a certain amount of cunning and guile which usually resides with those who aren't the most honest people in the world.

I don't have a credit card. After getting 100 large in debt for college, I declared that I would not add to my debt until that lump was paid off. Currently, I'm about 75 grand away from that day. I've got 28 more years to do it too!

I've always wanted to see the Terra Cotta warriors. I'm a historian so things like this really make me want to jump on a plane...or a boat (I hate flying) to China and get in line fast. I'm glad to hear that the government has realized that it's a tourist attraction and given it the treatment that International visitors expect.

I've never read anything Nero Wolfe. I know...I'm a heathen.

I'm a big fan of ENIGMA machines (the Computer History Museum has one in our Collection) and of the various other coding and decryption machines. I'd love to see a Typex. I had heard of them, but never knew much about them. I think the San Diego Computer Museum had one, but they went out of business not too long ago. Such is the danger of not having an endowment.

Fine AnnIsh, I must say.

Chris

☐**TKK**: I make some effort to proof read materials sent to me. I'm not always very conscientious about proof reading my own editorials. I only spend about \$450/year on mailing.☐

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November 7, 2006

And now the knews ... Kurt Vonnegut occasionally got something right, particularly when he wasn't relying on the works of court-certified liars. In, as I recall, *Cat's Cradle* he discussed "wampeters" and "granfaloons". "A wampeter is an object around which the lives of many unrelated people may revolve," he said, and, "A granfaloon is a proud and meaningless association of human beings." That seems to describe fanzines and fandom, respectively. It's not surprising that Linda Bushyager called one of her fanzines *Granfaloon*.

It costs me around \$1800 a year to print and mail out my family newsletter. I get some donations, not as much as I like, but that's the breaks. Some of it I get back in lodging and then there's the good feelings of human contact.

We used to send *Alexiad* to the NorWesCon fanzine lounge. Ry'kandar Korra'ti asked and I used to know her back when Dara was Dar, in Lexington. She quit doing the lounge. Since I had never heard one word from out west...

**Dale Speirs** has made the same point in comments about distributing, or not distributing *Opuntia*. He is one of the most prolific faneds around, up there with **John Hertz** and **Arnie Katz**. But no one seems to think he is worth mentioning.

Writing on "the statutory protection for caves". Well, write what you know.

**Guy Lillian** speaks of "self-expression amidst others who know what it's all about". True. But nowadays it's easier to be on a blog, or LiveJournal, or MySpace, or whatever's hot now that we old-timers like don't even **know** about, you know? Such self-expressions are ephemeral but those who make them don't care, they don't have that time perspective.

**Sydrous** recalls the time he dropped a brick on Somtow Papinian Sucharitkul (and now

you know where the name of the pompus asinus of a general in the *Aquila* series came from). He then echoes the editor.

But the people who share your common interests also each have other interests; and people change over time. So you have to recruit. And when the potential recruits don't even care ...

**Jan Stinson** is dreaming the impossible dream of finding people who have logical opinions. If she viewed the breadth of fanzinedom, she would find that fanzines are primarily about 1) what the writers did in the heady days of the sixties, when all the world was ripe for change and brimming with excitement; 2) what they're doing now.

**John Hertz** is, like, trapped in that **physical** thing, you know? After having seen a supposedly intelligent and serious person flip through the pages of an issue of *Alexiad* and then say, in a bored and detached way, "I only read stuff that's on line," I wish there were more people like **John**.

**Bill Legate** quotes a letter from Scott Edelstein on the topic of R. A. Lafferty declaring that "Mr. Lafferty is completely and incurably insane." He makes that sound like such a **negative** thing.

"Sue's Sites": There were some of those figures from the terracotta army at the exhibit at the International Museum of the Horse. Evidently they had stabilized them sufficient to travel to the land of the barbarian round-eyes.

"Reflection on ... Nero Wolfe": *Fer-de-Lance* is the first Nero Wolfe book. There, we learn that Saul Panzer and Fred Durkin had been on Wolfe's payroll before the Depression, and that Wolfe bought illegally brewed beer in barrels during Prohibition. The crime involves a man who is killed while playing golf.

The answer about Archie's and Wolfe's relationship may be found in the works of another Wolfe, Gene. Severian, the narrator of Gene Wolfe's *Book of the New Sun*, travels for a time with Baldanders, a giant, and Dr. Talos, a small and somewhat obnoxious person. Later on, Severian meets Dr. Talos again, and mentions that he had thought that, from the way they acted, that Baldanders was the servant and Dr. Talos the master, and then learned that it was the other way around. Severian asks Dr. Talos why he berated, insulted, and goaded Baldanders. The doctor points out that the Autarch has an alarm clock. Why is the most powerful man in the world ordered around by a machine? That was what Dr. Talos did for Baldanders, keep him motivated and stimulated.

Archie's job (part of it) is to encourage Wolfe to do something besides read and work on orchids. 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" would also not urge him to work. Everything has a price.

One plot that proliferated, particularly in the later books, was the one where all the suspects to a murder get together and hire Wolfe to solve it. I suppose the murderer doesn't want to draw attention to himself. Of course, the somewhat more ab-

surd version of this is the one where all the suspects **individually** come hire Wolfe — nobody, say, brings in David Small.

“Carry On Jeeves”: The cleaning wallah would have learned not to wash 2500 volt power units with a wet rag well enough. I realize that he would never have been able to use this knowledge again, but we must all make sacrifices.

I have a computer program that simulates the operation of an Enigma machine, complete with rotors, plugboards, and whatnot. It even has a visual simulator of the actions of the machine.

InterLOCutions: **Rodney Leighton**: The book with Inspector Cramer is titled *Red Threads*.

Me: The hospital, the lab, and the insurance company finally composed their differences over the \$\$\$ bill for the special blood test, and not at my expense, either. Yes, that is slightly amazing. Apparently it didn't show anything too out of line.

I haven't had giardia or cryptosporidiosis. Perhaps I should add “yet” to that.

**E. B. Frohvet**: And Adams's last words were “Thomas Jefferson still lives.” However, he was wrong. It is interesting to read about the 1800 Presidential Campaign [between Adams and Jefferson], and realize that, due to the original intent of the Founding Fathers, this was a race within the government itself.

I'm your conscience, Fred.  
You're supposed to listen to  
your conscience;  
and as your  
conscience,  
I think we  
ought to  
go out and  
get blind,  
stinking  
drunk.



**Marc Schirmeister**: If I were more confrontational, I would ask Jehovah's Witnesses whatever happened to the 144,000 elect. Basically, there were supposed to be 144,000 elect at the End of Days — by an amazing coincidence they would all be Jehovah's Witnesses. Most of the early converts were among the 144,000. But, as the Day of Days kept on getting put off, many of the original chosen passed on to their reward. Since some were supposed to be among the living when the End came, this decline became well embarrassing.

**Alex Slate**: Look at <http://www.overlawyered.com> and get back to me on the issue of “exaggerating for effect”. You can't exaggerate that.

**Dave Szurek**: I could understand the guy who took patients from the waiting room to the relevant hospital lab recognizing me when I had three tests in six weeks. But recognizing me a year later?

**Bill Legate**: There's also Ken Darby's *The Brownstone House of Nero Wolfe* (1983) which among other things has a slightly more plausible floor plan for the house on West Thirty-Fifth Street.

“Watson Was a Woman” got some less than positive press in the BSI. One other Irregular wrote a refutation of it. He cited a number of the stories and when they were listed in the order cited the first letters spelled out “NUTS TO STOUT”.

**Sheryl Birkhead**: If I have to change doctors because of a change in medical plans, I may have to ask for a set of my records. Which will be pretty thick.

