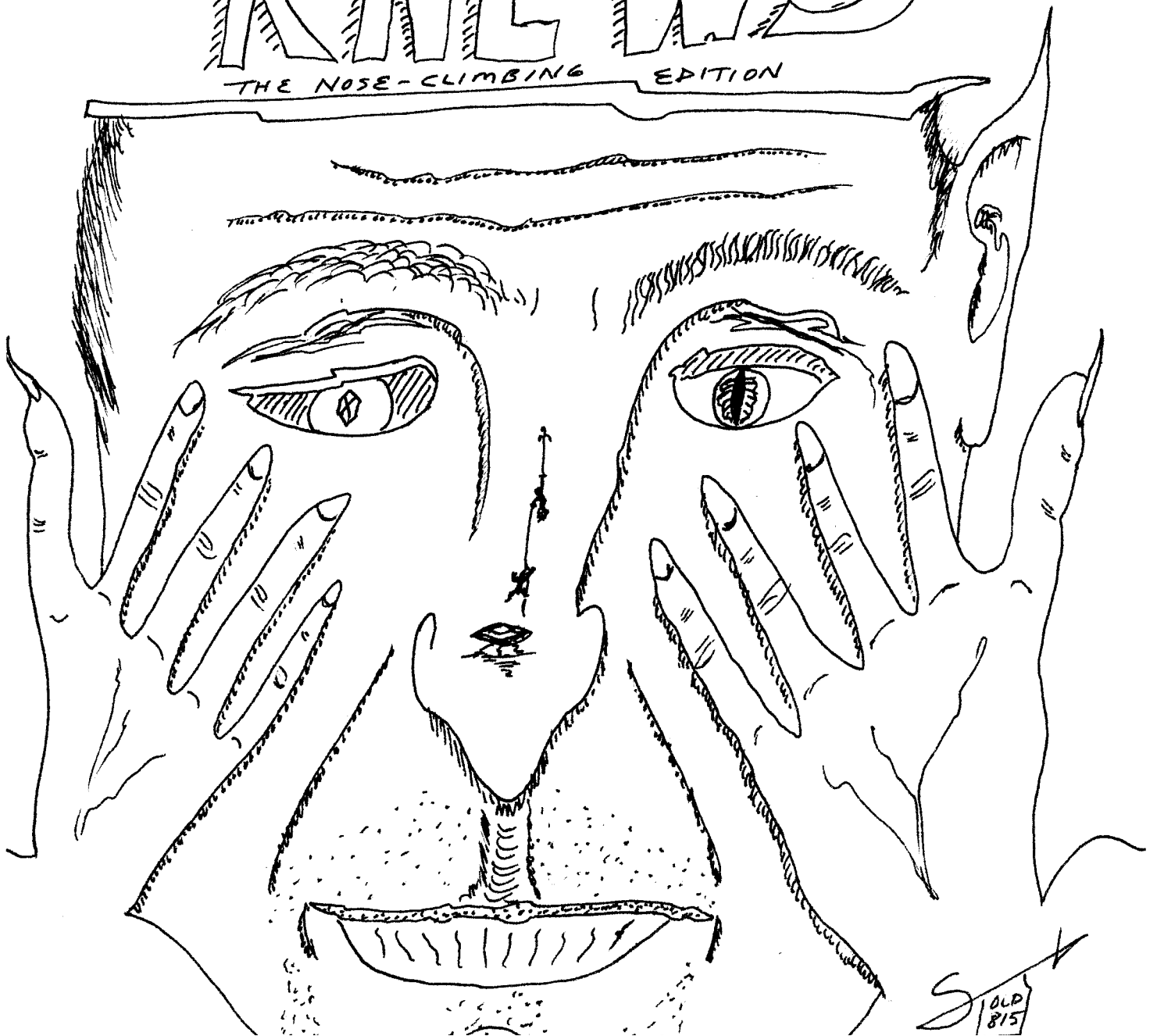


The KNARLEY KNEWS

THE NOSE-CLIMBING EDITION



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The Knarley Knews -- Issue 124
Published in June, 2007

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

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Next Issue Deadline: August 10, 2007

Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

Welcome to another issue of *The Knarley Knews*. My summer is continuing along in its typical semi-chaotic way. I had hoped to land a legal internship over the summer, but the various fates conspired against me. I was in a great position to get something working for General Electric's Medical Imaging division, but that fell through when one of the sub-groups posted a bad quarter and they were forced to lay off some people. Even though I was going to be working in a group that was doing well, all hiring across the division was suspended and so went my opportunity. I followed up with a local boutique intellectual property firm that is very convenient to Grafton. I got along well with the people there and everything looked great. On a Thursday evening I went over there and after a long chat it was agreed that I would start on Monday morning at 7am (at a client's). This would have been a huge commitment on my part as MSOE was still in its exam week and the Marquette summer session began that week. I would have been burning the candle at three ends and the firm knew I was making a huge sacrifice to start on their time table. Late that Friday afternoon I got an e-mail offer that was less than great. The firm was only going to commit to me for three weeks and the hourly rate was about 40% of the minimum I would ask for a similar project as a consultant (and I was qualified as an engineer to do the work they needed for this project). But, because I did not expect an offer at the level of my consulting wage, I accepted the offer with the understanding that I needed a firm date to know whether they needed me beyond the three weeks (so that I could arrange for others to cover my responsibilities at MSOE, or not) and that I would like the opportunity in a few weeks to discuss my salary once they could see my skills. As a result the firm withdrew the offer and left me high and dry (themselves as well). Needless to say I was a bit shocked. The owner of the firm had to know that his offer was one that would ruffle my feathers a bit and I have wondered if it was tendered late on Friday as a direct attempt to force me to accept at their less than favorable terms.

In retrospect, this probably turned out for the best. I asked around a bit about this firm and a fair number of the law students that have worked there have had difficulty getting along with the personalities. I regret the missed opportunity, but I shouldn't be forced to accept a poor offer simply because it was tendered at the wire.

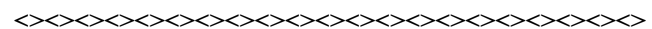
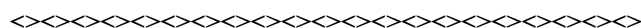
As a result, I am now doing a varied assortment of projects for MSOE. I picked up two extra projects that I've already completed and there is another research project that looks like it will go forward. I also have the two courses I need to develop and the summer camp program at the end of July. Everything will work out in the end, but the chaos continues.

The spring semester of law school turned out very well. I was a bit concerned in my workshop on patents given the general impossibility of the final exam (I'm not certain the right answer was always available on the multiple-choice section, but we were told to select the best answer). This is NOT how to write an exam, nor to really test students regarding their knowledge. This was, also, the only topical law course I've had with real graded homework and students with copies of prior assignments were at a distinct advantage. Nevertheless I managed to improve my GPA.

The first summer session of law school ended last week with the typical three-hour final exam. This was a course in the basics of federal tax law which has lots of numbers and relatively straight-forward rules. This exam was at least reasonable in that we could bring in our notes and reference materials. Prepping for this kind of exam is easy. I simply put together an outline of the material that has page numbers within my regular course notes (101 pages taken over five weeks) which, in turn, had references to the course text and the statutory supplement. The key to an exam like this is to generally know the rules and then know where to confirm your hunch in the outline and thus the notes, text, and statutes. The professor allowed us extra time so I took it easy and relaxed and finished on time anyway. This is more how a law class and exam should be run.

I start the second summer session next week with a four-week evening class. This amounts to about 1 week's worth of material every night. This is a very compressed schedule, but I managed it two years ago and shouldn't have much of a problem again this year. The topic is Administrative Law and addresses the justification and legal aspects of Congress delegating its legislative authority to federal agencies. On the surface this sounds like a strange class to take, but (a) it is the only class that I haven't already taken that has any relevance, and (b) the patent and trademark system is ultimately based in administrative law as the Patent and Trademark Office operates under general statutory guidelines and huge sets of administrative rules.

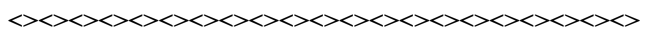
Work on both law reviews continues. I improved on the look and layout of the main law review in my role as Technology Editor and will be co-grading the editing portion of the IP law review write-on in the next week or so with the other managing editor. This was a somewhat fun exercise in that we took a perfectly good piece of writing and then deliberately introduced a number of grammar, spelling, punctuation, and citation errors to see how well potential staffers would be at editing. We used the mark-up mechanism of Microsoft Word to set things up so that we can automatically generate a print-out that highlights all the corrections using color.



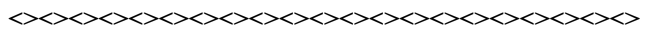
On a completely unrelated note I finally testified in court for the first time. My client was a criminal defendant whose computer had been seized by the police in connection with some charges brought by his vindictive ex-wife. They obtained a search warrant to examine his e-mail (something they were able to do because his e-mail was set-up to automatically submit his password to the mail server). In the process of examining his e-mail they allegedly discovered additional incriminating evidence. They asked a judge for, and received, an additional search warrant on the basis of their claims that the other evidence was present on the computer. The problem is that the state crime lab's forensic examination of his hard-drive (we won't even get into the sloppy handling of the computer evidence prior to this point) does not show the evidence being present on the harddrive (via the file creation dates) until **after** the search warrant was issued and fully one week after the computer was no longer in my client's custody. The conclusions you can draw from this are your own.

The testimony was taken during a pre-trial motion called a motion *in limine* which is used to admit or deny evidence and testimony prior to trial to avoid delaying or complicating the later trial. The DA was rather disingenuous in claiming that she thought the motion was a motion to suppress due to a failure to Mirandize my client during their first two interviews of him. The DA also appeared to not really understand the technical issues at stake and tried playing verbal somantics with me to no avail. The real annoyance here is that while the judge heard my testimony there may have been limited legal grounds on which to introduce it and it may all get suppressed.

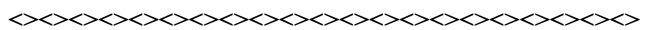
As you might expect, this is all part of a system that gives the police certain protections from allegations of misconduct. Overall this is probably a good thing, but it really sucks when you are on the wrong side of it. Your best bet is to not find yourself in this kind of position and if you think you are you are almost certainly better off invoking your right to counsel as soon as it appears like you might need it.



In caving news I am now the Chair of the Wisconsin Speleological Society. For a while there it looked like there would be a contested election. This could have been a problem because there were various problems with the ballots published for use in the absentee process, the amount of notice was too short, and the attendance at the election meeting was less than stellar. In the end, my co-candidate graciously shifted down to Vice-Chair and the Vice-Chair candidate to the open Secretary-Treasurer position and a slate via acclimation was achieved. I'm hoping to streamline the monthly meetings so that the general meetings are short on business and include more program items such as speakers or educational videos. I want the general members and the public to feel as if they can learn something at these meetings rather than just attend a continuation of a business meeting. We shall see how this turns out.

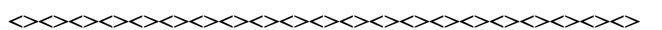


We are currently in the process of a grand family experiment. My mother, she of Sue's Sites, wanted Kira (age 10) to come out to California for my niece's fourth birthday at the end of June. Naturally both Letha and I are bit reluctant to put Kira on a flight by herself even if it is a non-stop. Kyle (age 12+) agreed to accompany her. So, for the first time, we sent children alone on a plane. This presents certain obstacles. First, you have to pay an extra fee. For Midwest Airlines this is \$40 each way for an entire family of children. (This is relatively cheap in the business.) Second, the Transportation Safety Administration (TSA) that runs the security at the airports only allows a single person to get a get pass and that person must be designated in advance and cannot be changed except, and this will make you laugh, when you arrive at the airport to drop off the children. Midwest has also gone to no-cash on the flights and you have to buy meals and video players using debit or credit cards. I was rather aggressive when I dropped the kids off and the gate attendant let me accompany them down the jet way to talk to the chief flight attendant who said the meal and player would be comped. Not bad, considering that the meals and player would have been \$22 and I'd already spent \$40. The children arrived fine even if they failed to call and tell us such when they did. The return flight in July is a red eye so I have to be at the airport around 4:30am to pick them up. So much for sleep...



I continue to win the war against the weeds in the yard. There are still five main culprits: dandelions, garlic mustard, dame's rocket, buckthorn, and another I don't know the name of. Other than the dandelions, I spend less time each year pulling up the plants. This year I even took the time to go back and get the first-year florets of garlic mustard so there will be very few mature plants next year to worry about going to seed.

The tomato garden is doing fine, but the blackberries are not as prolific as they were last year. I don't know exactly what is going on there, but all I can do is pick and eat what grows and see how the plants do again next year. There is nothing like fresh blackberries in fine vanilla ice cream.



I have no idea what I'm going to do about postage this time around. In order to better gouge the e-bay market the USPS has decided to charge a premium for the first ounce on a flat envelope (anything larger than 6"x9") of about forty cents. If you receive your *TKK* folded then you'll know I took the cheaper route. I don't know if I should be more aggressive in using electronic delivery because I know that I rarely read the zines I receive electronically. Please let me know if you prefer an electronic copy and I'll e-mail you the PDF and save the postage, printing, and envelope costs.

Until next issue...

Reflections On ... A Few eZines

By Rodney Leighton

Yesterday a package arrived from out west which had copies of 4 fanzines printed off e-fanzines for the enjoyment of Steve George and shipped to me – for your enjoyment (or not).

I read them all, or at least what I wished to. Enjoyed some. Figured I would write a few words about them.

The Orphan Scrivener. #42, Dec.15. Six pages. This is apparently by Eric Mayer and his wife although the only way I figured that out was by reading the blog title at the very end. Bit of an intro; Eric's Bit, a fairly interesting perzine-type piece; some stuff about books they apparently write and Mary's Bit or Room at the Bottom. Fairly interesting look at culture. I gather these folks live in the United Kingdom. This was the longest piece in the zine which was rather amusing with the title. Probably nothing I would spend time on if I had access to efanazines.com.

Pixel is a damned good zine. If paper editions were available and I still did such things I would try to get on the mailing list. Perhaps #9 is better than average but I quite liked this one. 26 pages and opens with a column by that Mayer chap which is more interesting than his zine. A very good article by someone named Lee Lavell on Christmas and how things have changed over the decades. Ted White eulogizes some guy from comics fandom and throws a few bricks at Janine Stinson; typical Ted White column. I skipped the article by Chris Garcia. The always amusing Dave Locke provides some laughs reminiscing about being tested for armed forces eligibility. Peter Sullivan does a good review of 4 fanzines. And there is a good lettercol. If I were hooked up I would go see if the previous 8 issues were still available and read them.

