

THE KNARLEY KNEWS

NO. 123



WHY PORTRAIT PAINTING DOESN'T WORK IN PUBLIC... ESPECIALLY ON THE PLANET 'OKANOZIE' 4/2/87

The Knarley Knews -- Issue 123

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Next Issue Deadline: June 10, 2007

Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

Welcome to another issue of *The Knarley Knews*. As I sit down to write this editorial it has been only a week since a mentally unhinged student went on a shooting rampage at Virginia Tech. This is indeed a great tragedy and I suspect that the families, friends, and fellow students of the victims will be troubled by this for many years. I have no idea how one could specifically comfort someone in this position except simply to be there for them.

These events are somewhat more personally troubling for me for three reasons. First, I am a university faculty member and am at least to some extent potentially a victim of a similar tragedy. Second, and closely related, is that I am also a student, although at a different university. And finally, I am an alumnus of Virginia Tech (BSEE, 1985) and while I did not visit the Ambler-Johnson residence hall more than once or twice I took many classes in Norris Hall. In reviewing this in my mind and in discussions with my children I've come to the only rational conclusion possible that this shooting was essentially random and that no significant change in my lifestyle or approach to educational institutions is warranted. My children showed no fear or trepidation for my safety, but I am uncertain if they fully understand what happened.

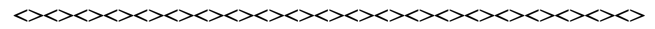
The simple reality is that this student was clearly insane even if he knew exactly what he was doing. He could as easily have chosen a mall or a night club for his rampage as a random set of classrooms in a huge sprawling campus. I don't believe there was anything particular about Virginia Tech that made it more susceptible to such an attack and I find little in the response to the first shooting that suggests that the situation was mismanaged or somehow incompetently handled.

I am not generally a big fan of sprawling government oversight, simply because any bureaucracy is generally incapable of getting things right. I don't feel any safer for the enhanced airport security and not it appears that the background checks for handguns is less than ideal. I do not see how a system could be considered effective in its screening if it failed to check for current on-going court matters involving stalking and court-ordered psychiatric treatment. This seems like the ideal profile for someone who might commit a handgun crime. I realize that this would not be a perfect system because there are many alternate avenues for obtaining a gun and a potential shooter could have obtained the gun prior to the legal entanglements, but why the system does not screen for this defies a logical litmus test. Whether this would have prevented this or a similar tragedy is unknown and speculating on this is largely fruitless.

All I know is that my risks of being a victim in this type of situation are exceedingly remote and I'm going to go back to stressing about more likely scenarios such as being in an

auto accident or getting hit by a bus the next time I cross the street.

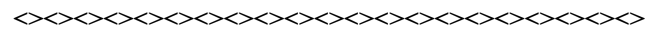
In the meantime, my condolences go out to all of those who were affected by this tragedy and I fervently hope that there will be no others like this for a long time to come.



The hockey season is finally over. It is a long haul of 3-5 days per week of commitments as a parent and slightly more so as a coach. Kyle's team struggled to the very end and it ultimately was a question of belief and self-confidence more so than skill and talent. If I coach again next year (likely my last year if Kyle decides to play at the high school level) I'll have to note and react to this earlier in the season.

Due to some late acquisitions, my team finally developed some offense as was able to put a few wins together at the end of the season and into the playoffs. During an 8-day period we had 4 games of which we won 3 and ended up in third place in the tournament. This isn't a huge change from our worst regular season record as there are only 6 teams in the league. The top two teams were clearly in a class by themselves and the rest of us were simply reasonably well balanced depending on which players were present and who was playing a good game.

I now look forward to a 6-month hiatus from the sport which allows me to concentrate on other activities.



I am continuing to plug away at law school. Within the next few weeks I will have completed 62 of my 90 credits and with an aggressive course load this summer and next year I should be graduating next May. This is decent progress in that I will complete a 3-year degree in only 4 years as a part-time student. This means, of course, that I am going to have to settle for courses that are lower on my preference list than I might otherwise be interested in. For example, I have to take a perspectives elective that is one of the following: Federal Indian Law, Military Law, Law and Popular Culture, and Law and Religion. Given that only the first two are offered during the evening I've selected American Indian Law. I also have to take a seminar (hopefully it will be the one on copyrights) and to round out my schedule I may have to take Aviation Law.

There are a few scenarios under which I can buy out of some of these courses, but they still require work. For example, I can take on a research assistantship or two to cover a credit

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A Bit More Nero Wolfe

By Rodney Leighton

This book was hiding from me. *And Four To Go* is a collection of 4 short novels published in various magazines in the mid 1950s and published together in one book in 1958. I thought perhaps the title indicated there were 4 stories in which Wolfe left the house; not so, but I will expand on that later.

I understand that one of Archie's duties was to prod Wolfe into taking jobs and working at those he did take. I think that concept was taken to extremes at times. *The Christmas Party* starts off with Archie refusing to drive Wolfe somewhere, and deciding that Wolfe needed to be "taught a lesson." Granting that it is established that Wolfe had previously given him the time off and now wanted to take it back, and also that the impending alleged marriage of Archie was the impetus for Nero to leave the house and don a Santa Claus suit and be present at the scene of a murder, thus creating a plot, the opening chapter had me wondering yet again at why Nero put up with this boor. Anyway, it has this: Archie. "How many times in the past year have I asked you to drive me somewhere?" "If you call it asking, maybe 18 or 20." Certainly not excessive, as Wolfe suggests. But, on the other hand, part of the Wolfe mythology is that he rarely leaves the house and has a huge distrust of cars. 20 trips by car in one year seems a lot for him to take.

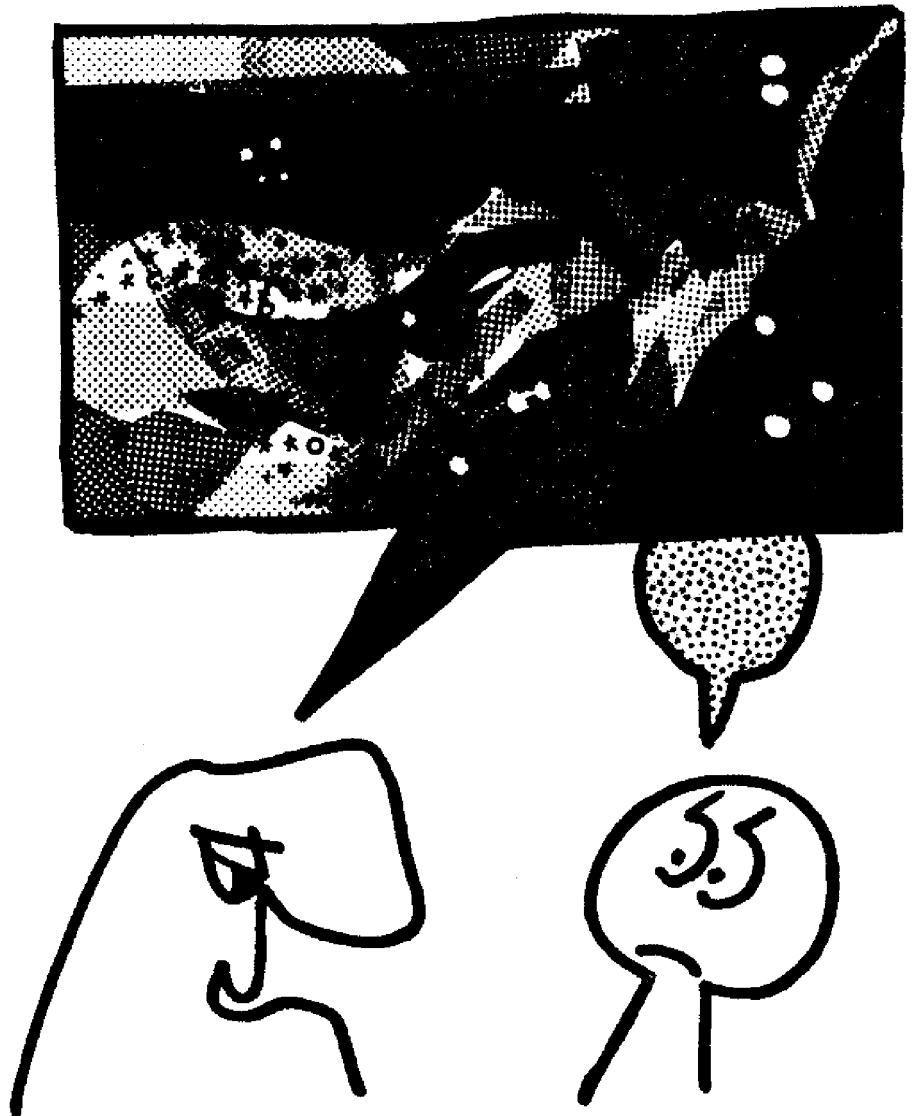
Easter Parade sees Wolfe at home; with Archie hiring a guy to steal a unique orchid from a woman who, naturally, is murdered and they have to learn who by.

Fourth of July Picnic has Wolfe going to a picnic in the country to make a speech. Another piece of outlandish Goodwin behavior: driving with one hand with his arm around some female, with Wolfe in the back seat. Notable for the autobiographies presented. Wolfe: I was born in Montenegro. At the age of 16 I decided to move around and in 14 years I became acquainted with most of Europe, a little of Africa and much of Asia, in a variety of roles and activities. Coming to this country in 1930, not penniless "Which would make Wolfe 30 years old in 1930;56 when this story was written in 1957. And 100 plus when Robert Goldsborough revived the series.

The final story, *Murder is no Joke*, hardly sees Wolfe leave his chair, much less the

house. However, there is another version of this same story. I remember it; I think I have it somewhere, but of course I can not find it now. In that version, if memory serves, Archie is drugged by a little old woman and Wolfe goes out in a taxi to rescue him.

That version was first published in *The Saturday Evening Post*; a magazine which I can recall seeing a time or two. The middle two appeared in *Look*. Don't think I ever saw that one. I have heard of *Collier's*, which first published *The Christmas Party*. If anyone cares: I was 10 years old when this book was published. I liked it very well. Probably wouldn't have when it was published.



BOMBAST

Sue's Sites: Easter Island or Rapa Nui or Isla de Pascua

by Sue Welch

"Trust me, those funny statues carved out of volcanic rock are the weirdest things I have ever seen," I kept thinking during my six day stay on this island. "Why would a culture spend 25% of its resources making bigger and bigger statues in competition with each other? Such a beautiful tropical island whose soil produces a variety of healthy food and its off-shore waters offer a multitude of seafood. Why not kick back and enjoy! Why even think about forming different tribes and toiling in the hot sun to chip away at rock? And how were they able to move these things (heads and torsos), called Moai, down the hill from the quarry; they weigh in the neighborhood of 20 tons? The platforms (called ahu) used as a base on which these statues rest, contain 20 times as much stone as a statute and require even greater resources to build. What were these people thinking? Living in paradise but ignoring their riches."

The Norwegian scientist, Thor Heyerdahl brought world attention to Easter Island in the 1940s by sailing a raft from South America to the Island, supposedly proving that human migration came from the east and not from Polynesia. Later Heyerdahl led an expedition to Rapa Nui and with the help of University of Wyoming archaeologist, William Mulloy, supervised the restoration of many of these statues (3000+ of the statues have been counted). Today DNA has denied Heyerdahl's theory and has proven that the original inhabitants did indeed arrive from the west, Polynesia.

Known by its Spanish name, Isla de Pascua, this tiny island sits 2200 miles off the coast of Santiago, Chile. Its longitude is approximately even with Denver. This island, 8 by 15 miles, measures approximately 64 square miles and has an approximate population of 3,800, 3,300 of whom live in its capital and only town Hanga Roa. It was annexed to Chile in 1888 because Chile was the only country interested in owning it.

Easter Island was settled by a handful of people somewhere between 300 and 1200 AD. The population is believed to have reached as high as 10,000 to 15,000 a century or two before the Dutch arrived on Easter Sunday in 1722. The Dutch counted between 2,000 and 3,000 thousand residents in 1722; the population decline probably was due to a combination of overpopulation, deforestation and exploitation of a small isolated island with limited natural resources. Jared Diamond discusses the decline in his book *Collapse*, disregarding the climatic effects of the Little Ice Age (1650-1850) and suggesting that the Polynesian rats, brought by the first settlers, ate most of the seeds of the Island's native slow-growing palm trees (only this tree so far has been found to survive in Easter Island's environment), contributing to the deforestation which in turn caused the loss of fishing vessels, nesting sites for birds as well as soil erosion. Even so the Dutch

explorers of 1722 found the soil fertile and that with minimal effort quantities of food could easily be grown.

Europeans brought diseases, further reducing the population; then most of those remaining were taken to Peru by the Spanish to work in their mines. In 1877 there were only 111 native people. Of these 111, only 36



Image courtesy of pbs.org

produced descendants. These 36 are the ancestors of all Rapanui currently living on the island. (One must prove at least 50% descent from these 111 in order to own land there today). Most of the island is part of a national park. The current population increase is mostly due to immigration of Chileans of European descendant. Until the 1960's natives were forced to live in a confined settlement at the outskirts of Hanga Roa because the Chilean government rented the island to a foreign (English) sheep company; this caused further deterioration to the island's ecology.