We got a look at the cats' medical records once. The one on top happened to say in rather noticeable print “Sulla will bite.” The vets had to put a muzzle on him, even as he was dying he bit out at me for putting pills down his throat, and he bit the cat-sitter's husband.

Namarie,  
Joseph T Major

☐CKK: You don't want giardia or cryptosporidiosis. They both make Montezuma's Revenge look like a quiet picnic in the park.☐

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10 Nov 2006

Dear Henry,

Fantastic cover! Perfect for this issue and you!! It should certainly be in a collection of the cream of *The Knarley Knaws*. And in a **Brad Foster** collection.

Re: fanzines. I prefer reading print zines and books rather than reading them online. I do read book excerpts online, among other things, and I always wish I were reading them in print. However, now and then I mention something I've

read—often in print—and people want to know how to access it online so that they can read it. I’ve sent links to eFanzine now and again.

I see you’re even busier than usual. (I have a problem saying No to requests too, and later I ask myself—What were you thinking of?!) Is it the challenge? The opportunity? Anyway, I see that you are accomplishing a lot, which is always a good feeling. I hope you catch up with your sleep some day. Working in the caves and playing hockey probably seems like a pleasant respite to you?

I really enjoyed the fanzine articles and history, also your fanzine round-up under categories. Did you make extra copies of this issue for distribution?

The other articles were also interesting; I especially enjoyed **Jim Sullivan’s** piece on plastic surgery. The library card cap was a smart idea. (I’m always aware of the library books I have and always return them early so I don’t forget them. And, yes, I always read them first, unlike DVDs that sometimes go unwatched so they’re not late. (Thank You for Smoking is worth watching, btw.)

Thank you, **Sue**, for the interesting background on Xian. (I have two horse replicas that I bought when the Chinese theme park in Florida closed down; there were a lot of soldier replicas at the auction too, and the buildings were fantastic.)

Interesting article on the Nero Wolfe books; I’ve always enjoyed those stories and couldn’t bear to watch the recent TV series, which I came across now and then. (I like the Spenser novels even more.)

Thanks to **Terry Jeeves** for another fascinating look into history. Amazing what people in service had to cope with.

LOCs: **Joseph Major**, I don’t think I saw the *NACL/Fox trot* strip; or if I did, I probably missed the significance of it. **E.B. Frohvet**, thank you for pointing out that snakes are not clammy; that reminds me of an old Bonanza episode where a character talked about “slimy Spanish moss,” which is very dry (unless it was rained on). It became a family joke.

Appreciatively,  
Joy V. Smith

☐**CKK**: I deliberately made extra copies of last issue for distribution to many who had fallen off my mailing list. I can’t say as if it was very successful at re-interesting them.☐

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11 Nov 2006

I’ve been publishing longer than you, but you’ve got me beat easily for number of issues. I can’t even imagine any zine of mine going to 120. I can, however imagine getting great **Foster** art for a cover – I’ve done it once or twice. You’ve defi-

nately done it here. I’m trying to remember which Hindu god is depicted here – Brahma, the Creator! (Thanks, Google.)

I produce fanzines for a combination of the reasons expressed by your other readers. I remember when I first discovered fanzines back in the late 1960s. The idea excited me and intimidated me as well. I started by contributing letters, articles and poems in 1966, not producing my own title until 1974. I think the biggest attraction was finding other people who loved science fiction at least as much as I did, and being able to connect with them. I also found the idea of the fan subculture, with its own history, jargon, customs and media a romantic one. At the time, I fully believed that fans were slans.

We’ve put issues of *Littlebrook* on eFanzines, and received a few responses that we would not have gotten otherwise. I think it helps to be archived on a site where people go to see what’s new and different, or if their old favorites have gotten back into action. Putting your zines on your own site as you do means that someone has to specifically look for *Knarley* through Google or some other search engine or link. If you posted the zine to eFanzines, it would show up at the top of the page as being new, and people who have never heard of it or you would sample it. You might get a few more responses than the single one you got through your own page.

I checked out the site for the Cherney-Maribel Caves but was disappointed not to find photos of them. Are there plans to add some?

I agree with **John Hertz** on the place of science fiction in fanzines. It should hover in the background, weave its way into the ground beneath our feet, and sometimes break out like chunks of chert or granite (one of my current favorite zines is *Steam Engine Time*) but doesn’t need to be the entire landscape. **John’s** similes (“running through like a thread or resonating like a tone”) remind me of Bob Shaw’s metaphor. (I quasi-quote.) “You need yeast to make beer, but you don’t necessarily want to drink beer with yeast still in it.”

I’m going to guess you excerpted **Bill Legate’s** piece on opinions from a letter, and used the last two paragraphs by mistake. If not, then the whole piece makes no sense to me.

The installment of “Carry on Jeeves” you printed, “Transmitters and Typex,” was about the most interesting thing I’ve ever seen from **Terry**, and I hope there’s a follow-up describing his experiences actually using and repairing the coding/decoding machine.

On the YGOT on the back cover, you put a question mark next to “We trade.” Well, if we ever get another issue of *Littlebrook* done, yes we do. We keep putting it off while we work on other fannish projects, like TAFF. Suzle’s busy administering, while I’m adding bit by bit to a first draft of her TAFF trip report. Once I’ve finished my portion, she’s going to go through, adding her own memories and impressions, and removing the more boring - or over-sharing - stuff I put in.

So thanks for keeping us on your mailing list despite the infrequency of my responses.

Jerry Kaufman

☐**TKK:** *I'm going to experiment for a while with having an announcement of each new issue placed on eFanzines to see if they draws any interest. There are plans for photos, etc. on the Maribel Caves web page, for now they are concentrating on photo documenting the dig profiles for future geologic study.*☐

Bill Legate  
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Nov. 13, 2006

Martin Gardner's 1957 title was *Fads and Fallacies in the Name of Science*.

One apparent inconsistency many notice in Sherlock Holmes is between *The Sign of Four* (as some publishers have it) or *The Sign of the Four* (as it is usually cited). And the first of the twelve *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* is "A Scandal in Bohemia."

In chapter 2 of *The Sign* Mary Morstan's father disappeared Dec. 3, 1878; this was "nearly ten years ago." The May 4, 1882 advertisement for Mary's address was "about six years ago." The same day she finally published her address, she received a pearl in the mail. She has received a similar pearl on the same date every year – altogether six pearls. Then she gets a letter postmarked London S.W., July 7, signed "Your unknown friend," calling a meeting; and she consults Sherlock Holmes. In chapter 3, Holmes has learned that Maj. Sholto "died upon the twenty-eighth of April, 1882." Watson wonders what the mystery is about, and why this letter was sent now, "rather than six years ago?" – Later in the chapter: "It was a September evening and not yet seven o'clock."

Never mind the discrepancy between July 7 and "a September evening"; consider the year. On a first reading, you tend to suppose it's 1888. But Dr. Watson has not yet married Mary Morstan; he obtains her consent in chapter 12. But then in the second paragraph of "A Scandal in Bohemia," "I had seen little of Holmes lately. My marriage had drifted us away from each other" – and the third paragraph begins, "One night – it was on the twentieth of March, 1888 – I was returning from a journey to a patient (for I had not returned to civil practice), when my way led me through Baker Street." So Watson stops to visit. Holmes offers him a cigar, and gestures at "a spirit case and a gasogene in the corner."