The Zine Dump, of course, Guy Lillian's review zine. I read most of the reviews; it is always intriguing to see how Lillian manages to connect himself with the zine or something in its contents. 25 pages with lots of white space; nothing much to say about this. According to Guy *Pixel* 6 was better than #9...well, that sounds like Lillian said that. No, I mean, according to the review of #6 I would have liked that better than //9. Most intriguing is that while I was removed from the *Banana Wings* mailing list ages ago, I learned a long time ago that the editors have shacked up together and have the same address. Yet, apparently, Lillian has received a copy of each issue; obviously peruses them enough to do a review ... the review of issues 26 & 27 take most of a page. But ..why is he still giving their old addresses? I don't suppose it matters in this age of electronic everything and especially in a zine which is solely electronic. But it seems rather strange.

Scratch Pad 65 will be adored by many sf fans even if they never read a word. The cover has a photo of a feline.

There are a dozen pages by Bruce Gillespie. It is based on a newsletter/christmas card substitute for friends and family. Those folks should have liked it very much. Not being one, I didn't get too much out of this one. Lots of cat photos. Lots of people photos. The most interesting thing in this zine for me was the photo of the editors of *Banana Wings*, who look much older than they did in the last photo I saw of them.

On Jan.6, at 6:00 a.m., it is plus 9, or 49, if you prefer. Bizarre weather.

Return to Harrison Country by Randy Byers

Earlier this year at Corflu Quire in Austin, Texas, one of the publications premiered was Steve Stiles's TAFF report, *Harrison Country*, chronicling his TAFF trip of 1968, where amongst other things and mysteriously enough he apparently ended up on the Goon Show as played by Neddie Seagoon. This is the first full-length North American TAFF report completed since Len and June Moffatt published *The Moffatt House Abroad* in 1974. Yes, friends, that's right, *Harrison Country* is the first completed North American TAFF report in over thirty years!!!!

It's a thing of beauty, too, with cover and interior artwork by Steve, including his legendary two-page Krazy Kat pastiche, "TEFF Tearaw Tales," plus Goon Show art by the resplendent Dave Hicks. The report opens a window on British fandom of almost forty years ago, only to splash cold sea water in their faces, much to their surprise. So climb aboard the charred remains of the Cutty Sark and sail to *Harrison Country*. You'll laugh, you'll croggle, and, above all, you'll learn to avoid the VER-GUZZ at all costs.

Harrison Country is available in North American for \$7.00 (postage included) payable to Suzanne Tompkins, PO Box 25075, Seattle WA 98165, USA. E-mail: SuzleT at aol dot com. It is available in Britain and Europe for 3 pounds (plus 55p P&P) payable to Bridget Bradshaw, 103 Rustat Road, Cambridge, CB1 3QG, UK. Email taffbug at googlemail dot com. All proceeds go to TAFF, the TransAtlantic Fan Fund.

And in the meantime, please vote for Steve for the Best Fan Artist Hugo. *Harrison Country* is reason enough -- as if you needed another reason!

Sue's Sites: Little Black White Striped Animals Known as Skunks

by Sue Welch

I had never thought much about skunks one way or the other. As a kid I somehow learned that skunks are black with white on them; they are smaller than cats but other animals tend to leave them alone because if they become displeased or frightened they will lift their tail and spray a liquid that not only smells beyond horrible it does not dissipate any time soon.

My first real life experience with skunks was at Lake of the Clouds in the Porcupine Mountains in Michigan's upper peninsula. Our family was camped in a typical campground campsite. At dusk my four boys put on their sleeping clothes and were told to go to the bathroom. Not paying much attention, I soon heard giggles and realized they had not walked to the bathroom but were behind the tent where all four of them were aiming their pee at the group of skunks that seemed to be overtaking the campground. Guess these skunks were friendly and did not take little boys and their game seriously but wandered away in their quest for human food.

When I moved to San Dimas, I was told that this was the skunk capitol of California. My neighbor, who is a night owl, lets her three dogs out around midnight and she got very tired of spending her nights washing her dogs in hydrogen peroxide, baking soda, and dish soap. So she called the humane society for a trap; she easily trapped one but the humane society told her to bring the trap to her curb where they would pick it up. A city person she followed their directions, carrying the trap to the road. She spent the following week in seclusion in her shower.

I am sure at least one skunk lives under my deck; on the spring evenings she parades her babies for me to view. My cats and dogs must have achieved some sort of agreement with this Mom because they have never gotten sprayed. Generally my front door and sliding door to my deck are open unless I am sleeping. One night last fall when I was between dogs, I was lying on my couch reading. All of the sudden I looked up to see a skunk walking across the kitchen headed for the sliding door, which was shut. Breathing stopped; all movement ceased but in my head I was adding up the cost to clean up my house. The skunk hit his nose on the closed sliding door, turned around and walked out the front door. Very nonchalantly as if this was his daily routine. I didn't move for an eternity but then ran to shut the front door. All before I took another breath.

But luck has a funny way of getting even. Shortly after Christmas I acquired a rescue dog by the name of Pete. He is white with some black spots, 6 years old and loves to lie on his back with his feet in the air waiting for you to rub his tummy. Pete tops the scales about 75 pounds. The second night I had him, I awoke suddenly in the dead of night to a loud skirmish with a terrible smell. Fortunately for Pete the skunk

missed spraying him but did manage to spray a path along the wall as he exited the house through the cat door.

Haven't seen a skunk for a few months now...but I expect they haven't gone far.

According to Wikipedia, Skunks are mammals, usually but not always with black and white fur, belonging to the family Mephitidae and to



Image courtesy of wikipedia.org

the order Carnivora. There are 11 different species, which vary in size from 15 to 27 inches and weigh a little over 1 pound to 10 pounds. All, no matter their color (black, brown, gray or cream colored), are striped from birth. Their best-known feature is their two anal scent glands used as a defensive weapon. The spray is a mixture of sulfur containing chemicals smelling like rotten eggs, garlic and burnt rubber. Muscles located next to the scent glands allow them to spray with high accuracy as far as 7 to 10 feet. The smell can be detected up to a mile downwind. However, skunks issue strong warnings of hisses and foot stamping and tail-high threat postures before spraying because they have only enough to spray five or six times and then must wait ten days to produce another supply. Most predatory animals leave skunks alone, the exception being the great horned owl which has a poor/nonexistent sense of smell. Skunks are omnivorous, nocturnal, solitary animals when not breeding; they have an excellent sense of smell and hearing but poor vision. Females alone raise one to four young usually born in May and on their own by August. Domesticated skunks live between 10 and 20 years.

☐**CKK:** *It is interesting how stories change over the years. The humorous bit of this story hinges on the idea that a group of four boys (I was at least 10 at the time) would be stupid enough to try to pee on an animal, much less one that was clearly a skunk. Anyone who has ever seen a Pepe le Pew cartoon knows better. PS: There are clearly suitable uses for wikipedia such as the source of the image above. Although, most skunks I've ever seen are considerably more ugly in terms of their coloration pattern.*☐

Last Nun Standing

(c) by Jim Sullivan

During the last half of the 20th Century, religious vocations in a well-known denomination were down considerably. Fewer and fewer men entered seminaries to become priests and less and less women joined convents to become sisters. Now, in the year 2015, and for the last four years, there's been only one nun surviving in the entire United States.

Born Donica Dewinski, this nun is known officially in church circles, triangles, and squares as Sister Bruce. She was named for Saint Bruce Bovine, Patron Saint of New Jersey. It was this rugged outdoorsman who crossbred native Newarks and Perth Auboys with imported Holsteins thereby producing the resilient Passiacs. Lovingly, Saint Bruce protected these animals and their milkmaids who collected daily all the life-giving milk, cream, and vigorish from these hybrids.

This last nun still standing, Sister Bruce, actually she sat a majority of the time, in America, died last week going on to her eternal reward. Until the day before she passed on, she did her usual chores: plowing the back 40, hoeing an acre-sized vegetable garden, and cooking for the convent.

"At age 97, she was just plain wore out," said her religious superior, Abbott Costello who oversees the convent where this last nun worked, lived, and prayed.

Sister Bruce, her undertaker has discovered, wasn't who she claimed to be. In fact, she was a he. A check of fingerprints with the FBI brought the following information. The deceased subject was Vito "Bad Habits" O'Grady a gangster who had come to America as a young, northern Irish, protestant. As he was interested in making money, he soon joined a non-ethnic, nondenominational counterfeiting crime family.

After several years of ill-gotten gains, and some terrible ink stains, Vito grew guilt stricken. Moreover, his mob boss was abusive to his employees. Vito, therefore, grew revengeful and turned state's evidence against the mob. This put a severe crimp on Vito's life, jeopardizing its very existence. To protect him, the feds shunted Vito into the Witness Protective Program. Inside this vast cover-up, Vito was given a new identification, clothes, job, and wardrobe. To make him even harder to find, he was immediately sent as a missionary nun to Zambia in Africa, then to Japan, and, finally, to India where Sister Bruce worked side by side with the famed Mother Marisa.

In her senior years, Sister Bruce, stooped with age, was shipped back to America to an obscure and remote convent in Montana run from a nearby monastery. This bastion of religion was run by the elderly Abbott Costello, the last surviving member of the Good Christian Humor Fathers and Brothers.

Though not of the Abbott's faith, Vito, after a posthumous baptism, will be given a special burial with all church rites in the convent's holy cemetery

Sadly, no more U.S. nuns are still alive. This means that Sister Alabaster Whimple, who fell from Grace and Hope Convent observation tower to her death in 2011 was the last true nun left standing in America. Vito hardly deserves that honor. Still, he did a remarkable job as a pseudo nun and deserves everyone's respect.

Except for Abbott Costello, only laymen and women attended Vito's wake and interment. By the way, though dressed in a man's blue serge suit in his coffin, Vito's nun's cleaned and pressed habit was carefully tucked into his final container for burial, too.

The Abbott, in frail health, isn't expected to live much longer, either. What's more, no one seriously believes the rumor now floating that he's also in the federal Witness Protective Program.



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

By Alexander R. Slate

All right, I have put this off for way too long, but I did have a good reason ... really! But, I'm procrastinating again....

I ended part I of this discussion with the question concerning atheism and religion in public life. "Doesn't the separation of church and state provide us freedom from religion?" My initial thoughts, but only for a brief period of time, were yes. But upon further reflection I have come to the conclusion that the proper answer is no.

Society (and the government of that society), at its best, has to be a careful balancing of the desires of the majority and the rights of the individual. Completely removing religion from public life denies the rights of the (currently) vast majority of people. No one is forced to look at a public display of a manger or menorah. If someone is forced or coerced to actively participate in a public prayer or worship ceremony then there is a problem. There must always be the opportunity to opt out.

Let me see if I can now anticipate a question, "Alex, what about taking an oath of office or being sworn in to give testimony in court?" There is no requirement to swear by a particular god or on a bible, or even to swear. I happen to know that Quakers (to name one group) are not required to say, "I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth..." To them, this wording is taking the name of the Lord in vain, and therefore Quakers are permitted to say, "I affirm that I will tell the truth..." This or some alternative wording acceptable to an atheist is perfectly admissible in court.

But, of course, this isn't the same as spending public money on something like a manger scene. Let's first look at the legal record.

There are two cases that seem to define the use of public money regarding religion; these are *Lynch v Donnelly* (1984) and *Lemon v Kurtzman* (1971). The former actually deals with a crèche display in Pawtucket, RI; the latter with the use of money to pay non-public school teachers who teach religious instruction.

The two cases almost seemingly contradict each other. The decision in *Lynch* says that it is okay for the city to have its crèche. The deciding factor in the majority opinion has to do with the purpose of the display. According to the Supreme Court the crèche was, along with the remainder of the display, simply a symbol of a season (here Christmas) which has become almost a secular holiday. (I will return to this in just a bit.) There is also the fact that the crèche was only part of the display. Mixing religious and secular symbols seems to make a difference (This is known in legal circles as "the plastic reindeer rule").

In *Lemon*, the court finds the use of money for the purpose stated to be unconstitutional, because the only real purpose of religious instruction (versus comparative religion classes) could only be the advancement of the particular religion taught.

Back to *Lynch*, there is something to the idea that Christmas has become something of a secular and not a religious holiday. The crèche however, is a little bothersome to me because there are other symbols of Christmas which are not viewed (or at least not as blatantly viewed) as religious which could be used to represent. Therefore, I would have disagreed with the majority opinion in this case and would have joined with the dissenting opinions of justices Brennan, Blackmun and Stevens.

But, taking the majority opinion in *Lynch* to be correct, then the success of the "Putting Christ back into Christmas" efforts that have seemingly taken root lately would call for a different opinion in any future similar cases.

Let's move from the legal to the ethical. I would have to go with the opinion that public money should not be used for these types of displays. The spending of public money is an official endorsement of the activity funded. Therefore, spending public money on displays with religious themes seems to me to be an endorsement of a particular form or type of religion. Now, this would not be strictly true, if money is provided to fund displays on all different religions as well (And these displays would not necessarily have to occur at the same time, in fact it would likely be inappropriate for them to all be done at the same time.). However, practicality says that this is not likely to be the case in these times of diminishing public budgets. Therefore, it seems better to avoid the issue.

Now, let's switch the situation up some and discuss the appearance of privately funded displays on public property. With regard to holiday displays (ones that are temporary in nature) the legal record has them as permissible (*Chabad of Southern Ohio v Cincinnati* (2002)).

Ethically, I would agree. The test here is one of equal opportunity. To permit a menorah and bar a Kwanzaa display or a Christmas display would be wrong (provided of course that these would be sponsored by citizens of the local jurisdiction – permitting a local menorah and barring on out-of-state manger scene would be allowable).

The legal record of permanent displays is not quite as clear. In one recent case, *Van Orden v Perry* (2005), a divided court allowed a permanent display of the 10 Commandments on the Texas State capitol grounds, even given the religious nature of part of the display. However, in 1980's *Stone v*

Graham, the court struck down a Kentucky statute requiring the display of the 10 Commandments in all Kentucky public school classrooms. And then there was the recent case concerning the 10 Commandments monument on the grounds of the Alabama Supreme Court (where the monument was ordered removed).

However, there are differences in the situations of the cases which can justify the differing results. In Van Orden the state simply allowed the placement of the monument as opposed to the state requiring it in Stone (therefore providing a measure of positive establishment). The legal opinion in Van Orden (Stone is quoted in the decision) also distinguishes between the two situations due to the compulsion factor. In Texas people could avoid the monument should they so choose; students in Kentucky could not avoid the tablets representation. As far as the Alabama monument, the problem in my opinion is that the monument was sponsored by a sitting

justice thereby providing the appearance of an 'official' endorsement. Had the same justice been retired, or had he been a simple private citizen then the situation would be different.