What does one do today in this tropical island paradise with temperatures in the high 60's and puffy white clouds in the blue sky? Tourism is the major industry. There is a choice of small hotels, restaurants with average food (the exception being the fresh seafood which is delicious), a cheap meal runs around \$20. There are a wide variety of tour guides who will transport tourists to the many island sites. My three favorite include 1) The crater of the extinct volcano of Rano Kau (Ramon, my guide, said his mom each week brought their laundry from town by horse to wash in the water inside this crater; he said they gathered wild food as well inside it. Today he added sadly this water is used as the island's water supply and the water level is quickly receding.) 2) The top of the other volcano, Rano Raraku, where Ramon and I sat in stillness, looking out at the fantastic views of the island, the coast and the Moai quarry. 3) A small cave with an ocean view where Ramon said his family went on holiday to spend the night. Tourists can walk the main street, peeking in the many small shops loaded with the usual selection of t-shirts, caps, postcards, jewelry and various sizes of replicas of the statues. Or one can hike to island attractions, swim in the ocean, or hire

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Happy Endings: More Than A Cancer?

by Gene Stewart

We've all seen them. We've all, in fact, experienced them. They come out of nowhere to ambush, to attack, and to crush. A story hooks us. We begin reading. We become involved with character and incident. We're moving along briskly and, wham, everything works out all right. And for a moment, thought stops.

That is the danger and joy of a happy ending, the stoppage of thinking. Why would anyone do such a thing to an innocent, gullible, and trusting reader? Why abuse someone who has set aside skepticism, suspended disbelief, and bought into details labeled Verisimilitude, of all things?

First of all, it's a convenient place to end a story. It leaves the reader smiling, if it works. It also leaves a positive impression in the mind of the reader toward that writer. Hey, he, she, or it made me feel good. I'd go back to that again.

Cancerous hopes and foolish denial, obviously.

Putting happy endings on things only encourages worse foolishness further on. A happy ending is like icing on a burn victim; tasty, but not very therapeutic.

Consider, instead, the kind of ending that undercuts expectations, leads you up to the edge and pushes you over the cliff, and leaves you mulling over what you've just finished reading. Imagine, if you can, actually thinking about a story over and over, long after you cease scanning the words it was delivered in. And, if you dare, think about learning something not just from a story – we're not speaking of lecturing, hectoring, or vectoring here – but from your own insights and thought processes, as prompted by the story.

Synergy rules.

A happy ending rounds things off and gives you nothing to make your eyes snap open later that night, as you realize something breathtaking. A happy ending kills any chance of echoes, ramifications, and consequences. Reading happy endings is safer than playpens, cushier than cribs. They coddle the reader, weakening reading skills and eliminating any need for thinking skills.

As a writer of dark stories that disturb, unsettle, and poke, I know I must often thwart expectations, and I know this is interpreted often as disappointing the reader. Instead of a stroke, my caress became a slap. Instead of a reassurance, my words sowed seeds of doubt and worry.

Sometimes, readers, like virgins, don't get it. They miss the point completely and mistake my stories for spavined, crippled half-tales.

Where's the third act? Is that it? What's that mean?

Their questions reveal a refusal, or inability, to think past The End.

And that's because they've grown up with happy endings. They've grown up to believe a story will always come out okay in the end. That fiction is a comfort.

Nothing could be further from the truth, but that raises another issue about happy endings: They don't like the truth much. They prefer easy lies. They prefer delusions, propaganda, and nonsense to anything like real, pointed truths.

So next time you're confronted with a happy ending, ask yourself why you're not angry about being treated with such contempt? Are you a child who needs protected from anything harsh or upsetting?

And if it's one of my endings, and you think it's happy, ask yourself what irony you're missing. Ask yourself if maybe this is too good to be true and, if so, does that itself hint at an opposite or inverted ending, unstated so you can think of it yourself?

If you can, of course. If you're not dying of happy endings.



Ne pas éternuer dessus... You beehd! 4/12/06

I Felt Like a King in Mrs. Stottlemeyer's Argyle Socks

(c) by Jim Sullivan

Mrs. Stottlemeyer was a local Irish lady in my hometown of Spittoon, Indiana. She was famous in our community for knitting argyle socks for the local men folk. She did this because of a good, stout heart, two steady hands, and nine nimble fingers that kept her knitting needles working and clacking a major portion of each day.

Not only were her argyles sturdy footwear, but colorful, too. So loud were they, though, that men in the area seldom put them on. And when they did, it was mostly to go hunting in. The socks would keep tootsies dry, toasty, and comfortable all day long. And the stockings never wore out.

Some males, like my Grandpa Smith, had a pair of Mrs. Stottlemeyer's argyles that she gave to him in 1942, so he'd have something decent and durable to wear when he was drafted into the Army. He wore those argyles, in which his mother had sewn his name and address, to Camp Sinkhole in Southern Indiana when his draft number was called. But he said his sergeant took the socks away. Grandpa also commented that he never saw those argyles again during his military service except for one cold day when he noticed that his sergeant was wearing them. Private Smith did get that footwear back after the war. Our family thinks someone in the Army supply corps found the argyles after the conflict was over and thought they were some foreign Army surplus. So they were returned to the addressee. Grandpa was buried in those same socks. The undertaker thinks they'll last longer than the Pyramids of Egypt.

Mrs. Stottlemeyer knitted me a pair of argyles for my birthday when I turned 10. The footwear was nice and comfortable to wear. But the socks' hues drew hoots and hollers from one and all. I couldn't even walk down the street in Spittoon without someone yelling "Hey, now, young man, those are sure pretty stockings you got on!" This caused me untold embarrassment. So, if I ever wanted to avoid notice, I left the argyles home.

When I did wear them, except for all the raucous commentary they brought me, my feet felt comfortable, and so did the rest of me. In fact, I felt like a king dressed in those socks. Besides not drooping to my ankles moments after I donned them, like all other socks did, the argyles made my feet and ankles feel strong and protected. In short, because they weren't, the socks made me secure in my understanding.

When I was in high school, I sometimes wore those stockings. As kicker for the football team, I donned that footwear and hardly felt the need to wear my football shoes with cleats attached. I never missed a field goal or a point after touchdown in Mrs. Stottlemeyer's argyles. Of course, I had to tape

over the socks so that the flashy reds, blues, greens, yellows, and oranges didn't distract my own football team. They, as well as our opponents, would have been dazzled to the point of confusion. After the game, however, removing that tape was difficult. But I managed to do so, with the help of Mrs. Stottlemeyer. This woman was there, after all, because she was the team's official knitter.

The sheer number of argyles in town, if not always worn, led to their dubious use. Woe be it, for example, to anyone on or off the football field, who swung a loose argyle at an innocent civilian. The footwear was so heavy that it could easily poke someone's eye out. A few of the girls carried their lunches to school in, I hope, clean argyles. And the garage mechanic in Spittoon ferried his socket wrenches to and from work in one of Mrs. Stottlemeyer's knitted argyles.

Sadly, she's gone now. The remarkable lady has been dead for nigh on to ten years. She, naturally, was buried in Spittoon. But her argyles live on to this very day. I never even heard of any of her knitted goods needing darning. No one was ever able to wear a hole in them, either. So, they remain a lasting tribute to her memory. May she rest in peace. Certainly Spittoon does today, thanks to dear, old Mrs. Stottlemeyer and her knitting.



"Au fond, les mecs sont tous phallos... The scinkers!"

Yes, Virginia, there is a, no, not a Santa Clause, but rather an ethical dimension to the public display of religion.

By Alexander R. Slate

“Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion.” This statement comes from the first amendment, U.S. Bill of Rights; the basis for that doctrinal pillar of American political theory, the separation of church and state. As a member of a sometimes oppressed minority (yes, even here in the US – though not nearly as badly here as elsewhere across the world), these words do have a great deal of meaning and some importance to me.

And I have a very clear understanding of what I believe these words to say – though like everything else the devil is in the details (now there I go bringing religion into the discussion again). Yet the interpretation of these words is causing us no end of cultural and political discussion these days. Not to mention the waste of untold amounts of money fighting the court battles that result (which of course is a grammatical boo-boo – an oxymoronic statement of sorts – since I just mentioned it).

To me the words I quoted above actually mean a couple of different things. However, for a long time they meant one thing. I’m happy to say that only very recently, in fact the realization of the multiple aspects really only hit me today. First, it means that the United States of America shall have no official state religion, nor even an official category of religion. Sorry to those fundamentalist believers who would say that “America is a Christian nation.” It isn’t that they are totally wrong, but they aren’t right in the way that they would have us believe.

The second meaning of the words is that the government doesn’t interfere with the succession of power within the churches. The House and Senate (nor the president or courts either) do not determine who the next Archbishop of Boston is going to be.

The third meaning of the words is that the government doesn’t interfere with deciding what each religion’s doctrinal issues are going to be. No House Bill #66-6, be it resolved that six days of creation from the King James Bible means 6 literal, 24-hour days. And no, it isn’t seven days, because on the seventh day the Lord rested! And boy was it good!

All this does not mean that America is an areligious country. It does not mean that religion doesn’t play a part in American life, to include governance and politics and nor does it mean that religion (as opposed to belief) is meant to be solely a private matter as expressed by the Constitution.

Let’s go back to the question, is America (or more properly the United States of America) a Christian nation? No, it isn’t. Why not? Because, there is no official religion, and there will be no official religion in America. Not unless you want

to radically change the Constitution. Should it ever happen, that will be the day I seriously consider leaving for Canada, for good. And let’s be real, even Christians can’t even really agree on what it means to be Christian. Yes, the majority of Americans today consider themselves Christian. And certainly the vast majority of Americans at the establishment of this country were Christians. But not all. A very important figure during the American Revolution was Haym Solomon, the man who in essence acted as the Continental Congresses treasurer. One of George Washington’s Aide-de-Camps was Isaac Franks. And even though many states and colonies had laws forbidding non-Christians from holding office, not all did. Francis Salvador was elected to South Carolina’s revolutionary Provisional Congress in 1774. These three gentlemen happened to be Jewish and practicing Jews at that.

Even further back (though technically we aren’t talking US history), modern scholarship has it that a number of number of Christopher Columbus’s crewmen were Marannos. Marannos are the secret Jews of Spain and Portugal, people who were Catholic publicly, and practiced their Judaism only in secret.

Okay, but back to the fact that the majority of Americans, both now and at the beginning, are Christians. Are those who make and enforce the laws supposed to forget that they are Christians, or Jews, or Muslims or Hindus, or Wiccans? Is the very motto of the US, “In God We Trust” unconstitutional?

These questions are a little trickier to answer, but my initial feeling for both is to say no. The second question is arguably a little easier. It is not the original national motto, which was “*E Pluribus Unum*”, or in English “Out of many, One.” It did not become the national motto until 1955, but first found its way onto our money in 1864. But all that doesn’t address the question as to its constitutionality. Doesn’t that statement recognize a religion, or a set of religions, namely the Judaism-Christianity-Islam triad? On the surface it might, but the term “God” can be extended to include more than just, Jahweh, Allah and the trinity (But wait, isn’t the trinity actually plural in itself? Isn’t then the use of the term “God” exclusionary of Christianity? Oh, let’s not get into the whole singularity-duality argument.) Hinduism, though nominally having multiple gods, actually has a theological component discussing the gods as actually only aspects of the overall god, Brahma. So, we can encompass Hinduism.

How about Wicca? Wiccans have a Goddess (and a god as well, really), but God as used generically grammatically can include the feminine. So by dint of grammatic trickery we’re good there. Buddhism is a little trickier, as it really sort of

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Editorial: Continued from page 3

or two and if I get my law review articles published and I can probably get a credit for each.

To make this all work I'm going to be on the board of both the Marquette Law Review and the Marquette Intellectual Property Law Review taking on the positions of Technology Editor and Managing Editor respectively. The Technology Editor position just means that I maintain the law review web page, handle some technology projects (e.g. getting issues scanned and placed on the web page), and other editorial duties as assigned. The Managing Editor, on the other hand, is responsible for assisting the Editor-in-Chief and doing a large portion of the editing responsibilities to coordinate staffers and to compile the results of their edits. This is a lot of work, but it is somewhat flexible and it will cover 8 of my remaining 28 credits in the coming year.

I have gotten so used to being busy that when I have a free evening I don't know what to do with it. This happened last week when a law class was cancelled so I had no homework and I had gotten all caught up at MSOE. I simply did not know what to do with the time. I'm looking forward to more of this in two years when I can begin to develop other activities to fill my time.

The Page Where All Overly-Long Articles Come to a Bad End

Sue's Sites: Continued from page 5

a boat to go fishing or scuba diving. The pace of the island is slow and peaceful. As seems customary in South American countries, dogs, cats and chickens are everywhere underfoot. Most residents own horses and cows, which also seem to just roam, which belong to whom seemed a mystery to me.

All of life's necessities arrive on the airplane from Santiago (everything from groceries, to cell phones to building supplies). The plane which leaves Santiago one day, spends the night on Easter Island, departs for Tahiti the next (2200 miles to the west), returning to Easter Island the following day and going on to Santiago. Upon landing before opening its doors, the plane is sprayed in a major effort to keep invasive species from entering the island's environment. Mataverí International Airport, the only airport, cuts the island in two (one has to drive/walk not across the runway but around its edges). Its 9,524 foot runway (almost 2 miles) was, built by the U.S. space program to serve as an alternative emergency-landing site for the space shuttle.

