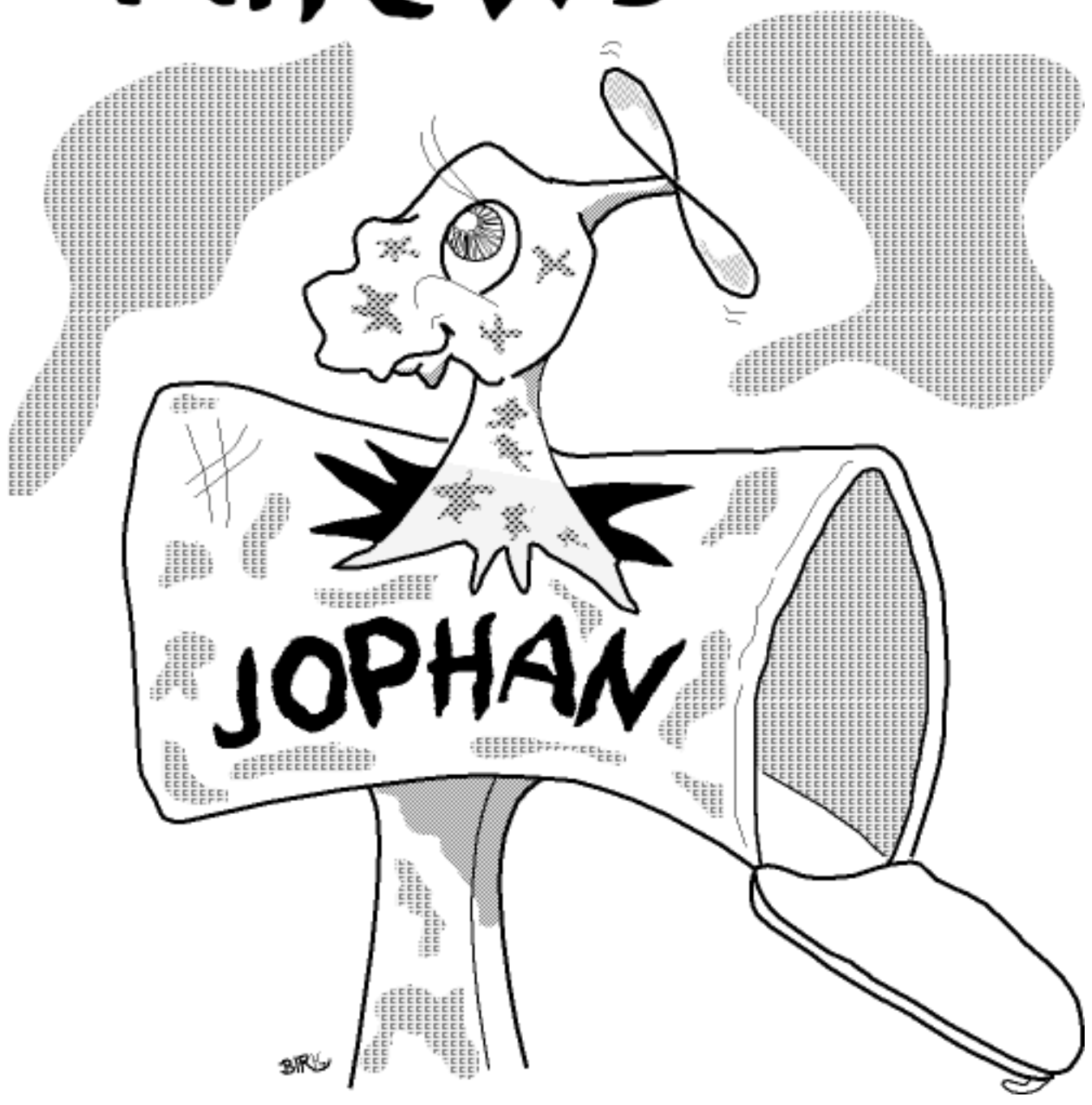


I'm a ghoud little fan...
waiting for...

February 2007
#122

The Knarley Knews



The Knarley Knews -- Issue 122
Published in February, 2007

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

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Next Issue Deadline: April 10, 2007

Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

Welcome to another issue of *The Knarley Knews*. For whatever reason I'm not feeling very verbose as I sit down to write this editorial so it will likely be rather brief. We have had some erratic weather of late. A few weeks ago the temperature dropped down to well below zero. It was so cold, in fact, that the schools closed for two days and used up their budget of "snow" days for the year. It was so cold that during hockey practice on one of those evenings you could see your breath on the ice; this is not normal. However, by the end of the week it had warmed up considerably to the point that when I played my game it was uncomfortably warm on the ice. You might naturally wonder how it can be uncomfortably warm in a below freezing environment, but when you are physically active you generate quite a bit of your own heat. When I did a lot of winter hiking this could easily be regulated by removing one or more layers of clothing. (I recall on more than one occasion being out in light-weight thermal underwear with wind pants and no upper jacket above the tree line.) However, this is not practical during a hockey game as it would require skating without essential protective gear. Consequently I was sweating during my game at a level that is more common with heavy outdoor work during the summer. The bandana I use to keep the sweat off of my face was soaked through and my glasses became covered with sweat streaks. This is rather extreme when you consider that I'm not known to perspire excessively.

Over the past weekend we had two heavy snow days with about 10 inches on Friday night and then six inches of very wet snow on Sunday morning. Not enough to close the schools or affect the morning commute on Monday, but it did result in the cancellation of Kyle's hockey game as the visiting team had to travel over an hour to our rink. Things had cleared up enough for my hockey game, and once again it was entirely too warm in the ice rink for my comfort.

And, interestingly enough, I still don't know what the various ground hogs saw or didn't see on the second.

Speaking of hockey, Kyle's season is essentially over. We have one more practice and a family skate to round out the season. Overall the season was more or less a dud. The kids never really meshed consistently as a team and, although they were in almost every game they played, they never gained the confidence to close the deal and win many of the games they could have. Toward the end of the season they showed flashes of promise tying up a few games late, but I don't feel they ever realized their potential. They did, however, save their best game of the season for the playdown game to qualify for the state tournament. The kids played the best game they were capable of and we were only out-played at one position, goalie. Unfortunately that was enough to lose 3-1. I was

proud of how well they played given that they'd lost three times earlier in the year to the same team by 3 goals or more each time.

In all likelihood Kyle has one more year of youth hockey before he will probably end up playing for the Grafton high school team. He has great potential, but, pardon the pun, he has a tendency to put in the minimal effort and skate through practice at times. He has the same attitude toward his school work. This is something I have a hard time identifying with.

The law review season is nearly over. I have turned in my paper proposing a model statute to protect caves (52 pages double-spaced) to the main law review to determine if it is "publishable." This is a polite fiction for determining if I am eligible for an editorial board position next year and does not come with any promise to actually publish it. I will, in all likelihood, market it because I think the topic has merit. My other paper on the experimental use defense and undergraduate senior design projects has been essentially done for weeks. I will probably give it one last proofread this week before submitting it to a writing contest which awards a cash prize and an offer to have it published. I have one edit left to complete, a page proof, but that won't happen until mid-April. In all likelihood, I will probably be on both law reviews again next year which will go a long way toward my graduation with at least 8 credits during the school year. I, however, will not miss the long edit sessions in the library as the editorial board members get more interesting assignments that don't result in huge amounts of work under short deadlines. Overall, though, the experience has been quite helpful as my researching, editing, and writing skills are greatly improved from where they were back in August.

As many of you know, I have a bit of a reputation as a tough faculty member. I expect a fairly high standard of performance from my students. I often require the students to do more than just the standard engineering problems. For example, a research paper is not an uncommon assignment and in one class I have the students give four of the lectures in groups of three or four students. In recent years I have become rather distressed at what I have been observing with the research papers. A growing trend is for the students to rely, in large part, on wikipedia as their primary source. This occurs despite my clear indication that the student should not and may not rely on unrefereed sources for their reference material (e.g. they should find texts and journal articles that have been subject to peer review and significant editing).

What I find the most distressing about this is that I clearly recall in high school being told that encyclopedias were a great place to get a general overview (even the legal community has these, but citing to them is considered a poor practice), but they should not be relied upon as a solid source. This is further compounded by the fact that the writers of wikipedia articles can be anybody and there is little to no editorial oversight. In fact, one of my students created a joke entry a few years ago that is periodically updated by others. The practice has become so pervasive that the history department at Middlebury College has banned citation to wikipedia. (Noam Cohen, *A History Department Bans Citing Wikipedia as a Research Source*, NY TIMES, Feb. 21, 2007.) On top of this my students seem pathologically reluctant to even cite a source. Somehow they think that include a source in a bibliography somehow covers any materials they "borrow" from that source. This can mean not citing page numbers out a multi-hundred page document. I am certainly not requiring my students to adhere to the extremes of legal citation (my 52 page paper has 172 notes, some of which have multiple citations), but there are at least some minimal standards that I hold them to. I don't mean to conclude that wikipedia is not a valid source, in fact, I cite it in one of my papers for the proposition that pop culture has assigned certain stereotypi-

cal characteristics to cave men that would make them poor protectors for caves.

I am also considered to be a bit intimidating. Students seem reluctant to stop and ask questions. This was born out quite clearly in some of my evaluations from the fall quarter in one of my senior classes. A common theme in the evaluations was that the students did not fully understand the feedback I'd given them on reports (I repeatedly told them if they did not understand a comment they should ask about it). They also felt like they weren't allowed to ask for help. Yet, there were also a fair number of comments by students that when they did finally ask for help that they found the feedback very helpful and useful in completing their project. I guess you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink. I guess I will have to continue to reinforce this, but for next year I'm considering distributing excerpts from these evaluations for the students to see (even though I post all my course evaluations on my office door; the only faculty member at MSOE to do so).



Until next issue...



A Weighty Matter

(c) by Jim Sullivan

Harold Harwick, Attorney-at-Law, was recently diagnosed wit full-blown gravitas. Most folks in town were not surprised. He'd always been rather solemn and serious. Poor Harold never laughed or seemed to relax. Now it has caught up with him.

Some people might consider his diagnoses as a blessing. Most others, however, see it as a curse, and a terminal one at that. Such an assessment of human personality can very well be fatal.

As his legal peers will attest, Harold has always been a nice man but one who is overly burdened by a certain indefinable heaviness of mind. Though thoughtful, he never seemed to let his hair down even during informal moments in life and in the law. No one, for example, ever saw the man laugh or cry. There was a report, once, that during a Jackie Gleason skit on television, Harold chuckled momentarily, but this is pure hearsay. And his wife is hardly an impeachable witness to this fact. The lady, also rather humorless, is hardly unbiased where her mister is concerned.

Word on the street is that, before it does him in, Harold's trying to find a qualified surgeon to remove, through a medical operation, this lethal gravitas. He realizes that he'll never be appointed to the bench as a judge with his present problem, though he does act somber enough for courtroom appearances.

A jovial member of the bench presently, who prefers to withhold his name, rank, and serial number from the public, says, "It's a darn shame that Harold can't let it all hang out. I do. But so what? A judicial robe covers a multitude of sins."

Several other members of the local bar have proposed to Harold that he visit a hypnotist. Under such a person's spell, gravitas can be lightened up if not totally lifted out. A whole new personality, in fact, can be arranged by a person with the skill to induce a hypnotic state of mind. And the cost is minimal. Harold is weighing this suggestion.

Even religious leaders in this man's church are congregating to come up with some method of relieving Harold of the load he appears to have on his shoulders. So far, the only idea that has been put forth is prayer. Many, however, are unenthusiastic about this method.

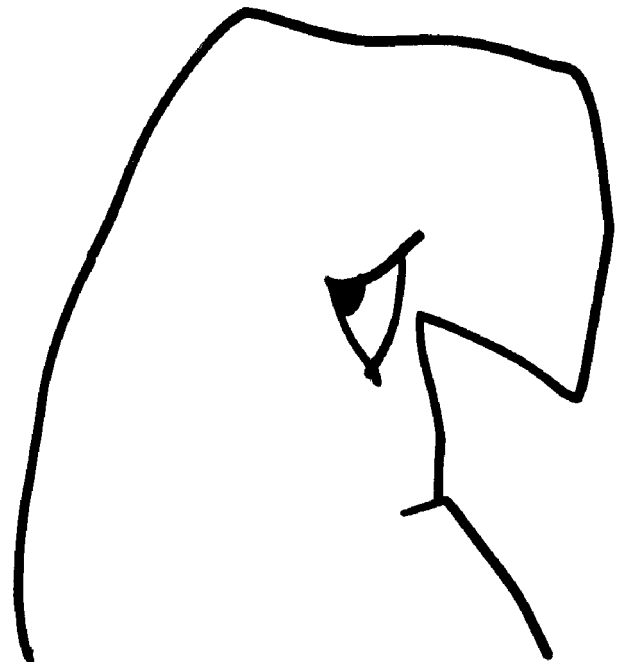
His parents, both still living, said that they always thought their serious son should go into the ministry. Harold's mom and dad even steered him in that direction. But ministers known to the family were all light-hearted souls. So that career seemed inappropriate. Harold, even at that early age, was already suspected of carrying the gene for gravitas.

It was probably inherited from Grandpa Harwick, a sober, serious, Puritan New Englander if there ever was one. His emotions were reported to have run from "A" to "B" and back again. And he never snickered, guffawed, or, even, smiled during his entire life. Of course, the undertaker put a smile on Grandpa Harwick's face after he died. But the old-timer certainly can't be blamed for that out-of-character facial expression.

Pharmacists claim the prescription drug companies are currently developing a curative pill for severe gravitas cases, such as Harold's. In point of fact, the pill is not being tested in Samoa. Gravitas has been found to be quite prevalent in South Sea Island countries. So far, so good for the new medicine. In short, there's a lot of hope for it. Harold's missus faithfully watches her daily soap operas on TV to see if any commercials for the anti-gravitas pill appear. She has high hopes for her husband's future well-being with this new type of panacea.

Trial lawyers tell other members of the bar association how utterly depressing it is to try a case with or against Harold. The heaviness in the courtroom at such times is oppressive. Usually, they, the judge, and the jury have need of vacations following such court work.

Meanwhile, Harold Harwick lives, if depressingly, with his gravitas. He's not a pretty sight to see. Even little children have grown fearful of this well-meaning man. Whatever you do tonight, please get on your knees and pray that this man be divested of his horrible illness: gravitas!



Sue's Sites: Three Day Trek near Cachi, Argentina 7,500 to 12,500 Feet Elevation Stunning Views of the Cachi Range Snow Covered and Towering Above Us

by Sue Welch



“Mr. And Mrs. Corralitos’ home is just on the other side of those Lombardy poplars,” announced Claudio, our tour guide.