Therefore, ethically I don't see any problems with religious based monuments provided there is equal opportunity for all religions. But we are still not finished...

What about Christmas being a federal holiday? The courts have upheld it, and I love getting the day off. But ethically, in terms of establishing an official religion, we are on shaky ground. Yes, Christmas has taken on a measure of secularism, but it was not so when this was established. And when push comes to shove, Christmas is still a religious holiday. I would continue, but I think the point is made.

Anyway, that's all I have for this topic. Suggestions anyone?



How I Won the Hugo and Lost the Civil War

By Mike Glycer



In the first place, the photo wasn't even my idea!

What photo, you're probably asking. You know what photo if you are from south of the Mason-Dixon Line. It's the photo from Chicon 2000 of that darned Yankee Mike Glycer wrestling the Hugo from deserving Son of the South Guy H. Lillian III.

It seemed like a funny idea when Guy suggested it. Yes, exactly, it was *his* idea! No more than 45 minutes had passed since I'd been sitting alongside the other nominees at the 2000 Hugo ceremonies, quietly confident I'd won my last Hugo a decade ago. Then Teddy Harvia had announced my name. I headed for the stage in a fog of not-quite-speechless amazement and someone handed me the rocket on its beautiful wooden base.

After the ceremony I stood happily on the periphery of the collected winners posing for the official *Locus* photo and traded quips with Michael Walsh. When that broke up and people began to head for the parties, Guy caught my attention and said he thought it would make a funny picture if he stood on the steps of the stage and we pretended to fight over the Best Fanzine Hugo. I felt sure he was right. That's just the kind of stunt photo that used to crack me up when I edited the front page of my high school newspaper.

Guy went over to Rosy and asked her to take the picture. Alone among the three of us she seemed a bit skeptical that this would be in good taste. She took the photo because Guy asked. Then I practically begged Guy to e-mail me a copy of the picture in time to publish in *File 770*. (This was over a year before Sierra was born, when the concepts "in time" and "*File 770*" still had meaning to my fanac.) He did and I printed it in *File 770:136*.

You'd be pardoned for thinking my behavior was rewarded. The next year I brought home another beautiful Hugo on a Johnna Klukas base from Millennium Philcon. My friends cheered again. Though not so loudly I couldn't hear a dissenting voice possessed of a unique regional accent crying out from the November 2001 issue of *Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin*.

SFCB published an abundant harvest of important Southern news in that issue. Mourning for the late Meade Frierson III was balanced with celebration of Guy and Rosy's wedding.

(Guy had proposed to Rosy at a party following the 2000 Hugo Ceremonies.) All the writing was excellent. It was the art that scared me. Tom Feller's Millennium Philcon report was ominously punctuated by three Randy Cleary cartoons with a common message.



The first cartoon showed a mustached fellow who seemed to have swallowed a Hugo rocket, saying "Perhaps I should not have bragged about yet another Hugo to Guy?" The second depicted the chrome rocket balanced atop a Worldcon podium as someone offstage announced, "The Hugo for most recognized name goes to... you guessed it, same as every year. Sigh." The last image, a tombstone, bore the epitaph, "Here lies BNF. Killed when his Hugo mantle finally collapsed."

The first was a caricature of me I had no doubt, so confident in taking offense that for over two years I neglected to notice the caricature was bearded, which I was not in 2001. By the time I noticed I'd actually grown a beard -- I just dismissed that detail as a testimony to Cleary's hyperfannish ability to see into the future. I so identified with the caricature I told Victor Gonzalez to use it as my icon on Trufen.net.

In 2002, Sierra was born. It started taking me an entire year to squeeze out one issue of *File 770* once I entered a round-the-clock apprenticeship as a father. Yet even my lack of productivity could be turned to evidence of participating in a sinister conspiracy to torment Southern fans. E.B. Frohvet, in the lettercolumn of a 2003 fanzine, sounded a little worried that my infrequently published newzine somehow would still get in the way of *Challenger* winning a Hugo. After all, that cursed photo showed me grabbing a Hugo away from Guy!

When *File 770* was nominated in 2004, Guy was even less amused than Frohvet. He wrote in *The Zine Dump* in April 2004 that "*File 770* made the Hugo shortlist on the basis of a single issue published early last year." Worse than that, *File 770* placed fourth in 2004, still interposed between *Challenger* and the Hugo winner. And whose zine was that? What

AND THE HUGO FOR
MOST RECOGNIZED NAME
GOES TO... YOU GUESSED
IT, SAME AS EVERY YEAR,
SIGH.



any insulting photos, that's what matters!

That photo! It changed *File 770* from merely another fanzine into The Primary Obstacle to Guy's Hugo. I've seen it in the eyes of one of the friendliest people I know.

Joey Grillot is a New Orleans fan, a wonderful character I first met when he saved the day at an L.A. Worldcon bid party back in the '90s. I had made the supply run and bought what seemed to me like enough soda, but fans were rapidly drinking us dry. Joey volunteered as bartender, corralled all the liter bottles behind him at the counter, and poured very discreet servings the rest of the night. Everybody got a cup of something on ice and the party continued on without a glitch. When the doors closed Joey even had a little left over and offered to pour drinks for the hosts from a half-full bottle of grapefruit-flavored mixer. (We respectfully declined.) His performance had been as inspiring as Jimmy Stewart's in *It's a Wonderful Life*, surviving the run on the Building & Loan bank with a pair of dollar bills left over at closing time. Joey sure earned his angel wings that night.

I'm always glad to see Joey I think he's glad to see me, though in recent years he's always a little preoccupied. My conversation with him at L.A.con IV went rather like this:

Mike: "Hi Joey. How's it going?"

Joey: "It's going good. I sure hope Guy wins the Hugo this year."

Mike: "I heard you had to evacuate after Katrina. How are you doing?"

Joey: "Yeah, I had to live in Atlanta for awhile. I sure hope Guy wins the Hugo this year."

I was grateful *File 770* got a nomination in 2006 and had no pretensions to anything more, having been blanked the year before.

Then came Guy Lillian's review of *File 770:147* in *The Zine Dump* (June 2006). He wrote: "Well, so much for my dreams of a Hugo this year; Mike's back with another issue of his

mighty *File*, gorgeously cover-illustrated by Brad Foster and packed with great writing and more splendid illos on the incredible g.d. hobby and way of life that unites us all. Might as well head for the Loser's Party now.... I give up; *File 770* is just too fannish, too connected, too well-produced, too well-written, too damned good."

If Guy could convince me to hope – someone who ought to know better! – no wonder Joey was anxious.

Well, you all know what really happened. The account of the L.A.con IV Hugo nominee reception in Guy Lillian's "Fantastic Route" sets the stage like a Greek tragedy: "...As I posed for photos, clowning with Mike Glycer – whom I expected to win, on his home turf – I found myself regretting inevitable fate...."

The moment before the Best Fanzine Hugo winner was announced, Guy sat in the audience thinking: "I knew I wasn't about to win on Glycer's home ground, but Rosy was talking with Geri about what to do with her purse when I won, and"

Bridget Bradshaw picked up the envelope. Glycer and Lillian prepared to stand. She read the winner's name. Pat McMurray walked to the stage to accept for *Plokta*. On Glycer's home ground!

I blame the photo.

* * *

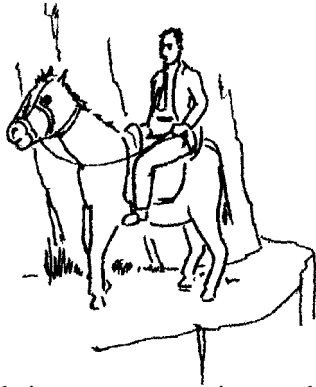
People don't like to hear Hugo winners complain. Certainly I don't. I've never made a scientific survey to back up my conclusion about the rest of you, but here's my thinking. Fans who have shared the experience of winning a Hugo are likeliest to sympathize with any suffering caused by the experience. Since I don't give a hoot in Hades about Dave Langford being wakened by Martin Hoare at three in the morning to hear about his latest win, or Charlie Brown losing one of his balls (from the 1989 Hugo base), there's no reason I should expect the rest of you to listen patiently when my own pain comes gushing out. So I know you've turned the page and already started reading something else. I just can't help myself.



WE'RE OFF ON THE ROAD TO THE COCOS

Life at Naini Tal was quite peaceful, once and only once we went for a swim. It was a hot, sunny day, the water looked inviting and there was a float tethered a few yards out. It would be easily reached under water, so I dived in... "Whoosh!" the water, fed by melting snows, was ice cold. Air shot out of my lungs and I barely made it to the raft. Teeth chattering, it took half an hour to dry out and pluck up courage to repeat the ordeal for the return trip.

Another once only activity came when we went horse riding. We hired a couple of hacks, climbed aboard and started up a narrow trail into the mountains towards Cheena Peak. My previous riding experience had been limited to seaside donkeys and wooden steeds on fair-ground roundabouts. Now



I found myself on board a fill-size monster swaying gently like Hopalong Cassidy as my steed ambled peacefully up the trail. The animal was docile enough and I didn't really mind his built-in bias to one side which kept him constantly pulling to the left, especially as this meant he kept well away from the sheer drop into the ravine on the right. All the way up he kept gently bumping against the cliff wall on the left. It never occurred to me that what goes up must eventually come down. We eventually reached the end of the trail at a narrow platform cut into the side of the cliff and giving a magnificent view of range after range of mountains. Off in the distance was a strange white cloudbank with jagged tops. It took a while to realise that I was gazing at the snow-covered tops of the Himalayas with the 2600 foot Nanda Devi off to the right.

Then it was time to descend and at this point things began to get hairy. My horse still pulled gently to the left, but now, instead of bumping gently against the cliff it was plodding along the edge of the sheer drop into the ravine. If I steered it away, the instant I relaxed the rein it would veer back to send a shower of small stones rattling into the abyss. It seemed an eternity before we finally reached the safety of the Flats once again. I have avoided horses since then. They lack horse sense.

Evenings were peaceful and as Naini Tal was some 7,000 feet above the plain, temperatures dropped rapidly after sunset. Since khaki drill wasn't warm enough we usually wore our RAF blue. This was the first time I had worn mine since reaching the exalted rank of Corporal and as a result I had never got around to having stripes added to my tunic. I visited the local tailor to have this remedied.

It turned out that the chap only had three stripes in stock so he obligingly offered to put all three on one sleeve thus promoting me to a sergeant. When I pointed out that this was likely to get me shoved in clink he offered another solution. How about two stripes on one sleeve and a single one on

Carry on Jeeves

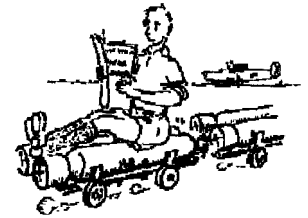
By Terry Jeeves



the other? In the end I settled for just two on one sleeve. Pat and I so enjoyed our holiday in Naini that we went back again some six months later as a sort of celebration of my completing three years in India. A lovely place but the trip crammed in a tiny seating space on the train was sheer hell - unless you were a contortionist

Now it only remained for me to last out another year, to reach the exalted status of tour-expired airmen and hopefully be sent home. Sometime in '45, part of the war (the bit in Germany) came to an end. If you go by the publicity, TV programmes, films and even the history books, the whole shooting match ended right there. To set the record straight, it didn't. Our 'forgotten war' continued. Bombers were still going out to attack the Japanese and returning with wounded crews or not at all. We fully understood the rejoicing in Europe, but not why we seemed to be forgotten. For us the war was NOT over.

An example of this forgettery. In the late 1980s, the BBC ran an excellent series, *Reach for the Sky*. In the episode on War In The Air, it dealt at length with the fighting in Europe up until Germany's surrender. Then it gave some brief coverage to Americans operating B-29s 'in the Far East. No mention that the RAF also happened to be there. Indeed, we were so forgotten they didn't even remember to call us the "forgotten airforce" This blind spot seems to exist in most air-war histories of WW.2 I suspect the only reason they do refer to the Japanese War and American operations is because they can't ignore the atom bomb.



We greeted Germany's surrender with delight; now it could only be a short time before Japan followed suit and we could all go home. In the meantime war went on. Preparations began to move the Squadron nearer to the enemy by shifting it to the Cocos Islands. When a squadron moves, like Gaul, it is divided into three parts. First an advance party goes to grab the best bed spots as well as prepare billets, cookery, supplies, hutments, servicing and all the umpteen things needed to keep things running. Then the main body of personnel and aircraft move and settle in. Finally, left behind is a rear party who empty the ashtrays, collect up all the forgotten odds and ends and take 'em along. By some quirk of fate, I was chosen to join the rear party and fly down to the Cocos in one of the last Libs.

Ops were suspended, packing commenced and excitement rose at the idea of getting nearer to the targets - and then the atom bombs were dropped on Japan followed by their surrender. OUR war was over! However, whilst the mills of the gods take ages to produce a bag of flour, those of the RAF move even more slowly and once started it takes an age

to stop 'em. Instead of setting off homewards, our move to the Cocos continued. The advance party advanced, the main squadron obediently followed and left behind the rear party comprising a skeleton crew, one Liberator, a few ground staff and me. I packed all my gear, stuffed it in the Lib, drew a parachute and then the inevitable happened – the aircraft went unserviceable!

I can't remember which vital part gave up the ghost, main spring, spare flint or perished elastic but whatever the cause, it took a MONTH to sort it out. During this time, my parachute was recalled for re-packing. This was most annoying as it meant that I had to remove all the extra clothing and shoes which I had stashed in its transit bag. In some ways, this month was pleasant. With no aircraft to service it was like being on extended but unpaid leave. The only snag was the fact that all my documents and pay records were now nestling comfortably on the Cocos Islands and as far as 356 Squadron was concerned, I was no longer at Salbani and therefore I couldn't be paid. By dint of howls of agony and pleas of hardship, I managed to extort a few rupees from Pay Accounts. These funded my canteen goings until our aircraft was once more ready to head off to the Cocos Islands.

Came the great day, we all squeezed aboard G for George, an aircraft already stuffed to the gills with everybody's kit bags.. My appointed resting place was on the flight deck which meant I had enough room to sit down beneath the mid-upper gun turret and stretch my legs out. Engines were run up, brakes released and the heavily loaded plane rumbled down the runway. We just made it off the end and settled down on the long run to Ceylon which later transmogrified itself into Sri Lanka without moving an inch.

Eventually we reached Ceylon and flew low over endless trees of an incredible green. We circled an aerodrome before landing at a place called Karkasanturai. Life's far too short to use such a name, so we called the place KKS and avoided getting knots in our tongues. We stayed overnight at KKS and early next morning, after another long nail-biting takeoff we headed out over the Indian Ocean in search of a tiny group of islands, empty hundreds of miles away and half way to Australia. It's at such times that you begin to hope that you gave the Radio Compass a good check before setting off. Having a Navigator who passed his A-levels is another good idea.