Rapa Nui is a fascinating place to visit suggesting many scenarios as to how and why this isolated strange island's culture developed.

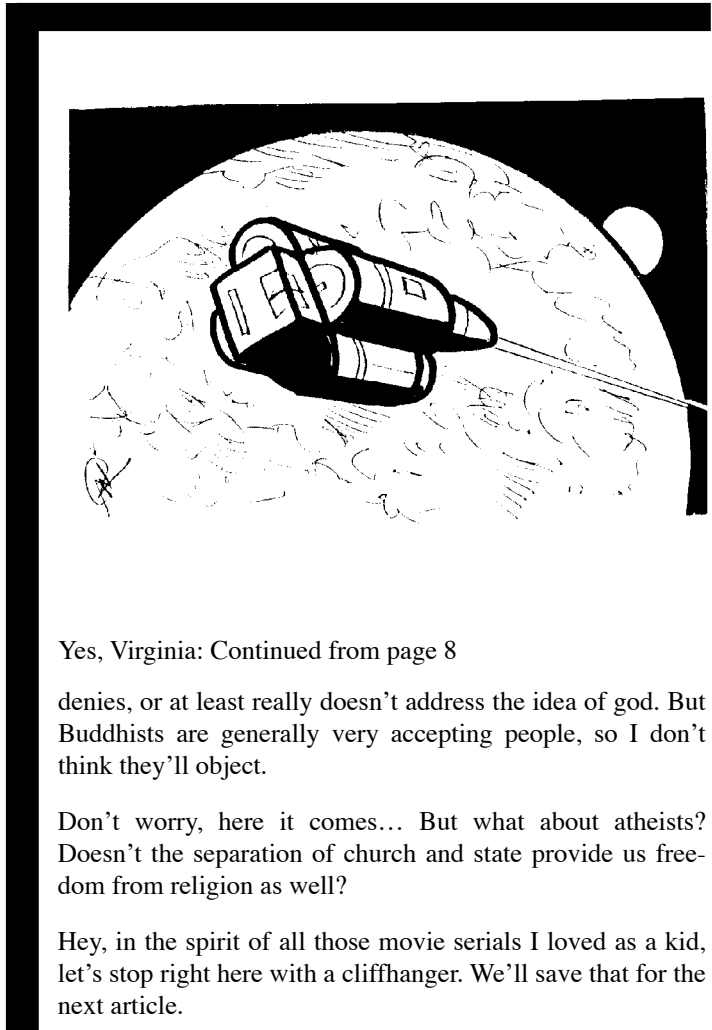


The spring weeding season has begun again in earnest. The late snows delayed the dandelions so I was able to concentrate on the garlic mustard, which is definitely under control. The dandelions waited until the end of April to come out and while the backyard is improved, the front yard is a disaster. I've avoided using herbicide in the front to support the crocuses that are planted in the yard, but that hasn't done the dandelion problem much good.



On a whim I took the various LOCs and articles received via snail mail to work and ran them through our high-speed scanner (does both sides of a sheet in about 30 seconds) and turned on the character recognition feature. I was skeptical of the outcome given previous experience and that the result was formatted as a PDF file. However, it worked out quite well. When the print was straight on the paper the reader worked very well in all but a few minor cases. Unfortunately, the copy and paste from PDF to the word processor lost all the formatting, but I'd rather re-format a page of text than re-type it.

Until next issue...



Yes, Virginia: Continued from page 8

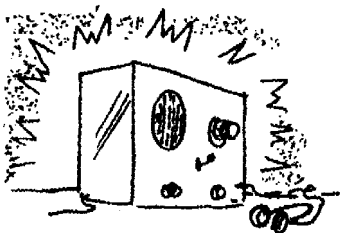
denies, or at least really doesn't address the idea of god. But Buddhists are generally very accepting people, so I don't think they'll object.

Don't worry, here it comes... But what about atheists? Doesn't the separation of church and state provide us freedom from religion as well?

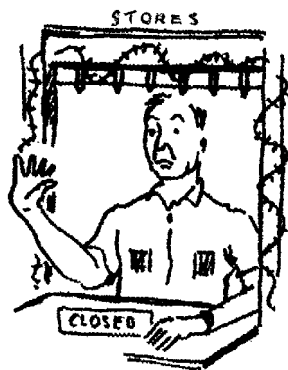
Hey, in the spirit of all those movie serials I loved as a kid, let's stop right here with a cliffhanger. We'll save that for the next article.

Salbani and Naini Tal

Being in the radio section I had managed to scrounge enough bits and pieces to build myself a shortwave radio on which I regularly listened to the news from England. I hacked the chassis out of sheet of aluminium reclaimed from a crashed Lib.. Lacking a dropping resistor for the valve heater chain, I fitted a 60 watt bulb instead. It worked perfectly except it blazed away whenever I used the radio, well at least it had a secondary job as a table lamp. We shared a native bearer whom we paid a rupee each a week to make beds, fetch water and clean shoes. I came back one day to find him sitting on my charpoi happily listening to All-India Radio. The generous powers that be regularly issued us with a handout of free cigarettes, but not being all that generous, they got the cheapest they could find, a vile Indian brand called Victor Vs, made from twisted rope and certain animal end products. You can guess which end. We never smoked 'em, but gave them to the bearer thinking he would find them a welcome change from his normal rolled up cabbage leaves. We eventually found out that he didn't smoke them either, but sold them to coolies in the local village.



Life as a wireless mechanic couldn't be classed as all beer and skittles. To be precise, we had no skittles and our beer ration was three bottles a month. Celebrations were confined to whooping it up over char and wads in the canteen. Our working time was a different matter. The chief activity was sorting out the assorted electronic snagery to which the various gadgets were prone. All of these could produce some unusual faults before you added the problems caused by ham-fisted aircrews Murphy's Law was strict, if anything could go wrong, it would -and inevitably did.



Then of course the immutable rules of the Air Ministry could cause frustration when interpreted by militant (i.e. bolshy) Store bashers who treated their little empires like Fort Knox and their stock as near-gold. I recall talking-a duff modulator unit out of a Lib; carting it back to the section, spending an hour diagnosing the fault, removing the offending condenser and

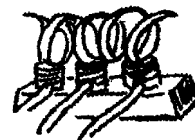
taking it to Stores for a new one. Here I was told, "Oh we don't repair 'em here, it has to go back to a central Unit for repair." So I had to resolder the duff component, hand over the modulator unit, see it vanish into the Limbo of the Stores and indent for a brand new one.

Servicing on a rickety workbench was hard enough, carrying out repair work inside the restricted confines of a B-24 whose metal skin was heated to over a 100 degrees by a Bengal

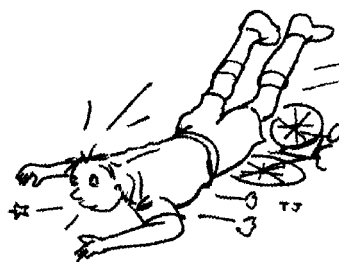
Carry on Jeeves

By Terry Jeeves

sun, was even harder. One particular fault kept driving us round the bend. One aircraft would test OK on the ground but return with reports of an intermittent intercom failure. Back on the ground it tested perfectly all right. Time after time we changed intercom boxes, generators and headphones etc. No trace of the elusive fault could be found -until the day the aircraft landed with the intercom still out of action. Gleefully we set to work isolating the cabling a section at a time. By a bad guess, we started at the tail and had worked our way right through to the navigator's compartment in the nose before we found the trouble. I removed the cover over the last terminal block to disconnect the last bit of wiring, and there lay the fault, a one inch long bit of aluminium drilling swarf lay across two terminals. Once in the air, vibration kept it wobbling across the terminals and shorting out the terminals. The jar of landing had usually set it free again. Once that was removed all was well. A big problem from a very small cause.



Then there was the time an intercom fault developed within the confines of a gun turret. The fault was simple, two wires vanished into the turret, one was the earth wire, the other the control wire. The latter had developed a short to earth leaving the intercom permanently in the 'On' position. The only way to get at the wiring was to get an armourer to remove the guns and ammo, then call up a mobile crane to remove the turret. All of which would mean the bomber missed an Operation. Panic, men inspiration struck I simply swapped the wires over so that the one shorting to earth became the new earth wire and the old earth (non-short) wire became the operating one. Time taken, half an hour and the Lib got away on time. When a similar fault occurred in a control column I used the same trick again. One learns by experience. Eventually the section acquired two push bikes for getting around aircraft in the dispersal pens. These were American bikes, if you had never ridden one be warned. They have no handlebar mounted brake levers; instead, you have to back-pedal to operate the hub brakes. This meant that if you adopted the normal British system of sitting back and 'free wheeling'. If you thoughtlessly back pedalled, the brakes would slam on and you shot over the handlebars. Another amusement was our variation of darts which we played by throwing 12" screwdrivers at a board propped against the wall. We got quite adept at throwing them so that they made one revolution before



thumping solidly into the target. Sadly, we had to discontinue the game as it was driving the Instrument Bods crazy in their cabin next door. Some people have no sporting instinct.

Another of life's little difficulties lay in the distance between the flight line and the W/T section. If you were lucky you hitched a lift on a passing lorry; if not, then you walked. Two miles across baking hot sand and snake infested scrub was not a highlight of the day. On one such ramble I came across a trail of ants vanishing into a small hole in the hard packed, post-monsoon mud. Being curious I picked up a stick and prodded at the hole. To my surprise I dug out a half eaten frog on which the ants were feasting. Further prodding unearthed an even greater surprise as a live frog crawled out and hopped quickly away. The creature had been trapped in the mud when it set I reckon I saved the poor blighter's life but the RSPCA never sent me a medal.

What really got us annoyed was the idiotic 'home leave' scheme. Our tour of duty in India was set at four years. With the end of the war in Europe looming, we all hoped to see a reduction in that period. That idea got the kibosh with the excuse, "We haven't got the shipping to let us reduce the time." But then home leave was introduced - with conditions. It only applied to airmen who had spent **less** than two years in India. Those of us with more than two years in India were not eligible so we had to sit back and grin whilst people who had only been out eighteen months were allowed to go home for a month. We often wondered where they found the shipping for taking bods **both** ways, back to the UK and then carting them out again, but couldn't find shipping to take us **one** way. In the end, I spent three and a half years in India before shipping became available to take me home.

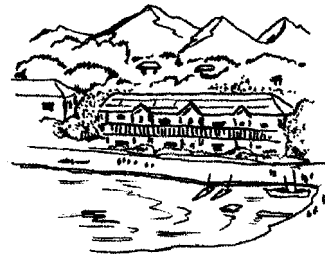
Leave was possible, but not to Blighty. Getting it was a rather Catch 22 situation. To be granted leave you had to supply confirmation that you had got a booking at an address to which you could go. To get such a booking you had to know that you could go, and when it would be permitted. I had been in India nearly three years before I finally beat this system. Pat O'Hanlon and I booked a fortnight at Naini Tal, a rest station set in the foothills of the Himalayas. Getting to Naini Tal presented a slight problem. India is a rather large continent and our destination was some 1200 miles away. By Indian Railways, this was a three day journey each way. Naturally we were given a total of two days travel time.

The journey began at 6:30am when we hitched a lift on the ration wagon into the nearest rail stop at Karaghpur, some 100 miles south of Calcutta. Eventually a train arrived to cart us into that filthy city. Having a few hours to wait for our next connection, we hailed a rickshaw and headed off down Chowringhee, the main street, to the Casanova Club. Here we sat and enjoyed soothing potions until around ten pm. We rickshawed back to the station, and located our compartment on the train. No Frontier Mail with bunk beds this, we each had a narrow hardwood seat, all of two feet wide, to scrunch up on for the next two days. We pulled out of Calcutta at eleven pm and dozed sporadically on our torture racks. Sometime during the next morning we crossed the Ganges at Benares. We duly tossed 'lucky' coins into the waters where natives were bathing from the steps.

Early evening got us to Lucknow and a four hour stop while they wound up the engine, so we rickshawed to the town's cinema. A few drinks in the bar and we took our seats for the film. This was an exciting Indian epic involving a model train falling off a bridge under the pull of a piece of string. This (not surprisingly) caused the hero to lose his memory and wander off round the country, singing as he went in a plaintive wailing voice. I know how he felt. After twenty minutes of this, a native bearer sidled up to us to see if we wanted drinks. We did, and he kept us so supplied for the rest of the show. I'm not quite sure how we got back to the station, but we managed it somehow.

Around midday we reached Kathgodam where we changed to the 'Hoot and Toot' line. Well its real name was the 'Oudh and Tirhut' railway, but what else could you call it with a name like that. That got us to Bareilly in late afternoon and from here, a clapped out old coach lurched precariously up miles of a twisting mountain road with sheer drops on one side. We finally chicaned between two huge boulders and there before us was the Shangri La setting of Naini Tal, discovered in 1841 by an Englishman.

There before us was a beautiful lake nestling between mountains which wandered off into the distance to grow up and become the Himalayas. Wooded slopes ran down to the water's edge with colourful houses dotted here and there among the trees. A few rowing or sailing boats dotted the water, there was even a Naini Tal Yacht Club!. A road ran along one side



of the lake, but as no cars were allowed, it was all very peaceful. Our hotel was right in the centre. A large open area, 'The Flats' boasted a cinema and dance hall. Running back up the valley was a bazaar selling all sorts of hand-made goods.