I observe that Watson can be already married in March of 1888, -if- Mary Morstan's first visit to Holmes and Watson was in the late summer of 1887. Then we can say that (in *The Sign of Four*) her father's disappearance "nearly ten years ago" was actually just nine years ago; and the advertisement placed "about six years ago" was just five years and four months. And this permits her to have received six pearls in the six years 1882 through 1887. – So we can say that Watson

married in late 1887/early 1888, before the Bohemian prince came around.

You may be more concerned to know what a gasogene was: It made carbonated water. According to Wikipedia "It consisted of two linked glass globes, surrounded by a wicker or wire protective mesh because they tended to explode. The lower contained water or other drink to be made sparkling, the upper a mixture of tartaric acid and sodium bicarbonate that reacted to produce carbon dioxide. It is a siphon in that the produced gas pushes the liquid out of the device."

Watson said that Holmes "never spoke of the softer passions, save with a gibe and a sneer.... Grit in a sensitive instrument, or a crack in one of his high-power lenses, would not be more disturbing than a strong emotion in a nature such as his."

On a completely different subject: One of the victims of Jack the Ripper was Annie Chapman, found about 6:00 am on Sat., Sept. 8, 1888. Elizabeth Long thought she saw her at 5:30 am, talking to a man wearing a deerstalker. And another victim of Jack the Ripper was Elizabeth Stride, found with her throat cut just off Berner St. in the East End at 1 am Sun., Sept. 30, 1888. She was last seen alive, 25 minutes earlier, by police constable William Smith there along Berner St., talking to a clean-shaven man with a dark overcoat, dark trousers, and a deerstalker.

Patricia Cornwell's *Portrait of a Killer: Jack the Ripper Case Closed* (2002) is what I call good writing. Her candidate for the Ripper is an eccentric artist, Walter R. Sickert, 1860-1942. She believes he murdered a number of women, more than most recent Ripperologists have thought – not only in 1888 but some in the following years. Is she right? I don't know. Books on Jack the Ripper keep a-coming.

Of course the U.S. is the land of the free, in the sense of the Constitution, and I'd rather be here than anywhere else. But there are a ridiculous number of laws, not presently enforced. Many people consider themselves law-abiding citizens, without thinking about it very much. You might notice that some one law is "wrong" – it doesn't fit with your certainties about basic right and wrong, so that you would inevitably, in some circumstances, disobey it – but still assume that everyone should obey "the law." ... I don't know where that consideration leads.

Bill

☐**TKK:** *The concept of law abiding is a slippery one. I think most of us mean well and try to obey the law (with the exception of speeding). Inevitably we fail in this ideal, but generally most of us when failing to do so do it in essentially unimportant ways.*☐

Joseph Nicholas  
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15 Nov 2006

Dear Henry & Letha

Many thanks for your latest issue (which reminds me that I meant to pen a contribution to your Why We Do Fanzines symposium, but Real Life must surely have got in the way). (Even though we haven't actually published an ish of an actual paper fanzine since, er. But of course we did do a reprint of a selection from our LJ blogs two or three years ago, so that must count for something.)

Anyway. I see that **Rodney Leighton** is still banging on about how my parents caused both of the road traffic accidents we just avoided, this time dwelling on the death of a friend of his when he was much younger. I'm sorry he lost his friend in that fashion, but it seems to have clouded his reading of my original letter; I stated very clearly in respect of the first accident (and have just checked this to make absolutely sure) that the driver involved had been constantly pulling out to overtake in the face of a stream of oncoming traffic. (To quote from my e-mail of 27 November last year: "But we were being tailgated by a red Mini ... which was constantly trying to overtake – and just as constantly being forced back by oncoming traffic. But then the driver sensed his moment and put his foot down, pulling out to pass us. But again he'd misjudged it, and was again confronted by oncoming traffic. But this time, rather than drop back into place behind us, he chose to accelerate.") Any driver who keeps trying to overtake in the face of a stream of oncoming traffic is asking for trouble. The driver in question asked it big time, and got a big answer. The fact that we were all travelling below the speed limit, which Leighton seems to think is the real issue, is irrelevant. Indeed, if we'd all been travelling at the then speed limit, the accident would have been even bigger, and involved even more people (almost certainly myself, my parents and my siblings). Perhaps **Leighton** should reflect on that before he rushes back into print with bizarre claims that people who actually do cause accidents are the innocent victims of mere bystanders.

I enjoyed the rest of the issue, but have no comments. (Also have no time for further comments: Real Life just seems to keep intervening right now, and I wish it wouldn't.)

Regards to you both!  
Joseph

☐**TKK**: *Real life will always intervene unless we actively make time for the other things.*☐



E.B. Frohvet  
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November 16, 2006

Dear Henry,

Congratulations on your 20th anniversary and 120th issue! Surviving twenty years in fandom is nothing remarkable; putting out a fanzine on a regular schedule for twenty years is an extraordinary achievement. (Dare one say the occasion ought to be marked by getting the *Knews* a Hugo nomination? Alas, not going to happen.)

You once commented on how many offers for credit cards you received. I get one or two of those a month. However, I get one or two solicitations a **week** from realtors eager to help me sell my place. The market has cooled a little since the pleasant blonde lady who came to my door and guaranteed to find me a buyer at my asking price within a week.

*Smallville* update: It took Clark five years to close the deal with Lana. Lex, a more adroit seducer, needed only a couple of months to get Lana out of her clothes. Text-traditional character "Jimmy Olsen" was introduced to the show, and promptly paired off with show-invented character Chloe. Remains to be seen whether this is geared to ditching Chloe, allowing Lois to take her job at *The Daily Planet* and become Clark's eventual love interest.

Editorial: In the days of my late fanzine, sometimes I picked out art I like and used it for a cover; other times I specifically asked for something. I recall with particular fondness the *Twink 22* cover, where I pitched a couple of sentences at **Sue Mason**, describing a scene from an unpublished story, and she rendered it wonderfully. I probably started doing a fanzine because (stop me if you've heard this before) I actually wanted to talk about SF. *Twink* never went online, but many faneds told me that giving out copies at conventions was unlikely to get responses, and that proved to be so in my experience.



“Why we do Fanzines” collectively: Yes, all of those reasons. (**Dave Szurek** actutely says, “In hope of getting mail.”) But mainly because one wants to.

“Ethics of Government Part III”: **Alex**’s key point here seem to be, “There needs to be some little separation between personal morality and the ethics of performance.” I disagree with that twice. In the first place, I don’t think it’s a valid statement. It doesn’t matter that Mr. Foley may have been a “good” Congress-critter while perving on teenage boys. That fact that he was perving on kids, continued that behavior for years, apparently found nothing wrong with it (until he was caught), ignored several warning to cut it out: This, **of itself**, renders him unsuitable for an office of public trust. A person who holds in contempt such a basic principle, is not a good leader. In the second place, I don’t think there is such a distinction. Beyond the most local of offices – mayor of Gremfod, WY, where the candidates know personally all 31 voters – the modern system requires television, and that requires money, and that requires selling your soul to the professional thieves and special interest groups that give out that kind of money, and expect service in return. It’s almost impossible to get to Congress, and surely impossible to stay there, without buying into this system. And there goes any hope of actually working in the interest of the public and the nation right down the toilet. So, yes, I stand by “self-serving liars.”

**Joe Major**: The answer to both our questions is, that film/TV directors and editors throw in bits and pieces of local color, never expecting that anyone will try to make sense of them.

Henry: Well, good for you and your apple trees. At this writing I am still waiting on the new *Tortoise*, a fanzine I quite like.

**Joy Smith**: You plant orange trees in Florida, and they freeze to death? Weird. Okay, way you do, you get a small tree, and a very large pot, and grow it indoors.