The flight from Ceylon to the Cocos takes about eight hours in a Lib, during that time Nature can start calling in a very loud voice. Nowadays in a modern Jumbo jet there are few problems. You simply scramble over 43 assorted piles of legs, invade the stewardesses' proximity zone, climb over the drinks trolley, walk half a mile and join the queue at the toilets. After a short, 30 minute wait while some dolly bird has shower, home perm and manicure you're home and hopefully still dry. It doesn't work that way in a Lib. Oh there aren't all the legs, no stewardesses, drinks trolley or dolly bird, but there are other obstacles. For openers, the all-important p-tube is at the rear end of the aircraft just behind the two rear gun emplacements. To get there from the flight deck meant climbing down onto a narrow, 12 inch wide catwalk, inching along between assorted girderwork and sharp bits in the

bomb-bays, circumnavigating the ball turret, passing the pair of beam guns and eventually answering Nature's screams under the amused eyes of the two gunners. It was on the return trip along that 12 inch wide catwalk that disaster struck. Edging sideways between two girders, I was shaken when they closed in to grab me tightly. Great panic before I realised they hadn't moved at all. Instead the trip lever of my Mae West had caught a projection, triggered and inflated, jamming me firmly between the girders. I had never been shown how to deflate a Mae West, so all I could do was gaze down through the gaps in the bomb doors at the ocean several miles below. I waited in the hope that someone would bring a hatpin.



Happily, Nature chose that moment to call the Wireless Operator. He appeared at the other end of the catwalk, saw my predicament and inched forward to help. Disaster No.2 raised its ugly head. His Mae West also caught and triggered!

There we were stuck like a couple of corks in a two-ended bottle. Eventually by dint of much pushing, prodding and squeezing the Mae Wests, we got them deflated and normal service was resumed. I settled down on the flight deck and hope we didn't have to ditch as the floatability quotient of my life jacket had now reached zero as a limit.

Time passed and by great good fortune, we located the Cocos Islands, made a couple of circuits and began our approach over the lagoon at one end of the runway. We were not greatly heartened to see the remains of a half submerged Liberator in the clear waters – memento of a pilot who had touched down a trifle short of the runway. Our skipper did a better job. He set the Lib down like a feather – on one of those metal strip runways. It was a good landing, but the sound inside our Lib was like a dozen bulldozers practising the tango. Not to worry, I was safely on the Cocos.

The Cocos (or Keeling) Islands are a small group of coral islands roughly midway between Ceylon and Australia, and since they were South of the Equator it meant that I had now crossed the Line a third time. The self-styled 'King of the Cocos Islands' was a bloke called Cluny Ross, but he lived on Home Island so I never got invited round to tea. Our aerodrome was on West Island, a chunk of coral five or six miles long, blinding white and boiling hot under the tropical sun. It was covered with umpteen palm trees, but happily, no mosquitoes. We also had giant land crabs which came out at night.

Another hazard proved to be coconuts. The chief product of the Cocos was copra – dried coconut meat. The palm trees were everywhere, and the nuts were not the puny, grapefruit-sized, bewhiskered weaklings one buys at the local grocers. Oh no! Lurking in its native habitat atop a lofty palm tree, the wild coconut is a hue green monster larger than a football. They would come crashing down without any warning on any unwary skull. Not the sort of thing you want to head gently into the goalmouth. Consequently, when strolling around the island, you had to keep one eye looking down for lurking land crabs and the other cast heavenward to dodge falling nuts. A rather tricky operation. Not all wartime hazards came from the enemy.

INTERLOCUTIONS

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Canada
Mar.17,2007. St Patrick's Day

Thanks for *TKK* 122 which arrived a couple of days ago. I confess I don't know where the beaver dam wood issue arose but I might mention that of the 15 or 20 I have encountered in my life, almost all of them have had an amount of loose or relatively loose wood on top which was dry as could be and which would make good wood for a cooking fire and removing it would have no effect on either the dam or the beavers. Periodically I have to walk across one of the things to reach work. Beaver dams are intricate structures; sticks interwoven in such a way that getting them out is a major task. Also, beaver dams are something like ice bergs: what you see is only a small portion of the actual dam; about 10% to 20%. The rest is underwater. Not good firewood.

Any amount of wood anyone could get from a beaver dam without a chainsaw and explosives would have no effect on it. But also, it is illegal to remove wood from a beaver dam in Canada. Or at least to destroy one.

Rodney

TKK: *Most above the water driftwood is very dry and burnable as well.*

Chris Garcia
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02 May 2007

The time, she goes so fast, it seems, and while this will roll over the darling buds of May, at least this long march towards death brings another ripping issue of *TKK*, so it ain't all bad!

I had a tough time explaining the Virginia Tech shootings to The Little One. I thought at first she didn't need to hear about it, but then I realized that she could handle it if I explained it right. I told her that a man who had problems had shot a number of people. She asked why and I told her that they weren't sure, but part of it was he was sick. She said she felt sad for the people and she wanted to do something like she did for Katrina when that happened. I said there was a scholarship in the name of Jamie Bishop and we could do a recycling day and give the money to the scholarship. She liked the idea. We raised ten dollars and I'm sending it off this afternoon.

I don't like government oversight much either, but I'm a big fan of gun control. Some Republican I am.

You can see the light at the end of Law School! If you know any entertainment law, I'll throw some business your way when I finally start selling movies. Then again, that'll probably never happen.

My Great-Aunt, Aunt Barbry, has been to Easter Island. She went for three weeks and reported that the entire experience was the most tiring thing she's ever done. She stayed with a family and they fished during many days and enjoyed a generally good time. She said I would love to go and just marvel at the statues because they just bring out so many thoughts, but again, it's a troubling trip over a lot of water. Curse my fear of flying!

I much prefer happy endings to dark ending (or even underplayed happy endings) and I actually enjoy ambiguous endings more than either of those. The film *Limbo* is the perfect example. I just read a book (which I'll be reviewing for *Some Fantastic*) which has a somewhat happy ending for a character who has been tortured the entire way through the book. I'm not a fan of authors who torture their characters, but at least it was well-written torture.

You gotta take care of your feet. There's no other way. Good socks are hard to come by. I've got three pairs of heavy woolen black socks that I wear with just about any pair of shoes and they are wonderful! I wish I could get me a pair of them Mrs. Stottlemeyer socks. If they're good enough for someone to be buried in, they're good enough for someone to live in.

I really do like **Marc**'s work throughout the issue. His style is so identifiable and the thread running through this issue seems to be the art. I've got two of **Marc**'s pieces waiting for me to use them and I just haven't had the write issue for them. It's not easy choosing art, I'm discovering. You've gotta have the right tone, the right delivery. I used three photos to illustrate my Vonnegut essay that were three shots getting ever closer, of a Vonnegut tribute that popped up around San Francisco. The photos themselves were only OK, but weaved in with the article, they worked perfectly. I think you've done a wonderful job weaving all the art here.

Alex Slate brings up something very interesting: how far do we allow the majority to go with their faith? There are more Christians (including Catholics) in America than any other faith or lack thereof. Does the first amendment give them the right to display that faith publicly? Absolutely without question. My personal Jewesqueness aside, I really believe that such a majority has a right to be recognized and to display their faith, even on public property, so long as no other faith (or lack thereof) is prohibited from doing so. Case in point: Christmas in the Park. There's an annual event here in San Jose which allows folks to do Christmas trees and have displays, some of them with very strong religious themes, and

it takes place right in the Plaza de Caesar Chavez Park. But no one is excluded. There are trees from the JCCs around the area, a couple of the Islamic schools decorate trees and there've even been radically pro-Atheist trees that wouldn't have drawn much negative note except that the first one was pretty darn ugly. The next year they did one that won one of the decoration awards. I guess aesthetics trumps all in these things.

Oh, we're mortal enemies right now Mr. Man! I'm a Sharks fan (and to a lesser degree an Islanders fan) and we're locked in battle at present with the Red Wings. All this animosity will pass once the Sharks win.

Thanks to **Joe Major** for the note on the Revolutionary Calendar. It makes sense!

Sheryl Birkhead and I must have very similar viewing habits, because I love Good Eats and that artichoke episode almost made me want to try and eat one. Of course, I didn't, but still Alton Brown holds great power!

Good issue, and the zines you get in trade made me jealous. A full half of them I just don't get to see. Such is the problem of being an eFanEd.

Chris

☐CKK: *I hope you do sell some movies. I'm certain there will be an entertainment lawyer at whatever firm I end up at. Artichokes taste great. You should try one; and not one of those pickled things in a jar or can.*☐

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May 4, 2007
Kentucky Oaks Day [Derby
Eve]

Dear Knarley & Letha:

And now the knews ... What can I say about the cover. Oh, perhaps I can quote the famed serial killer Cyril Q. Kornbluth: "Yrlsqb nx sobshuggum illingoon. Mark my words!"

Speaking of random rampages, what about Roy L. Pearson, the Judge With the Missing Pants? One hopes this will be over by the time this reaches publication, so: Judge Pearson is an administrative law judge in Washington D.C. He took several suits to a dry cleaners; the trousers for one were misplaced. He is suing for \$67 million, having turned down a settlement of \$12,000. The claim includes \$15,000 for taxi fares to another dry cleaners.

The case is widely held by nonlawyers to be an abuse of process.

A Bit More Nero Wolfe: It's agreed that continuity in the series is a substantial problem. Wolfe in the late seventies, in his late seventies, is plausible. In the nineties ...

The Saturday Evening Post, *Look*, and *Collier* were all general-interest picture magazines, a breed that is virtually extinct these days. The *SEP* managed to crash in flames after a notorious "rebranding" incident where the magazine cancelled the subscriptions of people who were outside the targeted urban demographics, as determined by zip code — which turned out to include the guy who thought up the idea. There is a revival, but it is a folksy nostalgic magazine.

All three of them published some SF. *The Saturday Evening Post* of course did some of Heinlein's stories, until he got in a snit, left, and discovered that THEY wouldn't beg to have him back, but they also published other writers; in fact, I have a paperback of science fiction from the *SEP*. *Collier* did a future-war issue, "The War We Do Not Want", about a hypothetical World War III, which came out just before the Korean War started. Oops. And *Look* as I recall did both William Shirer's alternate-history story/article on the Axis winning World War II (which seems to have been part of the basis of *The Man In the High Castle*) and McKinlay Kantor's *If the South Had Won the Civil War*.

Sue's Sites: And now that you've got me thinking of Heinlein, the statues on Easter Island are the basis of one of Heinlein's "stinkeroos", and his only credited collaboration, "Beyond Doubt" with Elma Wentz, a fellow EPIC staffer (*Astonishing Stories*, April 1941, NHOL G.014).

Jim Sullivan: Those sox stand at the intersection of two mantras of fifties youth; "A sock in the mouth" and "You'll poke your eye out!"

Alexander R. Slate: Sharia establishes that public display of religious symbols is illegal. Islam? That's not just a religion, that's the law of nature and governance. There's nothing in the *Federalist Papers* or Jefferson's writings about "the separation of mosque and state".

Terry Jeeves: Store bashers are the same in all lands and services. Or, "We can't issue you that part, or we won't have any."

Most people these days in the States would be equally puzzled by the "back-pedal" brakes, hand brakes having become the norm. But I learned to ride a bicycle on a back-pedaling model. (And am somewhat incapable of using the 24-gear, racing model where one rides bent over that seems to be the norm. However apparently most people who buy one don't ride it either, just brag about their new bike.)

And being in the notch can really hurt a guy, whether it's leave or old age pensions.

InterLOCutions: **Brad W. Foster**: Dead links are a besetting plague. There are sites that save old sites (the Wayback

Machine comes to mind) but even they do not have infinite space.

I got into trouble with the police for refusing to talk with a guy who tried to pitch me. The problem was that I was walking along the road and he was driving, and I don't trust people who do that sort of thing. He complained to a policeman after I refused to talk to him.

Ned Brooks: We went to Florida and back recently. If I had driven the speed limit I would have been forced off the road. So I drove at the rate of prevailing traffic. At least we got to our day's destination quicker

John Purcell: With the new postage rates on "flats" we may see a profound transition to email delivery. With all the associated problems about people changing their addresses and not telling anyone.

Reply to me: Yes, I remember Nixie tubes. They were on a lot of the gear that we had at high school.

Chris Garcia: Your father was younger than I am.

Joy V. Smith: And your commentary is galactic, though a bit iffy.

E. B. Frohvet: Quite so about the bad travelogues in *Lantern*. One of them **Elizabeth Garrott** had rejected for sheer bad proofreading and grammar.

Lan would go in bursts. There would be years when there were three or four issues (and then there was the year that also saw the "Hold Over Funds" TAFF ad) and then quiescence. His Retrospective Issues on a writer had the eerie habit of coming out just around the time the author died, which I could expect *occasionally* given that they tended to be "fiftieth anniversary of first publication" specials or so, but when it happened over and over again ...

That's a good point about the material and Hugos. Harry Warner's fanzine collection has been bought, all by one buyer. What about his Hugo?

Fred Lerner: *Tramp Royale* (1992; NHOL G.125) is a useful source for the background of Heinlein's fiction. It gives the origins of various incidents in some of his novels. Even, perhaps, the less than positive portrayal of New Zealand in *Friday* (1982; NHOL G.197).

Jim Stumm: I don't think a random Congress would eliminate pork barrel spending; there would be the "I got mine" attitude. "My neighbor went to Congress and all I got was this lousy T-shirt" feeling, that is to say.

Lloyd Penney: So you heard The Donald. Did he end the speech by saying "You're Fired!" (He had tried to trademark that phrase, only to find that a potter had got there before him.)

Murray Moore: But do you back the Montréal 2009 bid? We were interested in it because (1) we've never seen Montréal and (2) the Harness Racing Museum in Goshen, NY is down I-81.

Milt Stevens: We are safe from big mutha bugs. Like the exotic experimental plane that landed at Elmendorf AFB in Alaska, and they put 4000 pounds of JP4 into it before they realized it was really a mosquito ...

Jeffrey Alan Boman: I have a picture of my fortieth birthday celebration. The young lady with me in the picture was having her thirteenth birthday celebration. Now my niece is twenty-five and about to become a mother.

Robert Lichtman: So Bill Burns backs up the efanzines site on a regular basis. And then, one day, he will miss a payment by one day, and All Fandom will find itself logging on to an invitation for wet&wild barely legal triple-ecks chicks and I could do a lot more if I were sure this would pass spam (and worse) filters. Sites can go down or be taken over.