On the other side of the lake, perched on a tiny rocky terrace dwelt the hermit of the rock. His sole possessions were a chatti of water, a dirty blanket and a rope above his head, holding several cow bells. These he would jangle at a time propitious to the gods or just for the hell of it whenever the fancy took him. Fortunately, this was not too often as our room was on the verandah directly opposite his perch. It was a pleasure to get away from a 6:30am Reveille, cookhouse food, working parades, heat and Salbani's flat, dirty plain. By contrast we would often hire rowing boats and cruise the lake or have races. Other times we would stroll through the bazaar and haggle over the goods. Bargaining was a 'must' and the final price usually turned out to be well below the opening offer. I bought two lovely bolts of silk and mailed them home. Once we climbed to the top of one of the mountains. There at the top was a native selling hand made cigarette cases. He asked for Rs18 and finally accepted Rs12 for a lovely multi coloured case. I still have it though the colours have faded and I no longer smoke.

INTERLOCUTIONS

Brad W. Foster
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Irving, TX 75016
March 10, 2007

Greetings Henry and Letha~

Joe Major's comment this issue to **Joy Smith** about there being no guarantee of an ezine website being around tomorrow struck home for me recently. I've started adding links on my own site now to odd and interesting sites I've found around the web in recent years. Going back to a few of them on my list, they are now completely gone. Pages and pages of fascinating reading and graphics are no more. Many of these probably existed only as HTML code, nothing printed out or recorded beyond that. And now, pfft, gone out of existence. Ack!! (Oh, and our doorbell is broken too. Good thing, as it saved me the problem of having to hit it repeatedly until it stopped working. With the odd hours I keep around here, some idiot trying to get me to buy something in the middle of the afternoon when I'm trying to catch up on sleep...well, it just isn't worth it. Knuckle-bruising on the door was good enough for my parents, and should be good enough for those punk kids today....)

On the idea presented by **Bill Legate** on some writers being first-drafters, second, third, etc. He used the phrase "They rework it once or twice and then they publish." My re-phrasing of that would be that often the first or second drafters "ework it once or twice, and then they would submit it for publication, at which point an editor would put it into some sort of readable shape." For example, the legend of Kerrouac being a "first drafter" is based on a partial explanation of how he wrote *On the Road*, typing it on a single scroll of paper rolling through his typewriter. That much is true. But it wasn't simply then published, but was edited and prepared like any other book. To me, the writer who is a true "first drafter," i.e., can turn out a manuscript from the first stroke of a pen to the last with no need to then be edited or revised is any way, is a **very** rare critter.

Lloyd Penney on discussing religion with missionaries reminded me of my old college days. I'd actually try to hang around the area where the ardent new Christian converts would hang out to try to show the rest of us the light. But I guess my over-eagerness was a sign I could be trouble. My most memorable moment was when a Scientologist fell into step with me one day as I left campus for my car. He asked if he could talk to me, and was probably surprised when I said sure, no problem, if he'd just walk with me. That day had been a particularly bad one for finding parking around the campus, and I had ended up parked a **lot** of blocks away. I was curious how long he would hang with me as I led us fur-

ther and further from the hunting grounds of college students. I like to take it as a small victory to actually have one of these folks break off the conversation themselves and turn back.

stay happy! ~
Brad W. Foster

☐**TKK:** *Your solution for the Scientologist is similar to mine for courtesy calls. When I'm told I have a call and the caller will not identify himself I simply announce loudly that I will get to the phone when I can and then take my own sweet time getting to the phone. I'm almost always treated to a dial tone when I get there. This annoys Letha as the callers will simply call back again later.*☐

Cuyler W. "Ned" Brooks Jr
4817 Dean Lane
Lilburn, GA 30047-4720
March 11, 2007

Dear Knarl,

Thanks for *The Knarley Knews*122, cute cover!

Sounds like you still get real winter. There was nothing here, neither ice nor snow – the most we got was a few nights where it got below freezing, and very unwinterlike thunderstorms and killer tornados.

I suppose caves may need some protection – so do the people who go in them... Who owns a cave? Does it belong to the person on whose land the opening is? Of course some caves have multiple openings – do the various parts belong to the owner of the land above?

I don't get the p. 4 cartoon – I don't know of any fans given to acts of senseless violence, though the effect of a thrown rolled-up *TKK* is somewhat exaggerated.

Sue seems to have gotten into the corner of Argentina where the late Mae Strelkov lived, near San Pedro de Jujuy. She visited the U.S. at least twice – she had relatives in the Atlanta area – and we corresponded for years. I was sending her the endless *Wheel of Time* paperback series by Robert Jordan when she passed away in 2000 of a stroke.

I had no idea that **E.B. Frohvet** was capable of *gravitas* (or lack thereof) demonstrated by his account of a visit to Grundtharia!

Another excellent column by **Terry Jeeves**. As to ants, every year about this time small black ants visit my kitchen sink – I never seem them anywhere else in the house. I have found that there is usually a track of them in the same spot up the

bricks by the back deck and up to the eaves. Once I poison that track, the infestation ends. The ants don't seem to know what to do once they reach the sink – they just wander in circles. I can't use poison there, but Lysol spray does them in well enough.

If Mexican Coca-Cola is made with cane sugar as **Dave Rowe** says I suppose it might be possible to find it here, there are plenty of Mexicans around. Or people from south of the border anyway. I ran into two at the post office in the middle of the night, trying to figure out how to mail a pack of snapshots. I gave them a Priority Mailer from the stack in the corner and pointed them at the automatic device which weighs mail and dispenses postage stickers. I didn't try out my remnant of Chilean Spanish on them.

Speed limits as a legal matter are somewhat less grounded in morality than the laws against murder, theft, assault, etc. The proper balance between efficient use of the car and an acceptable risk of a crash must vary considerably with conditions, the car, and the driver. The posted limit is some traffic engineer's guess at a happy medium. It has been found that most drivers on a given road will travel at the same – usually excessive – speed even if no limit is posted. But I do not put up with the local idiots who tailgate me – I let my speed drift down until they pass or back off. Deliberately endangering someone's life is far more serious than a choice of suitable speed.

Best,
Ned

□**CKK**: *Caves are owned by the person who owns the surface above the cave. The land owner with the entrance can obviously control access, but it is still technically trespass to cross the property line even though you do it entirely underground. One of the most famous cases of adverse possession (where you gain ownership of another's property through open uncontested use) involved a commercial cave that was used for decades before someone did a detailed survey of the cave and it was found to cross the surface property line. The owners of the entrance said they'd been using the neighbor's property in open and uncontested fashion for well in excess of the statutory duration. The court concluded otherwise saying it isn't open possession when no one knows you are actually over the property line. I thought speed limits were at the whim of the politicians.*□

John Purcell
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College Station, TX 77845
j_purcell54@yahoo.com
12 Mar 2007

Hey there, Knarley old bean,

Yet another fine issue from you. This shared interest in hockey between us is going to make each issue a bit of fun to read. For example, my Minnesota Wild team is doing well this year

in the NHL; it looks like they'll make the playoffs this season. I don't know which NHL team you follow, but my guess would be either the Wild, Blackhawks, or Red Wings, if I go by geographic proximity to Grafton. That's hockey country, and if Kyle's going to play on the high school team next year, that means he must be pretty darned good at the sport. Good luck to him.

So you're a "tough" teacher? That can be a good thing. Like you, I expect the best efforts out of my students, and there is always a certain percentage of them that don't really care so they persist in maintaining minimal effort. I find that frustrating. As for using Wikipedia as a source, I tell my students to not rely on it as a reputable source, which usually results in a decent class discussion on how to evaluate electronic source material. This is an important part of the modern research process, one that all students need to be aware of.

You seem to have a bit of a theme going through this issue: foreign travels. Of the contributions, **Sue Welch** writes about her travels in Argentina; **E. B. Frohvet**'s reprinted faan fiction is a trip report to a mythical fan group; and the **Terry Jeeves**' piece is more historical writing about his time in the British Air Force while stationed in India. The only one that doesn't match this theme is **Jim Sullivan**'s whimsical selection about Harold Harwick's affliction. Even so, you have a nice bit of variety in this issue with selections about personal history from a long-time fan, faan fiction, trip reports, and general silliness. There is a decent balance, and the lettercolumn is, as usual, a good collection of commentary.

Speaking of the lettercolumn, there really is a lot of talk about Nero Wolfe going on in there. My dad had a lot of Nero Wolfe books in his mystery collection a long time ago, probably just as many as his Agatha Christie and Ellery Queen books. Well, maybe not quite as many, but a lot. I read some of them since I also enjoy reading mysteries besides science fiction and fantasy.

Thank you for sending me the zine. I have put your name down on my paper-copy recipient list for *Askance*. My hope is that by sending out something like two to three dozen paper copies in addition to posting the issue on efanazines that the response ratio will increase. Some of the other folks in your loccol are on this list, too, like **Joseph Nicholas**, **Sheryl Birkhead** (Hi! Got some artwork to float my way?), **Brad Foster**, and **E. B. Frohvet**. Let's see how well this idea works.

Again, thanks for the zine, and I look forward to the next one.

All the best,
John Purcell

□**CKK**: *I am a bit of a Red Wings (I grew up in Michigan) and a Penguins fan. So far Detroit has made it to the second round and Pittsburgh is out. If I do eventually go electronic I will still provide paper copies for those who want them.*□

Joseph T. Major
1409 Christy Avenue
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March 13, 2007

Dear Knarley & Letha:

And now the knews ... no, I don't wonder how it can be uncomfortably warm in a below-freezing environment. I read about polar expeditions. Inuit & Inupiat garments are made to be loose so they will flap around and let out that extra heat during periods of exertion.

Joe and Bosko are back! Trekkies beware!!

A Weighty Matter: Gravitass is a property of cats, as anyone who has ever had anyone sleep on his (her) legs will understand. In David Burton's *Pixel II* (available on the efanzines site) is a further explanation of this.

Carry On Jeeves: Thank you for your tip on what to do with fire ants. It is possible to get .50 caliber ammo here, though costly. Which then raises the question of what to do about palmetto bugs. Napalm?

InterLOCutions: **Chris Garcia:** You should look at the French Revolutionary Calendar. Which had 12 30-day months, each with three ten-day "weeks" ("decadi_"), and five (or six) intercalary days. The months were named appropriately to the season, and it has been pointed out that Tolkien, not otherwise an admirer of the French, translated the Revolutionary Calendar month names into Quenya and Sindarin for the Elves' months. Today is 22 Ventôse of the Year 215. "Ventôse" means "windy" and also "Súlimé".

Sheryl Birkhead: I'm sure that someone would hack the software so the test-takers could surf the Net during the test.

John Purcell: Book prices – I'm so glad I went to college thirty years ago. And now everyone has to have a laptop, a Blackberry, an iPod ... They are so totally connected that they don't know anything at all.

Me: Victor Clemett (in Canada) has died.. The Senior Veteran is now Henry Allingham of Britain, who is also the last survivor of Jutland and the last surviving founder of the Royal Air Force. Robley Rex here in Louisville is fine.

As I recall reading, it was cloudy the night the *Lady Be Good* bombed Naples, went back to Benghazi, and kept on going. They were depending exclusively on the direction finder. When they finally bailed out, they apparently thought they weren't all that far from the shore and so walked north, into the desert, instead of south, where the plane had come down in one piece, with water still in the tanks.

E. B. Frohvet: Lisa and I visited Wallops Island in 1998. It is on the road to Chincoteague.

Leftover yeast in unfiltered beer has B vitamins? So beer does have food value while food, as we all know, has no beer value.

Bill Legate: The story of "Hoover in a dress" was created by a known perjurer. Christopher Andrew, in *The Sword and the Shield* (1999), a book on the Mitrokhin Archive of secret KGB papers, completely dismisses the charge [Page 235].

"How did Somtow get bricked?" Ask Sydrus.

Brad W. Foster: Why is it so hard to get a copy of your own medical records? It's necessary in order to protect your privacy. (Like the police in Devon who refused to release photographs of two escaped murderers because such release would violate their human rights.)

Alex Slate: The things reported on overlawyered.com are referenced stories of legal outrages.

The Congress chosen by lot would be under the domination of its staff. Ursula LeGuin had this in her anarchy in *The Dispossessed*, but she still seems to have thought Odonianism a good idea.

Namarie,
Joseph T Major

☐**CKK:** *I have no problems imagining you and Lisa being interested in Chincoteague island, the home of Misty. I visited Wallops as part of a NASA summer program in 1980 and the equipment at that time used nixie tubes for the digital displays. For those who don't know about nixie tubes, each character had its own wire (I don't remember if the wires were the cathode or anode) in an old-style electronics tube filled with neon gas. When you activated the pin the neon glowed around the wire. These displays had the interesting feature that the numbers would move vertically as they changed because each wire was a different distance from the end of the tube. At the risk of sounding hypocritical, you can read more at http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nixie_tube.*☐

Chris Garcia
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13 Mar 2007

Just got the issue in the mail today and I'm jazzed because I'm back from the Cinequest Film Festival and ready to LoC again! Sadly, time and work mean that I've got far less time than usual this month to do my LoCing, so I've gotta be brief.

Wow! That's a helluva trek! I've seen a great many documentaries about Cachi, but I've never been (and likely never will be since Argentina is one of those places that I've permanently sworn-off because of serious political pasts (los

disapparados). I will say that it sounds like **Sue** had quite the adventure.