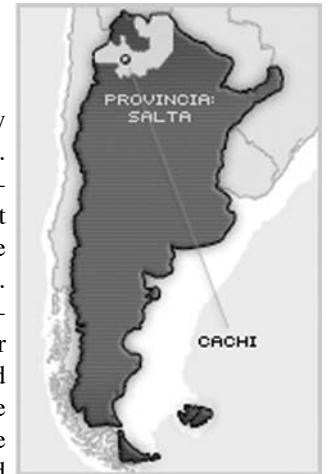
“That looks really really far away,” I thought although it couldn’t have been more than a quarter mile and no up or down just flat to get there. In ten minutes we arrived in their yard and I dropped to the ground. Claudio was mumbling about cool down stretch exercises as I was firmly deciding that I was not going to move any time in the near future.

When we arrived, Mrs. Corralitos was working on the family laundry using a metal pan, a bar of soap and an outdoor faucet. We learned, not her first name, but that she was 50 and had her first kid at 15 and her 10th kid at 39, only three still lived at home. Her long (well below her waist) straight thick gorgeous black hair was tied back with a ribbon; her smile lit up her beautiful wrinkle free face. Later on she showed me her sewing machine, which seemed able to do basically what mine can do except that this one had a foot pedal instead of a plug. She keeps the machine well wrapped in blankets to prevent dust from getting inside of it. Her two girls were helping her with the laundry and watching us as we watched them.

As usual Claudio thought of our every need. Come, sit at the table and enjoy some hot chocolate or coffee and cookies he told us. And while we were once again stuffing food into our mouths, the Gauchos (cowboys, some of whom make a living doing food preparation and carrying tourist gear on their horses) were putting up our tents in the nearby horse pasture and digging a hole for our bathroom (a teepee type pole covered with a blanket for privacy).

That morning had found us in the small Indian town of Cachi with its white buildings, adobe houses and cute little shops for tourists. Following a short drive we had been let out of our van at a trailhead where we had bread and cold cuts for lunch. We had then hiked up a dry, rocky riverbed in the Blanco River Gorge for about five hours, crossing and recrossing mountain streams while attempting to keep our feet dry. During a short rest stop, while sitting on the rocky

ground, iridescent green lady bugs had climbed all over us. Being spring (October) in Argentina, the days were pleasant in the upper 60s but nighttime brought frost (30-40 degrees). The intensity of the sun was incredible, partly because of our elevation (between 9,000 and 12,100 feet) and partly because of the tilt of the earth in the southern hemisphere toward the sun. So strong was the sun that the next day I burned my hands to a bright red due to the reflection of the sun on the water bottle I was carrying in my hand.



Following our tea party, we arranged our gear in the tents, put on our warmest clothes and took out our flashlights. Wandering back toward their house (the Corralitos actually have three buildings—one with sleeping rooms, one for cooking and the third for working. The building used for working had an open covered, not enclosed, porch area where there was a large table and chairs for eating. We wandered around, checking out our environment. The men and boys were kicking around a soccer ball. A clothesline included various types of animal skins tied up on it. In the kitchen the three Gauchos were cleaning chickens and preparing vegetables for our dinner. Dogs, cats and chickens (those not for our dinner) wandered around. It was best to keep moving as the sun dropped over the mountains above and the temperature went from pleasant to down right chilly. As the light faded I looked up toward one of the mountains and saw hundreds of goats streaming down the hillside, herded by several dogs. I looked right and more goats were coming down from two other mountains. The dogs herded the goats in a large circle close to the house. The two girls (children) brought pans of food for the goats and, somehow, the dogs arranged the goats around each pan.

Continued on page 9



A Visit to Grundtharian Fandom

By E.B. Frohvet

Reprinted from *Lan's Lantern* #41

Being something of a Big Name Fan (at least so far as the eastern European émigré community in south Florida's branch of fandom is concerned), I recently was flattered to receive an invitation from the Grundtharian Science Fiction Association. In the interests of international amity among fans, I share my experience with you.

Even in this day and age, Grundtharia is not the easiest destination to reach. Fortunately my travel agent is a resourceful person. Therefore I flew from Fort Lauderdale to New York via Delta, from New York to London via PanAm, and thence to Athens via Lufthansa. PanAm had the best food. In Athens I transferred to an Abuela-Fokker commuter jet which carried me to Montefiosco, the capital of Crealia. From there, wearied but in good spirits, I set out on the last leg of my journey aboard an Ilyushni-29 turboprop owned by Grundflegt, the Grundtharian national airline.

Unlike many other eastern European countries, Grundtharia still maintains a somewhat old-fashioned (i.e. Stalinist) sense of priorities. I first encountered this when a number of passengers on my Grundflegt flight were summarily evicted in favor of half a platoon or so of Grundtharian militia paratroopers in full regalia. These worthy fellows spent the early moments of the flight scowling at me, groping the stewardess, and sharpening bayonets. However, being an experienced traveler, I had prudently prepared for such eventualities by consulting my trusty Grundtharian phrasebook. Turning a firm but friendly smile on the soldiers, I greet them with the traditional, "Slomste au Slovenski eegenfrauen." ("Death to the pigfucking Slovenians.") After that we got along splendidly. In fact, before flight's end, they voted me an honorary member of the "Greeglethock ing jongjauw Slovenski eegenfrauen fleester." ("The heroic defenders of the Homeland against pigfucking Slovenians regiment.")

We therefore arrived in Schoove, the capital of Grundtharia, to the strains of a jolly soldiers song, and I bid farewell to my soldier friends. (The stewardess was also sorry to part from me but his may have been due partly to the fact that I helped dissuade the paratroopers from barbecuing a goat in the lavatory, always a risky business, especially in a Soviet-made aircraft.) Gathering my modest possessions, I proceeded to Grundtharian customs. Truth to tell, these fellows are not so

outgoing as their military comrades, nor as polite as British customs. Still, being an experienced traveler, I had prudently consulted my phrasebook, and offered the diplomatic greeting, "Zomm au jongjauw yonch. Sealgasse Grundtharski sneeble-tweezle." ("All hail the glorious Homeland. My grandmother was Grundtharian.")

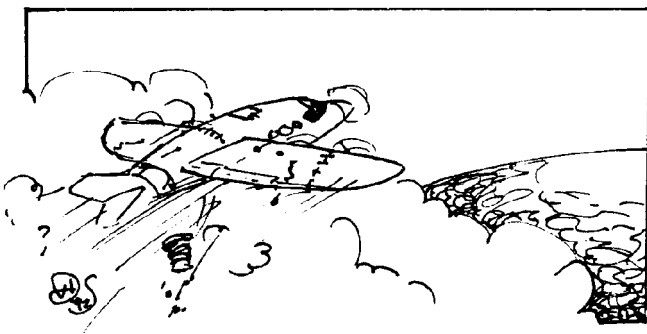
While this may have been technically a minor fib, it did lighten the mood somewhat; and in a mere hour and a half, having had my luggage searched only twice and explaining a trifling seven times that I was a tourist, I was granted entry to the country, with only the minor loss of a package of day-glo-green condoms which had somehow found their way into my bag. As the customs agents explained to me politely yet firmly, "Stengewow Grundtharski yengyong indigo Americanski au piropo." (Hmm. Come to think of it, that cannot possibly mean what my phrasebook seems to imply...)

In the waiting room of the airport (those who say all airport waiting rooms look alike have clearly never visited Schoove), I was met by my hosts, Pavel Valilievich and Grgor Ptnzkrll-



zng, the "secretary general" and the "ideological comisar" respectively of the Grundtharian Science Fiction Association. Pavel is a friendly fellow of about my own age whose most salient feature is a beard which gives the appearance of having been grazed by generations of rabid moths. Given a better grasp of English, he would fit in comfortably at any science fiction convention in the United States. Gregor, by an odd coincidence, bears a striking resemblance to John Kessel. Being an experienced fan, I greeted my sponsors pleasantly with, "Robert Silvergerbski au phleb." ("Long live Robert Silverberg.") They returned this salutation with true fannish aplomb, though I later discovered that neither were quite sure who Mr. Silverberg is.

Pavel and Grego were all for taking me on an immediate of Schoove, but having been traveling continuously for thirty-six hours, I begged that I might be allowed some sleep first. My new friends took me to my hotel, the "Comrade Iosif Vissarionovich," an imposing structure, the lobby of which is graced with an heroic bronze bust of its namesake (no doubt one of the last such in existence). On Gregor's vouching for me as a "kleef curdle Americanski" (my phrasebook whimsically renders this as "visiting American comrade"), the hotel provided me with a room which, the desk clerk proudly assured me, had once been occupied by Lean Trotsky. No one seemed to find this incongruous and, being an experienced



traveler, I elected not to comment on it. The quarters provided were, to be honest, rather sparse, but if Mr. Trotsky slept as well as I, no doubt he was satisfied with his visit.

Bright and early in the morning, Gregor and Pavel arrived for the promised tour. In the opinion of this fan, much of the highlight of the day was a visit to the Fifteenth Century ducal castle which overlooks the old city. The castle is, of course, mostly in ruins and is occupied only by vermin. However, it being an overcast day, the scene was wonderfully morbid and I chanced to remark to Pavel that it would make a perfect setting for a dark fantasy story. His face lit up in smiles, and nothing would do but that he press on me as a gift the second draft of his original story, "Erki Pukka Desgaste Cascabel" ("The Goat Monster Strikes Back"), which by happy chance was set in the very spot whereon we stood. Not to get ahead of my tale, since my return to America I am working on a translation of this fine work, and any editor interested in the North American rights may contact me. It is, however, slow going, since one must convey the many subtle shades of meaning evoked by the numerous diacritical marks used in written Grundtharian.

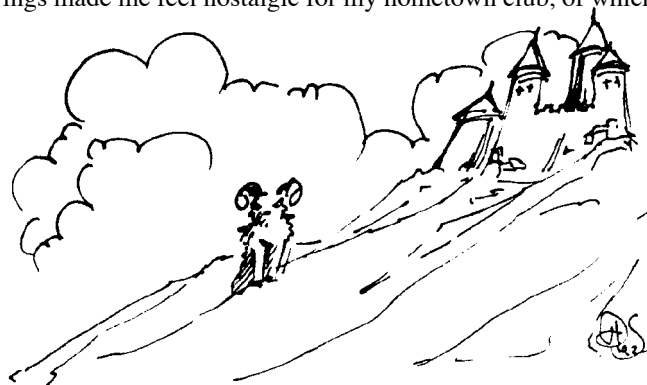
The ducal castle would have been sufficient thrill for me, but Gregor in particular insisted that I see more of Schoove. I must say that as a mere private citizen I was honored to sit in the visitor's balcony of the People's Parliament and observe the deliberations of that august body. However, though I would not for the world give offense to my Grundtharian friends, the fact is that Schoove is a singularly unattractive city. Those of you who have been to Chattanooga, Tennessee, will know whereof I speak. Even the sun coming out could not enliven hectare after hectare of drab gray concrete; and to deal with you honestly, I would just as soon have been spared the visit to the Comrade Friedrich Engles Sewage Treatment Plant. Still, my hosts seemed proud to show off their home town; and I daresay the people who live in Chattanooga find some modest virtues in that dismal community also.

When I expressed that I was hungry, our grand tour concluded with a visit to a charming Schoovian restaurant. My hosts recommended that I order the Grundtharian national dishes, "vashti" (barbequed goat) and "palomilla" (a dish consisting chiefly of mashed chickpeas and heroic quantities of garlic, very similar to the Middle-Eastern dish "hummus" which, being an experienced traveler, I had encountered before). This pleasant repast was washed down with a sprightly vintage from Comrade Francois Fourier People's Collective Winery. Of course, it is a universally accepted custom that the only true fannish cuisine is Armenian cooking, to which Grundtharian cuisine is similar. (To those few barbarians who insist that the correct fannish cuisine is Cantonese, I cannot improve on the reply of Mr. Dickens: "Bah! Humbug!")

Following dinner, I had the honor of being named a "Special Guest" at the bimonthly meeting of the Grundtharian Science Fiction Association. That this consisted of no more than thirty persons must be viewed in light of the (by American standards) lamentable state of public transit in Grundtharia, and particularly the collapse of the Hoobhood Valley railway bridge on the line connecting Schoove with Ascutney,

Grundtharia's second largest city. I was informed that save for this inconvenience the Ascutneyan branch of the G.S.F.A. would have come to meet me also. Gregor assures me that the bridge will be repaired soon, though I confess I am not certain how to reconcile this with the Grundtharian proverb, which I heard a dozen times during my brief visit, "Zleet eegenflaugen glob-glob prudenko." (Literally, "When the bridge is fixed": in context this appears to connote, "At some time the distant future." But I digress.

The meeting of the G.S.F.A. began with those parliamentary maneuverings so dear to the hearts of trufans everywhere. My friend Gregor seemed particularly adept in this area: every motion he proposed passed without dissent. It was suggested that the reading of the minutes be suspended in honor of my visit, but I insisted they carry on as usual. In fact, the proceedings made me feel nostalgic for my hometown club, of which



I have the honor to be Corresponding Secretary; and any trufan would have felt a lump in his throat as Pavel read, in rolling Grundtharian polysyllables, the list of those who were delinquent with their dues.

Following the business meeting I was introduced, and I must confess that the enthusiasm of the members caused me to depart an unseemly number of times from my prepared text, "Contributions of Eastern Europeans to Science Fiction" (which of course drew largely on the inestimable record of Dr. Asimov). After the formal talk there was a friendly question-and-answer session, in which I trust I clarified for my listeners certain aspects of American fandom which they had heretofore found puzzling. Finally I presented the Association with an autographed first edition of Sheri Tepper's *The Gate to Women's Country*; and while I suspect some of these fans were a trifle vague as to who Ms. Tepper was, the gift was accepted with true fannish graciousness. In return Pavel presented me with a certificate proclaiming, in Grundtharian and somewhat idiosyncratic English, "Eternal Socialist Friendship" between the Grundtharian Science Fiction Association and the Fort Lauderdale Science Fiction, Model Rocketry, and Armenian Food Club. Caught up in the spirit of the moment I spontaneously invited the G.S.F.A. to send a representative to the 1992 World Science Fiction Convention in Orlando, Florida; and while there was some muttering about "exit visas," in general this idea was well received. The evening then concluded with the traditional showing of the dubbed version of *Journey to the Center of the Earth*. You have not lived until you have heard Pat Boone yodel in Grundtharian. Happily,



being an experienced fan, I was able to help my new friends understand certain aspects of the film. Evidently the official interpreters at Grundfilm had missed some subtleties of the English text. For instance, I don't recall any reference to the Central Intelligence Agency in the original...

After the adjournment of the meeting, I returned to the "Comrade Iosif Vissarionovich," and again slept comfortably in Mr. Trotsky's bed, secure in the knowledge of the international amity of fandom. Gregor, who had kindly offered to see me to the airport, joined me for breakfast in the morning. He was able to explain that the rumbling noises that disturbed my sleep at 3:00 AM, and which seemed to involve armored vehicles, had merely been units of the People's Militia taking advantage of the light traffic at that hour to take a shortcut. It had not seemed to me that traffic was especially heavy at any hour by American rush-hour standards, but it seemed indiscrete to inquire about troop movements.