Sheryl Birkhead: I get home-equity line of credit solicitations. Since the time we did try, they didn't want us, I wonder why they don't get that, but evidently they work on Nigerian 419 spam principles. Send out enough solicitations, and SOMEBODY will answer.

We are now in full bunker mode, waiting for tomorrow ...

Namarie,
Joseph T Major

☐**TKK:** *Trademarks can often depend on market segment and product. It would seem reasonable that Donald could trademark "You're Fired" in his own context without causing consumer confusion problems with a potter.*☐

Eric Mayer
maywrite2@epix.net
04 May 2007

Hi,

☐ve got not just one but two issues of *TKK* here. You can't put this out every two months while being on law reviews and coaching hockey! Has to be an illusion.

I can barely stand on skates but I know the feeling of being overheated in the cold from when I ran. Normally I hate the cold. Well, I'm skin and bones. No insulation. So I loved the sensation of being outside in the winter, getting to tour local parks in the snow, without being uncomfortable. But when conditions were right (or wrong) I would end up blinded when my cold glasses steamed up from proximity with my flushed face. More than once I ended up scraping frost off the lenses too.

I write/edit legal encyclopedia articles and they are indeed meant to be overviews to give someone a quick intro to an

unfamiliar subject, a starting point. We can't go into great depth. Law review articles are written about things I can spend a single sentence on.

Finishing law school in four years going part time is pretty impressive, by the way. I took me four years, even though I started out full-time. I soon ran out of money, had to take as many classes as I could afford, then ended up working days at a county law library and taking night classes.

It became rather clear early on that I was not destined for practice but for a law related field which allowed me to take classes that seemed interesting such as International Law and Entertainment Law. Debbi Harry, Chris Stein and their estranged manager showed up one time to discuss the music business. However that was nothing compared to the ethics class where our guest lecturer was Roy Cohn. I still am not quite sure what the prof. intended with that.

I'm not sure I entirely agree with **Gene Stewart** who seems to have no use for happy endings. Considering all the misery around us, I can't begrudge readers a happy ending now and then. Certainly we can allow ourselves to put sugar in things. Part of being human is that we don't always have to take the world as we find it. And also, we can imagine. Why should it be wrong to imagine something happy in this sad world?

Having said that the books and stories Mary and I write almost invariably end with some degree of ambiguity, if not actually unhappily. We write historical murder mysteries. It is necessary for the detective to discover the identity of the murderer. (I'm sure someone has got around this requirement but our editors would not like it if we tried and most mystery readers would be annoyed) However I am hard pressed to recall many instances where the culprit is actually turned over to the authorities, which likely shows our lack of faith that the authorities would know justice is they tripped over it. More than once the perpetrator has not been brought to justice at all. So perhaps we are after the same effect in our writings as **Gene**, but without denying the reader a bit of sugar.

I enjoy all your regular features but I'm afraid my Lopping skills are too rusty to do them all justice. I find when I begin thinking I need to write a proper LoC and dole out egoboo to everyone who deserves it, I end up never writing a LoC at all.

Best,
Eric

☐**TKK**: *There are some tricks to glasses fogging. Keeping them clean helps. Also going through doorways between cold and hot backward also reduces the likelihood of fogging (this is an old trick I learned from a butcher). Law school can, indeed, be a huge grind. I'm benefitted from having a good memory, well-developed analytical processes, and vast exposure to abstract ideas and thinking. I see nothing particularly atrophied in your LOCing skills.*☐

Ned Brooks
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14 May 200

Hi Knarl – Thanks for the zine, a bit crumpled by the postal myrmidons. I found 122 missing from the inventory, but it was in the stack of zines to be filed, I had failed to enter it.

Great **Brad Foster** cartoon, especially the one about surrealism!

I agree with you about the Virginia Tech shootings. I was enrolled there once as an extension student, never visited the campus. Somehow I was switched to Univ. of Virginia to complete my MS, I've forgotten the details now. Reasonable care can be taken in detecting the dangerously demented, but in US society today anyone who wants a gun can get one – not to mention other lethal weapons such as automobiles, swords, and assorted chemical compounds. I don't know that Cho was any more “preventable” than a tornado or meteor strike.

Excellent account of modern Easter Island! I had no idea how small the native population had gotten, or that an English company was allowed to run sheep there. Or that we have an emergency Shuttle landing strip there. But the passion for multiple copies of the same huge sculptured head remains a mystery! What would the head-makers have thought of that?

Amazing that it is possible to “trespass” in a cave because you crossed the surface property line.... I had never thought of that. Only with modern cyber-vooodoo would it be possible



to know just where you were underground. I have been in Butler Cave near the University of Virginia – it goes for miles underground and must cross many property lines.

I don't know how nixie lights were powered, though I remember that we had such displays at the wind tunnel in the 1960s. But I would guess that there is no polarity – all that's needed is an alternating current of the right frequency and voltage. I know commercial neon lights are not polarized – they just need 5000-volt 60-cycle juice from a plug-in step-up transformer. I bought such a transformer years ago in a thrift store.

Best, Ned

☐CKK: *Cyber-voodoo does not help much for positioning in caves. GPS is clearly not available and even modern laser devices don't make cave mapping easy. I don't think we used such a high voltage in the nixie tubes we played with. There is no polarity with AC power.*☐

Joy V. Smith
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15 May 2007

Henry,

What a fun cover! Trying to translate it, however, was very trying. Let's see – Some words are reversed; some are rearranged apparently; some.... And then I discovered that the artist continued this inside.

I appreciated your addressing the Virginia Tech tragedy—well said.

Enjoy your hockey hiatus. This gives you more time to spend on your “aggressive course load,” which it certainly is; and it seems to me that you truly enjoy getting your teeth into these law courses. And for a change, you can attack your weeds. (Don't ask me about mine; I make choices about which ones to focus on, and I'm thinking seriously about looking at the lawn herbicides again. Mostly I spot kill.)

I enjoyed Sue's visit to Easter Island. I saw a documentary on it recently, which was very interesting. I hadn't realized that DNA testing had disproved Thor Heyerdahl's theory. I also enjoyed Jim Sullivan's, Alexander Slate's, and Terry Jeeves's articles.

LOCs. To Ned Brooks, we have invasions of sugar ants in the kitchen periodically and use Combat ant baits, which usually takes care of them eventually. Henry, interesting background on caves and adverse possession. E. B. Frohvet, I remember Lan's Lantern! Re: orange trees. Sometimes it's the blossoms and oranges that get killed, and sometimes it's the whole tree—or grove. We don't have a whole lot of orange groves left though because of development. It's really dry here, btw, with wildfires; and we just sawed down a dead

sand pine. (I never watered it because it likes dry conditions!) We're losing other plants too. It's hard to water five acres of plants; usually we only have to water the new plants; but the pond's not dry yet.

I enjoyed all the illos and photos also, including the ones with Jeeves's article and the surrealism cartoon on the last page.

Appreciatively,
Joy V. Smith

☐CKK: *I'd consider spot killing of the weeds, but I have too many wanted flowers about in both the yard and woods and the close proximity to the river suggests not using the herbicides due to their damage to aquatic invertebrates.*☐

John Purcell
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16 May 2007

How numeric of a zine issue is this? I guess it only happens once every twenty and a half years for a bimonthly fanzine.

Like you, the events at Virginia Tech struck me very hard, serving as a reminder that we teachers are in a vulnerable position. Perhaps what disturbed me the most about this unfathomable tragedy is the information that (naturally) came out after the fact, that this student had shown warning signs: severe depression, disturbing writing, withdrawn from others, improper classroom behavior, and so on. The teachers did what they were supposed to do: refer him to counseling, offered help. Yet, still it happened.

No, I agree with you that the situations that may have led to the tragedy were not “mismanaged or somehow incompetently handled.” And like you said, the likelihood of this happening again is pretty remote. My prayers go out to all members of the Virginia Tech community: students, faculty, administrators, and their families.

On to happier topics, such as Sue Welch's trip report on visiting Easter Island. This has long been a location on our “once in a lifetime” trip itinerary, and very unlikely to occur in this lifetime. When I showed this to my wife, Valerie wrinkled her nose, huffed, and said, “How does she rate?”

Which is a good question. Is Sue independently wealthy, or merely reporting on assorted trips she's made over the years? Lessee... Argentina, Easter Island... what's next, Sue? The Galapagos Islands? Fiji? Mu? I'm really going to be skeptical if her next exotic trip report is about Barsoom. That one I won't believe at all.

Gene Stewart reminds us all of happier literary times, when happy endings were acceptable in literature. Most readers prefer closure of some sort, and up-beat conclusions provide it. Of course, it all depends on the genre, and science fiction and fantasy can slide in any direction: happy endings, down-

ers, open endings, darkness, etc. However, I have always felt that a well-written story will not only entertain but make the reader think as well. Some writers are quite adept at that, too; many more are lucky to write a satisfactory ending in the first place! Besides, I suspect **Gene** is being a bit on the facetious side here. Still, not every reader likes happy endings; closure of some sort does help a lot, though, and that's how I think about this matter.

I have never owned a pair of argyle socks. Never will, either. So there.

I think I will hold off on commenting upon **Alexander Slate's** rant about the separation of church and state until I read his next installment. The principle of the thing is sound: no government-endorsed "official" religion, much like no formal statement that English is the "official" language in America. The idea here is that this is a nation devoted to preserving the rights of the individual no matter their personal belief system or ethnic background. It will be interesting to see where **Alex** is going with this.

I love **Terry Jeeves's** writings. They are always fun, interesting reads, and his little illoes are the perfect accompaniment. Sure wish I still had those old issues of *Erg*; it was a cracker-jack of a zine back in the day.

A solid issue, Henry. Thank you so much for sending it; the second issue of *Askance* should be in your mailbox in a week's time. Until then,

all the best,
John

PS: Go Ottawa!

☐**TKK**: *The South America trip was given to my mother by her children and brother to celebrate one of those monumental birthdays. Your hockey team made it farther than anyone else this year.*☐

Brad W Foster
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17 May 2007

Greetings Henry and Letha~

With the talk about what makes a "special" issue recently (The 100th issue? The 10th anniversary issue?), I kind of like THIS one, the "numbers in order issue: 1-2-3")

Schirm really needs to supply us with some sort of translation guide for these new cartoons he has been doing. Or am I missing the obvious way to read these?

Gene's tirade against "happy endings" for stories seemed so over the top in reaction, I can only assume it was the result of one of those "that's the final straw" comments where some-



one complained about a non-happy ending for the millionth time to him. 'cause if not, he really needs to relax a bit. Not ALL "happy" endings are bad things, like not ALL "dark" endings are good things. Stories are good or bad on their own merits. I've read enough stories that had open endings that made me think not so much that the author was being brilliant and working magic in my mind, but rather that they had no idea how to wrap it up themselves, so gave up on it. (Man, look how he pushed my buttons and made me get all defensive now! Bad man's care li'l Brad, have to go read a cute teddy story to feel better.)

Alex brings up all sorts of interesting things for discussion this time out, but since it's only half of the whole, I'll have to wait to see where he is going with this. Personally, if some groups are allowed to put up big displays about how their own imaginary friends, why can't everyone put up big displays celebrating their imaginary friends, and get the same "respect"? Sure, I think they're all nuts, but since it's presented as "faith", suddenly it is beyond criticism? The older I get, the sadder I get about religion in the world.

Back to the drawing board!
Brad

☐**TKK**: *I can often get Schirm's French captions translated on-line as they are often regular phrases.*☐

Rodney Leighton
See address earlier
May 17

Dear Henry:

Thanks for the latest *TKK*. Yesterday brought a snowstorm. I doubt there is any correlation.

Pardon me while I get some firewood. The weather has gone completely berserk! A week ago it was over 80 in the afternoons; one night I went to bed with most of the windows open. August weather. I decided to get out the tiller and start the garden. The tiller had a flat tire; I ended up calling a service guy to come get it, he is so busy he figures 2 weeks.

Okay. Just as well, I guess. Snow last night, rain today, rain forecast for the rest of the week.

I feel the need to point that as editor and publisher you are not obligated to print anything you don't wish to and thus do not have to wonder why your fanzine became a place to discuss Nero Wolfe or to read letters, or articles, which do not interest you. If the Wolfe material is not of interest, toss it in the wastebasket! Of course, it has generated a considerable amount of commentary.

Speaking of which, **Bob Sabella** is correct in that the books are similar. I seem to become fixated on certain authors, or rather, series of novels. In spite of having tons of reading, including about 20 books I have read at least some of, I have become devoted to reading, again, a series of westerns about a guy named Buchanan. I found one I had never read and like that and starting reading the ones that, well, my father kept them over the years and I inherited them when he died; I had read them all years ago. The books are all very similar. But I like them; also, I can, since they are mostly under 130 pages, read one in part of a day. Read the LOCcol of *TKK* and a Buchanan book the other day. I don't know why. Don't know that it means anything.

Speed limits in Canada are the providence of the politicians, more or less. Of course, what used to be part of the Trans-Canada Highway was deemed too dangerous. It was decided to build a 4-lane highway. Being politicians, they put it in one of the most dangerous parts of the province. The contract to build this highway was awarded to a construction consortium from New Jersey. Part of their deal was that there was a toll on this road; the only one in the Maritimes, I believe. Part of the deal was that the government would place lower speed limits on the old road and other existing roads which would force people who want to get from point A to point B quickly to either travel the toll road with its 110 km/h speed limit or speed on the old road. The former speed limits of 100 km/h were reduced to 90 or 80 or even 70 in places. Lots of people get caught speeding, except that there are not that many cops around there. In spite of various protests and governmental promises to change/increase the limit back to where it was, they have kept it where it is. And this also extends to other roads in the area. For instance, the road I was travelling at 20 km/h above the limit and **Eric Lindsay** felt was a teenager's trick, I know like the back of my hand, there is not much traffic with lots of straight stretches, and 80 km/h is a ridiculous speed limit. This is all dictated by people in the States.

Who follows the speed limit anyway? Traveling the old highway in the place where it is listed at 90 km/h, which used to be, in the old days 65 mph (around 110 km/h), if one follows the speed limit, you get passed. That is the same road on which I met a cop, running about 15 km/h above the speed limit; he or she flashed the lights at me and I thought I was "busted" except the cop kept on going. I figured the cop was telling me: "You are speeding, I know it, but I don't care."

Travelling on the Trans Canada Highway, with the 110 km/h speed limit, you are routinely passed if you travel at that speed. To be honest, I have lately slowed down somewhat; I often, unless I have a reason, travel that road at 100 km/h and ignore the vehicles flying by. But I have, on a few occasions, seen this: close to Halifax, there are places with 6 lanes, 3 each way. I have, at times, set the truck at 120 km/h and gotten out of the middle lane to pass vehicles, but there are lots of vehicles going by in the third lane.