I don't think we see enough reprinting these days. It's one of the things I like so much about Dave Burton's *Pixel*. He reprints the articles of Dave Locke and others frequently, giving those of us who weren't around (or just not paying attention) a chance to read the good stuff of the past. True, it can go too far, but still it's nice once in a while.

I love the way you work with the fillos in the **Jeeves** and **Frohvet** articles. It adds a lot to the stories with the way you worked them in. I've been told that too many illos are intrusions on the writing, but here I thought it worked beautifully and heightened them. Particularly the **Diana Harlan Stein** stuff. It's wonderful and enriches the writing so well. I've gotta get some of that for *The Drink Tank*. It's just too good to pass up.

A couple of notes on various LoCs:

On **Lloyd Penney's** mentioning that the readers of *The Drink Tank* seem to know me as well as my parents do, that's completely wrong. My parents don't know me half that well!

On **E.B. Frohvet's** call of Bullshit on the goodness of most politicians, I've worked with a bunch over the years on various levels (from city council all the way to a friendship with a Congressman who lived next to me family), almost all of them are good folks. There've only been three that I've known who were out-and-out frauds or in it for personal advancement (Alan Cranston who I did video taping for, Nancy Pelosi whose campaign I helped out and who I got to know a little bit before discovering her slimy side and a local councilman I worked for as a consultant). Yeah, a lot of folks make bad decisions, but for the most part, the fifty or so that I've known have honestly been working their damndest to help folks out. It's just the ways they do it that can be questioned.

Now I must run! History must be served.
Chris

☐**CKK**: *I can't claim credit for the Jeeves and Frohvet fillos as both of these were reprints and I used the original fillos in mostly the same places. Terry gets credit for his own layout and George "Lan" Laskowski for the Frohvet piece.*☐

Joy V. Smith
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pagadan@aol.com
13 Mar 2007

Dear Henry,

Cute cover! I studied the name on the mailbox a bit in case it was something I shouldn't miss. Aha! (Joe Fan, right?)

All the best with your papers! You've accomplished a lot. I'm sure you'll appreciate having a little more time with the hockey season and the editing sessions past. Interesting about wikipedia. Keep your standards up!

I enjoyed Sue's Sites (Argentina)--an interesting, off-the-beaten-path tour. **E.B. Frohvet's** visit to Grundtharian fandom was fun! I enjoyed Jeeves' article too. (I'd love to read the series altogether.) I see that his civilian series is upcoming.

LOCs: It's interesting that students sometimes take tests on laptops nowadays. **Joseph Major**: Great comment re: **Chris Garcia** "...his energy amazes and astounds and even analogs me." (I don't think I got that my first read through.) Thanks to **Bill Legate** for the Spenser literary references background. Great quotes! I hope you've posted all this info on a Parker website or folder. (Hmm. There used to be a Parker folder on the AOL mystery writers board.)

Re: fans knowing science. I belong to a SF listserv that often gives science info and links; and here's a link to an SF e-zine that has an article on Exoplanets: <http://www.darkermatter.com/>

Eric Mayer: I thought it was funny that when you took a break from revising your contracts article to read *TKK*, you found yourself "being regaled by tales of law reviews." (Small, strange world.)

Thanks too for the fanzine reviews and illos. I really enjoyed seeing a **Scott Patri** Trekkie-bashing cartoon again!

Appreciatively,
Joy V. Smith

☐**CKK**: *I've been sitting on the Patri piece for years. I thought it might make for an interesting retrospective concept and it seems to have worked.*☐

E. B. Frohvet
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March 16, 2007

Dear Henry,

Should anyone care, a little background on the "Grundtharia" piece. In the late 1980s and early 1990s, a prominent fanzine was *Lan's Lantern*, published by George "Lan" Laskowski from the Detroit area. (It received two "Best Fanzine" Hugos, '86 and '91.) George's worst problem as an editor was that he couldn't bring himself to turn away anything, however badly written or irrelevant. The *Lantern* become increasingly cluttered with bad amateur travelogues of the "what I did on my vacation" sort, to the detriment of its focus and schedule. After one or seven too many of these, I set out to write the worst parody thereof I could think of. Whether it actually succeeded, I leave to the readers.

George died in 1999. The *Lantern* never formally discontinued, had been inactive for years before that. I sometime wonder what ever happened to George's notes, files, those Hugo awards... Does anyone know?

One was quite struck with the orange covers, an atypical color for *TKK*. **Sheryl**'s critter seems to have been a little to eager in its anticipation of the *Knews*.

Ice hockey, simply not my sport. On the only occasion on which we met (Worldcon 2000) I did not find you intimidating; but then, I was not one of your students.

Presumably **Jim Sullivan** was no more serious in his piece than I was in mine; nevertheless I will quote him an old dictum of American politics, known as Corwin's Law, after Senator Thomas Corwin, who propounded it in 1860: "The world has contempt for the man who entertains it. One must be solemn ... never say anything that is not uttered with the greatest gravity, to win respect."

Terry Jeeves' military adventures are consistently amusing, mostly because the technology may change, but the nature of army culture remains the same. Nice to see that the colorful expression "Brock's benefit" (after a traditional fireworks display by the Brock company) is still current in England.

Chris Garcia: If there were thirty days in October, then Halloween would be October 30th. Break down the word: the eve of "All Hallows Day," or as the Catholics would say "All Saints Day," November 1st. I have no opinion one way or the other about artichokes; brussel sprouts, I don't like.

Sheryl Birkhead says here niece likes Las Vegas. My niece (technically my cousin's kid) now lives in Cheyenne, Wyoming, where she works. She says the cost of living is very moderate; but she hasn't made many friends yet. I urged her to give it a year or two; she might find she likes it there. I'm all in favor of egoboo, there just doesn't seem to be enough to go around in fandom.

Joseph Major: Saying that Congress is too close to professional lobbyists (who may or may not believe in whatever they are paid to lobby for) is entirely unrelated to Congress' relations with the people, who are generally ignored. As I seldom read comic books after age 12 or so, I was not aware that in that format Lana had a sister. In the TV show, Lana once lived with Chloe and her father. (Has no one except me noticed that Clark, Lana, and Chloe all started college, and all apparently dropped out during their freshman year?)

The semi-solid sludge left over from beer making is called "draff," and is valuable for animal feed. I see no reason why people could not eat it too.

Joy Smith: Do the orange trees themselves get killed by the occasional frost, or just the year's crop? I have not trouble with watering my plants. I shampoo my hair every other day, and use that as a reminder to water the plants. Several of my plants have survived numerous years on this schedule.

Alex Slate: I don't know that animals can't own things. As Heinlein once wrote, "Nobody understands property rights better than a guard dog." I would not take from a beaver dam unless I was freezing (and had matches on me). On getting my taxes done this year, I was ritually asked whether I wanted to donate to a general campaign fund. I replied seriously, "Let the thieves pay for their own thievery."

I see at least two mentions in your fanzines-received list which I ought to have received, and have not. So far. On the bright side, *Tortoise* returned to publishing recently.

Regards from Gremflod
Central,
E.B. Frohvet

☐**TKK**: I hope your sending the *Grundtharia* piece was not a similar commentary on the content of **TKK**.☐

Fred Lerner
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17 Mar 2007

Dear Knarley,

I had always wondered about the ethnicity of **E.B. Frohvet**. As a bibliographer and indexer I encounter a lot of names, and it's become a game for me to try to discover someone's ethnic origins from his surname. I'm pretty good at spotting Latvians, and I'm working at being able to identify an Indian writer's native language – so far I haven't progressed much beyond distinguishing Dravidians from Aryans. Anyway, now I know why I couldn't quite work out what a "Frohvet" was – I had never encountered a Grundtharian before. (If there have been any Grundtharian contributions to the world's literature on post-traumatic stress disorder, which occupies my daylight hours, I have yet to see them. Or perhaps I *have* seen them, and mistook them for Slovenian or Macedonian.)

If I recollect my perilevantine geography, Grundtharia is not far from Hav. Certainly **E.B.**'s description makes Schoove, the Grundtharian capital, sound like what Hav would have been had it not attracted substantial colonies of English, French, Austrian, and Russian residents. I was pleased to learn that Jan Morris's account of the place has recently been reprinted, if only in the UK. *Hav* (Faber & Faber, 2006) includes her original (1985) "Hav" as well as a new piece called "Hav of the Myrmidons".

I once had occasion to compare *Last Letters from Hav* with Robert Heinlein's *Tramp Royale* (1992), a nonfiction account of a round-the-world trip he and his wife took in 1953-1954. It did not then find a publisher, which fact raises one's respect for acquisition editors. *Tramp Royale* is a dull book, offering nothing of the supra-mundane perspective one would have expected from the world's leading science fiction writer. Of course, Heinlein was not writing *Tramp Royale* for his sci-

ence fiction readership, but rather for an audience to whom a trip around the world was meant to seem delightfully exotic. I suspect that in the early 1950s many in that potential audience had vivid memories of their own travels to exotic places under military auspices, and would not be tempted by the Heinleins' recollections.

"I so despise shaving that when it went to daily I committed to a beard." I once worked it out: the time not spent shaving for forty-odd years has added the equivalent of six months to my lifespan. I intend to spend those six months not shaving as well.

Fred

☐**CKK:** *I had no interest in reading Tramp Royale after the disaster that was Grumbles from the Grave. I think that Heinlein was the first of many authors who could have benefited from editing, but whose stature gave him the market power to refuse it. More the pity as I think some of his later works would have been much better for the edit.*☐

Jim Stumm
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March 17, 2007

E.B. Frohvet: About getting the alumni magazine from Temple University, it's the other way around. It's not that they think you're an alumnus, but rather, they magazine is sent to alumni because they are, or Temple U. thinks they might become, contributors like you. If Temple is at all like the college where I work, the main reason why they publish that magazine, as well as holding reunions and other alumni events, is fundraising. You're down on their list as a contributor, probably a "friend of Temple U." category. What they want from you is a steady stream of ever larger contributions, preferably cash, and a legacy when you die.

Many years ago, I mentioned the Ludwig von Mises Institute in an article I wrote that was published in *Whole Earth Review*. I sent them a copy of the article, and they sent me a mug, and they've been sending me their newsletter ever since, which solicits contributions in every issue.

Eric Lindsay: One of the catalogs I get sells new portable manual typewriters, so they're still being made. What I'd like to buy is a new word processor, like my old Smith Corona that has stopped working, but they don't make them anymore. Not a computer with a gazillion bytes of memory that I don't need, 100s of programs that I'll never use; games, video, and music capability, what all I want is text and maybe graphics, and no internet connection. I have that at work and don't want it at home (no hackers, spam, viruses, phishing, etc.) All I want is a super-typewriter, newsletter production system. I like single function machines optimized to do one thing excellently, but what they offer me are boxes full of junk that do all sorts of things, nothing very well, with instructions incomprehensible to mere mortals, and menus



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nested in menus so that it takes a dozen steps to get to the one operation you want. I dream of a day when a computer can be ordered a la carte: "I want these 5 functions and nothing else." But I'm not holding my breath.

Brad Foster: I didn't propose that citizens should take turns being the leader, but only as legislators. In a large group of citizens, I would expect that a reasonable common sense would prevail, and the minority of fools would be drowned out. For choosing the President, I don't have any better idea than elections.

A nearby suburb strictly enforces a 30 mph speed limit, so I drive there frequently checking my speedometer, which is distracting. It's a relief when I cross the line into the city, where the speed limit is also 30 mph, but isn't never enforced. So in the city I drive matching my speed to the other cars and never look at my speedometer. Usually what's dangerous is not speed as such but turbulence, driving much faster or much slower than other cars. But I sometimes drove on one stretch of the NY State Thruway where, on Sunday night, traffic was bumper-to-bumper at 70 mph. That was truly scary. After a couple trips, I found an alternate route that was a little longer and slower, but a whole lot easier on my nerves.

Alex Slate: A Congress chosen by lot would eliminate the problems we see now that are due to pork barrel spending, and bribes thinly disguised as campaign contributions, and limits on free expression imposed (unconstitutionally) in connection with campaign financing. In exchange it would probably introduce other problems due to inexperience and amateurism. I suspect that would be better than what we have now. But as an empiricist, I'd like to see the experiment tried. Then we would have definite information, not just speculation.

Though we are now well aware of the evils of representative democracy, natural conservatism makes people unwilling to try a new system for fear that it might be worse. Most people can hardly imagine a different system. They despise all politics, and think that the evils they see are a sort of law of nature, instead of the result of institutions we have estab-

lished, and could change. As Jefferson wisely said: "... all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed." (Declaration of Independence)

TKK: It's my opinion that the right to privacy was not **invented** by the Supreme Court, but rather they made **explicit** a right that was implied by the privileges or immunities clause of the 14th Amendment. These intrusions into privacy mostly didn't exist as the found of this Republic, at least not on the State and Federal level. They were imposed in the last quarter of the 19th century. "Comstockery" didn't exist before the heyday of Anthony Comstock, famous porn-fighting guy, U.S. Postal special agent from 1873 until his death in 1915. Many freedoms lost late in the 19th century were restored late in the 20th. On the other hand, the claim that the First Amendment does not protect obscene material is indeed an invention of the Supreme Court. The First Amendment mentions no exceptions at all. All speech and writings are equally protected, at least against interference by the **Federal** government. "**Congress** shall make no law..." it says. All claims that this or that is not protected are inventions of the Court, judges legislating.