**Marc Schirmeister**: The other week I had a nice Jehovah’s Witness lady come to the door, offering a pamphlet on the imminent demise of “false religion.” All she wanted of me was that I take the piece of paper, and I can be agreeable about such things, so I took it. There was a 1-800 number ... I also had a little girl on Halloween, wearing a skimpy outfit and carrying an electric guitar. I opened the door and she exclaimed brightly, “Trick or treat, rock and roll style!” I replied, “Rock on” and gave her some Reese’s Peanut Butter Cups...I did night shift for five months when I was in the Army...

Happy trails to you,  
E.B. Frohvet

□ *TKK: 15 years ago when Letha took real estate training the big focus was on how to get properties listed by making cold calls and working your contacts. In the end she found most of it rather distasteful and quit the business. I have never seen a copy of Tortoise.* □

Rodney Leighton  
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Nov.16,2006

Dear Henry:

Last night on a tv show there was a health expert talking about what the human body needs for lots of energy. Proper exercise, use all 4 limbs, proper food, no junk food, lots of fiber, and proper sleep. Our body produces hormones during deep sleep which create energy. Do you have any left?

Recently I received a letter which stated that 88 SF fans had put their fanzines on the web for free. Jeepers! But I wonder how many of them get any LOCs. I know **Jan Stinson** does get some. On the other hand, I recall reading some Arnie Katz ezine (printed out and sent to me by a friend) in which Arnie was begging for feedback, LOCs, and comments. I recall the issue or two of *Wild Heirs* that I saw that were full of LOCs.

I was certainly please to see that you intend to continue producing *TKK* on paper. I certainly understand **Bob Sabella**’s reasons for dropping me and the other folks who can not access the web without expense.

Not too long ago at the post office one of the ladies who has been there the entire 9 years that I have been going to that office mentioned that I no longer do anywhere near as much mailing, receiving or sending, as I used to. She wondered why. I said, well, people stop communicating, old friends vanish and I haven’t been making many or any new ones. Some part of this is my own fault, due to making enemies, failure to respond, deliberately cutting some folks off, and making no effort to add anyone or any new publications. The biggest difference is that, back when I moved here and a different woman as the post office commented that I got the most mail of anyone on the route, I had half a dozen friends who used to send bundles of things; 80% now vanished for one reason or another. I used to mail out a bunch of stuff which I have stopped doing due to fiscal problems. And, in those days, I was getting a lot of zines of various stripes, probably 2 a week. And I wrote to everyone. Now, 2 a month is a good average, and I only write occasionally. I have had 3 or 4 people tell me that they would keep in touch more often if only I had e-mail. I have always said, hey, if you really want to write to me, it only means hitting a different button and taking a second to put the paper in the envelope and spending a few cents.

Of course, the next sentence is bound to be: I probably won’t be writing much for awhile. Partly financial. But also, there are other issues. Back then I loved participating in letter columns. Today, I would rather not. Back then, I loved zines. Today, I still enjoy them some. But nowhere as much as I used to. And, to be honest, I am getting to be not very interested in operating this machine.

Not long ago I had a bit of luck. I went to Staples to get a ribbon for this beast. There were none on the shelf. But a young guy came around and told me that had of bin of discontinued items. Between us we found 4 ribbons, listed at \$4.97. I took them to the checkout and the gal put one into her computer and exclaimed \$1.97! So, I got 4 ribbons for a few cents more than I expected to pay for one. I am hoping they will do me until spring.

Best  
Rodney

☐**TKK**: *Falling asleep has never been one of my problems. (Despite generally missing the recommended 7.5 to 8 hours per night I find that a good catch-up night once a week does the charm at getting me recharged. I put my fanzine in the mail for free (to most people)).*☐

Eric Lindsay  
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21 Nov 2006

Dear Henry,

As you can tell from this late dated LoC, I am way behind in doing anything about fanzines (except for reading them when they arrive). Still, you would know even more about lacking time.

Glad that your law studies continue. **Sheryl** did a nice cartoon about torte and tort.

While I have attended several conventions this year in Australia, I think I am going gafia, at least from paper fanac. Not that I have any paper fanac, except for three apas. For various reasons, ink jet printers are not a good choice, so I use laser printers. Photocopying here remains stubbornly at 20 cents a copy, so printing my apa zines on a laser printer is cheaper. However I hate the poor economics and wastage of printers.

A \$500 (on special) laser printer will do almost 5000 copies with some colour, so that is slightly over 10 cents a copy. However the four toner cartridges (4000-5000 copies) cost somewhere between \$135 and \$180 each, and a drum (20,000 copies, or 5000 if in colour) between about \$250 and \$330. So it isn't worthwhile to replace even the toner on the printer. You buy a printer, and then throw the entire thing out when the first toner cartridge is empty. This assumes you are careful to ensure they will all empty at about the same time. I hate the waste of that.

So as I mentioned previously, I doubt I will be in any apas for very much longer.

**Terry Jeeves** mentions illicit tent lighting by stealing power. That seems to happen a certain amount here. Usually by folks growing hydroponic pot under lights. I guess if you are breaking one law, a few more wouldn't hurt. Also, large

power flows in domestic situations do tend to look a little suspicious. Alas, sometime the bypassing of the meter box is done so well that it isn't noticed. This leaves some unfortunate electrician to find it, perhaps accidentally, after disconnecting the power from the building. Not good if it is just prior to demolition.

We in Australia seem to be having much the same argument that **Jim Stumm** mentions regarding the Federal Government extending their powers beyond the constitutional limits. The Federal is in theory restricted to those powers given up by the states. However many things (especially when you have a small population, good communications and lots of movement by people) are probably most efficiently handled at the Federal level. Many have been managed by uniform legislation amongst the states. Given I think Australia is vastly over-governed, I wouldn't mind seeing the states disappear.

One of our congress critters (State variety) may have managed to somewhat exceed the usual bounds of politicians. Been charged with both child sex offences and giving children drugs. However I am not sure he has survived his suicide attempt. I am not sure what happened to innocent until proven guilty in all this, since I hadn't heard of him having his day in court. At the moment I have 15 state politicians in my slime file notes, but some is petty stuff like avoiding traffic fines (just like one of the judges in fact).

Thanks for **TKK** #120, and for not cutting me back to only one issue left.

I really regret not being able to manage to contribute to your fine issue, but I think anything I could have written in the past year about why we do fanzines would have been under false pretences. I feel I am very close to gafia, in terms of printed fanzines and apa zines. Naturally there are excuses, like printing and copying problems, but the reality is I feel much more that my natural medium is the internet. Unfortunately the response on the internet is effectively zero. I don't mean to blame others for this, as I find it the same myself. I respond (eventually) to printed fanzines (they sit on the floor, accusing me), and don't even get around to downloading internet fanzines, let alone respond.

So, in effect I find exactly the same pattern that you describe in your editorial.

Maybe some of it is distance from other fans. I still go to the odd sf convention in Australia. But I haven't even seen most of the current fanzines.

On the other hand (normally the left), not only do I not have an analog wrist watch, I also don't have a digital one. I haven't worn a wrist watch in a decade. Telling the time is what computer displays and cell phones are for. I arise at dawn, and that is normally close enough to knowing the time.

Unlike **Jim Sullivan**, I find a credit card much more use than a library card. Money after all buys books, whereas a library card gives me access only to books on sugar cane farming,

and the hospitality industry. **Rodney Leighton** must be off his rocker in blaming someone driving below the speed limit for causing accidents. A speed limit is a top speed, not a bottom speed. If a person is driving slower than the speed limit, the presumption is that they do not feel it safe to travel faster. Nor are they required to travel faster. The person wishing to travel faster is generally required to do so only when that can be done with safety. That means waiting for a passing lane or a safe place to pass. If you can't cope with that, maybe you shouldn't be driving.