I drive according to conditions and need. I have been travelling in terrible conditions, snow, ice, at 40 km/h or slower, sometimes in a 4-wheel drive, and had cars flying by. I used to have a lead foot; now, I only travel fast if I feel the need and conditions warrant.

Best,
Rodney

☐*TKK*: I am completely capable of deciding not to print the Nero Wolfe stuff. My comment was more in line with how did a side-topic, which holds little to no interest to me, get to be so dominant? Maybe the cop was saying I have a call I'm responding to and you need to move aside so I can pass.☐

E.B. Frohvet
4716 Dorsey Hall Dr. #506
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May 18, 2007

Dear Henry,

In the past I have alluded to taking junk mail with a prepaid mailing envelope, clipping the offering into confetti and mailing it back to the offending party at their expense. This process has acquired a name: "counter-trashing". I do one or two a week. Once a month, like clockwork, I get the same offer for the same credit card, nominally under the aegis of my bank. The bank says it's the fault of the credit card company and they can't do anything about it; the credit card company and they can't do anything about it; the credit card company calls it the bank's problem. In fact, no one cares enough to alter an existing policy merely to regard the wishes of one customer.

Ned Brook's remark, "I had no idea that Frohvet was capable of *gravitas*" gave me a good laugh. **Fred Lerner** attempts to deduce the ethnicity of Frohvet. Sorry, **Fred**, I told the customs that my grandmother was Grundtharian, but in the very next sentence notified the readers that was untrue. Actually, "Frohvet" is Alsatian.

Robert Lichtman: Yes, I received the new *Tortoise*. **Robert** considers it a "failing" that I expect fanzines to maintain some sort of schedule. Much as I respect **Robert**, I must disagree. I see fanzines as a form of dialogue. *Knarley Knews* and *Alexiad*, to cite two obvious examples, deliver an ongoing dialogue. *Trap Door*, whatever its other merits, is an isolated event that falls into fandom at long and irregular intervals.

It's his fanzine and if that's how **Robert** cares to do it, fine. From May 1997 to date, ten years, *Trap Door* has produced eight issues. *TKK* has published fifty-five. I rest my case.

Jeffrey Allan Boman points out that Chloe, the character invented by the TV show, is now being transferred to the comics legend of Superman. Fiction is stranger than fiction, perhaps. Clearly I was wrong in supposing that Chloe was going to be killed off or disappeared from the series. Lex was, of course, Lana's "rebound guy"; also there's a strong possibility she decided to sleep with Lex to get back at Clark. Footnote: I sold three stories, and all were second draft, and consisted mainly of being a clean copy and smoothing out a few sentences from the first draft. So it's possible to write close-to-publishable work on first draft.

"Adverse possession" and "easement" are related concepts. An easement, the right to use someone else's property, is likewise gained by prescriptive right; but yes, it has to be apparent. If people have been cutting through your back yard to get to the park for years, with no protest on your part, they have established a continuing right to use your back yard even if you change your mind.

Chris Garcia: We can agree to disagree about politicians.

R-Laurraine Tutihasi: I met George Laskowski via a mutual acquaintance at the 1984 Worldcon in Anaheim; and writing for the *Lantern* was my introduction to fanzine fandom. (Whether that has, on the whole, been a good thing or a bad thing for fandom, I leave for others to decide.) I had heard about a special memorial issue, and if memory serves **Tom Sadler** also volunteered to edit it. Unfortunately, that never happened. On the theory of "better late than never," have you considered initiating the project yourself?

Gene Stewart makes a valid—but tunnel-vision point. What **Gene** has either overlooked, or more likely declined to consider, is that there are different kinds of reading. Sometimes you want a philosophical or metaphysical challenge, and sometimes you just want a nice relaxing story. Even Shakespeare wrote comedy – and it's even possible to write comedy without a happy ending. (Arthur C. Clarke's "The Nine Billion Names of God" comes to mind.)

Alex Slate: Maryland, which technically was founded as a religious colony, had freedom of worship and no state church in colonial times. Virginia, which technically wasn't, had a state church (Anglican) which Jews, Baptists, Catholics, and Quakers were involuntarily forced to support.

Let us note that Henry tracked down **Diana Harlan Stein** (no longer active in fandom that I know of) and obtained her consent to use the original illos she did for the "Grundtharia" piece in *Lantern*. Henry had requested "witty" pieces. Frohvet not being noted for "wit", I observed that one of the few intentionally funny things I had written was a mock-travelogue for George. Henry asked to see it; at the time I as-

sumed he was merely curious to see if that notorious dullard Frohvet could actually write humor.

Burrrp! Sorry, dudes: Wild Goose (TM) Amber Ale. Who made up the rule that I can't drink beer while LOC'ing?

E.B. Frohvet

TKK: *The cost to alter and keep one record separate and distinct is too prohibitive for either the bank or the credit card company. You will continue to get the offers. Adverse possession typically takes about 20 years to establish. A constructive easement, such as you describe, is likely to be similar.*

Dave Szurek
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Knarley,

Someone famous—oh yeah, Mark Twain, once said that only fiction needs to make sense and yes, that's true. But there **are** happy endings in real-life, as well as tragic endings and too many of the most tragic endings – those without closure that stop in mid-air. I think about half of us have experienced all three by the earliest attainment of adulthood and the bulk of us by middle-age. Contrary to what they teach us to look forward to, there are individuals who live and die knowing only the tragic and more tragic endings and that is sad, but part of harsh reality. Perhaps we should be programmed to expect the worst if only so that we appreciate the good and the mediocre better.

As long as there are matches, there's not guarantee of print-zines lasting forever, either.

Ah, but **Ned**, not following reasonable speed limits can be the same as endangering another's life. It's not always deliberate, but one has to be extra careful when operating a motor vehicle.

Robert Lichtman's final paragraph certainly resonates with me. But too many people associate those things with "socialism" and "socialism" with "evil", so it is not always politically pragmatic to address them. I sure wish that more of those in positions and would-be positions of authority would, however.

I haven't requested my medical records that often, but when I have I've had little to almost no trouble getting them. Why am I so uniquely blessed?

I have a correspondent who strongly objects to guys like the Virginia Tech shooter being referred to as "mentally ill" on the grounds that doing so reinforces the negative stereotype of the mentally ill. It does do that with too many people and hey, the average mentally ill person is not dangerous, but are we supposed to suppress the reporting of such events because the villain is also mentally ill? According to him, no, but just characterize the guy as an evil asshole, but both nice guys and

evil assholes can also be nuts, right? Misguided carrying the PC principle too far, if you ask me.

I hope *TKK* doesn't become exclusively or even mostly a Nero Wolfe zine.

-Dave

☐ *TKK: I've never had trouble getting records; especially when transferring them to another physician either through a referral or a change in practitioner. They know who pays the bills and who makes recommendations.*☐

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26 May 2007

Dear Henry and Letha

Thanks for the latest issue (123) of *The Knarley Knews*. And for the previous couple of issues, to which I hadn't responded – not from lack of interest, but from pressure of Other Things. “So much to do, so little time” – or was it “So much done, so much left undone”? Probably spoken by the head villain in an early James Bond movie (they had a lot of that sort of thing in the Sean Connery days). Or perhaps it was Rudyard Kipling. Or even Cecil Rhodes – **Joseph Major** would probably know, given his apparent interest in British imperial history.

But, speaking of **Joseph Major**: in a cryptic rejoinder to **Brad Foster** about access to medical records, he refers to “police in Devon who refused to release photographs of two escaped murderers because such release would violate their human rights”. Except that this is bollocks, because he's repeating a tabloid canard: the police refused to publish photographs of the fugitives – who at the time were on bail, not in prison, so were not technically escapees – because of the risk that it would tip them off that their absence had been noticed and that an intensive search for them was in progress, so causing them to go completely to ground. The tabloids dragged the issue of human rights into their reporting of the matter because it provided them with another excuse to attack the Human Rights Act, which they don't like even though it merely incorporated (forty-plus years after the UK had signed the thing) the European Convention on Human Rights into British law. (I should make clear at this stage that by tabloids I mean daily newspapers with a right-wing political agenda, some of them serious (*The Daily Mail*) and some more frivolous (*The Star*, *The Sun*), and not *World Weekly News* nonsense about UFO abductions and talking wombats.) It's slightly perplexing that right-wingers like **Joseph Major** and *The Daily Mail* should be so hostile to human rights, given their tendency to bang on about “socialist tyranny” (socialist in this case meaning anyone slightly to the left of Margaret Thatcher) and the need to impose democracy by force a la Iraq; but the perplexity goes away immediately one

compares authoritarian right with totalitarian left: both detest the idea of human rights, because it gets in their way. Put US neo-cons alongside Stalinist-era communist apparatchiks, and their utter hatred of any dissent from their point of view and violent desire to crush that dissent out of existence is indistinguishable.

Elsewhere, **Murray Moore** says that he wouldn't fly Aeroflot. I can speak as one who has flown Aeroflot, but eighteen years ago, when there was still a Soviet Union and the risks associated with using the airline were much lower than they are now. (Although, having said that, it's not clear from **Murray**'s report of his friend's experience whether he's referring to then or now – locking people into their hotel because their flight wasn't there for them sounds like a pre-1991 behaviour, but these days the airline seems to be renowned principally for its terrible safety record.) When we flew with Aeroflot (we were following an Intourist-organised itinerary focused on the then Soviet Central Asia, because we were interested – still are interested – in the Great Silk Route and the cities along it, such as Samarkand and Bukhara) it was just like any other airline: check in two hours before the flight, buy a terrible breakfast in the airport cafeteria, exchange wan smiles with the strangers in the seats next to you as you place your carry-on bags in the overhead locker, spend two hours trying to concentrate on the improving work of non-fiction you've brought with you, get off at the other end a few hours later and queue at the baggage carousel. Well, “just like any other airline” except for the absence of any in-flight refreshment: if you wanted that, you had to bring it with you. And one was expressly forbidden to take photographs from the air because they might be of use to a potential enemy (although this was of course an ancient ordinance, since by 1989 satellite photography had improved to the point where a military camera orbiting 200-300 miles up could take a better picture than a tourist SLR at 35,000 feet). The only time anything went wrong was our flight from Alma Ata (as it was then; it's now known as Almaty) to Dushanbe, when the destination got socked in by a sandstorm and the aircraft had to land at Leninabad (now reverted to its original name of Ferghana) until the storm had passed. The Aeroflot ground staff set up a TV in the lounge (although it seemed to show little more than endless repeats of Australian wildlife documentaries), the air stewardesses from other flights similarly socked in asked if we decadent capitalist westerners had any cosmetics we could spare (and naturally did very well out of us), the local restaurateurs rustled up a mini-banquet based around the local dishes, and a few hours later we were on our way. (Writing about this has brought back a lot of memories of those two weeks in late 1989, when the world was changing and the old divisions of Europe were coming apart – we actually moved house a week after our return (it had been a planned move), and were so tired from unpacking boxes and whatnot that we went to bed early and so were unaware, until we got up the next morning and started listening to the news bulletins, that the Berlin Wall had been opened and thus that the Cold War was effectively over. By God that was a heady time to be alive!)

Which has got rather away from responding to **Murray**'s comment about Aeroflot – which is perhaps in the nature of locating a fanzine: start in one place, finish up in another. I recall that **Murray** and his partner came to our post-Worldcon party in 2005, although I regret that in all my rushing about being a dutiful host I didn't have as much time to chat as I'd have liked (with him or with anyone else there). Heigh-ho!

But perhaps I should stop at this point. I seem to have written quite a lot, albeit that I haven't commented on more than a couple of people's effusions....

Regards
Joseph

TKK: *It is often difficult to separate fact from the original erroneous posting. In the last year or so a politician quoted a sound bite from a paper called The Onion, which is entirely satire and fictitious. It didn't take long before second- and third-hand accounts had completely lost track of the original source and it was now being cited as a real fact.*

Jeffrey Allan Boman
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Montreal, QC H4V 2Y9
Canada
croft@bigfoot.com
May 28, 2007

I had to rush on my *Alexiad* letter... let me see if I can get more in here.

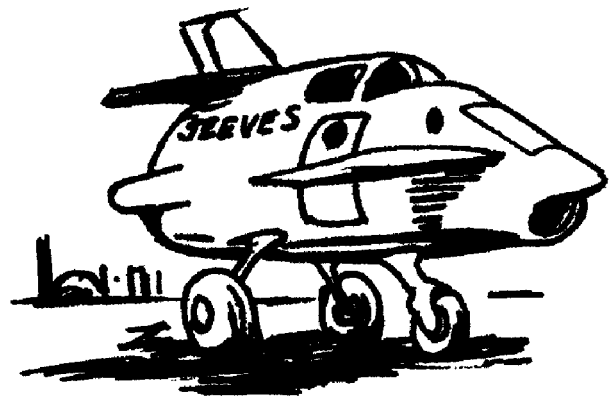
40 came and went. I survived (no shock there.) My biggest gift will actually come on ironically my mom's birthday, August 4: there's a high school reunion at my old stomping grounds. It's a 25 year anniversary for 1982 grads, but it will also include friends from other years. Mine was 1984, but I knew many of the grads for years.

If there was a 20 year celebration for my year I never heard of it. This will more than make up for that fact.

Issue 100 of *Comicopia* came and went, and it was my last issue. I'll be starting my own separate zine called *The Original Universe* in July. With all of my years of APAzines and my experiences here and in *Alexiad* I have some good ideas on what to do for it. I believe in both we have other comic book fans, and I hope those of you will try it out. E-mail me to get started if you are interested. I'll also soon start to promote it on Comicspace - but I hyped *Comicopia* there a few months ago, and it seemed to not bear out. Hopefully this will.

Why I plan to begin in July is because of the Script Frenzy competition I mentioned last issue. I'm exactly 3 days away from it as I write this, so I'll try to get some LOC replies here now, and a more substantial letter next time.

I'm practically chewing at the bit to get started. I used my personal wiki (you can get your own at tiddlywiki.com) to



build up character sketches and plot beat ideas. All of them are rough and open to the changes the month will bring to the story. I also have a lot of notes for my next NaNo in November, but that's for much later...

InterLOCutions

Brad W. Foster: Websites disappear over time, true... that'll make me a bit nervous with hosting my zine on efanzines. Fortunately I'll be keeping backups.

John Purcell: I'm not an NHLfan (a Montrealer not obsessed with the Canadians. I know: heresy! It doesn't disturb my sleep though), but it appears neither your team or Henry's made the Cup matches. My sympathies.

Fred Lerner: I only shave around my goatee, and with a Gillette Fusion razor it takes me much less time. Hopefully it has saved me some lifetime as well!