Because the 10th Amendment clearly says that the Federal Government is supposed to have only certain few enumerated powers, limitations on Federal powers are implicit even if they are not spelled out. Silence in the Constitution usually means the Federal Government is forbidden from doing it. Some of this is extended to the States by the 14th Amendment. When in doubt, I tend to prefer increases in personal freedom, if it can be supported by a plausible argument.

Jim Stumm

☐ **TKK:** *You can get your desktop system a la carte as it were if you are willing to order your own boards separately and build what you want. The problem is that as soon as you want graphics you are going to need a huge increase in memory and processing power to handle them. As you mention, the 14th amendment generally extends all of the protections of the Constitution, including the Bill of Rights, as limits upon the states, this includes the prohibitions of the 1st amendment.*☐

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March 21, 2007

Dear Knarley:

Thank you for issue 122 of *TKK*...I'm trying to get as many zines responded to as possible because I have two trade shows to work over the next week, and one of them stars Donald Trump as a speaker. So, there's lots to get done, and

not much time, and lots to learn about the shows. Any zine I can get located is a bonus.

Our weather's been odd, too; but then, whatever weather Wisconsin gets often heads east and goes over us. All the groundhogs were wrong about an early spring...them hogs are dead meat! And, I would not rely on Wikipedia, or indeed, anything on the Internet as a reliable source of information, unless what's listed there has reliable references and footnoting.

I guess **Sue** would be able to confirm what I keep hearing... that if you want the best cut of beef you've ever had, make sure it's from South America. Argentinian beef has always been great, and I keep hearing about Brazilian barbecue restaurants, and how good they are.

Every episode of Army life from **Terry Jeeves** is good to read, mostly because of the variety of wild life (in every sense of the term) in Injah. (Also, it's good to know that **Terry** is still with us, writing up these memoirs.)

Sheryl Birkhead asks why we do zines. Sometimes, I have to wonder, but we do like to communicate with each other, and participate, and compete a little, too. I also think we all aspire to be professionally published, and with zines, at least we can get published. Maybe the professionally part will come about later...

I know a Mormon who had her mission in southern California and into Arizona and Nevada. Trying to lead a good Mormon life, while living in the heart of the Left Coast was a constant trial.

I have to wonder if we need to make some more efforts to try to attract new people into this little fandom of ours...we have to figure out that while fanzines were once the main activity of most fans, it is now a fanac most in fandom may not even be aware of. Maybe a single sheet advertising eFanzines.com? **Chris Garcia** and **Jerry Kaufman**...why am I thinking of the Grateful Dead?

My eyes! My eyes! My eyes are fine, thank you. Got new glasses just a few days ago, and I now have fairly good vision, clear to a fair distance now, too. It's been a treat to have decent vision again. And **Jeff**, Tamu Townsend was at Ad Astra, and lovely to talk to, and she is a sweetheart.

I have given e-zines at least a modicum of portability, if not physicality... On my new Palm is Adobe Reader for Palm, and with the 1Gb memory card in the Palm, I can load up as many .pdfed zines as I like. I go back and forth between Adobe for Palm and Documents To Go, which allows me to create a Word document. Between the two, I can read zines, and with the infrared keyboard I have, I can also write locs on the Palm. Should I be traveling, I can load up my Palm, and write locs as I travel.

Yours,
Lloyd Penney.

□TKK: *I've had a Palm for years, but have not looked into downloading literary content for it. I'm afraid the small screen may make it frustrating to use and I don't like the over sensitivity of the scroll bars when used with the stylus. How do you find scrolling, paging, etc. with the Adobe Reader?*□

Murray Moore
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26 Mar 2007

Dear Henry,

Your Planned Con Attendance list of one convention, Mars in 2095, is evidence that you are a SF fan: you take the long view.

Closer to (your) home is Denver in 2008. And Chicago is bidding again, for 2013 if I recall correctly.

I am not attending the Worldcon for the first year since 2000. That Chicago worldcon was my second worldcon. Torcon 2 (1973) was my first worldcon. I began attending worldcons again because I joined the Torcon 3 bid, and I kept going after 2003.

I expect that Yokohama will be fascinating for attending foreigners. On my flight to Corflu Quire my seatmate was a Toyota engineer who makes regular trips to Japan, to Toyota City. The only warning he had about being a tourist in Japan was to avoid the Tokyo train station during rush hour.

But Yokohama from Toronto is a long way and an expensive trip for a long weekend. Mary Ellen said she would go but she has had a problem with a compressed disc.

Not that that is keeping us home. Our alternative this year is to go east. Mary Ellen is coming with me as I attend my first Eastercon. Contemplation will be Mary Ellen's first con. She came with me to Glasgow but she did not attend Interaction. I bought Mary Ellen a Contemplation membership last Sunday.

My cataract surgery on Feb. 16 went well. I managed without glasses for a month, until I could see my optometrist, but I concluded by then that I should wear glasses. I do not need glasses to read but distance vision is clearly improved through ground plastic.

In TTK 122 paper fanzines vs. online fanzines continues to be a theme. I am prejudiced toward paper fanzines. The Saturday before Corflu Quire I drove to Buffalo to collect 14 boxes of fanzines.

Alan Rosenthal offered me his fanzine collection. **Alan** lives in Seattle. **Alan** thought he would send me the boxes by bus, but sending boxes by bus is no longer an option, at least across the border. The cost of sending the boxes to me was

considerable. Then I remembered that I have a cousin living in Buffalo.

Have you heard about the lake effect? I had, but I had not experienced it until that Saturday, my first visit to Buffalo in the winter. The sun was shining and the road was bare as I passed the exit to Niagara Falls. Ditto as I passed the exit to Fort Erie.

Then the sun disappeared. Snow was falling and the highway was covered. The vehicles ahead of me were following each other in a line, like elephants. Before I arrived at the Peace Bridge, I was driving as slow as 30 kph.

Returning across the mostly-still-undefended border I dealt with three people, none of whom was older than 25. The first one took my toll money. The second one did not stir from her seat in the booth as I explained what was in the boxes filling the back of the Prius. She sent me to an inspector who opened one of the boxes. "Is this poetry?" he asked, opening an issue of **Mike Glycer's** *Prehensile*.

A minute after I was back on the highway I realized what I should said. I should said "This is what people did before the Internet: before web sites, before email, before text messaging; before blogs, before MySpace. This is how people communicated." He would have understood.

Henry, check out the 2008 Eurocon. It is in Moscow. George R.R. Martin and Neil Gaiman and a Russian name I do not know are the guests. Take the kids to Lenin's Tomb and the GUM Store. I asked Russell and Dennis if they are interested. Russell graduates from his four-year Ryerson University Radio & Television Arts program a couple of weeks before Eurocon 2008. We expect Dennis will be finished with his first year of university. Both boys have read Martin's doorstoppers. Russell was interested in Gaiman enough to attend one of his Toronto appearances.

But we wouldn't fly Aeroflot. A colleague at work told me she has friends to flew to India via Moscow. Going was fine: coming back, not so good. Not enough passengers wanted to fly to India on the day their plane was scheduled to arrive. For several days they went to the airport but each day their airplane did not arrive. Finally the plane arrived. On landing in Moscow their onward flight to Canada was so much later that the authorities took their passports, took them to a hotel, and confined them to a floor of the hotel.

^^
Murray

□TKK: *We gripe so much in North America when a plane is more than a few minutes late or grounded by mechanical problems and forget what the alternatives could be. I think this has something to do with turning over control of our travel to a third party.*□

Eric Lindsay
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1 Apr 2007

Dear Henry,

Thanks for *TKK* #122 for February. I wonder whether **Sheryl**'s cover depicts Jophan living in his mailbox, or a fan mailing themselves to the mythical Jophan?

Given all the things you are doing, especially in your studies, not feeling verbal is easy to understand. I did note the founder of Wikipedia a few minutes ago on the Sunday program, talking about the problems of accurate content.

Sue certainly gets around while visiting these sites. Argentina sounded interesting, although that elevation may take some getting used to if hiking.

Like **Terry Jeeves**, I recall the old style gas heated soldering irons. The electric versions made life much easier. Termites are a hazard here as well, with all the resorts made of concrete block to avoid attracting termites. In many tropical areas the many metre high earth mounds of termites are the most visible feature of the landscape.

Despite **Sheryl Birkhead**'s comments about not getting any warm fuzzy feelings from electronic zines, I am about to drop the apas I am still in because of printing annoyances. I really don't want to have anything to do with paper in future. On the other hand, I basically don't respond to e-zines. Mostly I don't even notice they have appeared. I also never get around to doing my own fanzines, because there is no end point at which there would be a printed copy. So much for replacing fanzines.

Electronically conducted exams are something I approve of in theory, but suspect that they will always have problems when actually done. I note the Secure Exam product you mention wouldn't work on computers outside the USA, for example.

I am so glad **Joseph Nicholas** points to the success of the European Union relative to the USA. I am at present no fan of various USA administration policies, especially with regard to security theatre, to the point that I will no longer visit the USA at all. However productivity? USA GDP is about 40% higher than the average GDP of EU-15 (even greater for EU-25), although both are growing at about the same per capita rate. Is this because a greater proportion of the USA are employed? Or because they work 20% longer than in Europe? **Joseph** mentioned unemployment, and certainly the EU-15 has a greater unemployment rate, typically 3% higher than the USA. Typically the rates are about the same for 25-55 age groups, but youth and pre-retirement employment rates are much higher in the USA. Probably because of artificially

high wage rates in the EU. On the other hand, with fewer and lower benefits, the incentive to work is higher in the USA than in the EU. Traditional measures like GDP don't do a good job of measuring productivity (nor even GDP, in countries like Italy with a large underground economy). However picking winners is like **Joseph** finding the absolute silence of the outback unnerving, and claiming that the typical sounds of London are better. I think otherwise.

I also disagree with **Dave Rowe** that it is unlikely your favourite armchair is in front of your computer. My room is organised precisely that way. Some day soon I'll move from a 20 inch display to an even larger display, and that will improve it. My auxiliary computer monitor is also my display for TV, VCR, DVD, and so on. Having a TV would however be a waste of time, at least until they are the size of a wall, but I would still use it as a computer monitor, not as a TV.

Regards,
Eric

☐**CKK**: *Secure Exam seems reasonably robust and fairly secure. I've tried everything I can think to bypass its restrictions (only one Word window, no spell checking, no internet) except running it in a virtual machine. I suspect it may not stand up to the latter. It creates an encrypted file that can only be printed and then only by the JTC staff at the university.*☐

Bill Legate
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April 4, 2007

Henry,

#122 arrived Feb. 10. Thank you. The 40th day of Christmas: 39 + 25 = Dec. 64 = Feb. 2, Candlemas, observed as Purification of the Virgin, and the Presentation of Christ, when Mary went to the Temple to be purified, and to present her firstborn son, in obedience to the law of Moses (Luke 2:22-24).

An old English song is sung about Candlemas: Be Candlemas fair and bright, come, Winter, with another flight; Hath Candlemas clouds and rain, go, Winter, come not again.

Woodchucks (groundhogs = whistle-pigs: a species of marmot) dig burrows with front and back doors in which they hibernate all winter, coming out Feb. 2 to find a mate and go chew up the nearest garden plants, if their shadow doesn't scare them back inside.

Henry V, r. 1413-1422 – “Harry” – was a strong, popular king of England who showed France what's what. Shakespeare gets quite lyrical, and practically makes this king a Baker Street Irregular (well, sort of) where he has him say (Henry V, 3.1.31-34):

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:

Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry "God for Harry! England and Saint George!"

Some world atlases that include in their indexes the latitudes and longitudes of cities do agree with one another within a degree, but seldom to the minute. (Try it. Do you count from a downtown intersection, or City hall, or what?)

Easter Island is antipodal to some towns 200 miles NE of Karachi. Hamilton, Bermuda and Perth, Australia are near-antipodes, even closer than Quito and Singapore. Antipodes of the North and South Islands of New Zealand sweep from part of Morocco across much of Spain, some Portugal and France, and a stretch of ocean northwest from Spain.

But is a planet's surface only land and water? Isn't that discrimination against the atmosphere?

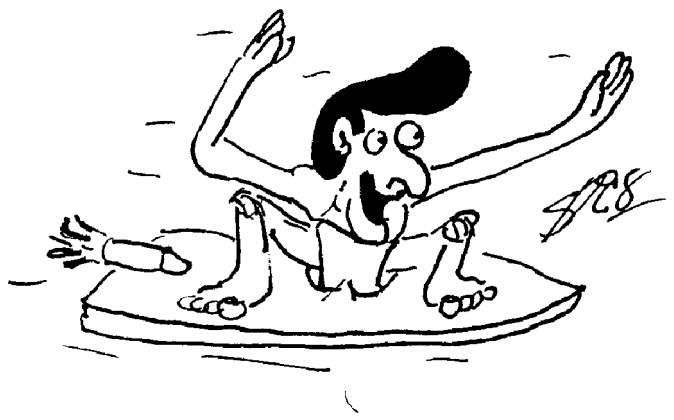
When van Gogh sliced off some of his ear there in Aries, was it Christmas eve in 1888, or the next February? Was he raving at Gauguin at the time, or at his brother Theo, or whom? The sources don't agree. An old friend called and told me it never happened at all, but what does she know? Walter Sickert drew some ears about that time. Maybe he cut it off.