Even during my brief visit I had become fond of my Grundtharian hosts, so it was with a sad heart that I parted from Gregor at the Schoove airport. However, as Mr. Franklin so wisely said, "Fish and guests stink after three days," and I had no wish to overstay my welcome. Besides, I had been informed that the Grundflegt pilots are even more zealous than their American counterparts about leaving without

one if one is even triflingly late. I therefore was in good time to wend my way home, with a brief layover in Montefiosco.

Of course, being an experienced traveler, I did stop off for a week or so in the Greek islands on the way home. However, trufans would, of course, not be interested in hearing about a midnight debauch on the beach at Santorini, involving olive oil, barbequed goat, and several exceedingly friendly Swedish girls. After all, what does that have to do with science fiction? However, it was with a renewed faith in international youth that I boarded an Air France flight in Athens, bound for Paris, New York, and eventually home to Fort Lauderdale.

Although my visit to Grundtharia was brief, it affirms the essential unity of fandom; and I hope some day to see my Grundtharian friends here in the United States. If you should be at a convention, and you should encounter a shaggy-bearded fellow muttering to himself in a thick accent and wearing the customary purple-and-green sweater of the G.S.F.A., go up to him with open arms and say, "Slomste au Slovenski eegenfrauen." He will greet you as a long-lost sibling.

(Of course, if he happens to be of Slovenian extraction and the color of his sweater is mere coincidence, he will probably punch you in the nose; but then, no one ever said fandom was safe.)



Sue's Sites: Continued from page 6

The dogs are taken from their moms at birth and raised in the goatherd by other dogs that somehow teach them to take care of the goats. It is also the job of the dogs to fend off any predators that try to snatch goats in the night.

Quickly it became very cold and very dark. We sat down at the wooden table on the porch, lit by lanterns, and enjoyed, as we had become accustomed to on this trip, a delicious dinner including wine. Cold, tired and with full tummies we picked our way across the uneven ground to our tents in the pasture (fortunately for us the horses had been put off somewhere else in a coral and would not be stepping on us during the night.

As day broke the next morning, Claudio was waking us. The hike for today would be approximately 9 miles to elevations over 12,000 feet showing us some of the Andes' most spectacular terrain. During the late afternoon we would descend to a rocky dry riverbed. Before entering the riverbed, we

would stop at a school and visit with the children who lived too far to walk/ride horseback home for the weekend. The kids were very eager to have us sign their journals with our names and countries; they placed stickers on a huge world-wide map where each of us lived. In Argentina, any place where there are five families with children, a school will be put in place.

"Where's the coffee?" I inquired of Claudio as he told me it was time to get up. "Right here, unzip your tent" and as I did Claudio handed me the most delicious cup of coffee ever.

Note: Sue went on a three-week trip in South America, mostly Argentina but also in Chile, Bolivia and Uruguay. The emphasis was away from cities (except Buenos Aires and Santiago), showing off magnificent landscapes, pre-Columbian villages and ruins, wineries, llamas, alpacas, superb Argentinean beef and the capacity of this land to support humans for perhaps as long as 40,000 years. It was an active trip with hiking and trekking, not just sitting.

SERVICE WITH A SMILE



Carry on Jeeves

By Terry Jeeves

In Part 13 I was describing the effect monsoon rain had on the ten intercom control boxes of the Liberators causing ear-splitting howling. Removing the boxes and drying them over



a fire was slow and tedious. Naturally, we sought other measures but nothing seemed to work – which brings me to Flight Sergeant “Chiefy” Boyd, a venerable, former boy-entrant and long time career bod who had been in the RAF since the Air Ministry was a bell-tent. He was steeped in the old traditions of gas-heated soldering irons, wire-rigged biplanes, fixed undercarriages and other procedures which had been laid down in the distant past. He struggled manfully but in vain to master the newfangled technology. His favourite remedy was to coat everything with shellac, mineral jelly, or Bostik, a heavy gunge which set like a rock. We even had a song about him which we sang (in his absence) to the tune of Macnamara’s Band....

Oh my name is Chiefy Boyd and I really get annoyed
If you don’t shellac the contacts every day,
Mineral jelly, mineral jelly, mineral jelly is the
section’s only way.

That gives you the background, now the scene shifts to a mini-conference on what to do about the howling intercom boxes. Chiefy had already suggested two or three unlikely solutions – buy hair dryers, but a mini-umbrella over each box, and so on. Given long enough he would probably have suggested using inverted prayer mats to stop the rains. We were getting nowhere and just for laughs I said, “There’s only one sure way to solve it, slap Bostik round every box.” The magic word Bostik triggered Chiefy’s buttons. He knew about the stuff and was back on home ground. Quick as a flash he cried out, “That’s it, we’ll do it.” It was too late to say I was only joking, some 160 intercom boxes were duly swathed at their joints with Bostik-coated insulation tape. The stuff turned rock hard and (to a small degree) reduced the howling; but from then on you needed a hammer and chisel to remove a faulty intercom box.

While on unusual characters, we were blessed with a gung ho Signals Officer who loved to tear around the camp in his Jeep. He often got brainstorm for improvements on the radio gear and would come roaring round to our hut at any hour of the night to drag out an unwary mechanic to do some “alterations.” I got quite adept at vanishing into the bushes, clad only in a towel whenever I saw Jeep headlights pulling

in behind our hut. He had his uses though. One day he buttonholed me and said “I believe you like flying, how would you like to go on an air test?” I jumped at the chance, collected a parachute and harness, then reported to the flight line. Here I discovered that the air test involved throwing the Lib around the sky in evasive action whilst the CO played fighter pilot in a Harvard and chased after us. Oh well, in for a penny etc., or if in Rome, be a Roman candle. Off we went and it proved to be great fun. I squatted on the flight deck

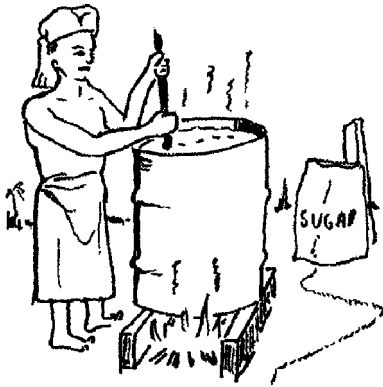


as we twisted and turned whilst the Harvard made dummy attacks. Sadly the flight lasted only a half hour or so before we rumbled back to a landing. Our Signals Officer was there. “How did the radio gear work, was it OK?” Heck, nobody had said that I was supposed to be checking all the gubbins whilst in the air, I’d just been enjoying the flight. However, life in the RAF teaches one tact and diplomacy, “It all worked fine,” I replied.

Things didn’t work out so well. Once an aircraft caught fire during refueling. It was fully bombed up ready for an operation. Spectacular booms, bangs, and bullets filled the air. The Brock’s Benefit was only prevented from spreading to other aircraft by prompt and brave action of a Flight Sergeant who leaped into an adjacent machine, started the engines, and taxied away. On another occasion, a nose wheel collapsed on landing. The Lib veered on to the grass, the front bomber’s window caved in and the whole aircraft acted like a giant plough and scooped up earth right back into the bomb bays. On another evening we lost a three-ton lorry when a native set out to pinch petrol from its tank. The poor blighter took along a hurricane lamp and held it up to the petrol tank the better to see what he was doing.

Squadron life had its ups, downs, and sideslips. One little pastime was to find a nearby anthill and stuff a couple of .5 cannon shells inside. Extract the cordite from another shell and lay a trail. Once lit, the home made fuse reached and exploded the shells thus removing one more local hazard. The ants were about an inch long and had a ferocious bite. I had often wondered why the canteen tea tasted so queer until the day I happened to be passing the rear of the canteen where it was made. A large oil drum filled with teas stood above a wood fire and every so often a native would pick up a long pole from the ground, it had one end wrapped in rags; this was plunged into the boiling liquid to stir it. The pole was then placed in the dust and a shovel of sugar was added from a sack standing nearby. The local ant population has this sorted out and every shovelful had a hefty helping of ants.





Into the tea they went, along with the sugar. Another stir, dead ants floated to the top and were skimmed off. The resulting mixture was then decanted into jugs and taken into the canteen. I went off tea after that.

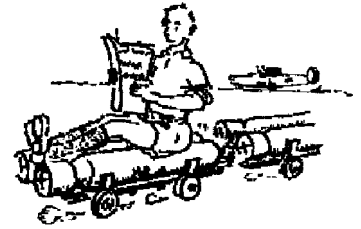
Among the strangest and most destructive insects around were the termites. These tiny creatures would eat anything made wood, be it tree, bush, or building. – even a wooden leg if its owner stood still long enough. Since they detested light, they would build long tube-like, dirt tunnels from their hive to the nearest banquet – and gradually cover it with more dirt as they ate their way along. The result was that you could often come across what seemed a small, leafless bush covered with earth. Give it a tap and it would collapse into dust.

Other strange fauna abounded. Shaking out one's clothes before donning them was a daily ritual in order to dislodge any overnight visitors, I once shoot out an 8 inch centipede! On another occasion, as I lay reading on my charpoi, I heard a scraping noise on the ground. That proved to be a large scorpion seeking a target. It was dispatched with a well-aimed boot. Snakes also presented a problem, an eight footer lurked in a bamboo thicket beside the cookhouse. Night brought not only mosquitoes, but huge flying beetles some two inches long. They droned along so slowly it was possible to use a shoe as a tennis bat and knock them out of the nearest window. A smaller variety would land near our hurricane lamps, shed their wings and crawl away, whilst after "Lights Out," bed bugs emerged to gorge themselves on sleeping airmen. I once came across a small tree hissing gently away. A closer look revealed thousands of caterpillars climbing slowly up the trunk. That was queer enough, but then as if on a signal, they all stopped moving and remained motionless. Maybe some exotic caterpillar ritual. Another time I opened my tin trunk to find a load of ants happily scrounging my small tin of sugar. I followed the trail of empty-handed (?) ants coming to the tin and the parallel stream carting away grains across to my table, into my home-made radio, up the aerial, out of the window and up the aerial to a nearby palm tree and from there down to the ants' nest. How they first found the route I'll never know. Determined little blighters, ants.

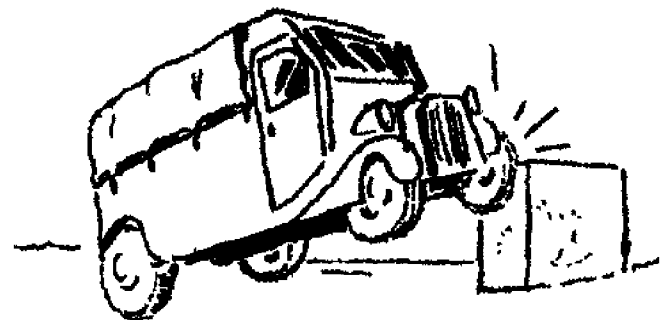
On the domestic side, we lived twenty to a basha, adobe walled huts with thatched roofs full of spiders. I shared one cosy corner with a Corporal Pat O'Hanlon. We got an old charpoi, sawed it in half, stood the legs on end, and added a top from some unrevealed source, and Lo! we had a table. This was covered with a cotton sheet and a line drawn down the centre. Anything straying across the boundary became the other chap's property, and arrangement which prevented either of us hogging the other's space.

Our staggered working hours went by the boards when there was an Op on. It was a case of work straight through until every aircraft was flight ready. One night after working straight through from early morning, I had to change the loop aerial on the top of a Liberator. I was so tired that I actually fell asleep for a minute or two whilst working away. Luckily I awoke before I fell off.

Sometimes an Op would be cancelled or aborted, in which case, Liberators returning from their mission or mercy or freedom had to be de-bombed. A hair raising experience from when you first encountered it. The armaments bods would, open the bomb doors, place a cushion on the ground under the bombs, defuse them, then press a release toggle to drop one 500 pounder to land on the cushion. It was rolled out of the way and the next was dropped. This carried on until all bombs had been removed. By the time the last one came down it was dropping about eight feet on to the cushion. While this was all going on you did your own job with crossed fingers.



Fellow personnel also had their little idiosyncrasies. We had an Anglo-Indian mechanic named, I kid you not, Big Withers. He stood six foot two, so nobody ever kidded him about his name, we just called him "Biggy." He could play the harmonica like Larry Alder, this annoyed me as he was always borrowing mine. To pass the time, Biggy made himself a laminated bow and arrows tipped with nails. One had to be careful when walking out as a shaft could go whizzing under your nose to thunk into a tree. Despite his skill, nobody accepted his offer to help enact the William Tell legend. Well, we couldn't get any apples. Biggy also had a theory that if you judged the revs right, you could put a three-tonner into first gear without using the clutch, simply by timing it right. I saw with him one day when he set out to prove it. He never succeeded, but ended with a flat battery which required some fast explaining to the MT section. Fast drivers on the road from billets to runways were slowed down by a chicane of three concrete blocks. Biggy took these as a challenge and tried to do each trip slightly faster than the last. He was up to nearly forty miles an hour before he clipped one of the blocks and was deprived of his license.



INTERLOCUTIONS

Chris Garcia
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02 Jan 2007

I open it and am face to face with a **Marc Schirmeister** cover. I met **Marc** just about four days ago when I went to my first LASFS meeting. Nice guy, great cover.

I played a little hockey as a kid. Since I was a big guy, I was a goalie. It really depends on how good the goalie is. I wasn't great, I stopped about 85% and I won about 2/3 of my games. All the shooting in the world won't help if the other goalie's a 95% guy. Hustle is its own reward often and usually pays off in the long run in the form of improved play on different teams at different levels.

Gene Stewart makes some very good points that I don't agree with at all. There's no such thing as a mundane anymore, or more accurately, the real mundanes are now as sheltered and holed-up as they thought science fictions fan were back in the day. Science Fiction has soaked into the national fabric and is permanent and most folks know a lot about it and enjoy it, whether it's books, movies or TV. Look at the top new TV show of the season: *Heroes* (well, *Ugly Betty* gets better ratings, but it's on a better night...) Plus look at the list of Highest grossing films of all-time. Most, though not all, are Science Fiction. It's not mind porn and hasn't been considered as such for a decade.

There's a scene in *1776*, the greatest musical ever made, where Dr. Lymon Hall of Georgia explains to John Adams why he's breaking with Southern ranks and voting for independence while his people are against it. It's really the most important statement on the matter of governance I've ever seen on film. Personally, I miss Political Machines, but that's just me.

Yeah, January is a weird month. A very weird month. I'm writing this on the second day of January and as I drove into work this morning, there was a gorgeous sunrise with the entire sky a glorious purple-pink that just took my breath away. And then, after I was in, it rained like an English Afternoon. Beauty followed by the Beast. I'm reminded of the guy who was lobbying to have the US adopt a calendar that had 11 30 day months and December would be 35 days. That'd be very weird, and there'd be no Halloween, if you think about it.

It is not ethical to take wood from a beaver's damn to build a fire, not because it's wrong to do particularly, but because it's probably not going to burn well. Plus, a beaver that makes its lodge in a beaver dam can go nuts if you disturb its dam. I've seen it happen and it's not pretty.

Good stuff. I love the Alien Artichoke thing from **Brad Foster**. I hate artichokes, and I mean **hate**, but they look so damn cool!