Jim Stumm: if university alumni periodicals are meant as fundraisers, I've strongly disappointed them. 17 years and they haven't gained a cent from me.

Lloyd Penney: Yeah my sis Tamu is a cool person. Just don't call her cute (that's from our old BBS days)! / I have Adobe Reader on my Pocket PC as well, though I use it to read e-books instead of zines.

Murray Moore: A shame I didn't "know" you in 2003; that would have meant 1 more person I knew at Torcon 3 then.

Robert Lichtman: your reasons for disliking electronic-only zines reflect mine, and why I don't intend to go that route with mine.

R-Laurraine Tutihasi: I wanted to spell your name right here. Hope I succeeded this time. :)

See you all next zine, with
hopeful good news!
Jeffrey Allan Boman

TKK: *My class had a 20 year reunion, but did not track me down until a few weeks before the event. There may not be a 25 year reunion this year as they had a somewhat combined*

event last year with the class of 1981. (NOTE: We have the same graduating class of 1982.)

The Red Wings had their chance but played crappy in Game 4 and let Game 5 get away. No sympathies needed as I don't get too worked up about this sort of thing.

Fred Lerner
81 Worcester Ave.
White River Jct., VT 056001
May 29, 2007

Henry,

I wasn't at Virginia Tech, and don't know the situation. But if my own kids were there, I think I'd prefer that some portion of the student body were -known- to be hunters or apprentice lawmen or otherwise experienced with their own arms – on the assumption that an unstable wacko would count the risk of that kind of self-expression, and try a different kind of statement.

Some folks would object strongly to this line of reasoning; and I don't know an objective test of the question.

Gene, a “happy ending” just means the story first appeared in a nice family magazine. If you -crave- a comprehensive disillusionment in any particular story, you can take the time to write your own ending. Might be fun.

Stanislaw Lem, *Solaris* (1961; tr. from French 1970). On another planet, Snow is raving at Kelvin:

“... we don't leave Earth in a state of primal innocence. We arrive here as we are in reality, and when the page is turned and that reality is revealed to us – that part of our reality which we would prefer to pass over in silence – then we don't like it anymore.”

In the Chiang story (in *K.K.* 122): That the light always flashes 1 second -before- you push the button can bemuse you quite a while.

Murray, I suppose you mean about the immobilizing crowd in Tokyo eki. Even when I was a teenager there, I knew to carry my billfold in a front shirt pocket during rush hour. But around Tokyo, Shinjuku, Ueno stations you could get jammed-in, immobilized by the crowd. When some strangers saw you on a train, it amused them to get you face-on and stick. I preferred going miles out in the countryside, which was not so anonymous. When I walked there, the little kids would follow along, saying rude things. I knew only enough of the language to stop now and then for noodles and rice.

In an Isaac Asimov story, “The Red Queen's race” (1949), a private project to send information back in time to classical and Hellenist Greece and Rome is investigated, and at one point the man who translated the chemistry text to Attic Greek and wrote it on parchment, admits that he, feeling it was such a bad idea to gamble with the past, had analyzed

Democritus, Leucippus, Lucretius and Hero to determine for which of their information there was no apparent source – then had translated only that information to be sent back. So the world we live in today, says the translator, is “the world in which the Greek chemistry text -was- sent back.”

That makes a nice circle. One fallacy: Those scientists in the past couldn't receive information from -this- present, the result of what they wrote; their special information had to be sent to them from the -previous- present world (before -our- present world was produced), to end up producing our present world.

That was one of 30 or 40 time-related stories I reviewed in *FOS 200 and 201* (in 2000), with references to physicists and others – even to Alley Oop and Dr. Wonmug's time machine. I still assume the self-evident impossibility of “time travel”, and just consider why such stories remain so interesting.

Fred

CTK: Virginia Tech, like most university had policies against weapons on campus when I was a student there. This included dorm rooms, but was frequently violated by the Corps of Cadets. So, even the presence of known hunters, would not act as a deterrent as there would likely be no weapons.

Jim Stumm
PO Box 29
Buffalo NY 14223
May 30, 2007

E.B. Frohvet: Contra Heinlein, a guard dog doesn't know anything about property rights. What he knows, as do many other species, is territorially, which is something different. One difference: if a property line runs thru an open area, you and I might know the line runs between two landmarks. A dog knows nothing about that line unless there's a fence along it. Another difference is absentee ownership. A person may own property that he's away from for years at a time. But there's no such thing as absentee territoriality. An animal defends his territory only when he is present on it. He hasn't the mental capacity that humans have to imagine owning distant property. The same is true of small items of property. Possession, which is all that an animal knows, is different from, and less than, ownership. You see the difference when we continue to own something which is not in our possession, maybe loaned out, or stored in a distant place.

Possession and territoriality are based on instinct. Property rights are a human invention which requires a human's mentality to conceive of.

Murray Moore: I live in Buffalo. Your words could give the impression that lake effect snow storms are a constant feature of winter in Buffalo. That's not the case. Lake effect snow falls only occasionally and then more often in the snow belt south of the city, rather than in Buffalo itself. The snowbelt (ski country) averages about 200 inches of snow a year, com-

pared to half that in the city. Lake effect snow is typically light and dry, like feathers. It impedes visibility but is not as much of a problem as heavy, wet snow when its down on the ground.

Alexander Slate: America is a Christian nation in the sense that a majority of Americans are Christians (at least nominally). In the same way, America is a Caucasian nation since a majority of Americans are Caucasian. But these merely demographic facts shouldn't affect government policy which should provide equal protection of the laws to all regardless of race or religion. The government shouldn't have any special regard for Christians just as it should not have any special regard for Caucasians.

It's not the 1st Amendment, but rather the 10th Amendment that forbids the Federal Government from appointing clergy or establishing religious doctrines by law. The Federal Government has only a few dozen enumerated powers and these religious concerns are not among them.

Besides the Jews among the Founders, there were also many Deists who did not believe in the divinity of Christ or that the Bible was the word of God. Many would say that a person living today who does not believe that Christ was divine is not a Christian. But many Christians want to give the Founding Deists a pass in this regard because to say that these Deists were not Christians would undercut the claim that this Republic was founded as a Christian nation.

Milt Stevens: I access wikipedia thru answers.com. I use it all the time and I have never noticed any inaccuracies. False material that's added to a wikipedia item can be easily removed, and it is, by people who volunteer to monitor various entries. You have to learn to judge the reliability of the source on the internet just as you do at the library. Books are published filled with all sorts of rubbish, so finding information in a book is no "guarantee of accuracy either.

One advantage of the internet is that it's searchable, meaning you can type in a few well-chosen words at a site like answers or google and you are led directly to the information you are seeking, which may be on a server anywhere in the world. By contrast, a library is not searchable. What you want to know may be buried somewhere in all those books, or in books in some other library, but how do you find it?

When I wanted to know about this "schroedinger's cat" business, I typed that at answers.com, and up came a long, erudite wikipedia article about quantum mechanics. At the end were links to other websites, including one to an English translation of Schroedinger's 1935 paper "The Present Situation in Quantum Mechanics" in which "the cat" makes his first appearance. Without the internet, how would I find that paper at a library? I suppose I could look thru one physics book after another and hope to stumble across it. If I could find it at all, it would take a long time. On the internet, I can get to it in about one minute.

A rather drastic solution to the problem of libraries not being searchable is depicted in "Rainbow's End" by Vernor Vinge.

Jim Stumm

TKK: *The internet makes information much easier to find and track down than it used to be, however, google and wikipedia are poor sources due to the lack of controls that can occur in the information areas they search or include. They are a nice place to start and get a general idea (e.g. your Schroedinger's search), but are poor for getting detailed information that is referred.*

Julie Wall
470 Ridge Road
Birmingham, AL 35206
jlwall@usa.net
04 Jun 2007

Hey, Henry –

Thanks for TTK 123. I have so much admiration for you continuing to put out the zine on a regular basis. And it's good to be able to keep up with you and everyone in KnarleyWorld, even in this somewhat tenuous way.

I did think about you and Letha and Ann and so many people that I connect with Virginia Tech when that awful thing happened – and then to find out that Michael Bishop's son was one of the ones murdered. Tragedies like that are always gut wrenching, but when you actually know people associated with the place, that brings it so much closer to home.

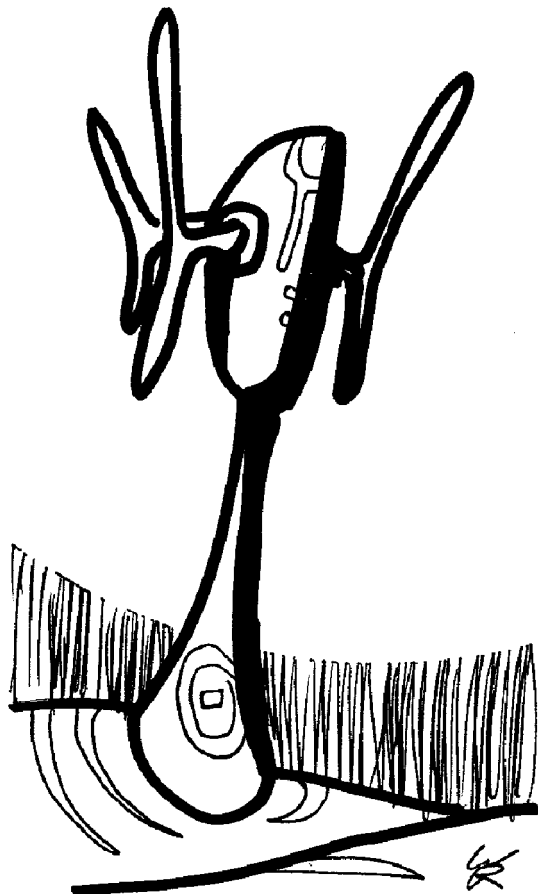
I had to laugh at your You Got this Issue Because... It might server as a pale substitute for Lord Stanley's Cup. I pretty much lost interest in the race for the cup when my Devils were put out. Now I just want Anaheim to beat Ottawa.

My life has not much to report. I don't know if I told you I started a new job at the end of February at a place called Travel Nurse Solutions. They provide travel nurses to hospitals all over the country and needed a network administrator. They recruited me off Monster.Com, where I had put my resume back up after the payout fiasco at EPL. It's a pretty good job – the pay is definitely better.

The only big event coming up on the horizon is a trip to New Orleans to see The Police in concert. They are one of my all-time favorite bands and I never got to see them in their (and my) prime, so I didn't want to pass that up. The closest they are coming to Birmingham is New Orleans, so it will also be a chance to see how first hand how that favorite city of mine is recovering.

Take care,
Julie

TKK: *Good luck with your trip to NOLA and the concert.*



R-Laurraine Tutihasi
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laurraine@mac.com
04 Jun 2007

Dear Henry and Letha,

We handle unwanted phone calls two ways. One is by caller ID. If we don't recognize the caller, we just let the phone roll over to the answering machine. The second method is by trapping anonymous callers in a call screening programme provided by our phone company. When a person whose name and number are blocked calls, the call rolls over to a programme at the phone company, which then calls us. We get to hear the name of the caller and can take or refuse the call as appropriate. Not all phone companies offer this.

For **E. B. Frohvet** and others who may be interested, the memorial issue of *Lan's Lantern* was supposed to have been published by Tom Barber, if my memory serves me. For a long time, probably up to three years, I kept e-mailing him and nudging him. Lan's widow, as far as I know, gave him all the files she found that Lan had left behind. Certainly the mailing list must have been a bit stale. For a while, Tom had good excuses for delaying things. Eventually, though, I think he just gave up because so much time had passed. I had contact with Lan's widow for a while but not recently. I don't know what could be done now, though certainly there are many among us who remember Lan fondly.

Like many others of your readers, I always enjoy the **Terry Jeeves** reprints.

Keep up the good work.

☐CKK: *Sounds like an interesting call screening service. So much for caller ID blocking.*☐

Sheryl Birkhead
25509 Jonnie Court
Gaithersburg, MD 20882
June 8, 2007

Dear Knarley,

No way to miss **Schirm**...and then pages 6 and 7!! Way to go. The veterinary school (at Virginia Tech) is not truly close to the campus areas where the shootings took place, but the latest news from them is that they went on lockdown and are in the process (started before the shootings) of getting much better/more stringent security measures in place. Everything I have had from them so far has been nothing if not upbeat and forward looking.

My niece seems very happy with her upcoming summer job and the prospect of a permanent job when law school is over. Both she and her husband have been asked to the bashes the firm has had (one in, I think-Boulder, and one in Tahoe). Ironically, it seems that the thing giving her the most trouble is buying clothes appropriate to the position (she is about 5'10" and is a, gasp, size 0) – anything in her size seems to be couture and that is not in her budget!

Agh, I keep forgetting to check at the library and find some Nero Wolfe books on tape/cd.

Easter Island sounds to be a gentle culture-one badly used (no monopoly there) by the Europeans.

Hmm...happy endings...yeah, I know they used to be *de ri-gueur*, but would it hurt to still have them every now and then? I recently got some classic movies from Netflix and realized how nice it was to have the happy ending-true I would not want that all the time, but for a change, it was nice (not very believable, but...).

The local Walmart has science "kits" still hanging around from the holidays. One of them is a crystal radio kit. I remember my brother getting one many years ago-but this kit is huge! I bought one to give to a family that has six kids, figuring that at least one kid in there somewhere would be interested in it. I had the sense to ask the parents before I gave it as a birthday gift and was told-no- that child gets frustrated easily and doesn't have much manual dexterity. So, it sits in the spare bedroom, slated for (his next holiday season. I applaud **Terry's** creativity in creating his own radio.(uh-far distant aside- I am watching the Wooster and Jeeves series – nice low-key humor.)

Each year I get Mormon missionaries; there must be some sort of hub or whatever around. I've been trying out just saying my sister is Mormon and hoping that would cut the time spent pushing conversion. Interestingly, the last two years I have had a pair of young women as missionaries and they have listened to me, said some standard lines and a short prayer...then gone on to the next house.

Seeing **John Purcell**'s loc reminds me I still need to work on something for him – if you haven't seen his zine – it came out of the chute with a **Foster** cover and the second ish's cover is by Alan White – talk about starting at the top!

I found out early on (teaching 7th and 8th grades) that you had to start out tough because there was no way under the sun you could get there from nice. I also found it was advantageous to cultivate the appearance of losing your temper to get their attention and get a point across.

My mother's cousin was a Maryland State Veterinarian. As a part of my senior year, I did a rotation in the public sector and managed to stay with them in Salisbury, Maryland. He took me over to Chincateague and told me that equine encephalitis (contagious and spread by mosquitoes), I forget which variant, was present in the ponies. I never asked about it because the standard treatment is to destroy the infected animals. The only thing I can think of is that because the ponies are so isolated, there is not much chance of, but hey there is the sell-off every year when the ponies swim over...yeah, I think I am better off not knowing.