A stimulation of the foot takes longer to reach the brain than an immediately following stimulation of the forehead does, but we recall stimuli generally in real-time sequence. But a few taps on the wrist followed by two on the elbow, then a few on the shoulder, all within a second or two (say we're blindfolded, against additional information), can register, or be remembered, as a series of taps along the whole length of the lower and upper arm.

If we report what we remember, then revise our report, the memory may alter the report, and the report may alter the memory. The timing of an experience may be settled on -reasonably-, afterward. There's no preexisting unity of threshold, instant of consciousness; our activity appears to be in response to subliminal perceptions, and situations seem to "arrive in consciousness" - if at all - only as edited. (Or something like that.)

This research area, called neurophysiology, is pretty interesting where we're distracted by our preconceptions about a dubious "unity" of consciousness, an imagined self-continuity that doesn't quite prove out; its continuity is more assumed than perceived.

Anyway, there's some reminiscence of button-pushing experiments in a curious story by Ted Chiang, "What's expected of us," which appeared in *Nature* in 2005 and in the *Year's Best SF II* in 2006. Very short - 875 words plus title - a warning from the future about a popular device called the Predictor. It has a button and an LED. The light flashes 1 second -before-you press the button. "No matter what you do, the light always precedes the button press." The effect on society of seeing that there's "no such thing as free will" is an "akinetetic mutism", a kind of despair that "spreads like a cognitive plague."



Neuroscientists often come off as philosophers, reflecting on our obvious predisposition to read purpose into our world. Our relation to the world - that's what Sartre calls the project of consciousness (the for-itself) which doesn't exist except in relation to, in separation from, the object of consciousness (the in-itself).

Of some dozen typos in my last loc, I liked "Never mind the form." I was quoting an R. Crumb cartoon character, Forky O'Donnell: "Never mind the fork! We brought our own!"

Samuel Butler (the 19th-c. writer, not the 17th-c. one), *The Way of All Flesh*, in chapter 44: "St. Anthony tempted the devils quite as much as they tempted him; for his peculiar sanctity was a greater temptation to tempt him than they could stand."

Bill

☐CKK: I think the discrimination against the atmosphere might just blow over.☐

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April 8, 2007

Dear Henry and Letha,

The editorial in *Knarley Knews* #122 begins by discussing the weather. Weather is a topic we always have. Your weather was cold. My weather wasn't cold. My weather has been very dry. We've only had 2 1/2 inches of rain for the entire year. While we have a fairly dry climate, it isn't usually this dry. The average rainfall around these parts is 16 inches. This low rainfall means that people who normally drink scotch and water will have to skip the water this summer.

The subject of weather leads in to the current installment of "Carry on Jeeves." A warm, moist climate, such as they have in much of India, produces some big mutha bugs. I've never been in India, but I have been in the Philippines which also has a warm, moist climate. The plant life is so active that vines will grow over you if you stand in one place for too

long. When I was first in the Philippines I wondered how a place like this could have a chronic shortage of food. Apparently, the native weeds are so aggressive that food crops just can't compete.

Of course, the Philippines also has big mutha bugs. After a brief time in the Philippines, your perspective on bugs changes. The big bugs aren't really so bad. At least, you can hear them coming. It's the little ones that are the problem. They can still sneak up on you.

Back to the editorial, Henry mentions his students use Wikipedia for assigned research projects. I recall the first thing I ever heard about Wikipedia was that false and libelous entries were being inserted about some current political figures. It was then explained that Wikipedia didn't have any editorial control at all. As a result, I've never even looked at Wikipedia and have no intention of ever looking at it.

In general, I put very little confidence in information on the internet. Anything political on the internet is never to be believed. If it happens to be true, it must be some sort of an accident. If I'm looking for some reliable information, I will still go over to my local library and look through some printed books. Books may not always be perfect, but they're a heck of a lot better than the internet.

Yours truly,

☐**CKK**: *What a horrible thought, drinking scotch with water, why ruin good alcohol.*☐

Jeffrey Allan Boman
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Canada
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04/08/07

Dear Henry:

I'm racing again, and writing letters for two zines together again. Not only do I have a lot of work to do for the 100th issue of *Comicipia* (due this month), but I've also been learning how to use InDesign for it, as well as building up notes for the Script Frenzy marathon in June. 30 days to put together a film script.

I graduated from Cinema: Animation Option in 1990, so I might have a small advantage – except I haven't written a script in 17 years, and even then films a maximum of 12 minutes long for Animation. This will hopefully give me a kick in the butt to finally put my degree to use.

I'm also a bit weirded out because of my birthday this year... on May 14 I turn 40. Some of you may already have passed it, many may think it's no big deal. Based on my family history I may have already passed mid-life, but now my desire to leave my positive mark on history just gets bigger.

Enough philosophy, let's get to the meat of my LOCs:

(Issue 121)

The cover made me chuckle. I don't fully understand the joke, but what I do is funny.

Editorial: You're wise not to waste time to get those papers done. I did goof off when I was in school in my 20s. Hindsight reminded me how foolish that was. / A shame your hockey team and that of your son aren't really clicking this year. Hopefully next year's teams will be better.

Mind Porn: Considering the disrespect that SF still gets today it's an apt comparison. If only it succeeds in driving industry the way porn has (porn really drove the videotape industry, as well as DVDs initially, the 1-900 biz and many more) we'll be doing good.

The Ethics of Government IV: We also have the problem of low voter turnouts in Canada. Generally the 18-25'ers are difficult to interest. I think older voters are getting fed up also... because of minority governments we have had 2 federal elections within a year, and with the current provincial government also a minority we could see two more in the spring and summer,

A Curious... History of January... whatever you're taking **Jim**, I don't want it. :)

Sue's Sites... you've been to many fascinating places, and this is indeed one.

Carry On Jeeves... to think how a year ago you weren't even on planes!

InterLOCutions

E.B. Frohvet: Re: *Smallville*... that Lex was more seductive can lead to the cliché about evil being stronger... but remember that Clark was Lana's first. This was 2 years after high school. After knowing what adults did, Lex was already getting someone more experienced. As to Chloe: a recent convention chat revealed that she'll be brought into the DC Universe now.

Lauraine Tutihasi : A past girlfriend of mine was a film gore fanatic; she wanted to 'grow up' as an effects person. Because of this we went to a few gory films. I didn't open my eyes long for them. / Because of a self-injection stint in 2000 I still strongly dislike needles, but I don't freak out at them anymore.

Lloyd Penney : The true first sign of a coming apocalypse was me attending a hockey match in 2000. I despise the sport, but a friend wanted to use up his free passes before he moved to Boston. / Yeah, that was a fun panel at Con*Cept. Pity the con numbers didn't reflect that.

(Issue 122)

Cover: I'd really feel bad for that little critter if it tried to come to me... my mailbox is just a door as part of my building mail-board. It would have no place to move!

Editorial: Re: Wikipedia... even I have a page on it. I've found articles of such questionable content as pearl necklaces (no, not jewelery. I won't validate it with a description). The online encyclopedia got even worse a rep when a senior content editor was found to have lied about themselves.

It's sometimes good for a quick check, but I use more credentialed references for anything of note.

InterLOCutions

Joseph T. Major: It saddens me how many fan luminaries are now gone. Dr. Searles was a major loss as well, being the father of print comic fandom. / Thanks for the description of FAFIA.

E.B. Frohvet : Few novels for NaNoWriMo are worth reading before editing... these are only first drafts. As a podcast writing guru once pointed out, first drafts are allowed to suck.

As a fellow writer once pointed out: I'd rather write 50,000 crummy words in 30 days than to have just 1 perfect word in that time and nothing else.

This is a truism. Of course I'd rather be published, but until then a) you can only become a better writer through practice and b) I'd rather have my descendants see that I wrote lots of crappy manuscripts than none at all.

Bill Legate: I'm often a first draft person because of time restraints, but my professional projects go through 2 or 3 more drafts.

Brad W. Foster: Your comments to **Lloyd** in the continuing "paper vs. online zine" debate are very apt. On our Con*Cept panel about zines **Lloyd** spoke of the 'gift economy' that zines created (feel free to correct me on this, **Lloyd**). "The Usual" is the central example of this. When an APA I used to be part of became online only, I left for many of the same reasons.

Lloyd Penney: No, Tamu wasn't at the con. She's annoyed with the current committee and boycotts it as a result.

Alex Slate: Ultimately the mayor's office dropped the idea of renaming Parc Avenue. Too much backlash. / Dubya's complete stance on Stem Cell research proves how my view is contrary to his. People continue to suffer while he stifles research that goes against his religious beliefs.

Dave Szurek: I don't know anyone yet who'd fit that definition of FAFIATION. I know at least one longtime member of *Comicipia* who fit the notion of GAFIA when he began, but that's really it.

My other zine letter done, now I move on to *Comicipia*... then Script Frenzy! No rest for the prolific!

Yours truly,
Jeffrey Allan Boman

☐**CKK:** *I did the 40 thing a few years back. I actually spent the better part of the day taking the LSATs and the rest of you now know where that has gotten me.*☐

Robert Sabella
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16 Apr 2007 21

Hi Knarley,

I don't think I ever congratulated you for milestone issue #120. The articles on fanzines, what they are and why we write/edit them, was interesting in its wide variety of opinions offered. Also interesting was **Sue Welch's** trip to Xian. While it is not the first lesser-known city I would visit in China—that would be Chengdu—it is certainly a desirable place to visit.

Rodney Leighton's discussion of Nero Wolfe books reminded me that in another fanzine I read recently—exactly which one escapes me though—somebody commented that Wolfe books are better read in small doses since the similarity from book to book make them tedious in large bunches. I never read mysteries in anything but small doses, since I tend to get bored with the genre very easily. We actually have a collection of 7 Nero Wolfe books in the house—it belongs to Jean who reads a lot more mysteries than I do—and I have occasionally considered reading one of them. Certainly not "10 in succession" like Rodney did, for sure! I don't think there any books other than comic books that I would read that many by the same author in succession.

In #121, I see that **Sue "Michael Palin" Welch** is now in Quetico Provincial Park. How the heck does she get around so fast? It certainly seems as if she is in a different worldwide location every issue. She reminds me of my best friend's parents who, when he was a freshman in college, sold their house and took to the road in an RV. Of course, they did not give their bemused son a forwarding address, so he had an interesting Christmas vacation his freshman year trying to find them.

Keep up the good work.
Bob

☐**CKK:** *The difference today is that will cell phones it is much simpler to track someone down if they stay within range of the grid. Although I'm hoping my mother didn't take the cell phone along on the canoe trip.*☐



Robert Lichtman
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17 Apr 2007

Hi, Henry—

In the lettercol of *TKK* No. 122 **Sheryl Birkhead** writes about electronic fanzines, “I do not get any warm fuzzy feelings....I might feel differently if I had a nice color printer.” Such devices are not out of reach, and perhaps the most cost-effective one for printing out fanzines from the Web is the HP 2605dn. It comes with *full-sized* toner cartridges (all four of them), does automatic duplexing, and lists for \$500. It’s frequently on sale for about \$100 less than that. The cost per page is much cheaper than with inkjet printing. I have its immediate predecessor, the 2600n, whose only difference is that it doesn’t do automatic duplexing; but it’s the work of a moment to reinsert the sheets and print the back sides.

On the same subject **Joseph Major** writes, “The problem with relying on efanzines is that there’s no guarantee that the site will be around by tomorrow.” Given that Bill Burns has Got It All Together *and* that he backs up everything as he goes along, this is highly *unlikely* to happen.

E.B. Frohvet writes, “Probably the most disappointing aspect of fanzine fandom in 2006 was the failure of TOR-TOISE to publish another issue after April. Still waiting.” His

dark night was illuminated last month when a new issue appeared, but in my view it’s a failing of his that he continues to expect that fanzines *must* be regular in their so-called schedules.

You note with some amazement, “How did my fanzine become the central discussion zone for Nero Wolfe, etc. I’ve never read a single one of the books.” Nor have I, and I found myself quickly skipping over both of **Legate’s** letters.

Brad Foster notes that “an online zine doesn’t share the ‘fannish usual’ with its print cousins.” Indeed, that’s one objection I have to turning my own fanzine into a wholly electronic one. For my own part, I only print out fanzines on which I do comment. This ties in with **Dave Rowe** writing about the late Bill Bowers that he “was a good friend and a great fanzine editor but when he started posted e-fanzines it was time to quit reading them.” What about printing them out, **Dave**? Why cut off your connection with a friend?

Milt Stevens equates “Values” with “popular prejudice” in his discussion of politicians, and writes that “Values include things like abortion, gay marriage, and prayer in the schools.” It’s my observation that politicians use these so-called “hot button issues” to do a snow job on their constituents and to take attention away from their inattention to the real stuff that needs to change in order that we might have a more human society here in the U.S., one that perhaps even **Joseph Nicholas** could find admirable. Some stuff that somehow never really gets fixed includes affordable health care for all, genuine support of education (including higher education) so America can turn out intelligent people instead of having to import them, and the myth of a “classless society.”