Chris

☐CKK: *I spent four years as Faculty Council Chair and nothing annoyed me more than faculty senators who would abstain because they hadn't bothered to ask their respective departments what their opinion should be. (Damn it, you were elected to have an opinion for your department even when they hadn't helped you form one.) I really like artichokes.*☐

Sheryl Birkhead
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January 5, 2007

Dear Knarl...

Fitting that the first zine response of the new year is for a milestone – #120! Congrats.

Brad did you up a nice cover...how very zen – or should that be hindu? I am not sure why we do zines. I even tried to remember why I did the few issues of my perzine for an APA and all I can remember is that a lot of the members kept encouraging me to join in and I finally did. Similarly, I cannot remember when or even when I stopped. I believe the APA (*RAPS*) was not around all that long – so maybe (ha) it was not lethargy on my part.

I wonder how many e-zine fans have actually held a fanzine in their hands. I mean one they did not just download. I have helped several fan pub and collate zines in several formats (ditto, mimeo, offset, etc.) and the closer to a do-it-yourself production feels satisfying – but I cannot say that producing a superb offset zine would feel any differently.

On the other hand, I do not get any warm fuzzy feelings from electronic zines. I might feel differently if I had a nice color printer, but just looking online doesn't cut it and what I can print out does not do justice to the visual product.

Don't ask me about the particulars, but my niece was taking finals on her laptop. As I understand it, the school contracted with a testing company to produce software so the students could sit in the room and all take the test on their laptops. They had it set-up so that the **only** thing allowed on the screen (once the test had started) was the test – so no one roamed. Anyway, apparently Deanna types very quickly and when she stopped to read the next question, her **new** laptop went to the screen saver and the software interpreted it as straying and locked her out. She was locked out for 8 minutes, while

someone called the software people (she was lucky someone else was there!) and reset her computer. She said the first thing she did after the test was to have a computer geek friend come over and re-set the screen save so this could not happen again. She did not get the 8 minutes back, but it did not sound as if she really needed them. Ah, technology.

Good luck with the original publications.

I actually have a copy of the latest *Challenger* sitting in my stack of zines to get to – so I have no excuse not so, eventually, LOC it. I will...just not today! I can agree with what **Guy** says about egoboo, with one caveat – someone has gotta provide that egoboo! This is one reason I try to promote fans mentioning **anything** they enjoyed in a zine. It doesn't help if you presume Faned A has such a ghreat zine that it goes without saying – so say it! Of course discussion of that faned's zine in other lettercols is a nice perk, but nothing says lovin' like actually saying it! Yeah, egoboo is the coin of fandom – and since it's free, do not be stingy – spread it around liberally! As a corollary – if you like the material a fan puts out – say so. If it's something you'd like to have and pub your ish, ask – even the most fannish of fen cannot really read your mind (or whatever – since I would have to seriously mix metaphors)...uh your editorial, if you do not come right out and say you like what they do and would they... of course the old adage is true, the worst thing that can happen is that you'll get a no – but without a request, it is probable (not just possible) they you'll not get a contribution. It does work both ways (I think) – even the act of asking for a copy of someone's zine is an act of egoboo – you thought enough of it to actually ask to have a copy of your very own! (That tells me that e-zines have short circuited this avenue of egoboo/feedback – sigh.)

Hmm, plastic surgery. The main change I have made is in the past few years in card selection – from ignorance I did not realize the same company that carried my cards also offered for free programs that netted a 1% (take it as cash or as gifts/giftcards) similar to the way the Discover card works. This way I am still paying the regular price (i.e. there is not penalty for using a card over cash) and getting a portion back. Since I, at least so far, pay off the balance each month, this amounts to freebies for me. In the past some places have not taken Discover card which is why I was pleased to locate these same incentives with cards I was already carrying.

I have heard about the terra cotta warriors and seen some photographs of them, but cannot truly fathom the scale. The only similar experience I have is seeing the Eiffel Tower for real – and being totally floored – that sucker is **huge**.

I am not certain if I have read any of the *Nero Wolfe* books or not – I need to see if there are any of them available as books on tape (since that is the way I do the majority of my "reading" now – spending a lot of time on the road – may be rewarding!).

If anyone is thinking about it, we are now into the Hugo cycle – so start thinking...

Brad's lucky that his call will take the pill hidden in the treat. I have tried the commercial treats (acceptable to said feline until the pill or crushed pill is introduced) and had a pharmacy (that specializes in pet formulations – they make chew treats in a multitude of flavors and incorporate the medication homogeneously spread throughout) make them up – blanks (a free selection to the owner) were fine, but not at all interested in the medicated ones. Right now I am hiding the meds in either a tiny amount of chicken baby food or a similar amount of oil (not water – everything separated!) off tuna or sardines. This is all amusing in the context that I am a vegetarian, so all the "meats" get tossed, since the diet has to be as low in protein as possible...meaning as little meat other than that in specially formulated diets. Whee.

Yeah, my niece apparently loves it in Las Vegas. That is the law school she wanted and not is very happy there. I thought she was going for family law, but now seems in love with criminal law. She, at this point, seems hopeful that the upcoming summer job turns into a full-time one after graduation. Somehow I still get that feeling of amazement – a Mormon in Las Vegas – living there and loving it!

Thanks-
Sheryl

☐**TKK**: *Marquette uses Secure Exam. It locks out everything but a limited version of Microsoft Word (e.g. no spell checking) which saves the exam results in an encrypted file that is promptly uploaded when the exam ends. There is always a technical expert available to deal with any issues.*☐

John Purcell
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6 Jan 2007

Dear Henry,

Finally got around to reading your latest issue posted at efanazines; tried downloading *TKK #120*, but my computer had trouble "reading" the document. Some kind of format difference it didn't recognize. So, since I would really like to have a copy of your 20th Anniversary issue - and congratulations, by the way; heckuva milestone – you should be getting a hard copy of *In A Prior Lifetime #18* via snail mail next week.

Your classes sound interesting, but expensive. I only have one real class to take this upcoming semester – Experimental Design in Research II – and the two textbooks run in the \$70-\$120 range brand new, with CD's included. I usually get my copies via the Internet at better prices. I'm teaching four classes again at Blinn College: two ENGL 1301's and two ENGL 1302. Once again, a busy year forthcoming. My pre-

liminary exams for my PhD will probably be in June. Oh, I am so **thrilled**. Be still my beating heart...

Love hockey. Later this year I might try my hand at playing hockey again in a "senior" league (meaning, all players over 50) at the Ice Arena in town. It's no-check hockey with 12-minute periods, and I think I can handle that. But I still need to get more into shape before I commit to this.

Good luck with that cave project. A most worthwhile endeavour. Keep us informed.

A few other comments are in order, of course, and they follow the ever-present colon which is going to appear right here:

"Mind Porn" was a nice little read. All good literature, not just science fiction, should make people think. Fiction has a long tradition of making commentary on the society that produced it; any form of entertainment is a reflection of the times in which it is presented, and thus is a statement of that society. In this regard, **Gene Stewart** has the right idea to encourage the creation of more thinking man's literature. I shall try my best.

I really have little to say about **Alex Slate**'s article about "The Ethics of Government – Part IV" except that most politicians have no ethics and are more likely to respond to the interests of those whose fiscal support got them into office rather than those who voted them into office. By their very nature, politicians are hypocritical in nature. They have to be, otherwise they'd never get elected.



Love the **Schirmeister** artwork this issue, especially the gong illo on page 7; very funny. **Jim Sullivan**'s article was silly, and I really don't believe a word of it. Does that surprise you?

Sue Welch's write-up of canoeing in along the Minnesota-Canadian border reminded me of an 11-day fishing trip I took to the Boundary Waters area of Minnesota back in early September of 1982. Such a beautiful, undisturbed area. Some year I have to get back up there because the fishing is just unbelievable.

I really enjoyed **Terry Jeeves**' contribution, which reminds me of when I used to get his zine *Erg* in trade way back when. Does **Terry** still produce it? If so, it must be well over 100 issues by now. I have always enjoyed his writing, and look forward to reading more of his military memoirs. Since I'm a bit of a military history buff, this is interesting reading. Back issues of *TKK*, here I come!

Nice lettercolumn. **Chris Garcia** and **Jerry Kaufman** both noted something about on-line publishing that I agree with: sometimes you will get locs from people who otherwise wouldn't know about your zine, but for the most part, there is little response. I have a core group that consistently writes in to my zines. Lately, though, there have been some newer folks, which is nice. As I get more paper copies out in the mail, the response ratio should hopefully go up.

Many thanks for posting this. Now to get that copy off in the mail to you for your annish. Take care, and I look forward to seeing more zines from you.

All the best,
John Purcell

☐*TKK*: Even after you are in shape in can take a few weeks to get fully in shape for ice hockey. Terry has largely stopped producing more than the occasional *LOC*, however, I will be reprinting the "Carry on Jeeves" as well as the follow-on civilian series.☐

Joseph T. Major
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January 9, 2007

Dear Knarley & Letha:

And now the knews ...before there was *Jigsaw Nation* there was *Prayers for the Assassin*, where the "red" and "blue" states split up to become essentially two different countries.

Ethics of Congresspersons: Have you ever read *Demosclerosis*? The thesis is that, far from being isolated from the public interest, Congress is *far too close* to them. Every Tuesday the lobby groups appear with their demands du jour, and they all have lots of money and a single issue to focus on. (Then the

Bowling Alone syndrome kicks in – almost all of these groups are centrally run with no effective local organization.)

“Carry On Jeeves”: “Another delight of that cookhouse was the eight foot long snake which lived in a nearby palm thick-
et.” You didn’t have to worry about mice eating the food.

Radio compass: This wasn’t the loop aerial with the reciprocal problem, was it? The B-25 Mitchell Lady Be Good had been flying on a course to Benghasi from Italy, straight as an arrow, until they ran out of fuel and had to parachute out ... well in the Sahara. They were flying the right course the wrong way. Nobody lived to tell, either.

InterLOCutions: **Chris Garcia**: You are using up all the fanzine energy!

The Enigma machine I’ve seen is in Chicago. The Navy probably kept the original Enigma machine from U-505 but they added one to the exhibit, probably after the Ultra Secret came out.

Joy Smith: The problem with relying on efanzines is that there’s no guarantee that the site will be around by tomorrow. This is unlikely, but there are things such as server crashes, power outages, and losing a domain. One missed payment, and all fandom finds it’s being solicited for Barely Legal XXX Hot Chicks!!!!

E. B. Frohvet: In the Stone Age of comics, Jimmy Olsen was in love with Lana Lang’s younger sister, who couldn’t get married until her older sister did, as I recall. That wouldn’t fly today, so I suppose that is where the Chloe subplot comes from.

I get barraged by refinancing ads in email; the domestic equivalent of Nigerian spam. I used to get calls on that too until I told one caller, “The mortgage is paid off.” That did it.

Eric Lindsay: In other words, the Internet makes communication so easy that no one even bothers any more. I’ve noted that although there are lots of efanzines, there are few new efaneds. Yes, **Chris Garcia**, and his energy amazes and astounds and even analogs me. He’s been going for over two years, so he’s probably not another Nydahl. But who else?

R-Laurraine Tutihasi: Right now we are treating Red Wull the tailless cat for arthritis. The medicine is liquid. Every evening we catch him and shoot a little bit into his mouth. He limps off, disgusted. It’s easier than doing Sulla.

The insurance requirement varies from state to state. I just renewed the cars’ licenses for another year, and Kentucky does require proof of insurance. Then there was the time I managed to forget about having had a speeding ticket and got dumped by a new company, just after I had got off a course of pool insurance.

Milt Stevens: Our doorbell is broken. Solves a lot of problems (except for the time Lisa called me on her cell phone to tell me she had forgotten her door key).

Jeffrey Alan Boman: FAFIA is “Forced Away From It All”, i.e., having to quit fanac for some overriding mundane reason. All this is explained in Fancyclopedia II, which is on the net, and whose editor, contentuous fan Dick Eney, died in December.

Lloyd Penney: There are three WWI vets in Canada and three Canadian WWI vets. That is, one of the WWI vets in Canada is British, and there is one Canadian WWI vet here in the States. They are:

Victor Lloyd Clemett	b: Dec. 10, 1899
Dwight “Percy” Wilson	b: Feb. 26, 1901
Gladys Powers	b: May 10, 1899
	[the British vet in Canada]
John F. Babcock	b: Jul 23, 1900
	[the Canadian vet in the US]

Clemett and Wilson both live in Toronto. Wikipedia lists Robley Rex as “WWI-era” because of claims that he didn’t enlist until 1919. Lisa and I went to see him last weekend.

Namarie,
Joseph T Major

☐**CKK**: *I don’t understand how you can fly for hours in the wrong direction. Either the sun or the stars would have to be in the wrong location.*☐

E.B. Frohvet
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January 11, 2007

Dear Henry,

Heard of MARS, haven’t we? Perhaps not this one. Geographically it’s known as Wallops Island, Virginia; noted chiefly as a weather station, and for such small experiments in sub-orbital rocketry as did not require the larger facilities of Canaveral or Vandenburg. However, under the joint sponsorship of the states of Virginia and Maryland, it has now gone into the launching commercial satellites business under its new title: Mid-Atlantic Regional Spaceport.

Editorial: One has to admire your commitment, achieving such a milestone, and promptly starting “the next 20 years.” Kyle’s team deserves credit for not giving up (see how often professional athletes dog it); but it may simply be that they aren’t very good. Of hockey being the “safest team sport,” I doubt that – baseball comes to mind as a sport in which most of the players spend most of their time standing about waiting for something to happen. Football is the most dangerous, with hockey somewhere in between.

I think the absence of what **Gene Stewart** calls “mind porn” is a consequence of publishing decisions being made by marketing departments, not editors. Can you imagine *Dhalgren*, or *Lord of Light*, or *A Canticle for Liebowitz* being published today?

Chris Garcia says, “Most politicians are good people who want to do good things...” It seems inelegant of me to offer “Bullshit” as a response, so let’s leave it at, I do not agree.

Jerry Kaufman says he got into fandom because of finding “other people who loved science fiction.” Do not pass Go, do not collect CR200: what happened to the idea, and where did fandom lose it? (Leftover yeast in beer is harmless, and appears odd only because Americans are used to drinking filtered beer; see Mr. O’Toole’s dissertation on how to make the October ale in Simak’s *The Goblin Reservation*.)

I regret that probably the most disappointing aspect of fanzine fandom in 2006 was the failure of *Tortoise* to publish another issue after April. Still waiting.

Perhaps the Jehovah’s Witness people heard so many complaints about their over-aggressive proselytizing, that a policy decision was made to do it down and be more consumer-friendly. I’ve had Mormons come to my door as well, invariably clean-cut young white men, and they are very polite.

Eric Lindsay: I have to disagree with you about people driving below the speed limit; though on practical rather than moral grounds. Most Americans take the speed limit, and 5 MPH over it, as the normal speed to drive. A person driving, say, 45 MPH in a 55 zone, is a danger to others because they are obstructing traffic.