Joy – yup sorta – the name on the mailbox is Jophan.

Glad to hear that **Lloyd**'s eyes are fine. Let's all hope it stays that way.

I need to hunt up the Hugo ballot online and see about voting there. I keep saying that, but so far haven't even located a website. I'll look RSN.

For **Eric**, the cover depicts a fan abiding "in" his mailbox just waiting for that ish to arrive.

I found a nice laser color printer I liked, then investigated my software. I have a Mac and when I researched the drawing program I have was told I needed (don't ask me what this means and don't even try to explain it!) a level 3 postscript printer. The one I picked out (OkiData) runs about \$300 when on sale, but is not level 3. Then I have this problem that my current black and white laser printer is doing just fine. Out of curiosity, what do people do with hardware that is perfectly functional, but being replaced? Just as I could not get rid of my 15 year old TV that still works, I could not just "toss" a perfectly good printer. Next thing to address would be the cost – not bad (in fact very affordable), but simply not in the budget. I almost have enough miscellaneous change saved to cover the cost of a passport (I let mine lapse for too long and now need to go through all the hoops again. I cringe, I was born in D.C. and they do not issue birth certificates – the sheet is a Registry of Birth. I already know the passport people will

not accept that and I cannot find my last passport. It is gonna be fun when I finally get around to applying. I have no plans to actually use one in the near future, just feel I ought to get it available .just incase.) Once that is done, I can start saving again and see how long it would take....

Tortoise is an interesting zine, especially the "co"-editor. I think I have received three issues overall.

I never realized there was supposed to be another issue of *Lan* after Lan's death!

There was, just recently, a two part special on PBS about the Mormon Church-some interesting insights, A lot of the information was new to me especially about African (and hence African- Americans) members. I had never realized that women were specifically excluded from the formal ministry. The whole early history was new to me.

Because I am not into e-zines, I cannot address the idea that they are actually different, but what I have read seems to indicate that the trade of a LOC for an issue is not what happens online. **John Purcell** – *Askance*) has kindly sent me a paper copy of his first two issues. I tried to go to eFanzines and look at some of the fanzines there, but found my Mac simply cannot open the files there. So, even if I warned to, I cannot check out the zines there. I get 13/17 of the zines listed, that's a pretty good percentage.

Thanks
Sheryl

CKK: With anything associated with the Worldcon and the Hugo's I start with worldcon.org. Old electronics are typically thrown out in this country. Not very sound environmentally, but the rapid obsolescence is an acute problem.

Lloyd Penney
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Canada
penneys@allstream.net
June 15, 2007

Dear Knarley:

It's just after the deadline, but I have been extremely busy with several outside assignments that might actually make a bit of money. A bit of time to catch my breath, and voila, a loc on *The Knarley News* 123.

Another great **Schirmeister** cover. He loves boobs and biceps, and we love what he does with them.

Well, the hockey season is finally over...and the Anaheim Ducks have the Cup. Will Stanley ever come home again? Will the NHL ever find a sufficient audience to broadcast the Stanley Cup final on US television and make a few bucks at it? Stay tuned for next season. Who knows, the Nashville

Predators might just come up and play nearly next door in Hamilton.

Gene Stewart is right...we are addicted to happy endings, all loose threads nearly tied up, and in a bow, no less...unless we want sequels, of course. I must admit that in some series I've watched, the best episodes have had nebulous or unhappy endings, or perhaps not an ending at all. Hey, just like real life. Now that's what reality television should be about.

After reading **Terry Jeeves's** column, I remember when I put a little radio together out of factory-created parts, and barely got one or two of our local radio stations. Getting shortwave radio, even on a professional SW set, is fairly difficult to do. Today, of course, we're spoiled. If I want to listen to BBC Radio 2, and I sometimes do, I just fire up the Web, and go to the BBC site.

As **Joseph Major** says, how do you go to school with a laptop? I suppose you could take notes...or simply record the seminar. Some exams are given online only, and some lectures are available online as well. Gosh, I feel so old having to go to classes and all...

Diana Harlan Stein...I see the **Steins** from time to time, especially David when he comes up to Toronto to work on an art show or two. **Diana**, I haven't seen in a while, and her artwork, longer. I also remember **Lantern**, and getting these enormous slabs of paper, full of interesting writing, and his specials on various SF authors, much appreciated, and well deserved.

I hope Sue Jones is aware that fans on this side of the Atlantic were missing her zine when it wasn't around. After the way fanzine fandom has embraced *Banana Wings* and *Plokta*, I thought that *Tortoise* might have been a little under-appreciated. Good to see that I am wrong.

My loc...my Palm uses Palm Reader v1.2.8, and I find it fairly easy on the eyes when reading, and scrolling is fairly easy, too. There are many free books, and there is some selection when it comes to SF. Not much new stuff, except for the novels and short stories that Charles Stross and Cory Doctorow offer for nearly instant transcription.

Jeff Boman might also be referring to a general malaise in the Canadian electorate when it comes to the national political parties. Pretty well all of them are low in the polls when it comes to public support. Canada is ripe for a new party, and if someone tried to start a populist party, it would probably do fairly well. I can imagine the American electorate is sick of the donkeys and elephants, and might like a different kind of political animal to vote for.

You're right **Jeff**, I do use the term "gift economy" when it comes to trading zines for content. When an apa goes online only, I think you have to accept the .pdf as the gift instead of the paperzine. In this computerized age, as good as a zine feels as a physical gift, we must accept the non-physical zine

in the same way. Interesting how this fun hobby is changing in a very subtle way, yet we are very resistant to it.

I have just finished off two trade shows at the Metro Toronto Convention Centre...Book Expo Canada (very much like the ABE annual event), and the Microsoft Infosecurity show. With the summer almost here, and the temperatures say it's already here, lots of people have taken the summer off, and I will be returning to the MTCC for another Microsoft show today and tomorrow. And then, I get to rest. At least the paycheques will look good. Take care, thank you for these continuing zines, and I'm greedy enough to look forward to the next one.

Yours,
Lloyd Penney.

TKK: *At this point I think the TV market for hockey is more a factor of lack of enough product to generate interest; more so than overall lack of interest. Big paychecks are always nice.*



We also heard from:

Megan Bouchard (requesting that google search be done through her website at www.meganjbouchard.com so that she receives a commission), Todd & Nora Bushlow (COA: 524 Pin Oak Trail; Keller, TX 76248-5658), Randy Byers, Lysa DeThomas, Terry Jeeves, Guy Lillian, KRin Pender-Gunn, Alex Slate (COA: 2014 Columbia Pike #14; Arlington VA 22204), Mark Strickert (announcing a blog at <http://mark-time-42.livejournal.com/>), Sue Welch, and Leah Zeldes (promoting the 20th birthday or her cat Max at <http://www.zeldes.com/max.html>)



"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. 3 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 #2 by John Purcell; 3744 Marielene Circle; College Station, TX 77845; j_purcell54@yahoo.com; bi-monthly; \$2 or the usual. This is turning into a fine genzine with articles on a broad range of topics. I especially enjoyed the article on how to make the "motion potion."

Banana Wings #30 by Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer; 59 Shirley Road; Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES; UK; fishlifter@googlemail.com; irregular; the usual. A nice genzine with articles ranging from con reports to book thinning, to what to do with old convention badges.

Ethel the Aardvark #128 & 129 by Alison Barton & John Swabey (128) and Louise Angrilli (129); PO Box 212; World Trade Centre; Melbourne, VIC 3005; Australia; ethelaardvark@yahoo.com.au; bi-monthly; AU\$30/year or the usual. This is the official zine of the Melbourne Science Fiction Club and covers club news and SF related material in Australia. So far the experiment to use a changing series of editors seems to be working out just fine.

Fanzine Fanatique by Keith Walker; 6 Vine St.; Lancaster LA1 4UF; England; KWalker777@aol.com; irregular; exchange or editorial whim. A short zine composed primarily of capsule reviews of other zines. Not much overlap in the zines they receive and the ones I do. (Only 4 excluding *TKK*.)

Living Free 137 by Jim Stumm; Hiler Branch, Box 29-KK; Buffalo, NY 14223; irregular; \$2. An interesting zine dedicated to living independently. Features in this issue address converting diesel cars to run on used vegetable oil and how to deal with Moon and Martian dust.

Lofgeornost 87 by Fred Lerner; 81 Worcester Ave; White River Junction, VT 05001; fred.lerner@dartmouth.edu; irregular; the usual. This is Fred's FAPA zine. This issue talks about the Dartmouth speaker series and reader response to a recent issue on Kipling.

Fanzines Received in Trade

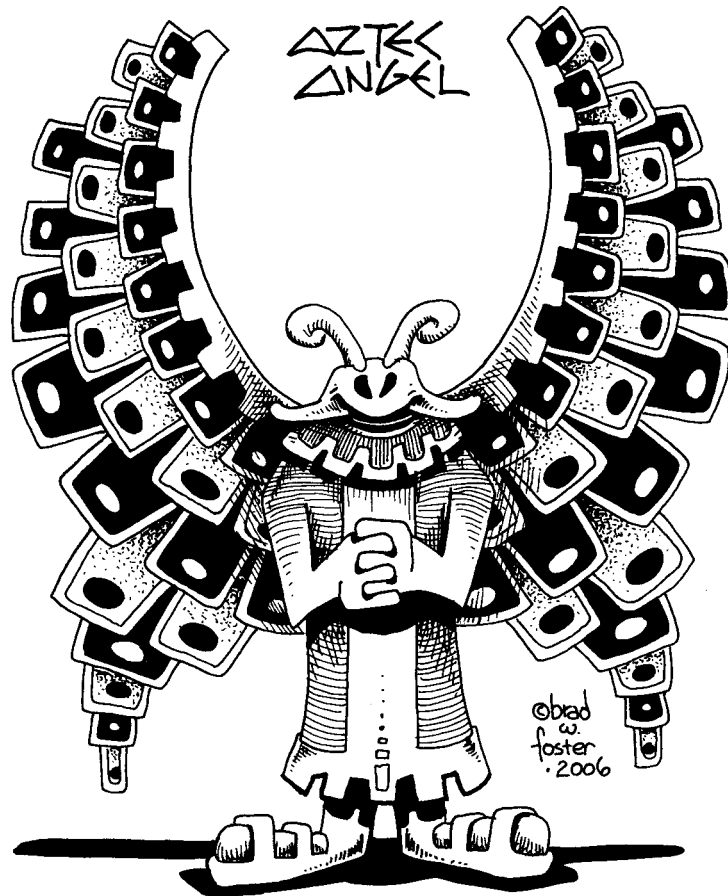
MaryMark Press by Mark Sonnenfeld; 45-08 Old Millstone Dr.; East Windsor, NJ 08520; irregular; the usual. Various strange publications with experimental writing styles.

Opuntia 63.1D & 63.1E by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. More on the companion literature to Sherlock Holmes as well as zine listings, book reviews, and interesting articles seen in the literature.

Vanamonde No. 673 - 87 by John Hertz; 236 S Coronado St No 409; Los Angeles, CA 90057; This is John's APA-L zine with interesting tidbits.

The Zine Dump #16 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.

In staying true to my form I have not "found" the time to examine any of the electronic zines that I have received notice regarding their publication. (I never go to efanzines.com to check out the postings.) This will likely continue to be nature of things for the foreseeable future.

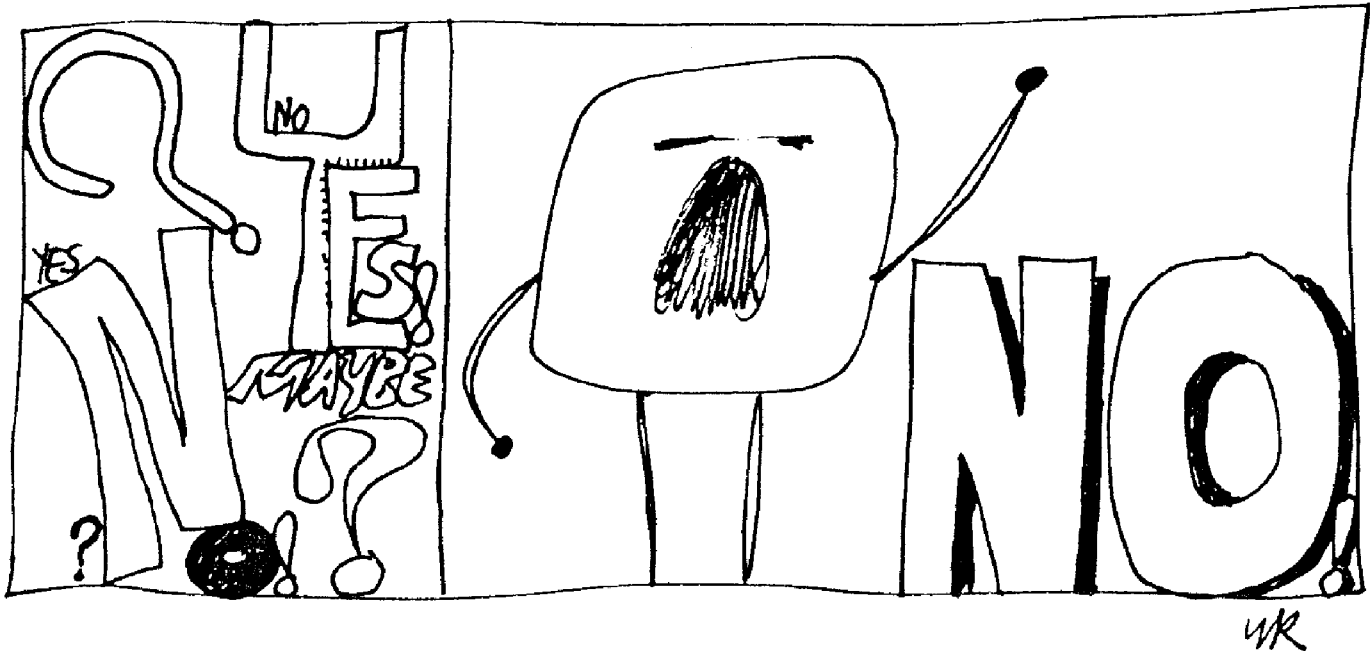


Knarley's Planned ConAttendance

Please inspire me here.

Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153) Marsport, Mars

Labor Day, 2095



You Got this Issue Because ...

- Deduction? No. Capital Expenditure? No. Depreciable? No. Drat, no way to claim *TKK* on my taxes.
- Isn't it just Ducky how the Stanley Cup turned out?
- The plaintive whine of the cat distracted me.
- 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.