Then there is the question of what the hell **Rodney** was doing travelling 15-20 km/h over the posted limit. Seems **Rodney** doesn't think road rules apply to him. This is the sort of thing teenagers do here, but I thought Rodney more mature. Maybe a few speeding tickets will cure that - seems to work here. Well, that and being able to afford cruise control. Installing cruise control in the cars of those under the age of 25 would probably probably save more lives than any other single thing we could do at this point.

Given our obvious political differences, I am amazed to find myself so much in agreement with **Joseph Nicholas**, with his comment about religion being a complete pile of superstitious bollocks. Plus his comments on faith based schools. On the other hand, it seems almost a leap of faith to believe that faith based schools will be so much worse than other schools that they will wither away. But perhaps British schools are much better than Australian schools (that shouldn't be hard, although my perspective is over 40 years ago, and since I grew up in a slum, was not a good school, despite the best efforts of some of the teachers).

**Chris Garcia** really doesn't want to experience a typhoon. (Cyclone season just opened here.)

**Jim Stumm**, I would love to have 4c photocopies, but 20 cents is what is available. No mimeograph supplies available these days, at least in Australia. I used to own a Rex Rotary M4, and knew all the suppliers. None survived in business.

If email costs money, the spammers will not be the people paying. Spammers don't pay now, as Henry points out. They already turn PCs into zombies, so they don't need their own mail farms any longer. Just take over some innocent PC, and the owner pays to send the spam. Absolutely no improvement. My solution, assassinating spammers, actually would work, despite some minor social disapproval of vigilantism. You would only need to kill off the top 50 spammers to make a really significant difference. Several people have a little list, and I'm sure they will not be missed.

Regards,  
Eric

☐**CKK**: *You cannot begin to imagine how annoyed I am to find that it is cheaper to buy new than to fix something that is old. I once had an item with broken glass in it. I could get replacement glass for \$25 and could buy a replacement unit for less than \$20 on eBay. To this day I still haven't replaced the*

*glass. I echo your sentiments on typhoons, cyclones, and hurricanes. I've lived through three long after they made landfall and the spurred tornados and torrential rains were some of the most unpleasant weather I've had the displeasure of experiencing. If you had to pay for the e-mail you sent you might actually pay attention to whether your machine had been hijacked and take steps to avoid that. You certainly wouldn't mount a phone capable of long distance calls on your front porch where anyone else could use it.*☐

Jim Stumm  
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November 24, 2006

**Alex Slate**: About Congress, I oppose the idea of politics as a career. In a proper republic, citizens should take turns serving in public office as a civic duty, and return to their civilian occupations after one term in office. Not for free. Pay reasonable salaries, but don't expect to make it your life's work. And not coerced. I mean those who want to should volunteer to do it.

Another thing: I'm appalled at these huge grab-bag bills passed by Congress, filled with all sorts of unrelated "riders" and pork, bills that Congress votes on even though none of those voting have ever read the whole thing. Worse than that, I've read that some bills are brought up for a vote before they are even fully written. In my view, all bills should deal with one subject only, unrelated riders forbidden. And all bills should be read out loud, start to finish, in each House, before a vote is allowed.

If I were a Senator (the Senate allows unlimited debate) I would address the chamber by reading aloud every word of every bill that came before the Senate, or as much as I could before my strength gave out. If the work of Congress grinds to a halt as a result, that would be fine, since most of what Congress enacts is harmful anyway.

But the main problem is that our election process selects for the wrong personality type. Elections inevitably turn into popularity contests in which the slickest, sleaziest characters usually come out ahead. Politics is a legal career path for con-men.

They had a different idea in ancient Athens. There public magistrates were chosen by lot. They distrusted elections. I've seen a quote attributed to Plato: "When we are ill, we do not ask for the handsomest physician or the most eloquent one." But that's what we do look for in our elected officials. We elect celebrities and matinee idols, pretty boys and girls, with glib tongues, even though they may be empty suits, with empty heads.

I don't think any kind of elections would yield better results. I think we'd get better legislators if we made a random selection from a cross-section of ordinary citizens. They would truly represent the people because they are the people. I'd

like to see an experiment in which a republic selected its legislators this way: Ask citizens to volunteer to add their names to a list of people willing to serve one term as a legislator, to be paid a reasonable salary so they could take time off from their usual employment. On Selection Day, draw names at random from this list, like a lottery, and the legislature would be composed of the winners of this drawing. There might be overlapping terms, like the U.S. Senate, with only part of the House replaced every year.

This would mean no elections. So all the money now devoted to election hoopla could be spent on something more useful. And there could be no bribes paid under the guise of campaign contributions if there are no campaigns.

Of course, I believe that government should play a much smaller role in society than it now does. The last resort, not the first resort. Most of society's affairs should be run by non-government organizations: voluntary associations, charities, businesses, churches, co-operatives, etc. All voluntary in participation and financing. So government corruption and inefficiency would not be a factor. That's the way to do it in a free society. Government coercion, including coercive taxation, should be limited to those few areas that are necessary and no other way to do it is possible.

Jim Stumm

*CKK: I like some of your ideas of bills in Congress. Sounds like what I was taught in school. I wonder, though, if it is practical for the annual budget bill? Would the money spent on election simply shift to very aggressive lobbying?*

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28 Nov 2006

Dear Henry,

I downloaded this from efanazines at the recommendation of **Sheryl Birkhead**.

**Trinlay Khadro** mentioned fibromyalgia. I was diagnosed with it back in 1999. This year, after reading something that suggested it might, in some cases, be linked to caeliac disease, I had myself tested. The tests turned out negative, possibly because I was on a low carb diet and wasn't eating much gluten-containing food. I was encouraged by my doctor and others to try a gluten-free diet, so I did. I started the last day of June, which coincided with the first day of Westercon (well, actually the day before, but I think there were parties that night). I recently saw my rheumatologist near the end of October and tested negative for fibromyalgia. The first symptoms to go away, as would be expected, were the gastrointestinal ones. From having dyspepsia almost daily, I went to having it so infrequently that I have put away the ginger and peppermint capsules that I had in several rooms of our house.



None of the fibromyalgia tender points were tender when my doctor tested them; in fact some of them were ticklish. Also the ringing in my ears has greatly diminished. It can take up to two years or so for all the symptoms to go away, so we'll see how much better I'm feeling then. I'm also having much less trouble falling asleep at night.

Good to hear that **Trinlay's** medical tests came out okay.

As far as breast cancer goes, only the type that occurs in younger people is genetically passed on. My mother had post-menopausal breast cancer. It was caught very early, so I think all she had was surgery. She elected a mastectomy. My sister has been biopsied following a suspicious mammogram, but it was negative.

My maternal grandmother died of stomach cancer and my paternal grandfather of liver cancer, though, so I'm very aware of cancer. Also I've lost a cat to lymphoma and another to adenocarcinoma.

I guess probably because I come from a family of doctors – my grandfather, my maternal uncle, my sister – I have always seen my various doctors regularly. Although I have to admit that my sister neglected her teeth the whole time she lived in the Los Angeles area. They say doctors don't take very good care of themselves. When I met Mike, now my husband, he hadn't seen his doctor in who knows how long; so I made him get a physical. I think that's when his low thyroid was detected.

Disability hearings I'm also knowledgeable about. I hope they went well. They really try hard to screen out people who don't qualify. I even had one ex-in-law who was refused even though he'd had congestive heart failure and had to tote an oxygen bottle around with him. He went back, and I believe he was granted disability status then. I never got past the first stage, but Mike makes enough to support the both of us, so I wasn't as motivated. Now I'm better, so maybe "they" were right.