Laurraine Tutihasi: If she’s referring to Social Security disability hearings, most people are not aware that the standard is not whether you can do your regular job. The standard is whether you can do **any** “substantial gainful activity,” or any job. A college professor with multiple sclerosis, would probably be turned down, as his job is essentially mental and he can do it from a wheelchair. Of private insurance, the exact standard varies; but certainly in my time in the insurance business I’ve seen any number of obviously frivolous claims.

Milt Stevens: Well, I guess I won’t call on you unannounced.

Jeffrey Allan Boman: No, temple University is in Philadelphia. The one in Pennsylvania (there’s at least one other in the U.S., in Mississippi). I have sent several boxes of fanzines to the collection there – and somehow got on the mailing list for the alumni magazine! Perhaps they suppose anyone contributing to the school in any form must be an alumnus. The writing to 50,000 words contest fudges a key point: is any of it of publishable quality? Supposing there was a market for 50,000 word stories, which in general there isn’t.

On the record: No, I am no longer doing articles or reviews for publication. Why? Because I say so, that’s why. Or at least, that’s part of why. I need not explain myself further.

Confusion to the French,
E.B. Frohvet

☐**CKK:** *I toured Wallops Island in 1980 when I was in a summer program for NASA. At the time the equipment was so old that the panels used nixie tubes. (Neon tubes where each digit was illuminated by its own element so as the numbers counted they moved inward and outward on the display. Hockey is a safer sport because it is not a fixed-foot sport; and yes it is safer than baseball in terms of lost time injuries. The leftover yeast is actually good for you. It replaces the B vitamins that the alcohol removes from your system and will generally help reduce a hangover.*☐

Bill Legate
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Jan. 11, 2007

Knarley,

Some writers are first-drafters: they don’t rewrite at all; they publish it as it is. And there are second-drafters. They rework it once or twice, and then they publish. Then there are third-drafters, who rearrange and polish all of it, and -then- publish it. And there’s a perfectionist fourth stage, that goes through all that, and then starts it all over and does it again.

That’s an arbitrary division into four stages; and each writer follows his own inclination. First-drafters I call “Kerouacs” because Jack Kerouac was the first one I knew about, back in the late ‘50s when I noticed the difference.

Rex Stout was pretty much a Kerouac in this sense. That’s why in a half-dozen of his stories the brownstone on West 35th is on the block between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, and in another half-dozen it’s between Tenth and Eleventh. You can’t think of everything at once – so in some stories Nero Wolfe was born in the U.S. but in some he was born in Montenegro, - and other such details.

Dean James & Elizabeth Foxwell’s recent *Robert B. Parker Companion* confirms my suspicion that Parker is a strict Kerouac. (And that Parker is likely to write about just anything that interests him.) The *Companion* has biography and interview, bibliography, and good lists of characters and locations. The Jesse Stone and Sunny Randall novels of recent years share several people and places, now and then, with the Spenser novels. Some jokes and phrases are more or less repeated from book to book, sometimes by different characters. The stand-alone novels can remind you of some Spenser or Stone situations. One of the 30-some Spenser novels is *Potlatch* (2001), centered in southeast Arizona. A stand-alone, *Gunman’s Rhapsody*, came out the same year – a so-so story

about Wyatt Earp in 1881 Tombstone. In *Potshot*: “So who are you,” the Preacher said finally, “Wyatt fucking Earp?”)

One thing the *Companion* doesn’t get into is the constant literary allusions in all Parker’s work, especially in the Spenser. Sometimes the allusions are obvious, and may be mentioned; other times they’re just in passing, and the reader may not recognize them at all.

Of the 33 Spenser I’ve read, there are a dozen or more “literary” titles. *God Save the Child* may refer to John Hay’s *Little Breeches*. *Promised Land* has many references, but Havelock Ellis did say, “The promised land always lies on the other side of a wilderness.” *A Savage Place* is in Coleridge’s *Kubla Khan*. Both *Ceremony* and *The Wedding Gyre* (that’s JY-er) are from Yeats’s *The Second Coming*. *Valedictionis* from Melville’s *Moby Dick*. *Taming a Sea Horse* is Browning’s, *My Last Duchess*. *Pale Kings and Princes* is Keats’s, *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*. *Crimson Joy* is in Blake’s *Songs of Experience* (*The Sick Rose*). Two in Shakespeare: *Walking Shadow* in *Macbeth* 5.3, and *Small Vices* in *King Lear* 4.6. *Sudden Mischief* in Edmund Spenser’s *The Faerie Queen*. That’s all I find. For *Cold Service*, I suppose it’s the saying, “revenge is a dish best served cold.”

In *Ceremony* (1982), Susan asks what Hawk does on Thanksgiving. Spenser says “I have no idea. Probably has honey-roasted pheasant served to him by an Abyssinian maiden with a dulcimer.” Spenser and Susan’s conversation goes on with no reference to Coleridge, or acknowledgement of a literary allusion: even though Spenser was alluding to Coleridge’s *Kubla Khan*: “A damsel with a dulcimer \ In a vision once I saw: \ It was an Abyssinian maid, \ And on her dulcimer she played, \ Singing of Mount Abora.”

Some of the allusions in Spenser’s text, in addition to those in the titles, are to the books of Exodus, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes; to Henry Adams; to Auden, Eliot, Emerson, Forster, Frost, Hemingway, Housman, Dr. Johnson, Kipling, Lamb, Lovelace, Cotton Mather, Increase Mather, O’Neill, Stevens, Tennyson, Dylan Thomas, and Wordsworth. There are others literary, and many others to public and historical figures, criminals, cartoon characters, musicians, movies and actors ... and so forth.

In *The Widening Gyre* (1983), “On the whole, I’d rather be in Philadelphia” is a quotation from W.C. Fields.

Some of the allusions are precise; some are paraphrased, to handle a pun or some kind of analogy; and some are scrambled. I detect misstatements of Laurel and Hardy, and of Molly McGee! Sometimes Parker has the lay-for-lie error and sometimes he hasn’t. And when did Spenser stop smoking? Sometimes he says 1962 or 1963 or 1968, and sometimes he’s less precise. And for my last complaint, in *Pastime* (1991): Macduff, **not** Macbeth, was “none of woman born”; “from his mother’s womb untimely ripp’d” (See *Macbeth* 4.1 and 5.8.).



There’ll be some interesting joke, or saying, appear; then one or two or three books later, there it is again! Same riff, same speaker or another, or trade roles ... Someone will say, “Hitler loved dogs.” In a few books, “The ways of the Lord are often dark but never pleasant.” Nice and weird. Or now and then, Wayne Cosgrove at the Globe will swap information with Spenser – just like Lou Cohen on the Gazette will swap with Archie, in the Nero Wolfe books.

Back Story (2003), narration: “The martini tasted like John Coltrane sounds.”

One beautiful phrase, appearing in both *The Widening Gyre* (1983) and *Pastime* (1991), is, “Like a jar in Tennessee.” I wonder what it’s from?

Part of the picture of Spenser is in *Potshot*, p. 298, where he narrates, “the Feds were willing to let some guy named Steve get ‘fixed’ rather than reveal their bug on Tannenbaum.... The most good for the most people and all that. I was glad I didn’t have to think that way.”

In *Pale Kings and Princes* (1987), p. 167, Susan says, “But you are so careful to do what you say you’ll do.” He says, “There’s not too much else to be careful about.” Susan suggests calling this “Post Christian ethics.”

In *A Savage Place* (1981): “I’ve never shot anyone when it wouldn’t have been a whole lot worse not to.” And later in the book, Hawk tells a circle of friends, “Spenser thinks that how you do it is as important as what you do.”

In *Promised Land* (1976), Spenser raves, “I’m sick of moments. I’m sick of people who think that a new system will take care of everything. I’m sick of people who put the cause ahead of the person. And I’m sick of people, whatever sex, who dump the kids and run off ...”

In *Stardust* (1990), he says, “Complicity’s hard to avoid.”

In *Cold Service* (2005), p. 129, shall we depict present-time communications as inherently ambiguous and arbitrary? We

may cite Shakespeare, *King Lear* 4.6, “change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?”

Also in *Cold Service*, Spenser grumbles about unstable mob arrangements in Billyburg: “This wouldn’t have happened ... if the Dodgers hadn’t left.”

Spenser met Hawk at 17 or 18; they fought on the same card, maybe 1954. A birth-year for Spenser may be 1935. (Parker is 1932.) In *A Catskill Eagle* (1985), Hawk, into his clenched hand: “All units,” he said, “be on the lookout for gorgeous Afro-American stud in company of middle-aged honkie thug.”

Some situations crop up in novel after novel, connected to Parker’s history and family; and I think that -someone-around there is actually drinking Diet Coke! In some of the books, now and then, Spenser tries to switch from real coffee to the decaffeinated stuff; and it’s, “-This- gag again?”

In *A Savage Place* (1981), Spenser says “I’ll bet my album of Annette Funicello nudies on it,” In *Valediction* (1984), Spenser has a date: “But enough about me. Let’s talk about you. What do -you- think of me?” – And in *Pale Kings and Princes*(1987): “It’s quiet.” \ “Yeah too quiet.”

In *Ceremony* (1982): “How’s his nose?” I said. \ “Fine,” he said. \ “Oh.” \ ... \ “You sound disappointed,” he said. \ Hawk said, “He five breaks ahead of me. He hoping I’d catch up.” – In *Walking Shadow* (1994): If a detective falls in the forest, I though, does he make a sound? – And in *Hush Money* (1999): “You right,” Hawk said. “Couldn’t happen. Be like J. Edgar Hoover running around in a dress.” \ “Exactly,” I said. “Impossible.” – (Does this one refer to the picture that’s around of Hoover in a dress? I don’t know how anyone could establish that it was or wasn’t faked.)

In *Back Story* (2003), p. 139: Spenser to Hawk: “You have to protect me,” I said. “I’m your only friend.” And on p. 150, Hawk asks Spenser, “You want to be the one tells Susan I let them kill you?” Then in *Cold Service* (2005), Quirk visiting Hawk in the hospital, p. 20: “Hawk”, Quirk said. “You look worse than I do.” \ “Yeah, but I is going to improve,” Hawk said. Later, p. 238, Spenser says to Hawk, “Like you memorized the five Ukranians involved in shooting Luther,” I said. \ “Names and faces,” Hawk said. \ “Remind me not to annoy you,” I said. \ “Too late,” Hawk said.

With dialogue like this, and the description of personal idiosyncrasies, you might make a case that the Spenser stories, as a whole, make up a life comedy.

In *Small Vices* (1997), p. 74, a college girl asks Spenser his first name and he tells her. He doesn’t tell us. Back in *Valediction* (1984), p. 85, one Laura who was then dating Hawk said “Hello, Edmund,” to Spenser (for Edmund Spenser, 1552/53 – 1599). She always called him Edmund, and Hawk she called Othello. – As far as I know, his first name is not in print. I even wonder whether it might -be- Edmund.

I wonder how many people will be on Mars for the Labor Day 2095 Worldcon you anticipate. I still think that young adventurers will divert water ice from ‘way out there to get something happening on Mars while old farts sit around and think about things. Some events can be predicted and some can’t; but how long some developments take, and the timing of new ideas, and really not very predictable. Why not take a chance?, you might say, and go on out – and Bejabbers!, find the fan lounge understocked.

Joseph, how did Somtow get bricked?

Jerry, there was some excerpting going on. You also have to deal with the possibility that I’m a jive-ass motherfucker. I’m often distracted by all the directions in which intelligence literally cannot go. I’m pretty sure people will eventually formulate and advertise some reasonable -opinions- which lead immediately to self-evident logical contradictions. You can’t know this! It doesn’t many anything! The way in which you can’t help but think about this, does not apply!

Edelstein’s note amounted to saying that Lafferty gets right to it – sort of a “never mind the form.”

Different atlases and reference books don’t always agree on a town’s precise latitude and longitude coordinates. Either coordinate may vary by up to a few minutes; but the numbers given by the atlas on top of the stack in the local library here work as well as any. Singapore (that’s SINN-guh-POUR, although they we say it SING-uh-pour) is 1°18’ N. and 103°52’ E. And Quito (that’s Kee-toh, but you aren’t always charged higher prices if you say KWEE-toh) is 0°17’ S. and 78°32’ W. Those towns are, loosely, antipodes (that’s ann-TIP-uh-deez)” opposite points around the world from each other.

With these numbers, the antipodes of Singapore would be at 1°18’ S. and 76°08’ W.: a point 2°24’ east and 1°01’ south of Quito. That close to the equator, a degree is about 69.17 miles; so call it 166 miles east and 70 miles south of Quito, in eastern Ecuador near the Peruvian border. It’s at higher altitudes, somewhat volcanic, venting unsaturated hydrocarbons, coal gas and the like – resembling that CH=CH ethylene gas that once intoxicated the Delphic oracle by Mt. Parnassus, all squeals and rumbles for banjo-playing gold-haired Apollo.

“The Graces damned, and Apollo play’d” (says Richard Lovelace). As Horace, in the Odes, says that Apollo’s bow isn’t kept forever strung, so Don Adriano de Armado wraps up (Shakespeare’s) *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, observing “The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way” We this way.”

So the first-drafters, etc. are four stages. The first and second are interfertile, as are the second and third, and the third and fourth. But the first and third, or second and fourth, are seldom interfertile, and only as a fluke. The first and fourth stages are clearly distinct species. It’s just like the great grandmother of the chicken. You follow the maternal line back from your pet hen, through several species, to some reptiles; and see there?

They all lay eggs. Any one egg, along the line, is the species that hatches from it, but may have been laid by a member of another species. By whichever definition you choose: One, along that line of eggs, hatched into the first chicken – which by definition hatched from the first chicken egg. So don't be asking which came first, the chicken or the egg, any more!

So if unobservable, causally disjoint regions occur, is there an indescribably different one in which causally disjoint regions cannot occur?

Bill

☐ *CKK: How did my fanzine become the central discussion zone for Nero Wolfe, etc. I've never read a single one of the books.* ☐

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12 Jan 2007

Dear Henry and Letha

Thanks for the latest issue.

Lloyd Penney says that he asked me for my view on the US government's attitude to stem cell research "because the current regime....overtly or covertly tries to impose its domestic policies on its major trading partners, such as Canada" and the UK should therefore be subject to the same "unless its partnership in Iraq with the US gives it special allowance". Neither partnership nor trade has anything to do with it – the UK isn't one of the US's major trading partners (the bulk of our trade is with Europe, and has been since before the UK acceded to what was then the EEC in 1973), but it's principally our differences from the USA – in culture, history, society, politics, civil traditions, and so weiter – which ensure that the USA's domestic policies have no purchase here.

One of those differences, for example, concerns the place of religion, which (as I remarked in a previous letter) is far more influential in the USA than in the UK. Here, public professions of faith (especially when made by politicians such as My Little Tony) are treated with great suspicion and attempts to force our largely secular society to elevate religious concerns almost always fail abysmally. (A recent example of failure being the attempt in the House of Lords, a few days ago, to annul the Sexual Orientation Regulations on the grounds that by making it illegal to discriminate against gays and lesbians in the provision of services it would require true believers to place obedience to the state above obedience to their deity. The annulment attempt failed by a margin of three to one.) This means that (for example) stem cell research here is untroubled by the drivelling about morality and the sanctity of human life which clutter up debates about biology in the USA (at least, there's no public argument; some people

probably do have religious objections to stem cell research, but they never get a hearing); and with luck we will also, later this year (when the Human Fertilisation and Embryo Authority has completed its public consultation on the issue), have research into stem cells which are a hybrid of human and animal DNA (although the ultra-religious are as usual banging on about interference with god's creation and other knee-jerkisms).