Best wishes,
Robert Lichtman

□*TKK*: I certainly hope Bill Burns and efanzines have a long and healthy presence on the internet. However, should Bill ever have to shut down the site, it could all be lost and no longer available in an instant. I hope it is well archived at more than one off-site location. You strike right at the heart of the difference between a reader and the editor. Because I have to type in many of the submissions I have to read them and so cannot skip over them.□

R-Laurraine Tutihasi
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18 Apr 2007

Dear Henry and Letha,

E. B. Frohvet’s reprint from *Lan’s Lantern*, reminds me that the memorial issue that was to come out after Lan’s death never did. As I made several contributions to that, I am not pleased. I did volunteer to edit the volume, but someone else had already been chosen for the task. I was in contact with

the chosen editor for a couple of years, but I eventually grew tired of nagging him. Had I been editing it, I feel certain that the volume would have been published in a timely manner. I met Lan very early in my fannish life, and his death was a very emotional event for me.

Like you, I also like artichokes.

My experience with Mormons, unlike **E. B. Frohvet**, is that they come in all ethnicities. The ones who have come to our door have included Blacks and Asians, as well as the standard WASP types.

Unlike **Dave Rowe**, I could easily carry e-fanzines around with me if I chose. I have a Palm and carry several books in it with the use of a memory card. The only reason I haven't bothered to load any fanzines into my Palm is that I am still reading through several of those books. I don't recall a lot of fanzines being online when I got my Palm, model m500. After reading the free books that came on it and on my husband's Palm, I bought several sequels to one of them. The cost was minimal. The only place where the Palm failed me was flying. During takeoff and landing, we are not allowed to use the devices.

We only have laptops now and use them at our desks as well as when we travel. I don't consider laptops to be easy to carry around or use anywhere in the way that my Palm is. They're too big and heavy to hold in one hand. Because they can get very hot, you really have to put them down on a surface other than bare laps.

CKK: *I miss Lan as well. He was a true gem of a person.*

Sheryl Birkhead
25509 Jonnie Court
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April 20, 2007

Dear Knarley,

Virginia Tech – memories. Michael Bishop's son was one of those killed.

When I was in high school we spent one year in Geneva, Switzerland. It was always amazing to go up into the mountains to ski and see people out sunbathing-interesting phenomenon.

According to the calendar it is spring, but the thermometer hasn't been let in on the news. However, the weatherman says that within the next few days we'll be gelling back to normal. I had not planned on needing to heat the house this long and ran out of wood a few weeks ago, I had to fall back to the non-renewable fuel oil, which is what I was trying to avoid.

Argentina has always seemed to be an interesting place—one on my list of-someday.... If my budget would stretch far enough I would also go to the Japanese Worldcon, but that is

not going to happen. I need to check and see if I am supposed to get a new Hugo ballot or if voters are supposed to just alter the ballot that was sent. Maybe I'll just vote online.

Ah, so **Frohvet** came to the Maryland area via Florida...learn something new every day.

Terry—hmm, so tea with a pinch of formic acid (courtesy of the ants) makes the tea taste unusual.

For **Chris Garcia**—personally, I've never really met an artichoke, so withhold judgment. However, I just watched a whole episode of *Good Eats*—devoted to the artichoke. I must admit that the recipes and comments made it seem appetizing.

Just got another phishing expedition from an ebay spoofer. This one is a bit different in that it was merely a thank you note from someone who had bought an item—thanking me for the prompt shipment. My first thought was to respond to them and let them know they had contacted me in error. Since I had a rough time with my account being hijacked last year (that was when I apparently moved to London and was selling PCs) I took a long hard look at the email and then at the comments I had saved from ebay on what their emails would contain. Off it went to their security, followed rapidly by an email from ebay stating that this had not come from them. I still felt badly not contacting the (seemingly) valid ebay name to let the person know there was no Figurine with a Dove on its way from me.

Joseph Major I used all my portion of the sale of the farm to buy the house I have now—outright. For about a year there was a mortgage while I got payments as lots were sold, but that was it. As a result there is a multitude of banks (etc.) that keep sending me notices about the mortgage. I gave up calling them to tell them to take me off their mailing list. Then, just as I was getting the flood of requests under control, I applied for a home equity line (or whatever it is called). I wangled that as a safety net—be approved for money should that suddenly become an emergency necessity. Somehow this is apparently, the same as a mortgage—at least to the same crowd that keeps offering to re-finance my non-existent mortgage. I finally gave up. I don't even bother to pop the empty (pre-paid) envelopes back into the mailbox for a tiny sadistic satisfaction.

Medical record—just as I advise my clients to get copies of their pet's bloodwork (etc.) I urge everyone to get copies of their own diagnostics. When I have blood drawn, I automatically ask for a copy—and for a written result of any other test. I keep a file with copies and notations as to doctor's comments therapies and so on. I tried, once, to get my old records to take to a new physician and was told that, of course, I could have them but—they would have to research the location (they were archived)—for which there would be an hourly charge and the cost was over \$1 per page for photocopying. I gave up and wrote down everything I could remember and that led to the file I now keep. One year while I was teaching—just before

classes began in the fall I fell (well, was jerked off my feet by a foal I was halter-breaking), breaking a bone in my hand and I wanted to take the radiographs to school to show the kids. I was told I could not. Rads are the property of the hospital. They said I could pay (a lot) to have them copied, but I didn't want them that badly.

Brad—I love a standard transmission, despite a painful right knee. I found, when driving a rental car back and forth to my father's home in southern Virginia (or to Tech) that I loved cruise control. I actually found that it took an hour off the drive time because my knee did not need stretching and I could drive straight through. I had presumed that I could not get cruise control with the standard, but figured I would ask—when I was ready for a new car—I did and it was available, so it got added in.

Hmm—Mexican Coke (well...)—I will be giving a friend several bottles of Coke for her birthday later on today—but they are from the local grocery store. I need to keep my eyes open and see if there is such an ethnic store around.

Dave Szurek: After a chain of years, continually asking to have my (and my business) credit limit raised, I took a look at how much money was on the line if anything happened to those cards—weighed against what I was spending. I called the credit card company that day and asked for the limit to be cut almost in half. In another year or so I'll recheck and see what my highest monthly balance was (I pay it all each month and take advantage of the rebates) and may cut it in half again.

Very nice list of fanzines. I am still chagrined that two of the nominees for the fanzine Hugo are items with which I am unfamiliar.

In veterinary medicine there is a board certified specialty in behavior. One local practitioner will be sitting for these boards soon—and I suspect her fees will go up. I have been to see her with several of the local SPCA's dogs and she has a laptop (if that is the proper term) which is about the size of 'a clipboard and double (or so) the thickness. It is interesting to watch since it catches what she says and all she does is go back and look for spelling errors—which she does rapidly using both the keyboard and a stylus. From there she goes to an archive where she has stored routine treatment protocols and modifies whatever she needs for the case at hand. She does all this while talking to the client. It is also amusing to note that she sometimes misses some of the spelling errors (understandable, but amusing nonetheless). On the other hand—this (a laptop) is ancient as far as this species goes and weighs a lot. I have looked at the new slim and sleek versions (Mac) and decided the four figure price tag makes toting this dinosaur around quite manageable.

Thanks
Sheryl

□**TKK:** *I am amazed that the medical records which are supposedly those of the patient are not readily accessible to the*

patient. I have never had any trouble getting dental records moved around. The size, weight, and power of laptops has been improving extensively every year.□

Dave Szurek
505 North F #829
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24 Apr 2007

Henry,

*Knarley Knews*122 had been delivered to the wrong mail box and was brought to me exactly one day prior to the "deadline." I never found out whether there'd been a delay in delivery or that other person had held on to it for a couple weeks or more. He might have been reading it all that time for all I know? Wouldn't that be a hoot if a new fan were converted that way? If you get a LOC from somebody else in Aberdeen, you'll know how it happened.

Actually, not a lot to say, any how. **Frohvet's** article gave me more than a smile.

Even before the present era, I knew a good number of people not into fandom who weren't into the mainstream either. It used to piss me off no end when "Fans are Slans"-types would **insist** that fandom was the **only** place on Planet Earth where non-mainstreamers could be found. Had I found the only mother-lode in existence? Had my experience been a truly unique one? In general, I still use the label "mundane" sometimes, but as always, merely as a designation of whether one is active in fandom or not, no more, no less.

Could it be that neither paper zines nor e-zines are innately superior to one another? That we're simply trying to make absolutes out of our own personal preferences? I have no interest in e-zines and from a subjective viewpoint, agree with almost all of the arguments advanced by people on "our" side, but then, I get to thinking – maybe it is nothing more concrete than that some people like blue and some like green?

Just because I wasn't left with a lot of comment hooks, that doesn't mean I didn't like *TKK* 122.

Dave

□**TKK:** *I don't think either form of zine is superior. That is entirely too subjective a claim. I have simply indicated why I am considerably less likely to respond and trade with e-zines without making any statement about whether they are inferior.*□

We also heard from:

Megan Bouchard, Todd & Nora Bushlow, Patti Hetherington, Terry Jeeves, Rodney Leighton, Guy Lillian, Mark Proskey, Bob Sabella, Pat Sims, Julie Wall, Sue Welch, and Cassidy Wheeler



Fanzines Received in Trade

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

Alexiad Vol. 6 No. 2 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.

Aslamce #1 by John Purcell; 3744 Marielene Circle; College Station, TX 77845; j_purcell54@yahoo.com; bi-monthly; \$2 or the usual. This is a replacement for *In a Prior Lifetime* as John adjusts to the workload of his Ph.D and a fine replacement it is.

File 770:149 by Mike Glycer; 705 Valley View Ave.; Monrovia, CA 91016; MikeGlycer@cs.com; irregular; \$8/5 or the usual. This newszine while irregular the past few years has started coming out more regularly. Perhaps Mike feels the pressure of my issue numbers catching up ... not likely!

Finland by Julliette Woods & Damien Warman; jwoods@pobox.com or dmw@pobox.com; one-shot. This is a GUFF report sampler distributed for Corflu Quire and talks about their DUFF visit to Finland.

I-94 by Spike Parsons; PO Box 724; Mountain View, CA 94042; irregular; the usual. Contains a number of articles revolving around a 1988 Honda Accord.

Living Free 136 by Jim Stumm; Hiler Branch, Box 29-KK; Buffalo, NY 14223; irregular; \$2. An interesting zine dedicated to living independently.

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

The Newport News 232 by Ned Brooks; 4817 Dean Lane; Lilburn, GA 30047-4720; nedbrooks@sprynet.com. This is Ned's *SFPA* APA-zine and is mostly mailing comments. This also came with Ned's *Stanapa* zine *Who is the Star=Spangled Torquemada?*.

Nice Distinctions 16 by Arthur Hlavaty; 206 Valentine St; Yonkers, NY 10704-1814; <http://www.maroney.org/hlavaty/>; hlvaty@panix.com; quarterly; \$1 or the usual. A small perzine with various random nattering.

Opuntia 63.1B & 63.1C by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. A two-issue set focusing on companion literature to Sherlock Holmes.

Plokta on Mars (37) by Steve Davies; 52 Westbourne Terrace; Reading Berks RG30 2RP; Alison Scott; 24 St Mary Rd; Walthamstow London E17 9RG; and Mike Scott; 9 Jagger House; Rosenau Rd; London SW11 4QY; Great Britain; locs@plokta.com; <http://www.plokta.com/>; irregular; the usual. A very humorous fanzine in which the Cabal travel back in time to 1973.

The Resplendent Fool 62 by Tom Sadler; 422 W Maple Ave; Adrian, MI 49221-1627; tdavidsadler@verizon.net; quarterly; \$2 or the usual. Tom appears to back, at least for now. Let's hope he doesn't disappear again after his move to Kentucky.

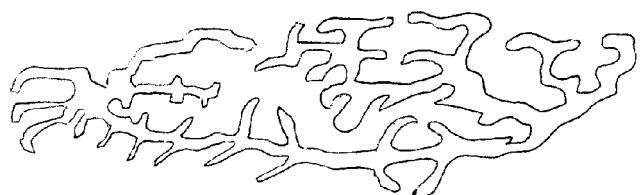
Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol 8 No 12 by R.B. Cleary; 138 Bibb Dr.; Madison, AL 35758-1064; rbcleary@bellsouth.net; irregular; \$10/yr or the usual. This is the SFC official fanzine and focuses on southern fandom. Much of this issue covers reports on southern conventions and lists of southern cons, fanzines, etc.

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. 668 - 72 by John Hertz; 236 S Coronado St No 409; Los Angeles, CA 90057; This is John's APA-L zine with interesting tidbits.

You're an Angel, You li'l Devil #2 by Randy Robbins; PO Box 17131; Anaheim, CA 92817-7131; irregular; \$1 or the usual. A small format zine featuring devil girl-related images. This also came with *Nacrolepsy Press Review #1*.

The Zine Dump #15 by Guy H. Lillian, III; 8700 Millicent Way; Shreveport, LA 71115; <http://www.challzine.net/>; GHLIII@yahoo.com; irregular; the usual. This is Guy's somewhat irregular fanzine review zine. Mostly capsule reviews, but Guy's opinions on the various zines are clearly present.



Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

Please inspire me here.

Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153)

Marsport, Mars

Labor Day, 2095



You Got this Issue Because ...

- After 20 years I'm running out of ideas for these excuses.**
- It might serve as a pale substitute for Lord Stanley's Cup.**
- Like a trained bear, I don't know any better to not send it.**
- 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.