When I had my car accident in 1996, a truck driver stopped and walked over to make sure I was okay. He also called the highway patrol. The accident happened on a ramp connected to an interstate. I wasn't hurt badly, at least I didn't think I

was. It later turned out that I had a concussion, but there wasn't much damage that could be either seen or felt. That's the only major accident I've ever had in over thirty years of driving. That was a solo accident with a medical cause, though we never really figured out exactly what. I had two smaller accidents. both the other drivers' fault, where I ended up with small dents in my car.

During my senior year in college, there were three women named Sue on my dorm floor. One retained the use of Sue. The other two changed their names. One went by Eileen, which was her middle name. I've forgotten how the third Sue changed hers. It's been many years.

I once got one of those water fountains for cats, and the motor conked out after the first time I used it.

**Terry Jeeves** talked about giving pills to cats. The difficulty level varies among cats. I've had to pill five cats, so I know. Currently we have two cats, both of whom had to be pillled at some time. One of them stands patiently and waits for me to pick him up to medicate him, but then he bites me when I try to insert pills into his mouth. The other cat willingly takes the pills, but it is difficult to catch him to be able to do this. One of my cats for a while had to get six pills plus a liquid laxative every day, some in the morning and the others in the evening. He had been getting more before, so this was an improvement. Almost any medication can be liquified. I tried that, but the cat prefers the pills. My other cat, though, did much better with liquid medication.

I wouldn't recommend giving chocolate drops to dogs. Chocolate is poisonous to dogs, cats too.

**Eric Lindsay** asked about auto insurance in California. Technically drivers are required to have auto insurance. Unfortunately no proof of insurance is required by the DMV when a person registers his car. This seems silly to me, but that's how the law is here.

**Jeffrey Allan Boman** mentions not being able to look at mangled bodies. I, too, have problems with that sort of thing, though I don't have problems with movie renditions of such things, since I know they're not real. I can just barely look when medical fiction shows have realistic hospital operations on screen. I can't look when it's a real medical procedure being shown. I can't even look when I'm getting a hypodermic injection. The worst part of going to the dentist for me is getting the novocaine injection, even though I would like the visit even less without it. I close my eyes and firmly grasp the armrests on the dentist's chair.

Reading that **Murray Moore** was probably going to have cataract surgery, I hope he was informed that he could have a lens implanted that will correct for both distance and close vision. Some people want that so much that they are getting preventive cataract surgery.

Laurraine Tutihasi

☐**CKK:** I read recently that the incidence of breast cancer is way down. This was attributed to changes in post-menopausal hormone therapy. Drivers in Wisconsin are required to carry insurance as well. That still doesn't prevent me from having to pay for uninsured and under insured motorist insurance on my own policy.☐

Milt Stevens  
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December 4, 2006

Dear Henry and Letha,

*Knarley Knews* #120 begins with a very good cover by **Brad Foster** and continues with an interesting compendium of comments as to why people publish fanzines. Of course, after reading all of those comments, I can think of more to say on the subject myself.

I first learned of fanzines by reading the fan columns in the prozines. I think I read all of those columns that were published from the late forties to the end of the fifties. I learned all sorts of things about fanzines and fandom before I ever attended my first LASFS meeting in June of 1960. So why didn't I send a sticky quarter for a copy of one of them? I think I was spending all of my sticky quarters on the prozines, (my first bout with completist collecting began November 1955) and I didn't have any sticky quarters left over for fanzines.

By odd circumstances, I did receive a couple of fanzines before I joined LASFS. In 1959, I bought a copy of the mimeographed *Tuck Handbook* from Howard DeVore. As I recall, it cost a whole \$7.50. A while later, I received copies of *Grandma of Dracula* and *Fan View*. They honestly weren't very good, and I didn't quite know what to make of them. However, I've still got them in my files. *Fan View*, which was a feeble attempt at a newszine, did have a letter from Bruce Pelz, who was still living in Florida at the time. I'd hear more about him in later years.

**Jim Sullivan's** article reminded me of the days when I used to owe money on credit cards. I still have a drawer full of credit cards, but the companies that issued them probably hate me. I haven't paid any credit card interest since 1992. I usually even run a credit balance on the Visa card I use most frequently. Despite that, I still received offers for new credit cards almost every week. Then something happened that stopped them from sending me any more credit card offers. I turned 60 and haven't received any offers since. Do you suppose they discriminate because of age? Could be.

In the letter column, **Marc Schirmeister** mentions some ways of dealing with Jehovah's Witnesses at your door. I think I've found the perfect way of dealing with that problem. I don't answer the door. You may wonder how I know there are Jehovah's Witnesses at the door if I don't answer it. Simple, I never answer the door unless I am expecting some-

one. I figure the probability of anyone I actually want to talk to arriving unannounced is just about zero. I haven't found any problems with this approach to date.

Yours truly,  
Milt Stevens

☐**TKK:** *The only time I didn't answer the door used to be on Halloween when I was in college. I didn't have any candy and didn't need to be hassled. That is all solved in our current neighborhood where a porch light that is on invites guests and one that is off does not.*☐

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Aberdeen, WA 98520-2601

Knarley Old Henry,

Haven't as much to say that hasn't already been said and haven't been sick for a while. (I must use caution when I say that.) I recovered from the staph infection some time back and have already had the pancreatic operation. I won't know until January if it took or not. They are highly reluctant to cut open diabetics and with who have had MRSA (a trace of it allegedly hangs around your whole life. Both diabetes and a history of MRSA seriously lower one's resistance. In that sense I might as well have AIDS) They used a colonoscopy tube with surgical tools attached, but it can't truly reach the pancreas (and besides they like to keep it around for the sake of insulin) so they adjust some nearby organs that can be of influence. So I've still got every inch of my pancreas and I guess I always will.

I've never read any Nero Wolfe – that's right not a word – but I enjoyed **Rodney's** article on the literature.

I've always wondered how it would have played had Clintons' intern been male. What if the equivalent had also been a child? What if he hadn't even been human? America was thrown into a big enough state of shock as it was, but what if ...

I guess I'd go along with **Stumm** on monarchy, except that I think I'd put a Socialist spin on it. I am in my heart of hearts basically a Socialist, but I'd also prefer seeing its power kept to a minimum. Does that make any sense? I can't endorse full-blooded anarchy because with all its shortcoming, I believe we need some form of government. Just keep it minimal.

I've watched only one episode of the new *Dr. Who* so far and was disappointed with it. Hopefully other episodes will be a bit better.

Until next time,  
Dave

☐**TKK:** *My study of Constitutional Law has altered my view of government. Much of the work the federal government has tried to do is prevent the states from having a race to the bot-*

*tom. I.e. keeping the states from making their states attractive to businesses and their money at the expense of the lower-class working stiff. This has resulted in huge overreaching federal legislation that go beyond the powers granted by the Constitution, but no other option seemed to be working any better. As to where this should all go? I have no good ideas at present.*☐

Jeffrey Allan Boman  
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12/10/2006

Dear Henry:

Well, this is a shock: me writing this at the last minute. I'm using recovery from NaNoWriMo 2006 as a weak excuse. At 9:55 PM (my time) on November 28th I made it to 50 thousand words and became a 4-time winner, but I kept on working on my novel at that point. I finally finished it last week, at the final word count of 53,504. Now I'm formatting it all for actual printing as a book; Lulu.com offers to make a single copy for us every year, so that we can actually have more tangible proof of our work than just a file on our computers.