I can't imagine the prospect of research into hybrid human-animal cells being entertained for a moment in the USA – although curiously enough the USA seems happy to experiment with animal cloning (a fuss recently erupted here over the import from the US of a frozen calf embryo which originated from a cloned cow, although US public opinion seems to have remained entirely untroubled by the issue), and the US public is also happy to eat GM food whereas EU public opinion is so opposed that supermarket chains won't touch the stuff. US farmers have in consequence lost a slice of their export markets because so few GM varieties have actually been authorised for use in the EU, and although the WTO last year sided with the US in its complaint about EU restrictions on imports of GM commodities, it was on the narrow question of the EU not having had a proper authorisation system in place during the period when imports of GM crops were de facto prohibited – not on the question of whether there should be an authorisation system at all. US authorisation procedures for GM seem, by contrast, to be much laxer, and give the benefit of any doubt to the biotechnology companies.

So there's another difference between the USA and UK, and another illustration of why we won't be adopting the USA's domestic policies any time soon. (Indeed, they'd probably be rejected even more firmly if the Dubya crew did try to apply any pressure on us to do so.) Although the Dour Leader (Chancellor Gordon Brown, the expected successor to the prime ministership sometime this year) is reputed to be cooler towards the EU than My Little Tony and more admiring of the US economic model than the social corporatist EU one (despite the fact that the latter is the more successful model on almost any measure -- productivity, innovation, level of unemployment, degree of social inclusion, wage inequality, educational attainment, provision of public services such as healthcare and transport, etc. etc.), this admiration stops well short of trying to import policies from across the Atlantic, because he knows that no one would stand for them. In addition, and perhaps more importantly, the UK's domestic policy in a number of areas is determined not by Whitehall but Brussels, thanks to the harmonised legislation the UK is required to implement by virtue of its membership of the EU – meaning that there's even less scope for the adoption of US-style rules, because that would entail the creation of non-harmonised sectors and thus barriers to trade under the Single Market.

In view of which, perhaps Canada should consider leaving NAFTA and joining the EU. Then it could do what the UK does: make sympathetic noises about understanding the US

position, etc. etc., and then continue doing what it is required to do by virtue of its EU membership. (I suspect this is one of the reasons why successive US governments have been so ambivalent about the EU – it means they can't divide and rule, because all 25 (now 27) countries are required to act as one on so many issues. Except where the invasion and occupation of Iraq was concerned, of course; but in that case what Donald Rumsfeld dismissed as old Europe turned out to be right after all.) But then people like me like being members of the EU, especially when it means I get to travel first class on the Eurostar to and from Brussels at government expense for meetings connected with my work for the Food Standards Agency....

Changing the subject entirely, I found **Sue Welch's** short piece about canoeing in Quetico Provincial Park a bit incoherent, since it seemed to take as given that readers would know where the Park is without this being spelled out explicitly. I gathered from the reference to "the US side of the lake" that Quetico must be on the Canadian border; but it was only when I googled for it later that I got the full geographical information I was looking for – the geographical information given in the last half of the piece, which should perhaps have been placed up front. Although, having googled for the geographical information, I note that the text of in **Sue's** piece is, er, strikingly similar to the text of the Wikipedia entry for the Park. Naughty naughty! University students can get thrown off their courses for cuttin'n'pastin' from the internet, you know.... And I think I could have done with a bit more from Sue about what she did on her canoeing holiday rather than a couple of sentences saying that she paddled about, swam in the water, sunbathed, and sat around the campfire in the evening – what were the daytime temperatures, what were the sunsets like, did they have to battle swarms of mosquitoes and midges, what was it like to spend a week without the background hum of industrial urban civilisation? (In 1998 I spent some time sitting on the verandah of my brother-in-law's farm in Western Australia, and found the absolute silence – bar a bird call from time to time – so unnerving that I could scarcely concentrate on my reading.) Plus some information about the identity of the people in the photograph (is the woman in the foreground Sue herself, for instance?) and why the canoe appears to be named "We-no-nah".

But I suspect I've written more than enough. Time to stop, before I take over your letter column altogether!

Regards
Joseph

☐ **CKK:** *Harmonization is an interesting idea and to some extent it is at the root of federalism in the United States and so I find that while it may be a theme there are many areas where each of the member nations (states) is more than willing to bend the ideal for protectionist or other reasons. Relying on the European Court of Justice (Supreme Court) to correct every inconsistency is impractical.*☐

Brad W Foster
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16 Jan 2007

Greetings H & L~

"Mind porn" for fiction that excites the mind- what a great idea! Kudos to **Gene** on that one, let's see if we can get everyone to use that term!

Joe Major's comment to **Sheryl Birkhead** about having to get a set of his own medical records. I love how it is so hard these days to get to actually see, let alone handle, your own medical records. And usually I'm spending my time trying to get one medical outfit to find the damn things so I can get them to send them to another medical outfit that will also misfile them. If they'd just let me keep track of my own records, we could avoid all the extra problems. (I **did** get to keep my recent CAT scan film, which I keep on hand to prove to people that I do, indeed, have a brain in my head. How useful it might be is up for debate, but there definitely is brain tissue in there!)

Thanks to **Jerry Kaufman** for getting the Brahman the Creator reference for the cover figure. Of course, I'm sure that **everyone** got that, but he was the only one to actually mention it. Oh, and still on that cover, **Jeffrey Boman** asked if the guy was supposed to be you, Henry. He was actually closer to the truth when wondering if beards were a fandom thing. The male with beard and glasses is kind of the short-hand "fan" image, so figured I was safe with that look. Maybe it's uber-fan!

Regarding **Eric Lindsay's** remark about installing cruise control in the cars of everyone under the age of 25, I recently finished my most recent Defensive Drivers Course (for purposes of insurance deduction, I'm too old to screw with tickets these days). Anyway, I found the most expressed "reason" for people getting a speeding ticket was that they had no idea they had been going that fast. I think it's too easy to lose that concentration, especially on open roads. I use my own cruise control for just about every situation save for heavy traffic. I haven't gotten a speeding ticket since I started.

Not sure I can agree with **Jim Stumm** on citizens taking turns to be the leader. First, there are a lot of my fellow citizens I could do without being leader-for-a-day. Second, with so many folks involved, how would we decide who would get it? Well, maybe we could get together and decide, hold something like an election...oh, wait, that's the system now. Nope, face it folks, there is only **one** form of perfect government, and it is the rarest in all of human history, the Benevolent Dictatorship. (For the best example of what's wrong with much of government these days, see just about any episode of the hilarious *Yes, Minister* or *Yes, Prime Minister* series.

And **Lloyd Penney** brought up another thought for me in the ongoing “print versus on-line fanzine” discussion. He discusses the idea of a physical zine having value, whereas an e-zine seems to have none, and then brings up how notice is given to folks of the posting of a new e-zine. That made me again wonder why I also find I do less loccing of the e-zines than the printed, and I realized that an online zine doesn’t share the “fannish usual” with it’s print cousins. That is, you don’t have to do anything at all to get an online zine, aside from typing in a URL. Just about every print zine I’ve gotten has noted in some way that, to guarantee receiving future issues, you’ve gotta “do something”. Heck, here on the back of *TKK* is the latest in a long line of reminders that I still have only 2 issues left, thus ensuring some kind of response. Has anyone else brought this idea up?

stay happy~
Brad

☐**CKK**: *I offer paper copies to even those who have discovered me electronically. I find the ever decreasing number to be helpful at getting a response, but not universally helpful. Many a fanzine fan with an otherwise well-known reputation for “the usual” has succumbed to the fate of going past 0.*☐

Joy V. Smith
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18 Jan 2007

Dear Henry,

Cute and intriguing cover. (And what is an “X” stamper?) I hope you’ve got most of those law review papers written and are moving along with your editing duties and that you’ve passed your internship. And bought your \$500.00 textbook! I hope everyone’s enjoying playing hockey. It sounds as if the cave group has accomplished a lot. I hope they get their grant. Btw, county volunteers have worked hard at the local historical society’s park near us too; and the historical society just got a grant and is waiting to hear if they get another one. They help.

Good article by **Alex Slate** on The Ethics of Government (part IV); I agree also with the quote from The Majesty of the Law. I enjoyed **Sue**’s article, Canoeing in Quetico Provincial Park. It sounds so tranquil! Re: question: Put the wood back.

I really enjoy **Terry Jeeves**’ stories about his war experiences. I hope they’re collected and printed in a little book and distributed to libraries, bases, etc.

LOCs: I’m glad you made extra copies of your fanzine issue. With sample copies and advertising, results may not be immediate, but sometimes down the road, even a year or more later, people may respond, or at least be more aware. Photos on the Maribel Caves web page is a great idea. Nowadays people google lots of things, and I came across some interest-



ing and useful photos about something recently. (Hmm. No idea what at the moment, but I did appreciate the photos at the time.) Btw, are you aware of tags? I can use them easily on my blog now, and I’m enjoying thinking of key words, which may be useful to someone...

E. B.: Orange trees get wiped out by freezes periodically here. We did try kumquats, which are hardier, but we lost them in the drought, as I recall. However, a friend is going to give us some of her oranges soon. (She lives in town, where it’s warmer.) I don’t keep plants in the house because I don’t want to do any more watering when I get inside!

Cute little alien artichoke on the back cover.

Appreciatively,
Joy V. Smith

☐**CKK**: *The \$500 law textbook was a special deal in the bookstore at around \$300. Still too much, especially when you factor in the \$30 supplement I had to buy from a local print shop. The Maribel web page should now have some photos.*☐

Lloyd Penney
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January 21, 2007

Dear Knarley:

Time to herald the apocalypse once again with an early loc from me. This time, it’s on issue 121 of *TKK*.

Another great **Schirm** cover. Seeing “Mine” everywhere reminds me of the seagulls in *Finding Nemo*. Mine, mine, mine...

You’re right, the periodic e-mail lacks formality and personality. That’s why every loc I write, I make it look like I am writing a letter. I have some connection to those more genteel days, and even with the speed and money-savings of e-mail, I prefer to write a letter.

Congratulations on your continued successes with law school. I had no idea that any textbook could cost \$500, unless it was gilt. It had better be worth that kind of money for your needs.

I really like that definition of SF, pornography for the mind, to get it thinking, stimulated, excited...it is hot in here, or is it just my head? As with any society, and especially ours, some thinking can still be considered dangerous, and illegal. SF has always been escapism, especially a vacation from a harsh reality one might have to endure. We just have to make sure that the escape from reality is just a vacation, and not a permanent trip.

I'm sitting here in the middle of January as I read **Jim Sullivan's** article, and it's damn cold outside. I'd like just about any other month right now, and July would be my first choice.

When Yvonne and I travel to some of the local aircraft museums, like the Toronto Aerospace Museum or the Hamilton Warplane Heritage Museum, or the Niagara Aerospace Museum in Niagara Falls, New York, I see veterans who repaired planes in the last War rolling up their sleeves and getting dirty the way they used to, to restore these old planes back to looking good, if not new. I know exactly what **Terry Jeeves** went through, because I see veterans doing it regularly today, but without the time constraints. It's become a pleasant hobby for them.

I cannot imagine what **Chris Garcia** might put into *The Drink Tank 1000*...we already seem to know him as well as his parents did.

I've had a look on some MySpace sites. While a blog might resemble an on-line diary or even a bulletin board, a MySpace site tends to be a personal playroom, decorated with your pictures, opinions, musical tastes, and all your vital and not-so-vital statistics. I'm not sure such total exposure to the Web and those who scan it is a good idea, but I've seen what appears to be some real characters there, and their intention is get themselves out to the masses, explain themselves and say hello.

I love discussing religions with missionaries. Some of them are so convinced, while others are usually willing to acknowledge that there are other valid points of view. I find the Jehovah's Witnesses are in the former camp, while the Mormons are in the latter camp. I even had a Scientologist at my door one time, and I got rid of him by sidetracking him onto a discussion of L. Ron Hubbard's early SF, like Old Doc Methuselah.

Murray Moore told me about his upcoming cataract surgery, and joked that between the two of, we might have a good pair of eyes. He might be right...I will be seeing my ophthalmologist at the end of January, to see if my right eye needs more work. After that, we'll see if my left eye needs some work.

I'll be glad when it's all done; the horrible scenarios that run through your mind...

Jeff Boman is right, I don't have a beard, like so many make fans do. Yvonne doesn't like them on me (I've tried to grow a few), but when I try...well, let's just say I look very Amish. Grows on my neck, not on my face. **Jeff**, was Tamu at Con*cept? I don't recall seeing her, and I was looking for her.

It's Sunday night, gotta get ready for the new week. We attended the Canadian Students' Summit on Aerospace at Ryerson University, my alma mater, and we had a great time, and were fed far too well. As we consider a bread and water diet without the bread, we'll bid you a restful night, and see you next issue.

Yours,
Lloyd Penney

☐**CKK**: *It took me a while to get a reasonably respectable beard (I used to shave only twice a week), but I so despise shaving that when it went to daily I committed to a beard. It won't win any awards, but it beats a daily date with a razor.*☐

Dave Rowe
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2007-January-21

Dear Henry,

Thanks for *The Knarley Knews*. Just wanted to make a couple of small points...

Personally e-fanzines just don't work. You can't carry them around with you, you can't sit back in your favorite armchair with them (unless you've got it stationed in front of your computer - which is unlikely), you can't lay in bed with one or read them when using a stationary exercise bike.

Bill Bowers was a good friend and a great fanzine editor but when he started posting e-fanzines it was time to quit reading them. Sitting down in front of a computer monitor doing thing but scroll and read was just too monotonous.

When laptops become even cheaper and more prevalent as personal computers, e-fanzines might get to rival the old fuddy-duddy paper versions but maybe not even then.

If **Ned Brooks** wants to find out if Coca-cola made with the old sugarcane recipe is better than the modern concoction there is a very simple way to put it to the test. Just take a quick trip to your nearest Mexican supplies store and buy some Mexican Coca-cola which is made with sugarcane. Soda fans have given assurances that it does taste considerably different.

All the best,
Dave

□**TKK:** *I don't think e-fanzines will be as convenient to read until they develop the "clip board" PC that is about the size, weight, and general thickness of a clipboard. (E.g. the computers used routinely on Star Trek: (Deep Space 9.) A laptop is too bulky.*□

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23 Jan 2007

Dear Knarley,

Thanks for the issue and also correcting the mailing list address. You are one of the few that is getting my address correct at this time. At least for as long as it lasts...

Re issue 121....

Is it ethical to take wood from a beaver dam for a campfire? The answer is sometimes. I think that the real question being asked here is weather taking wood from a beaver dam (and therefore the beaver) constitutes stealing?

I don't think it does. Animals are not people. There is no concept of private property, therefore there is no stealing. That said however, it does not mean that we treat animals any way we want, without consideration for our actions.

Now, let me point out that I think that taking wood from a beaver dam for a campfire might not be an extremely smart thing to do... I would think that wood from a dam would be extremely wet (saturated perhaps) and therefore not particularly the best wood for a fire. But that aside...

I think the answer to the ethical nature depends on when (or why) and how the wood is taken from the dam. Now, if I remember some stuff that **Dale Speirs** (editor: *Opuntia* – who is a supervisor with the Parks Department up in Alberta) wrote; **Dale** stated that beaver dams are not always 'good' for the environment and can really be more of a pain in the neck. So that destroying the dam may be a good thing. But I don't most of are qualified to make that sort of judgment. Therefore, I would operate from the premise that beaver dams are natural and the guiding principle of environmental stewardship would apply.

Is there other firewood available that would not require taking down a live tree? If so, I don't think you should take the dam wood. If getting firewood would require damaging of destroying a live tree then I think that taking the dam wood would be preferable. Now, you should note that cutting supposedly dead wood from a live tree can damage the tree in certain situations. That covers the when (or why) portion. How deals with the question of whether the dam is destroyed when you take the wood. I think that it is probably possible to just take some wood off the top of a beaver dam and not

really affect the operation. Therefore, taking the wood like that has no real ethical implications.

Well, that's my answer to the question.

JT Major re your comment on "exaggerating for effect". I looked at the site, but I can't bring to mind the context of your statement. Help?

E.B. I don't disagree with you regarding Mr Foley and his actions. His actions were illegal and constitute sexual harassment, or at least the appearance thereof. The pages are subordinates. Therefore Mr Foley's actions render him ineligible to be a congressperson. But let's look at Gary Hart and Donna Rice. Two consenting adults with no power dynamics other than personal issues involved. Totally different. That is the type of separation I am discussing. Mr Foley's actions don't meet my smell test.

Re the remainder of your comments, I also tend to agree with you. And this is the focus of the column in issue 121. There is a balancing act between the need to do good and getting elected in order to be able to do good. I would hope there wouldn't be, but there is and that is one of the distinctions between ethics and morality. The world, especially the world of politics isn't black and white, except in the rare situation.

Jim Stumm: I seem to remember a short SF story some time ago that advocated your idea regarding serving political office. I think it was either by Asimov and Heinlein. I think that there is probably some merit involved in the idea, though there would be practical problems (as of course there are with the current system).

Regarding unrelated riders. I fully agree. I don't think that grinding the work of Congress to a halt would be a good thing, except under certain conditions. Like it or not, Congress serves a function. Is the role greater than it should be, probably. Ok, yes it is. It is the role of the electorate to let congress know that. And let's face it. The electorate as a whole has abrogated that role. I am not a populist by sentiment, I am an elitist (and there are problems with that as well). Of course, it would help if the news media (as opposed to the entertainment media) did it's damn job and actually informed the populace, instead of trying to entertain. I have no real faith in 'the people'. As the old saying goes, "Everyone's an idiot except thee and me, and I have my doubts concerning thee."

I don't think that the congress chosen by lot would necessarily be any worse or better than the elected groups we have now. I frankly think that it would be a wash. Although, you are right, that it would make a lot of money available for other uses. Now, would the extra assets be put to good use, or wasted on something equally foolish? I think you know my opinion.



Jeffrey Allan Boman. The same type of street name issue has taken place here in San Antonio. Here the result was sort of the other way around. The vote was to not change the name, except as a sub-name to the street. But your final point “politicos not only shouldn’t govern by their own moralities, but also not from their own viewpoints alone either.” Well said.

Best,

□CKK: I would suspect that much of the wood in a beaver dam would be saturated, but the pieces above the water line would be as dry as any driftwood that had washed up on the beach and sat there for weeks. Quite dry and likely to burn fairly well. I would guess that Canadian park rules would, as a minimum, seriously frown upon disturbing a beaver dam in this way.□

Bill Legate
See address above
Jan. 25, 2007

Where I dashed off “Billyburg,” in my letter two weeks ago, I was thinking of Williamsburg, a northern section of Brooklyn – actually how Spenser (Parker) took people back to the Four Seasons in midtown Manhattan a couple of times, but never listed Peter Luger’s on Williamsburg’s Broadway at Driggs for their porterhouse steak.

I missed the title *Hugger Mugger*: “and we have done but greenly, \ In hugger-mugger to inter him” in *Hamlet* 4.5. *Pastime* -may- be form “you must not thing \ ... beard he shook with danger \ And think in pastime” in *Hamlet* 4.7. *Mortal Stakes* is in Robert Frost’s *Two Tramps in Mud Time*: “Only where love and need are one, \ and the work is play for moral stakes, \ Is the deed ever really done \ For Heaven and future’s sakes.” And is the title *Playmates* from Charles Lamb’s *Old Familiar Faces*?

I suggested John Milton Hays’ *Little Breeches*: “Saving a little child \ And fatching him to his own ...” for the title of *God Save the Child*. Or it might be a take on similar lyrics, Billie Holliday singing “God bless the child that’s got his own.”

The “first draft” kind of writing is consistent with literary allusions done from memory. In *Potshot*, Wordsworth’s “The world is too much with us” is straight. In *School Days*, “Songs unheard are sweeter far” is garbled, form Keat’s *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. – And perhaps with the repetition of favorite bits: In *Taming a Sea-Horse* and *Stardust*, someone says “Hitler loved dogs”: in both *Chance* and *Sudden Mischief*, “Hitler liked dogs.” In *Double Deuce*, *Paper Doll*, and *Back Story* are versions of the “you’re spoiling the dog” \ “but how else will she learn to eat from the table” joke.

Is “Death is the mother of beauty,” repeated in a few Spenser novels, in fact from Wallace Stevens? In *School Days*, “Let be be the end of seem ... The only emperor is the emperor of ice cream” -is- an approximate rendition of Stevens’s “Let be be finale of seem. \ The only emperor is the emperor of ice cream.”

The line “Human voices wake us, and we drown,” appears in *Valediction* and in *Paper Doll*, and is alluded in *A Savage Place* as California, “where the dream had run up against the ocean, and human voices woke us.” It’s Eliot, the end of *The Love Story* of J. Alfred Prufrock: “We have lingered in the chambers of the sea \ By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown \ Till human voices wake us, and we drown.”

The source of a weird line in both *The Widening Gyre* and *Double Deuce*: “The ways of the Lord are often dark but never pleasant”: is actually discussed, with suggestions of Adler, Reik, – Reich?? Also in *Double Deuce* is “You and God have a lovers’ quarrel,” which is more or less like Frost’s “I had a lover’s quarrel with the world.” – Maybe such references are sufficient for the exaggerated characterization in a series of playlets together making up some overall stories. (Stories about overalls.)

Spenser first met Susan, in *God Save the Child*, in a September. In *Chance* and *Hush Money*, their meeting is dated only loosely in the 1970s. In *Looking for Rachel Wallace*, Susan says it was 1973. But in *Stardust*, Spenser has been listening to Susan “since 1974.” In *Pastime* (1991), Spenser says it was in September 1974, shortly after Labor Day. And

in *Small Vices* (1997), he says “We met just after school had opened ... in 1974.”

Spenser’s birth date might also be a little later than 1935. In *God Save the Child* (1974), a police squad demands, “Is that a wise remark, boy?”, and Spenser reflects, “At thirty-seven I wasn’t too used to being called a boy.” This was the day before he first met Susan. If he was 37 by the September, and it -was- 1974, then he was born in 1936 and that month in 1937.

In *Pastime* (published in summer 1991), Spenser recalls visiting Ebbets Field with his Uncle Bob late one August, when Duke Sniker and Jackie Robinson were Dodgers, Stan Musial and red Schoendienst were visiting Cardinals. Spenser was then old enough to drink in New York: at least 18. We know that Robinson was active through 1956, then retired. A little research tells us that Red Schoendienst left the Cardinals during the 1957 season and went to the Giants; he left the Giants during the 1957 season and went on to the Milwaukee Braves. – This game at Ebbets Field, was, therefore, in August of 1955.

In *Mortal Stakes* (1975), someone says to Spenser, “I remember twenty years ago you was fighting prelims in the Arena.” In *Promised Land* (1976), he tells Susan that he and Hawk “used to fight on the same card twenty years ago.” And “worked out in some of the same gyms.” In *Hush Money*, “We fought on the same card when we were eighteen.” In *Pastime* it’s more specific, that they had already met and seen each other, when he and Hawk fought one preliminary bout – and that was the only time they fought each other. (It was at the Arena, not the Garden. – The Arena is a hockey rink now.) As Hawk was walking out, eight white guys attacked him, but were discouraged when Spenser joined him and threw one of the drunks through a window.

In *Cold Service* (2005), he tells Susan he met Hawk when he was 17. Hawk had grown up on the streets in a ghetto; Bobby Nevins found him when Hawk was 15, and trained him. – Would this have been before or after Hawk dropped out of night school? One place in *Hush Money*: that while teenaged Hawk attended night school, one teacher, the most accomplished black man Hawk had ever met, sounded on him, and Hawk simply dropped out of school.

So Spenser had already returned from Korea, and known Hawk for a while; they had just recently fought on the same card. If he turned 18 before August of 1955, again, he was born in 1936 or the first half of 1937. (And both Spenser and Hawk are now about 70 years old.)

Spenser says later in *Pastime* that during on Dodgers game, Red Barber had said of Robinson, in his soft southern voice on the radio, “He is very definitely brunette.” This went through Spenser’s mind as he staggered injured, along the Mass. Pike, Pearl’s leash looped on his arm. ... A car swung up onto the shoulder. The door opened and Hawk got out. \ “You are very definitely brunette,” I said.

In *Paper Doll*, held illegally overnight in a South Carolina jail, “I ran over my all-time, all-seen team again: Koufax, Campanella, Musial, Robinson, Smith, Schmidt, Williams, DiMaggio, Mays. No one was out of position except Mays, and certainly Willie could play right field. I’d have Red Barber broadcast the game. And Red Smith write about it.”

Many Spenser novels have clients in psychological denial of family situations. In *Back Story*: “People often know things that are mutually exclusive.” The later part of *Paper Doll* circles around moral decisions, and specifically how the perceived necessity of a moral decision may present itself in a way quite precluding anyone else’s participation or commentary on the process and terms of that decision. “I won’t tell you.”

Henry, -do- most of us “mean well” and “try to obey the law”? Or do many of us rather “want to do what is right” – I’m talking about those educated in our lifetimes in the English language – and hope to sidestep the ambiguities of the “law,” and too many laws, and special interests; and some unexamined assumptions about the sense in which “right” may be synonymous with “lawful”; and too many opinions about, “oh, -this- is what you -really- mean,” perhaps not necessarily in spoken words?

(Of course if I were younger and still on a schedule, I would be obliged to take more part in community maintenance. Examination of definitions like the above would then be only in my spare time: a more abstract exercise.)

Dave Langford told me that Jerry Pournelle and Larry Niven caused the fall of the Soviet Union, and that Jane Yolen was a tool of Satan. I remember *Mimosa* for gobs of fan history. *Challenger* had long lists and descriptions of zines, discussion of right and wrong in society, and even an occasional -science- article. I loved **Milt Stevens’s** tales in **Marty Cantor’s** thing, and I enjoyed ‘most everything in *FOSFAX* when it was coming out every two or three months. These, and many other zines, had their respective insanities, and most had long collections of LOCs with different viewpoints. And that’s what I like.

What I -miss- is the science. “Science fiction fans don’t seem to know much about science” is an old story. (You mean they can’t distinguish between politically motivated “science stories” and more routine marketing ploys?) I don’t know that there’s anything one might -do- about it. But you can’t just say the fans are united only by accident of random circumstance. There is common ground between them, -something- of common interest, even if I can’t pin it down. I don’t mean the reciprocal of satire of known fans, in-jokes in a private vocabulary. Nor the “we versus everyone else” assumptions overheard from the younguns running around conventions; that also happens with followers of various kinds of music and art and sports.

□**TKK**: I think that much of criminal law is rooted in the evolution of modern morality. With the exceptions of speed

limits I think that most people try to do the right thing which is also the legal thing.□

Milt Stevens
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February 1, 2007

Dear Henry and Letha,

Alexander Slate's article has the most comment hooks in *Knarley Knews* #121. We begin with the issue of whether a politician's private life is really private. The idea of Right to Privacy is a fairly recent one in the public arena. In previous decades, laws which intended to regulate the conduct of married couples in private were a sign that there wasn't any such thing as a right to private sin. Attitudes on these matters have obviously changed in the last few decades.

As late as the presidential election of 1960, whether a Catholic should be allowed to be president was still a matter for discussion. Would they take their orders directly from the Pope? It appears that most people didn't think so. At even a later date, some people believed a divorced person wouldn't be elected president. Maybe there once was some sort of public outrage against divorce, but it disappeared a long time ago. These days, many people avoid divorce by never getting married in the first place.

Then there was one candidate who was outed for talking to a grief counselor. We may assume that having mental problems or even being entirely crazy isn't forbidden in politics. It's only trying to do something about your mental problems that will finish your career. Getting caught having sex with another consenting adult outside marriage is OK if you're a movie actor but still a bad thing if you're a politician. Movie actors and actresses can live together and even have a few kids without being married and nobody will say a thing about it. Not so for politicians. The only thing that saves politicians from boredom is that the crime is not in the act but only in getting caught in the act. If you can't be good, be discreet.

There are a few signs to let a politician know how his constituents feel. A mob with torches outside your office is a bad sign. People carrying buckets of tar and bags of feathers is another bad sign. If a politician notices either of these signs, he must have offended popular prejudice. Popular prejudice is most often shown in the area of Values. Values include things like abortion, gay marriage, and prayer in the schools. They generally involve telling other people what they should do. Usually, issues about values generate an inordinate amount of heat for issues that have little practical impact. (Those of you who think outlawing abortion would stop people from having abortions never lived during periods when abortion was illegal. This is really a moot point because abortion is not going to be outlawed.) If you are a politician, you better go along with the popular prejudice in your district or make plans for what you are going to do as a former politician.

If you are a representative from Alaska, you better not favor environmental legislation which will depopulate several towns in your district. Environmentalism is only a safe issue in places where nobody makes a living from farming, mining, logging, or drilling. In other areas, have a care. Education is always a safe issue. Since absolutely everybody favors education, you should too. However, it isn't necessary to actually do anything about it.

Always favor a strong defense. Favor it even more if defense contractors hire lots of people in your district. Always support our boys and girls in uniform. In the event of war, murfle vaguely.