Overall 64 out of 213 participants in Montreal alone crossed the 50K 'finish line', our best showing yet. One is our local hero for first reaching 50K within 4 days(!), then achieving 100K by the end of the month (fatigue and carpal tunnel slowed her down). We also had 2 "stealth weapons": two writers that only posted their word counts in the final few days, until then claiming they weren't involved as participants. I'm proud of everyone who tried it, whether they "won" or not.

My next competition will be Script Frenzy next June, attempting to write a screenplay in a month. I graduated from film (BfA: Cinema, Animation Option) at Concordia University in 1990. This will be a chance for me to scrape the rust off my screen-writing chops.

In October I attended Con\*Cept and met up with **Lloyd** and **Yvonne**, as I mentioned in my last LOC. I ended up only on **Lloyd's** panel in the end; my e-mail to the programming guy vanished in the cyber-ether, so I wasn't scheduled on any others. Regardless, I had fun, got to see many friends I hadn't in awhile. I also got to see some great costumes in the masquerade (a Green Lantern and the entire Incredibles family) as well as a very well made Chewabacca in the hallway.

I've heard disappointing financial and logistic things from the concom, but they don't change my opinion.

On to the issue at hand: 20 years. Wow. Anniversaries like birthdays come, but devotion like this is still incredible.

Is the cover figure supposed to be you, Henry (face of course, not the extra arms)? I'm beginning to wonder if beards are a fandom thing, based on what I've seen. Neither **Lloyd** or

Yvonne (no shite!) have them, but so many others do – including my goatee. The propeller hat I know from a Hugo winner at Torcon... I guess it's the real Hugo winner that year.

Re: Editorial, specifically them being online: as support and storage of issues already in the can, that's fine with me. Making it first run online though... we have a few current members in *Comicopia* who came to us when their other APAs became electronic... and as usually happens, quickly became defunct.

The Web offers far less expense, but I've found that it also lacks emotional depth and deadline respect that we get in print. Others may think differently, but that's my opinion.

The various articles on why we zine were very interesting. I'm happy to see I did myself justice in "Why fanzines...", even though I had to reread my original letters to remember the context of the words! I just realized how my words fit with my anti-webzine attitude also...

"Why write?" is a question I hear often for NaNoWriMo and other things. My usual answer: some people climb Everest because it's there; we write because we can. I never thought of *Beauty and the Beast* as a marriage metaphor though.

The Ethics of Government III... here in Montreal many of us have asked how people could get into office as well. The city decided to rename a well-known avenue after a very significant provincial Premier named Robert Bourassa. Said street has a long and storied history, and the idea got a lot of angry refusals, protests, petitions... and the municipal councilors still voted for the change in a large number, ignoring the loud protests right outside of their assembly. This change will mean a huge expense in changed business cards, maps, street signs... and all due to politicians who are supposed to listen to their people, not the other way around. The point here is that politicians not only shouldn't govern by their own moralities, but also not from their own viewpoints alone either.

A type of plastic surgery... in my case, debit cards ensure that I don't spend more than I actually have!

Sue's Sites: Those Terracotta soldiers are on my list of things I hope to see in my lifetime. I'm thrilled that you got to see them.

Reflection On: Nero Wolfe... this is one of the most thorough overviews I've ever seen.

Carry On Jeeves... this reminded me of one of the personal mini-tragedies of a war: 21 is meant to be a milestone for some. That you had to spend it alone is truly a tragic thing.

InterLOCutions

**Joseph T. Major:** Supposedly I have a hiatus hernia too. I was diagnosed with it during University in 1988. It has disappeared within a month of the diagnosis however. / Your Salvador Dalek line cracked me up. / The enlargements that online pharmacies offer don't involve weight (nor reality, of

course). In any event, I'm finally over the 120 lb hurdle I've had for so long.

**E. B. Frohvet:** Temple University is in Arizona, right? That would be quite a distance. Different country (not Canada) and hemisphere from me. We have a zine library here in town; I may send stuff there instead. / Like the President doesn't already have too much power. If he nominated anyone from the Gulf Coast now he'd face even more ire I suspect. That would open a wound he'll never escape as it is. (How's that for mixing my metaphors!)

**Marc Schirmeister:** I have a Jehovah's Witness story for you, although yours is more amusing: I used to have a way to chase them off. I'd keep an unlit cigarette (never lit. I'm allergic) and a bathrobe at hand for whenever JW's showed at my door. I'd answer the door wearing the robe and with the cigarette in my mouth. I'd answer the door with a very effeminate sounding, "Yesss?" That would account for two major taboos of theirs broken (as a religion they're extremely homophobic and against smoking. That's the only thing they believe against that I'd like), so they would then stay away. My friends in the arts approved.

**Brad W. Foster:** My computer is now working well enough that I was able to create a Ubuntu Linux partition to dual-boot. / Bouncing around your comment to me by way of **Dave Szurek**... my nephew will be 11 December 28. He's not above 6 foot yet, but I now have boots handed down from him. He's outgrown my foot size!

**Alex Slate:** Thanks for the detailed list of who appointed whom to the Courts. Interesting how only 2 were appointed by a Democrat. I don't think that has anything to do with the quality of the candidate though. / Oh, there are many reasons to despise 'Dubya' (one of them being his failure for Louisiana)... but stem cell research and his decisions also began his steps to abolish the separation of church and state. He took the views of the Pope and the religious right over the suffering of hundreds of thousands of his own people. / Your comment to **Lloyd** about ethics and not morality as the true reason for governing rings true to me. Bush uses the latter, not the former.

**Jim Strumm:** Your comment to **Eric Lindsay** on printing quality... I got a color laser printer this year after constant headaches from inkjet myself. / Another thing about Supreme Court judges: while it may well be that these judges are acting more as legislators, their job is ultimately to be unknown. How often have we heard of any of them since Clarence Thomas' hearings?

**Dave Szurek:** Thanks for your zine back in October. As NaNo loomed I didn't read it yet, but I'll be able to now.

**Lloyd Penney:** I think I said this before, but it was great to see you and **Yvonne** at Con\*Cept! / If you met Rebecca the year you were first on con, that was when I initially met you as well. / Tamu has stepped back from running the con. As publicity chief for fps, she's pretty tied up.

**Sheryl Birkhead:** I know what GAFIA means, but not FA-FIA and RAPS. What do these two represent?

That wraps up this part of my whirlwind of writing. Now to my book corrections and *Comicopia* 98! I always thrive under deadline pressure, so that's cool with me.

Yours truly,  
Jeffrey Allan Boman

□**TKK:** *I don't even want to contemplate your 50,000 word target. At approximately 300 words per page and an hour to write each page in my law review articles I'd be looking at about 200 hours of work plus research time to get an article done and I simply don't have the intestinal fortitude for that.*□

Lloyd Penney  
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December 18, 2006

Dear Knarley:

First of all, Happy 20th to you and *TKK*! It is enjoyable to mark some kind of milestone in whatever your endeavour, so it's your turn to shine. Some comments on issue 120 follow, but first...

Sorry this is a little late, but for once, I have a solid reason. Near the end of November, Yvonne and I visited our optometrist for a regular eye check-up, and Dr. Wong discovered I needed a lot more than just new glasses. For the record, I had a vitriectomy and partial retinoplasty, which is a reattachment of a detached retina. I had the operation on December 5, and have been off work ever since. Any more details about my eye might just put you off your dinner, but suffice to say, this is me coming off the 15-day disabled list, and getting right back into loccing.

I think most fan artists are open to suggestions, but their best art comes from their fevered minds. **Brad Foster**'s an excellent example, as is **Marc Schirmeister**.