Yours truly,
Milt Stevens

□*TKK: The right to privacy is rather unique. It is not mentioned in either the Constitution or the Declaration of Independence, but was invented by the Supreme Court. And, despite this lack of textual support it has the highest level of deferential protection by the court. The clearest example of it first appearing was a case in Connecticut where the Supreme Court struck down a law that made it illegal for married couples to use birth control and for physicians to provide advice to married couples on birth control. The Court envisioned the bedroom police spying on the most private aspect of our lives.*□

Dave Szurek
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2/6/2007

Herr Doktor Henry Welch,

Looks like my pancreatic problem is now part of the past and about that I am happy, but it just dawned on me that there are other things wrong with me too. None of them have given me a shitload of trouble within the past few years, but it would be just my luck if one grew to overcompensate for the absence of the other. Ah, but I'm talking like a worried hypochondriac, aren't I? Ah yes, it's always something, isn't it?

Jeffrey Allan Boman: FAFIA is Forced Away From It All, and involuntary GAFIATION, usually a temporary condition, but I imagine longer ones have existed.

Laurraine Tutihasi: They often try to screen people out of collecting disability payments who qualify, too. Indeed, in some (most? I wouldn't be surprised) states, if a person doesn't go back at least two times – sometimes even three or four, he or she is automatically disqualified. Several, if not most, states have a policy of straight out rejecting applicants the first time. This is insane when it comes to people who are discouraged quickly and easily – and unfortunately some of the individuals who need that service the most are that way. It's something the powers-that-be rely upon.

Jim Stumm: Of course, services should be a voluntary thing, but the word "should" doesn't rule this world as often as it -ahem- should. How many times have we left it up to someone volunteering help, only to see it never happen – and is it really wise to take chances in areas where human survival, or even human well-being is at stake? The optimistic viewpoint is one I've heard argued often and my argument is one I've made often. I've nothing against optimism but I do have something against gambling too quickly in certain areas. Sometimes we just have to settle for "the lesser evil" or give the greater evil too many odds at winning.

My wife and I didn't have to fall too far into debt to realize that credit cards are an unhealthy lifestyle. It's not for us and its been quite a while now since even a sixth of our collective life was lived on plastic.

Dave

☐TKK: *During my judicial internship I worked on a few disability cases. These had been rattling around in the system for as much as five years. The standard for getting SSJ was rather high and the candidates with the greatest trouble seemed to be those that were never very gainfully employed in the first place.*☐

Eric Lindsay
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12 Feb 2007

Hi Henry,

Did *TKK* #121 come out in December. I am even further behind that I hoped. Good luck with the law papers that you have doubtless already completed.

Jim Sullivan explains why I have so much trouble with keeping track of which date it is.

Sue's canoe trip sounded very peaceful. You can hire canoes here, and about 65 of the local islands are National Park, but there are lots of other boats around. Besides, canoes are not always a good match to marine conditions. Better to stick to the coast or nearby islands.

Interesting item from **Rodney Leighton** in his loc, noting that printing a physical letter only means hitting a different button. Of course, if like me you are not willing to have a printer any longer, then you don't produce anything in print ever. I have to admit I had a note from **Ned Brooks** mentioning seeing typewriters still, and hearing China still made mimeos.

I wish **Jim Stumm** would say whether he was happy with politicians or not, instead of beating around the bush :-)

Regards, Eric

☐TKK: *Canoes are not a good match to local conditions except in small lakes or relatively calm rivers. I find it amazing that the fur traders were able to extensively explore the northwest using largely canoes.*☐

R-Laurraine Tutihasi
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12 Feb 2007

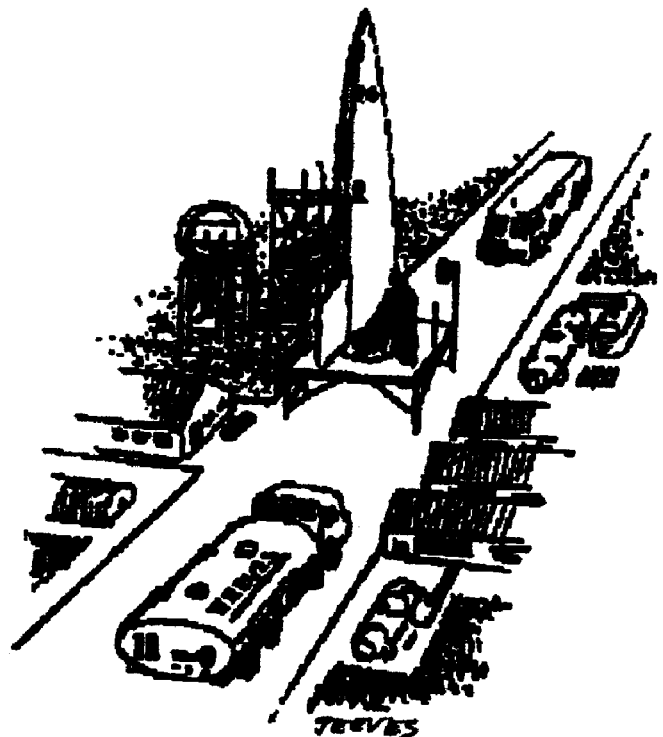
Dear Knarley,

I didn't find a lot of information on the web about the New Hope Cave at Maribel. Is it a limestone cavern or something else? I've been interested in caves ever since my first trip to Howe Cavern in upstate New York and have been to several others since, including one trip at Carlsbad that included having to crawl on hands on knees at one point. I'm hoping to check out a few in California before we retire to Arizona, where we've already been to one cave.

What kind of "future geologic study" is planned for at the cave?

Reading **Alex Slate's** article about "The Ethics of Government" brought to mind the great new series on PBS about "The Supreme Court". It is a four-parter, and I can recommend it highly to anyone interested in the legal history of the country. Here is stuff we don't usually learn about in school.

Terry Jeeves' story about the aerial plug pins being put in backward reminds me of the time I spent working on an F-14 trainer at Hughes Aircraft (now defunct, mostly absorbed by



either Raytheon or Boeing). The trainer consisted of a cockpit mock-up and a trainer console. I was working on some machine code to make the lights on the console light up or not. It was straightforward except for a couple of lights that only worked as desired if we reversed the order of the code. We software types suspected the hardware people of having wired those lights backward, but try to make the hardware people admit to anything like that. They even argued with me when I surmised that one of the bulbs was burned out. At least they did check that one out; and, yes, the light was burned out. It's a good thing we were only working on the trainer and not the aircraft.

Eric Lindsay doesn't think there is a minimum speed limit. He may be right in a majority of cases, but there are a few places I remember seeing minimum speed limits posted. If the upper limit is very high, it can be dangerous if someone is going a lot slower. This is the sort of situation that develops when a farm tractor drives on a road. On a country highway, it's only a nuisance. On a superhighway it could be dangerous. A farm tractor has no business on a superhighway. Someone driving at the maximum speed limit may not be able to react fast enough when encountering a stopped vehicle or someone driving at a crawl.

Laurraine Tutihasi

☐**TKK:** *The Niagara Escarpment, of which Maribel is a part, is limestone. The geologic study will focus on the sedimentation layers. There are very few places where sedimentation from the tail-end of the last glaciation is so well-preserved.*☐

Eric Mayer
maywrite2@epix.net
20 Feb 2007

Dear Henry,

Although this LOC is too little too late I wanted to thank you for a most interesting read. Lately I've limited my faanish reading, recalling how things just got out of control when I was involved with fandom many years ago, but by doing so I've obviously missed some interesting things like *The Knarley Knews*.

Mind you, I was a bit startled when, having decided to take a break from revising an article on Implied Contracts for an updated volume of *Corpus Juris Secundum*, I immediately found myself being regaled by tales of law reviews. Oh well. We all know the law has a long arm.

One problem I've always had with LOCs (aside from being late) is that I've always relied on the "that reminds me of" style of response which leaves me at a loss when confronted with articles about subjects with which I have no experience, even though such articles are often the most interesting to me.

Take **Sue's** account by of her canoeing trip. I guess I can say there's something peaceful about being out on the water. Although I need someone who knows what they're doing to ferry me out. I'm not much of an outdoorsman. Also, as far as rowing goes to say I have no upper body strength is an understatement. I'd have a hard time lifting an oar. As for pulling it through the water...well...stirring sugar into my coffee tires me out. My woodsy activity is mostly confined to orienteering meets which get you off the trail in parks for a few hours at a time. I have camped out at meets in the past but my days of trying to sleep after discovering I pitched my tent on a collection of rocks and roots may be over.

Terry Jeeves' article was also fascinating but, from a comments point of view, I have spent even less time in Bengal than out on the water and know less about planes (and Typex machines) than canoes. The only problem with Terry's article was that I was disappointed when it suddenly ended.

As for sf mind porn...I can truthfully state that my overindulgence in sf during my youth has left me permanently damaged. I believe that my gnawing dissatisfaction with the world and all the stupidities that go on around us is a direct result of immersing myself in endless alternative possibilities. Most people seem able to console themselves by saying, "Well, that's just the way things are." Me, I can't help thinking they could be different.

Best,
Eric

☐**TKK:** *My approach to LOCs (and most other communication) is that if I don't have something to say, I don't say anything. This can make me a poor panelist at an SF convention if I'm not familiar with the topic.*☐



We also heard from:
John Hertz, Krin Pender-Gunn, Guy H. Lillian, Robert Sabella, Marc Schirmeister, Pat & Roger Sims, Diana Harlan Stein, and Sue Welch



“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. 6 No. 1 by Lisa and Joseph T. Major; 1409 Christy Ave.; Louisville, KY 40204-2040; bi-monthly; \$2 or the usual. A nice fanzine with lots of book reviews and a solid letter column.

Argentus 6 by Steven Silver; 707 Sapling Ln.; Deerfield, IL 60015-3969; shsilver@sfsite.com; annual; \$3 or the usual. Another fine issue of this fanzine with an overall theme of media SF.

Challenger 25 by Guy H. Lillian, III; 8700 Millicent Way; Shreveport, LA 71115; <http://www.challzine.net/>; GHLIII@yahoo.com; irregular; \$6 or the usual. This is a fine fanzine with good articles, lots of photos and letters. Every bit worthy of its recent Hugo nominations.

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

File 770:148 by Mike Glycer; 705 Valley View Ave.; Monrovia, CA 91016; MikeGlycer@cs.com; irregular; \$8/5 or the usual. This newszine has become rather irregular of late. This issue includes some thoughts on milestones in fan publishing.

FOSFAX 213 by Tim Lane & Elizabeth Garrot; %FOSFA; PO Box 37281; Louisville, KY 40233-7281; irregular; \$4 or the usual. A very large fanzine with generous quantities of SF related material and lots of political discussion.

In a Prior Lifetime #18 by John Purcell; 3744 Marielene Circle; College Station, TX 77845; j_purcell54@yahoo.com; <http://efanzines.com/>. Generally available only on-line, John sent me an issue as a trade. The primary feature is an interview of Kevin Standlee.

Lofgeornost 86 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 the letters of Rudyard Kipling.

MarkTime 80 by Mark Strickert; 9050 Carron Dr. #273; Pico Rivera, CA 90660; busnrail@yahoo.com; irregular; \$3 or the

Fanzines Received in Trade

usual. This issue features recent travels and favorite radio stations and DJs.

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 63 & 63.1A by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. Yet more issues from one of North America's most prolific fan editors. These issue focus on the end-Permian mass extinction and 8-track tapes.

The Resplendent Fool 61B by Tom Sadler; 422 W Maple Ave; Adrian, MI 49221-1627; tdavidsadler@verizon.net; quarterly; \$2 or the usual. This is the LOC section of the previous issue 61.

Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol 8 No 11 by R.B. Cleary; 138 Bibb Dr.; Madison, AL 35758-1064; rbcleary@bellsouth.net; irregular; \$10/yr or the usual. This is the SFC official fanzine and focuses on southern fandom. Much of this issue covers reports on southern conventions.

Trap Door 24 by Robert Lichtman; 11037 Broadway Terrace; Oakland, CA 94611-1948; locs2trapdoor@yahoo.com; irregular; \$5 or the usual. An interesting fanzine dedicated to fannish anecdotes. This issue includes an update on the Harry Warner, Jr. fanzine collection as well as updates on Robert's recent move to Oakland.

Vanamonde No. 663 - 667 by John Hertz; 236 S Coronado St No 409; Los Angeles, CA 90057; This is John's APA-L zine with interesting tidbits.

Way #1 by Randy Byers; 1013 N. 36th St.; Seattle, WA 98103; fringedfaan@yahoo.com; one-shot?; the usual. This is a fanzine prepared for Corflu Quire and is composed primarily of re-edited LiveJournal entries on a myriad of topics.



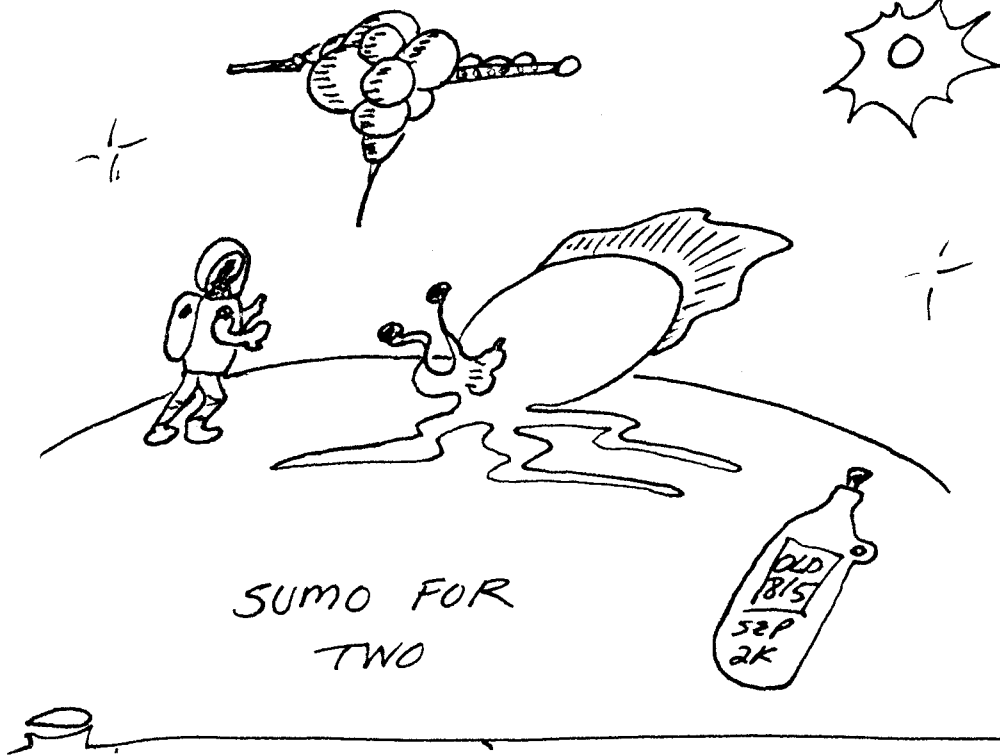
Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

Please inspire me here.

Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153)

Marsport, Mars

Labor Day, 2095



You Got this Issue Because ...

___ **Putting white stuff in envelopes beats shovelling it out a driveway.**

___ **MSOE is on break week so I have plenty of time to devote to it.**

___ **I couldn't think of a good reason to fill in here so there isn't one.**

___ **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.