I think you're right, most people don't communicate any more. They seem to be becoming conditioned to being alone, as if basic socialization is becoming a foreign concept. That socialization is vital to me, but I wonder of computers and the Net are turning more people into loners and voluntary shut-ins.

Your tale about few, if any, viewing the online version of *TKK* seems fairly common. Most of us think that only a physical copy of a zine has some value, where an e-copy seems to have none. This isn't fair to those who publish e-zines only, for many of us know how much work it takes to produce and assemble the contents, but also the layout to make the whole package eye-pleasing. The effort is the same; only the method of disty is different. One answer seems to be directly sending the e-zine to a list of subscribers, or at least a notification

that a new issues is available for download. Bill Burns is providing that service for many of the zines that appear on eFanzines.com. Simply archiving on eFanzines may be too passive for most readers. I've made a conscious effort to respond to all zines I not only get, but can get or find.

Kira seems to have found a fulfilling outlet in her stage work. I've been enjoying a measure of success with my voicework, so I quite understand. I finished one project, another has been put on hold, and another one I had to leave because of the eye operation. I am hoping more will come along, but only time will tell.

Few people know that I was involved in apas for more than a decade. Only thing was, few people were even aware those apas existed. They were *TAPA*, *APAplicity* and *Final Frontier*. Of those three, only *APAplicity* still exists, and the OE has always lived in Ottawa.

**Jan Stinson** makes a point few admit to, that some of us have stopped reading SF to concentrate on fannish pursuits. (If Bloch were still alive, I'm sure he'd incorporate that stage in the various Ages of Fan.) I admit my own SF reading is down, but with the zines I get, I suppose something had to give. Of course, I have to keep job hunting to get something better than the part-time job I have.

Bravo to **KRin Pender-Gunn** on keeping Ian's memory alive. I know you had plans to come up to Canada some time; I hope those plans can still come about.

Some late ideas about why we do what we do...one thing that drew some of us to SF was the fact that people wrote fantastically imaginative stuff, and it saw print. We saw the attention having your SF in print got, and perhaps in an effort to do the same, maybe fuelled by a touch of envy, we tried to do the same, with varying levels of success. Fandom has allowed us to put a SFnal spin on just about any creative endeavour. I still remember the SF needlepoint club Tanith Lee started...

Plastic cards...nothing is funnier than the reaction of credit card companies who cannot understand why anyone would want their credit card limit lowered. We've done it twice now. I guess seeing from the list of companies offering you credit some years ago, they probably couldn't understand why you'd turn them down.

**Terry Jeeves**' 2 weeks of enforced idleness...after this eye operation of mine, I fully understand his frustration. Unfortunately, because I am a temp, I'm not drawing a cent of sick pay. Christmas will be affected a little bit this year, but restored binocular sight will be my greatest gift.

Re **Joseph Major**'s loc...I hope I'm wrong, but I think Canada is down to two WWI vets. There was the announcement that the last WWI vet would receive a state funeral, but one surviving vet has turned it down. They must be centenarians by now...

I asked **Joseph Nicholas** about his views on the US government's views on stem cell research mostly because the cur-



rent regime keeps a conservative line on those policies, and overtly or covertly tries to impose its domestic policies on its major trading partners, such as Canada. I'd think the UK qualifies here, too, unless its partnership in Iraq with the US gives it special allowances.

**Marc Schirmeister** should also know that if there's any group the Jehovah's Witnesses hate more than any other group, it's the Mormons. A Mormon friend of mine tells me this, and says they refer to the JW book of worship as the Green Dragon. The Mormons seem to be vaguely amused by the fuss the JW's make over their rivalries.

Yup, timely locs from me are one of the signs of the Apocalypse. Good thing for all of us I was late with this one, hm? I had a great time at the zine panel in Montreal I did with **Jeff Boman**. **Sheryl**, which Canadian TV shows are you able to watch?



"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. 6* by Lisa and Joseph T. Major; 1409 Christy Ave.; Louisville, KY 40204-2040; bi-monthly; \$2 or the usual. A nice fanzine with lots of book reviews and a solid letter column.

*Banana Wings #28* by Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer; 59 Shirley Road; Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES; UK; fishlifter@googlemail.com; irregular; the usual. A nice genzine with a wide range of articles including a panel discussion of new SF for older readers.

*Ethel the Aardvark #127* by Christopher Johnstone; PO Box 212; World Trade Centre; Melbourne, VIC 3005; Australia; ethelaardvark@yahoo.com.au; bi-monthly; AU\$30/year or the usual. This is the official zine of the Melbourne Science Fiction Club and covers club news and SF related material in Australia. This issue's focus is on *Dr. Who*.

*It Goes on the Shelf 28* by Ned Brooks; 4817 Dean Ln; Lilburn, GA 30047-4720; nedbrooks@sprynet.com; irregu-

lar; the usual. A compendium of Ned's eclectic reading which ranges across the spectrum to SF, fantasy, and genres I can't even put a name to.

Just made it over two pages, so I think I've gone on long enough. Take care, and see you next issue. We wish the whole Knarley family the best of Christmases, and 2007 is already looking pretty good. See you then.

Yours,  
Lloyd Penney

☐**CKK**: *A detached retina is a serious issue, I'm happy to hear they were able to treat it successfully.*☐

#### We also heard from:

Sheryl Birkhead, Al & Megan Bouchard, Todd & Nora Bushlow, Kurt Erichsen, Kasey & Karen Fiske, Patti Hetherington, Terry Jeeves, Trinlay Khadro (who just adopted a cat), Guy Lillian, Bob Sabella, Dick Smith, Gene Stewart, Mark Strickert (with the *Marktime 79* Christmas letter), Sue Welch, and Leah Zeldes-Smith

## Fanzines Received in Trade

*Living Free 135* by Jim Stumm; Hiler Branch, Box 29-KK; Buffalo, NY 14223; irregular; \$2. An interesting zine dedicated to living independently.

*Lofgeornost 85* by Fred Lerner; 81 Worcester Ave; White River Junction, VT 05001; fred.lerner@dartmouth.edu; irregular; the usual. This is Fred's FAPA zine. This issue focuses on his recent trip to Germany.

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

*Opuntia 62.5A & 62.5B* 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. These issues focus on the Calgary Philatelic Society and Con-Version 22.

*Plokta Gamer (35) and The 2006 Plokta Christmas Catalogue (36)* by Steve Davies; 52 Westbourne Terrace; Reading Berks RG30 2RP; Alison Scott; 24 St Mary Rd; Walthamstow London E17 9RG; and Mike Scott; 9 Jagger House; Rosenau Rd; London SW11 4QY; Great Britain; locs@plokta.com; http://www.plokta.com/; irregular; the usual. A very humorous fanzine featuring lots of pictures

*The Resplendent Fool 61* by Tom Sadler; 422 W Maple Ave; Adrian, MI 49221-1627; tdavidsadler@verizon.net; quarterly; \$2 or the usual. This is a nice genzine. Tom has renamed his zine and is planning a move to Kentucky.

## Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

Please inspire me here.

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



**ALIEN ARTICHOKE**  
(TASTY, BUT AVOID DIRECT  
EYE-CONTACT PRE-COOKING!)

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### You Got this Issue Because ...

\_\_\_\_\_ This is how a lawyer would cite this page. Henry L. Welch, *You Got this Issue Because ...*, 121 KNARLEY KNEWS 26, 26 (Dec. 2006).

\_\_\_\_\_ The M&Ms I'm snacking on told me to do it.

\_\_\_\_\_ It's cheaper than buying a text book or a campus parking permit.

\_\_\_\_\_ 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.